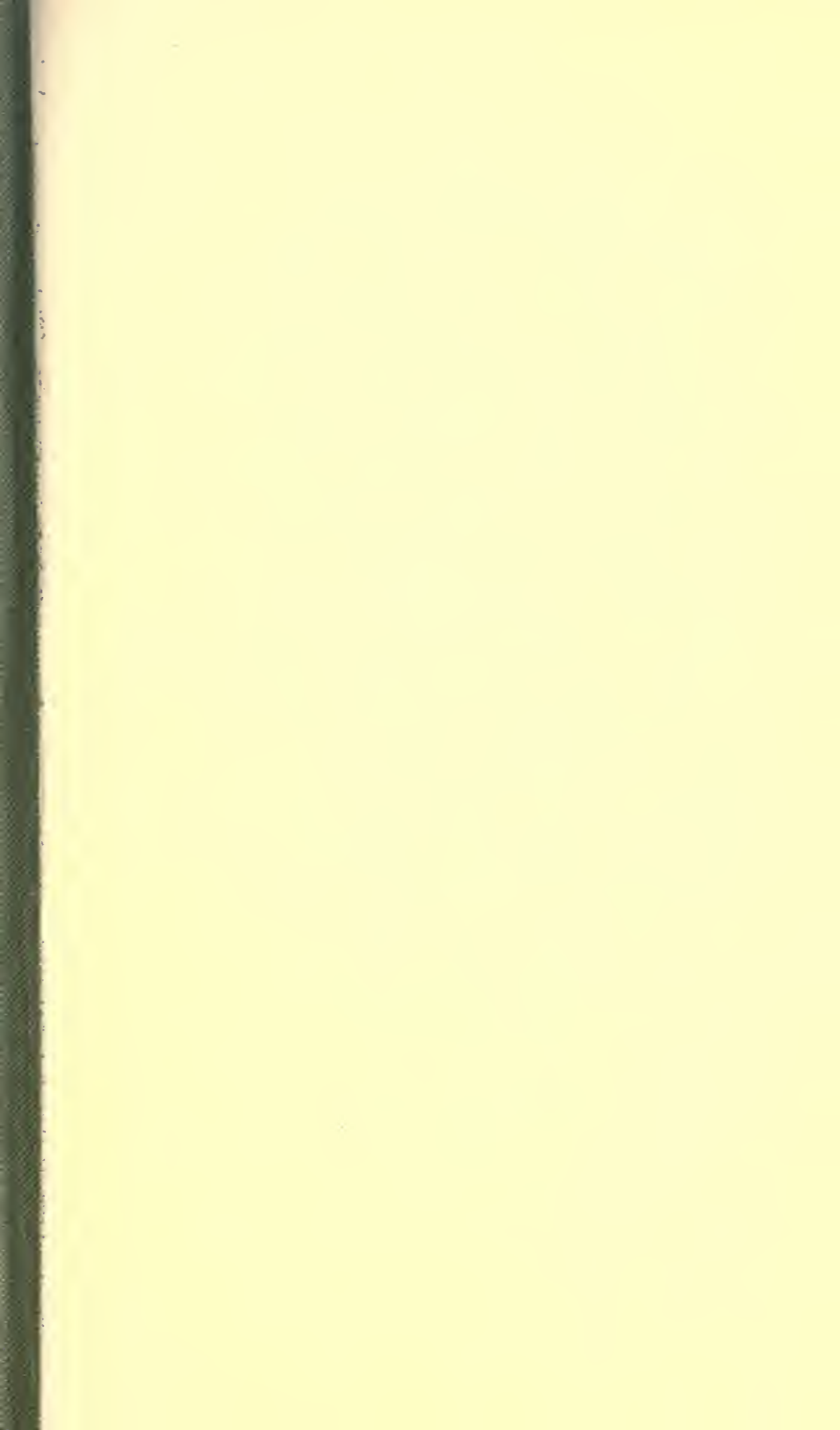


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THE

MONTHLY REPOSITORY

FOR

1833.

EDITED BY W. J. FOX.

NEW SERIES—VOL. VII.

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1833.

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THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

TO THE WORKING PEOPLE

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WHO, WHETHER THEY PRODUCE

THE MEANS OF PHYSICAL SUPPORT AND ENJOYMENT,

OR AID THE PROGRESS OF

MORAL, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL REFORM AND IMPROVEMENT,

ARE FELLOW-LABOURERS FOR THE WELL-BEING

OF THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY.

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NEW SERIES, No. LXXIII.

JANUARY, 1833.



ON THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

MUCH has been written, and more said, of the lamentable condition to which the arts of the elder time are reduced in these degenerate days; and more especially that of painting. 'Where,' cry the believers in the superior excellency of all ancient things, 'where now shall we discover an Apelles, a Zeuxis, a Parrhasius?' Let not these good people alarm themselves; there are abundance of such geniuses in embryo, requiring only a sufficient motive to call them forth. It is true that we do not exactly know what the real excellence of the above-named painters may have been, but we will take it for granted that it was very high, since specimens of the sister art of sculpture have descended to us, which have hitherto been unmatched by any modern artists. Yet still, I will abide by my position, that if it be possible to furnish the same, or greater motives for excellence, than the ancient artists possessed to stimulate them to exertion, a more than corresponding talent will be aroused; not perhaps to excel—perfection cannot be excelled—but to rival anything and everything that the world has yet beheld in painting, sculpture, or architecture, and to superadd to them many other branches of art, of which the ancient world was ignorant. Hearts are still 'pregnant with celestial fire' as they have ever been; but as the fire lies dormant in the flint till it is stricken, so does the fire of the spirit await the accident which is needful to urge it into a blaze.

The ancient Greeks, who carried the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture so successfully into practice, as their remains and fragments abundantly testify, had peculiar advantages, and strong motives, for what they did. The wish to attain excellence is mainly grafted on the desire of attaining fame and consideration amongst our fellow-creatures, from which power and influence may spring in turn. In modern times, and more especially in England, the thing sought for, above all others, is money—because the possessor of money can command thereby the possession of all sensual and most mental gratifications: in short, money is power, according to the present construction of

English society—and power ever was, and ever will be, the source of consideration; though the race of present rulers have not taken it into their thoughts, how much more desirable it is to rule over men's minds than it is over their bodies. But in Greece, where the governments were mostly popular, the only road to power was intellect—and intellect of that kind generally held in esteem, because it was comprehensible by all capacities. Thus, oratory, poetry, painting, and sculpture, took the lead of all other arts, because every one could comprehend them; and, probably, the easy supply of the most urgent wants, left ample leisure for their enjoyment and cultivation. In countries possessing a fine climate, people live much in the open air; and hence many of the minor arts, which modern civilization has invented for indoor pleasures in bleak regions, are unknown where the sun shines ever brightly. Who, with an unclouded atmosphere, glowing in genial warmth, would exchange the trellised shelter of the mantling vine, or the scented orange-grove, or the shade of the olive or fig-tree, or the marble colonnade, or porch decked with flowers, for all that art can do, in the tricking forth of a modern drawing-room or boudoir? Assuredly no native of the sunny south. Let Italy, let Spain, let southern France speak, and the gardens of the East put all the dwelling-builders to shame. In communities like that of ancient Greece, ordinary selfishness could not thrive. People could but eat of the food their country produced, as there was no commerce, and there was most likely more than enough for all—and, consequently, no necessity for hoarding. Their garments were also of a simple kind, with very little distinction in their quality, and none in their fashion. So that, to rise above the herd, it was necessary to become an orator, a poet, a painter, or a sculptor. In time of war, it is true, a man of talent might also become a general; but the simple operations and weapons of those days, rendered fighting more a matter of personal strength and dexterity than of calculation. Homer describes all his chiefs as being clever slaughterers of their fellows. A modern general seldom plucks his cold iron from the scabbard:—

‘For ornament, not use, these arms are worn.’

The Greeks had no club-houses like our modern *Greeks*, and their books were too expensive for each individual to maintain a private library; consequently, instruction was, for the most part, imparted verbally. Large open spaces were required for this, and thence arose the groves of Academus. Private individuals could not purchase paintings or statues; they had no means of accumulating the needful funds; no steam-engines wrought for them, and no legions of workmen afforded them a profit upon the labour of their hands. The communities were small, and most of the members were politically enlightened, so far as the knowledge of the day went: therefore, those who applied themselves to the

fine arts, wrought for the benefit of the whole community, and at the expense of that community. Whenever a man evinced high talent, the whole community felt proud of him; for some of his reputation was reflected upon each individual; and the stimulus was not a slight one, when the artist felt that the eyes of all his countrymen, and those of many of the women, were upon him, and that all his wants were provided for at the public expense. There was also another thing; the artists of Greece had probably such models to work from as few people have since possessed. Whoever looks upon their remnants of art that are left to us, must believe that living models served for them, so perfect are they in form. Everything in Greece conspired to produce this: a race of human beings, probably originally very handsome,—a fine climate, free institutions, the intimacy between the sexes regulated by affection only, wholesome food, gymnastic exercises, frequent bathing, simple garments, free from ligatures, and a considerable amount of general knowledge, communicated by the philosophers and orators, at public lectures and harangues. All these things must have had a great effect in producing the finest development of which the human form is capable. By the bye, I have often marvelled that, amidst the Grecian fashions which have been revived amongst us, that most commodious one of the fluted short tunic has not been adopted, so striking as is the resemblance of the modern frock to it, in all but its comfort. The ancient tunic is certainly the most graceful, besides possessing several other advantages. The modern frock is, to the individual body, what the bed of Procrustes was to his captives. On a hot day or a cold one, before meals or after, in health or out of health, fat or lean, with many or few under-garments, the same measure of waist must be maintained which the cutter of garments has seen fitting to bestow. A handsome tunic and girdle would obviate all this absurdity, to the great increase of comfort, and certainly to the great improvement of the figure, if that can be any inducement to the setters of fashions to adopt a rational garment.

In the specimens of Greek art we see no absurdities; and the reason seems to be, that they copied from nature. Their gods and goddesses were all human beings; and their architecture was all of simple form, whereof the types might mostly be found in nature. They were not fantastic in their works of art; their taste was pure, and they produced none of the monstrosities which India and other countries have so fruitfully furnished forth. Their perception of the beautiful evinced the most refined and cultivated imagination, combined with a judgment for the most part based on utility, especially public utility, which held forth the only lure to ambition. We know little of their domestic arrangements, but it is most probable that they were of a very rude kind, which circumstance gave a still further impulse to seek

gratification abroad and in public. There is an illustration in the 'Odyssey,' which is rather remarkable. While Ulysses and his friends were slaughtering his wife's suitors, one of the party dived beneath the 'genial board,' and ensconced himself very comfortably in the reeking hide of the newly-slain ox which had been roasted for dinner, till, the combat being over, he threw off his wrapping garment, and again made his appearance. I have more than once in Southern America dined in a somewhat similar fashion; but it would be thought rather strange in civilized England, amongst sculptors and painters of eminence. Had private enjoyment, and the refinement of luxury, prevailed in Greece, as they now do in England, it is likely that her great artists would never have arisen to such eminence. One of the strongest examples of enthusiasm in art, that I recollect, was in that dreary city of the mountain desert, named Potosi, situate on the extreme verge of vegetation. An old Spanish friar had taken upon himself, many years previous, the charge of architect, in the construction of a cathedral, after the fashion of the Jesuits of the last century. His drawings were of his own making, after the Saracenic school. His means were, a small toll upon all the wheat brought into the town on llamas and asses; his workmen and labourers, the miserable, uncultivated Indians; his material, the rocks of the neighbouring mountain; and his scaffold-poles, some of them ninety feet high, were formed of small sticks not more than twelve feet in length, such as llamas and asses could carry. They were bound together in several thicknesses, with thongs of llama skin, till they had obtained the requisite length. Year after year this old man had toiled on, superintending the labour day by day, and constantly working with his own hands to show his dull workmen their business; yet his energy never slackened, notwithstanding the consciousness that his labour would ultimately be wasted, while he beheld the inhabitants of the city daily diminishing in number, and feeling assured that a time must come, ere many years were over, that it would be abandoned, by the silver mines, which had given rise to its erection, becoming valueless. He was a remarkable old man, of middling stature, thin and pale, with a lofty forehead and piercing eyes, dressed in a gray robe of coarse baise, girdled at the waist with the cord of San Francisco; no appearance of shirt, bare legs, and sandals of raw hide. He had been twenty-five years occupied with his labour, and his only anxiety was, as his means every year were lessening, that he should not live to finish it. Poor old man! It was impossible to help liking him, forlorn as he looked, and with every spark of bigotry, which he might have once possessed, buried in his enthusiasm for the art, and the work to which he had devoted his existence. With tears in his eyes, he pointed out to me a small portion of the building which he had taken the precaution to finish, in order that, if he died,

those who came after him might have a type to work by. Hours have I passed, from time to time, in the interior of the unfinished building, feeling a melancholy pleasure in conversing with that venerable enthusiast, upon a work destined so soon to perish. Eight thousand souls now dwell where the fourth part of a million once inhabited. Strong must have been the enthusiasm, which, untinctured by avarice—the master-vice of the place—could retain that old man in so cheerless a region, while a few days' journey might have yielded him abundance of all that human nature could desire, in districts which seem to have taken their type from Paradise.

With the exception of ancient Rome, the taste for art seemed to have perished in the world, till it was revived in Italy in the middle ages, under a new form. The public were no longer its patrons, for there was no longer any public. Despotic rulers, and a despotic church, had become the drain for all the produce of the surplus labour of the world; and they patronized the arts, after the fashion they thought most likely to promote their several objects. The church encouraged the pictured images of superstition, and kings encouraged all that could glorify the few at the expense of the many. The most ennobling talents were thus held in base and unworthy shackles; the growth of intellect was nipped in the bud; and that which might have changed the aspect of a world into all that was beautiful and bright, was converted only to the purposes of evil. Still, shackled as they were, the Italian artists were a noble and glorious race, though their beauty was dimmed by the mist of their unholy patronage. Masters of most physical qualifications, chemists, sculptors, painters, jewellers, metal-workers, and architects,—now preparing their colours; now chiselling a statue; now bidding the canvass start into life, with an impressive group from Scripture; now fitting a lady's lovely limb with chased and jewelled armlet or wristlet; now chasing the arabesque gold and silver marquetry of a rich cuirass, or the keen blade of a battle-brand or war-axe; and then, at the sound of sudden civic tumult, momentarily growing from the confusion amidst which they dwelt, suddenly throwing away the graver or the chisel, or the pencil and pallet, to don the helm, and grasp the spear, or ply the shining blade, with even more than the skill they had evinced in adorning it. These men were above the cares of the world, by the consideration their talents gave them with those in power; and, taking no thought for the morrow, they freely indulged in all to which imagination lent a momentary charm. They revelled in the smiles of beauty, and drank new draughts of inspiration, as they transferred to their canvass the features they loved. While thinking on these things, the mind of the enthusiast whispers, 'Oh, that I, too, had been an Italian artist in the middle ages!'

Yet the judgment grieves that these men were, with few excep-

tions, without education,—that the science of mind had never been unlocked to them. They were not taught to reason. While physical sciences were scattered around them in profusion, their mental faculties were left an uncultivated waste; all that did not in some shape bear upon the arts they practised was neglected, and much that did. They knew nothing beyond their own sphere;—the history, the manners, the customs of other countries, and other men, were blanks to them, with few exceptions; and thence arose many of the anachronisms which are still to be seen in their works, often causing their beauty to be lost sight of in the ridicule attaching to them. In whatever their actual knowledge reached, they were scarcely to be surpassed; but, out of their sphere, they suffered the usual fate of the presumptuous. But worse than this was the penalty attaching to their ignorance: envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, were engendered, by which each wasted half of his existence in practising against his neighbour's quiet, or seeking to rob him of his fame; and while the imagination is lost in admiration of the skill of these famed beings, in their capacity of artists, the judgment unwillingly ranks them low in the scale of men.

Poets, sculptors, painters, architects, play-writers, novel-writers, and actors, to obtain high eminence, must possess nearly the same qualities the one as the other; the actor, perhaps, the most universally, and he must unite the qualifications of the orator to the others. Still more, to develop their faculties perfectly, the professors of these arts should be lifted above the necessity of exertion for their daily bread. The sordid exertions of mere interest destroy all enthusiasm; and, alas! how few of the children of genius unite to their other qualities the habits of frugality, and the talent for calculation! The reason for this, which held good in the middle ages, holds good now: there is scarcely any mental training amongst them. They are not educated for their professions, but come to them by accident,—fighting upwards, under the influence of poverty, against the sparsely-scattered judgment of an uneducated public. Education is still but little understood generally, and is supposed to begin with books and to conclude with books. There is much more in it; but, until that more shall be generally diffused, there is but little hope of much amelioration in the lot of the professors of the arts.

It is a common remark, that the largest amount of human envy is to be found amongst the ranks of the artists. Painters are conspicuous for their hatred of each other, which is only exceeded by their vanity, in many instances disgusting, and generally in the inverse proportion of their merit. There is a story related by Mrs. Barbauld, which they would do well to reflect on. A young artist, by the display of high and ennobling feeling, in addition to excellence in his profession, was the means of causing a prize of virtue as well as of art to be established in the academy

to which he belonged. But bad as are painters, actors are still worse in this crying evil :—

‘ These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage, and each more pained
With his more tuneful neighbour than his fate.’

Painters do not work in concert, and, therefore, the evil passion confines its effect to the narrowing of their own minds, and the consequent cramping of their faculties ; but, on the stage, wholesale ruin is produced by baleful envy inciting each one to injure his neighbour.

I remember being present at the *début* of a new actress, at one of the principal theatres. One of established reputation in the same part, beautiful and youthful, had taken her station in the stage-box to watch the aspirant. How horrible were the contortions of her beautiful face, on beholding any successful hit ! She turned pale with envy, and then again reddened with rage. But when, towards the conclusion, there were evident marks of failure, the joy of the demon seemed to light up her countenance and sparkle in her eyes. All her beauty departed from her, and I could never again see her without pain.

There are some superior spirits, raised by mental training, above this,—but for whom, the profession of an actor would sink beneath degradation. For all this mischief they are indebted to the monopoly ; and he, who needs the highest and most universal talents, is scarcely held to rank as a gentleman, because, in the pursuit of his profession, he must necessarily mingle with many worthless persons. A high and imposing actor, such as we can contemplate, should possess all those qualities which are most ennobling in real life. He must possess the faculty of poetry, or he cannot truly comprehend that which is set down for him. He must be capable of imagining a play, or he cannot truly act it ; and if he can imagine it, he possesses the qualities necessary for writing one. In proof of this, our writers and players are now uniting in one person. He must possess a noble face and figure, and be free from debasing passions by the influence of a cultivated mind. He must be versed in history, in antiquity, and possess a familiar acquaintance with all the branches of costume. And who can enact Hamlet well, without possessing the mind of a philosopher ? Acting does not consist in imitation ; that is mere mimicry.

Painters and sculptors of the highest class are at present not in request. None can get remunerated for bestowing seven years of an existence on a single labour. There are no royal, or church patrons, as in the middle ages. State work is at an end, and private patronage cannot sufficiently remunerate ; while the public, as a body, is not yet sufficiently refined for the establishment of national galleries in all the cities, to the improvement of the

national taste. This time is yet to come—but come it will, when good government shall have made education universal—that the fine arts in England will far excel all that the ancient world has produced, which is short of perfection. The accumulated knowledge of ages will be improved upon, so soon as mankind shall be convinced that the true art of procuring selfish gratification is to administer to the happiness of their fellows. I am speaking of the higher branches of the art; for there are profitable branches at present, such as copying the wretched faces and persons of wealthy individuals for hire. In this, the principal requisite is a Chinese fidelity of hand, capable of being controlled by an unblushing, pandering sycophancy*. This is mechanical work, like that of an engrossing clerk, to be performed by the inch or the yard; and the skilful flatterer is generally more successful at it than the skilful painter. Witness the things which exhibitions are usually saturated with, and called ‘Portrait of his or her Majesty,’ or some spare earl, or duke, or countess, or marchioness, on seeing which the lips involuntarily pronounce the quotation,

‘A tailor made thee †.’

White satin or velvet, or broad cloth or gold lace, we turn away from in disgust, to seek for the works of intellect, or the images of intellect, if they may be found. We stop at the name of Martin; and, glowing with delight at what he has achieved, we think what he might have done had ‘knowledge unfolded to him her ample page,’ ere the plastic season of youth had fled away. Martin is not one of the herd; he has a versatility of talent; and early instruction might have made of him poet, painter, sculptor, and architect; probably engineer, in addition. A painter should be all; for how can he represent the works of art, who does not understand them?

The gross ignorance displayed by many of our historical painters, must raise a smile on the countenance of an educated foreigner. It is lamentable thus to behold ignorance combined with excellence,—to see talent wasted for want of ordinary instruction. I remember, some few years back, a fine picture at the Royal Academy, entitled ‘Richard and Saladin.’ The attitudes

* I once passed a morning with an intelligent portrait-painter, highly delighted with his witty description of the various animals who came to him to be ‘done into paint.’ ‘I loath my profession—no!—*trade*,’ he said; ‘my *métier* is historical painting and composition, and I think I have talents for them; but were I to pursue them, I should starve; so, to this vile trade,—

“My poverty, but not my will, consents.”

† I have often been at a loss to know the reason of the obloquy showered upon tailors; but I suppose it must be, that they are confounded with sempsters, which is a feminine kind of employment, though not more so than that of a shoemaker. The French word ‘tailleur,’ from whence it is derived, is equivalent to ‘statuary;’ and it evidently requires some knowledge of anatomy. The Highland proverb giving ‘the measure of a well-made man’ for the tailor’s use, is evidently anatomic in its origin. Bevenuto Cellini was accustomed to cut out his own garments.

were fine, proportions excellent, and the differing expression of the countenances of the Christians and Saracens well kept up. The butcherly Richard wielded his war-axe with abundance of brute power, ready to strike down his Saracen foeman like an ox; and Saladin, with his shield raised to the parry, stretched out his right hand to make a sweeping blow in return. Will it be believed that, instead of the Eastern mace, effective for its bruising power on the close-linked hauberk of pliant rings, or the crescent-form scymitar, so well adapted for dissolving the connexion between heads and their appropriate shoulders, the right hand held a weapon resembling a fencing foil; and that nearly all the Saracens were weaponed in the same fashion? Even if the artist goes upon the supposition that the Saracens had abandoned their national weapon for the 'spit' sword of the Christian knights, assuredly it was not a *cutting* weapon. In the exhibition of the present year there is a very fine picture, entitled 'Archimedes.' The head is magnificent, and indicative of high intellect; but the artist has introduced, as a sign of his calling, a globe, a book, and a pair of compasses. The latter are of a make such as the ruder artizans of Spain or Germany might have produced; but the globe is such as may be seen in the shop of any optician about town, and the book is a veritable well-bound *printed* quarto of the last century. How came Archimedes by such 'appliances and means?' Let it not be said that I am hypercritical in this. If a picture profess to delineate a certain period or subject, it should be perfect in all its parts; or why give it a specific name? Why not have called 'Richard and Saladin' simply 'a battle,' and 'Archimedes' a 'philosopher.' In an undefined matter let the fancy have full play; but, in all matters of fact, let the truth be closely adhered to. To do otherwise in historic painting, is as absurd as to play 'Macbeth' in a court dress of the reign of the second George; or, to put a roller cravat round the throat of a statue, while a Roman toga or Greek mantle covers the bust, as some 'mason chieles' have done. In the slang of connoisseurship, this is, I believe, said to be 'out of keeping.'

What a pity is it that our artists are not men of education, especially our historical painters! I speak generally. Their enlarged minds would then eschew baleful envy, which makes them commit as absurd actions towards their fellows, as that of the savage described by Hudibras:—

'So the wild Indian, when he spies
A man that's handsome, strong, and wise,
Thinks, if he kills him, to inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit'

But painters, to excel, should be chemists, anatomists, architects,

botanists, and generally familiar with the mechanical arts—those arts which, with so much contemptible pride, they commonly affect to look down upon. Architects are sometimes ridiculed by builders, under the name of ‘*paper constructors*,’ who can only build on paper that which could not be done with any other materials. Why is this? Because they have never made themselves familiar with the details of their subject. They handle no ‘*plumb and rule*,’ and they construct false theories impossible to verify in practice. Why have the Dutch paintings been so much admired? For their truth and fidelity to the subjects. I do not hold them very praiseworthy as a matter of taste; therein differing from the fourth George, whose greatest delight was, in beholding a scene of vulgarity, *i. e.*, coarse vulgarity, or a cabbage and piece of bacon, well transferred to canvass; but whence arose their accuracy? From the artist being perfectly familiar with the whole subject! There is a picture by Wilkie, of a ‘*Spanish posada*,’ most admirably done. Whoever is acquainted with the subject, will see, at a glance, that everything in it was familiar to the artist. The table-cloth, the salt-cellar, the salad, the table, the building, all are true to fact: that salad every traveller must recognize, and the horn spoon could bear an affidavit. The glazed cocked hats and rusty baize cloaks of the students, belong to no country on earth but Spain; and the libertine look of one of the wearers, savours of the haram-master who was his Moorish ancestor by the mother’s side. But the *posadera*, the mistress of the inn! Where but in Spain could there be found a mixer of salads, a drawer of wine from a goat-skin, a compounder of *ollas podridas*, a frier of salt fish in oil, a simmerer of garlic stews, clothed in unclean garments, with so divine a face, tempting the beholder again and again to return to it to look upon its beauty? This picture is perfect and minute as ever Dutchman painted,—true to life, and treating only of common subjects; yet, throughout, there is no spark of vulgarity. Were painters of other subjects to gird themselves with equal knowledge ere they commenced their task, how glorious might be the result! But alas! were they highly educated, they would not at this time be painters; they would become writers, if their object were the desire of fame and profit. For one person who looks upon a successful painting, perhaps one thousand look upon a successful book. The painting cannot be multiplied; the book may, and may be sent to the ends of the earth, riveting the link of connexion, perhaps, amongst millions of minds, all dwelling with pleasure on their mutual thoughts of the author. It is not in human nature to resist a temptation like unto this; for all love the approval and admiration of their fellows. A man will not waste his life for posthumous fame in one branch of art, who has it in his power to discount it for ready enjoyment in another.

There is another branch of design in which this is practicable. Martin found that his paintings, beautiful as they were, were not a profitable trade, and he became an engraver. This is to paintings what printing is to manuscripts. For one man who can or will give a thousand guineas for a painting, there are thousands who will give a guinea for an engraving. By the method of steel rollers, engravings on a small scale may be multiplied almost without limit; and the smaller engravings, by their extensive circulation, are becoming already a most powerful instrument in civilization. The effect of all beauty is to raise and ennoble the attributes of humanity,—to spread universal love. Every atom, every fibre in my material frame, every particle of what we are accustomed to designate as mind, spirit, or soul, is thrilling with this great truth. The sensations passing through my brain seem intense; the blood rushes quicker through my veins, while I dwell on it; I love *all* beauty. It is a comprehensive phrase, which I will some day take for my text.

Time was that engravings were mere daubs, wretched wooden-looking things, which, in many cases, people might have worshipped without any risk of breaking the commandment, being neither ‘the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.’ But that time has passed, and people are no longer satisfied with the wooden things whose meaning it was necessary to explain by a text or quotation. They are, it is true, still far short of perfection, and this must probably be attributed, in many cases, to the want of beautiful models. These cannot, it is to be feared, be found in cold countries,—and certainly not in the countries of *stays* and neckcloths. All bandages, and all prescribed modes of sitting in formal upright postures, are destructive of beauty: they prevent the due development of the human form; and alas! in all cold climates, they must more or less prevail, though much may still be done in alleviation, whenever reason shall bear the sway to the exclusion of absurd fashion; a thing which seems distant, but which will be much accelerated by the passing of the Reform Bill, whose results should be called Legion, for they are many,—not however of evil but of good. To return to the engravings; there are some which have appeared of late, which are really worthy of the hackneyed name of ‘gems.’ I allude to the illustrations of Byron; and let me remark, *en passant*, I could wish that the art of painter and engraver were always combined, as those of physician and chemist should ever be. The editor of the ‘Black Dwarf’ used to set his types direct from his brain, without the intervention of a MS.; and engravers, being endowed with the genius of poetry, starting into design, might strike out many felicitous things by those flashes of the spirit, designated sudden inspiration; and, at any rate, their hands would thus acquire greater freedom of execution.

A schoolboy scrawls strange shapes, while looking every moment at his 'copy.'

Where is he or she who has not looked upon the lovely miniature engraving of Selim and Zuleika? Those who have not, have a new and unknown pleasure in store. Those who have, will place it where their vision may often rest upon it; for it is a treasure of no ordinary delight to those upon whom the perception of beauty has descended. Full of faults, still it is a gem, rich in silent poetry. Had I but possessed it when a child, it would have been to me a priceless treasure. Mark how beautiful looks that gentle girl, with her soft upward-turned gaze, of full, confiding, strong, but passionless affection! Look at that exquisitely rounded arm and left hand, with the taper fingers extended to touch her lover's cheek, softly as a zephyr kissing the lips of a just opening rose! The eyes have speculation in them, and discourse eloquent music, while the sweet, closed lips are motionless. See the dark hair, parted from the fair forehead, and floating in rich wavy curls over her symmetric shoulder, half burying the clasping hand of her lover! That throat, that 'gently budding breast,' that waist, which it were worth an empery to clasp; the graceful bend of the lower limbs, kneeling in affectionate devotion, and the flow of the drapery of her white robe, all combine to form an altar-piece for the worship of pure love, freed from all grosser taint! And her lover, with his Greek face, and noble throat, and his muscular but not coarse frame, his tasteful garments, and above all his manly and protecting glance, while his hand so gently clasps her, as though he feared to crush her fair form;—in sooth he is a lover worthy of a noble-minded woman's devotion.

Yet is this exquisite morsel of dumb poetry full of faults. It is painful to name them, but it were injustice to artists of such wondrous power to omit it. The slight inward bend from the straight line, which should have marked the outline of the nostril of Zuleika, we can forgive; it perhaps gives her an expression of more child-like devotion to the idol of her heart; but it was unpardonable not to pair her right hand with her left; still more so to make it as long as the entire fore-arm. This is a defect 'past all surgery;' besides, it looks as if it were dislocated; and then if the artist had not a shapelier foot in his studio, it were better to have suffered the skirt of the robe to hide it. And Selim! He was a Turk, or Moor; therefore he should not be represented as a renegade Greek. And why, in addition, disfigure him needlessly by giving him the lip and chin of a misshapen Spanish Bourbon? His turban, too, resembles a huge pumpkin. There doubtless are such; but why not select a handsome pattern, when no violence would have been done to the 'keeping' by so doing, and much service to the effect? And where got he the weapon by his side? No Turk or Moor wrought it. It is indeed 'a brand of foreign blade and hilt,' very like a Roman sword; but as

Selim is not yet in disguise,—has not yet put on the garb of the Galiongee,—why arm him with so suspicious-looking a weapon, to alarm the vigilance of old Giaffir. Then the architecture is not Turkish; it does not ‘illustrate’ the subject. The scene was a lattice-grated chamber, with pictured roof and marble floor; not a carpeted open porch. And where is the vase of rose-water, and the lute, and the ottoman of silk, and the Indian vases, and the thousand and one other prettinesses of a Mahometan apartment? The mountain in the background shows well; but what is that unsightly deformity projecting from the full trowser of Selim? Can that be meant for a human foot? What a clubbed deformity! It looks like the very hoof of ‘auld Cloutie,’ disguised in a sandal. Had Byron been in life, his jealous pride would have deemed that it meant personality. The botany seems rather of an uncertain kind; but there is a curious effect produced, probably without design. The tops of the flowers against the pillars to the left, resemble the head of a fiend, or goul, or afrit, scowling upon the lovers from amid the leafy shelter, as if in omen of the catastrophe. The Corporal Violet of the French presented not a more perfect profile.

There is another little exquisite print, still more minute, called ‘A Street in Athens.’ To the identity of this we feel ready to swear. The houses without chimneys; the church with its square white tower, and lofty belfry, and hipped roof; the lean-to against the side wall, which serves as a robing-room for the priest and a temporary deposit for dead bodies; the loophole-looking window above it near the roof: I can hear the chaunt of the service even now issuing from it. The low-domed buildings, the houses and hovels intermingled with green trees and vines and tall cypresses; the lofty pharos, and the lowly sheds, with the distant hills for a background, indistinctly seen in the summer haze; the group of merry-makers seated carelessly on the earth, and the imagination of the bright eyes cautiously peeping from the distant lattices in mysterious security,—all vividly impress us with the feeling that it is really Athens we behold. Rarely before has so much subject been so distinctly and beautifully represented in so small a space. While such things as these are done, and so cheaply, in vain shall we be preached to of the decline of the arts in England. May they increase till they cease to be numbered, and not a poor man’s cottage or chamber be devoid of them! They are amongst the silent workers of civilization, and will, in due time, bring forth good fruit. We can afford to let the higher walks of painting lie in abeyance, till these admirable instructors shall have prepared a public to appreciate them.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. 4.

[From the Commonplace-Book of an Invalid.]

French laws clear, definite, and concise—Fewer crimes in France than in England—Horrible state and effects of French law before the Revolution—Instances thereof—Vain attempts to reform—Effected by the National Assembly—Deteriorated by Bonaparte and the Bourbons—Right of the people to elect judges usurped by the former—*Les Six Codes*, 1831.

FRANCE has the singular honour and invaluable privilege of possessing written, definite, and tangible laws. These she owes to her revolution brought about by an obstinate opposition of the privileged orders to timely reform, which rendered all attempts effectually to ameliorate her penal codes useless. The laws of France are contained in a closely-printed duodecimo volume which any man may carry in his pocket, and which few people in that country are without, unless they prefer one of larger size and somewhat greater expense*. Besides stationary courts of justice in Paris, as in London, but possessing a more limited jurisdiction, the courts of assize in the departments are held every three months, instead of twice a year, as in England. The principles and administration of justice in France, which are so well and clearly defined that no man can fairly plead ignorance of the law in justification of its violation, forbid also justice from being perverted by the forced construction of the law on the part of the judges. The punishment of crime, therefore, upon conviction, is, as it ought to be, certain. Whatever is the cause, the commission of crime in France is far less than in England, and appears to be on the decrease. That this certainty of punishment on conviction contributes thereto, there can be no doubt; but the chief reason for this is unquestionably the greater ease with which the wants of the people are supplied in France, and the consequent lesser temptation to commit crime. In all its bearings, the subject of the French jurisprudence is one of the highest interest, not only to the citizens of that country, but to foreigners, and to none more so than to Englishmen, particularly now that the great master spirit of the age has undertaken the herculean task of legal reform in this country; for, although the French codes are by no means without their imperfections, and have been cruelly deteriorated by Bonaparte and the exiled Bourbons, they are perhaps the noblest monument to public justice ever yet erected by any nation. Before the revolution, on the caprices of a spoiled child forced into premature manhood—on the perverted understanding of the most profligate of mortals—the pampered vices of a creature

* I have in my possession an unbound volume, 4½ inches by 3, and barely 2 inches thick, entitled '*Les Six Codes en Miniature*;' with Appendix, containing tables of costs and analyses, published at La Librairie Ancienne et Moderne, Palais Royal. This volume contains the Charter and all the laws of France, 1831.

of the court—on the superstition of a bigot, the freaks of a fool, or the cruelty of a tyrant—the lives and properties of the millions who were permitted to exist in that first of continental countries might absolutely depend. Nor was this all; courtiers, favourites, mistresses, could immure in dungeons, and secretly send into hopeless captivity and even solitary confinement those who displeased them; and the petty, but galling and sometimes tragical, tyrannies of the feudal lords spread their heart-withering influences everywhere. As late as in the seventeenth century, Urban Grandeur was burned at Loudon, on the borders of Touraine, at the instigation of the Cardinal Richelieu, seignior thereof, who suspected him of being the author of a libel on his eminence, but of which there being no proof, the arch-priest had him indicted for practising magic, and the depositions of the devils Ashtaroth, Asmodæus, and others, as well as those of the order of seraphims, thrones, and principalities, were actually received in evidence against this unfortunate victim of clerical wrath*! During the whole reign of Louis XV. *lettres de cachet* were sold, with blanks to be filled up at the pleasure of the purchaser; who was thus enabled, in the gratification of private revenge, to tear a man from the bosom of his family, and bury him in a dungeon, where he might live forgotten and die unknown. Arthur Young, in his Travels in France, relates that Lord Albemarle, when ambassador in that country, about the year 1753, calling one day on the minister for foreign affairs, was introduced into his cabinet, while the minister finished a short conversation in the room in which he usually received persons on business. As his lordship walked backward and forward in a very small room he could not help seeing a paper lying on the table, written in a large legible hand, and containing a list of the prisoners in the Bastile, the first name of which was Gordon. When the minister entered, Lord Albemarle apologized for his involuntarily remarking the paper; the other replied, that it was of no consequence, for they made no secret of the names. Lord Albemarle then said that he had seen the name of Gordon first on the list, and begged to know, as in all probability he was a British subject, on what account he had been put into the Bastile. The minister told him, that he knew nothing of the matter, but would make the proper inquiries. The next time he saw Lord Albemarle, he told him that, on inquiry into the case of Gordon, he could find no person who could give him the least information, on which he had had Gordon himself interrogated, who solemnly affirmed that he had not the smallest suspicion of the cause of his imprisonment, but that he had been confined thirty years. ‘However,’ added the minister coolly, ‘I ordered him to be immediately released, and he is now at large!’ This

* L'Histoire de Touraine, p. 284 (where further particulars of this atrocious murder are detailed). Chalmel's Histoire Chronologique, &c.

anecdote requires no comment, nor was it by any means a solitary case! With such examples as these before his eyes, well might Fenelon say, in one of his Dialogues of the Dead, ‘It is necessary that a people should have written laws, always the same, and consecrated by the whole nation; that these laws should be paramount to everything else; that those who govern should derive their authority from *them* alone; possessing an unbounded power to do all the good the laws prescribe, and restrained from every act of injustice which the laws prohibit.’ These just and enlightened sentiments were published in France long before the revolution of 1789, up to which time the king’s will was the supreme law. For want of such precise and equal laws the abuses attending the collection of the taxes were almost insupportable. The kingdom was parcelled out into generalities, with an intendant at the head of each, into whose hands the whole power of the crown was delegated for all affairs of finance. The generalities were subdivided into elections, at the head of which was a sub-delegué appointed by the intendant. The rolls of the *taille*, capitation, vingtrèmes, and other taxes, were distributed amongst districts, parishes, and individuals, at the *pleasure of the intendant*, who could exempt, change, add or diminish at pleasure! And to crown all, the people were compelled to pay heavy and arbitrary imposts, from which the *nobility* and *clergy* were totally exempted! The penal code of finance, fraught with oppression and murder, was rendered more frightful by the different punishments inflicted in different provinces for the same crime, real or alleged. Thus in Provence, smugglers of salt, armed and assembled to the number of five, were fined 500 livres, and sent to the galleys for nine years, whilst in other parts of France the punishment was *death*! And to add insult to injustice, all families liable to the *taille*, in certain provinces were enrolled, and their daily consumption of salt fixed by the tax-gatherer, which they were forced to buy whether they wanted it or not, under the penalty of heavy fines*.

Happily, the law of France rests no longer on tradition, or the *ipse dixit* of judges, or the will of tax-gatherers, or other arbitrary or feudal power; and, therefore, in the study of it, reference to never-ending and not unfrequently conflicting decisions, or to the passions or prejudices of the great, whether of the laity or clergy, is no longer a necessary part of the system. These results of a recently-formed code, in the construction of which the benefits to be derived from the application of the knowledge of an enlightened age to the principles of jurisprudence have been rendered available, are consolidated into a compact and definite shape. Formerly—that is, before the revolution of 1789—not only each province had its peculiar code, some formed on the Roman law, others on tradition and local custom, and the whole replete with

* Young’s Travels in France. Cahiers of 1789.

ambiguity and inconsistency; but *some* processes took place before the king, and others before the seigneur, or lord of the district. These judges had a power of punishment, the dreadful abuses and oppression of which were but too well known and felt at the time, though too little remembered in ours. They, as well as the seneschals and baillés, who ranked a degree higher than the judge appointed by the feudal tyrants, were entitled to decide in civil cases, subject, however, to appeal to one of the thirteen parliaments of the kingdom; which, composed solely of judges and public officers of rank, in the appointment of whom the people had no share, were still more unlike what Englishmen conceive parliaments ought to be, than those which the alterations occasioned by the lapse of ages, and the still more innovating and pestilential miasmata of corruption and undue influence, so justly deprived of the confidence, and subjected to reproach and detestation in their own country. The dispensation of justice (as it was called) in manorial courts, comprised every species of despotism; the districts indeterminate, appeals endless, litigations multiplied, chicanery triumphant, expenses enormous, and ruin the final lot of most of the suitors. The judges are represented to have been ignorant pretenders, who held their courts in cabarets (pot-houses), and who were the tools of the seigneurs*. In most of the provinces the people were bound to grind their corn and to press their grapes at the mill and the press of the lord only, and to bake their bread at no oven but his. Thus, besides the other hardships, vexations, and oppressions, the bread was often spoilt, and the wine more especially, since, in Champagne, the grapes which, when pressed immediately, would make white wine, often made red wine only, in consequence of waiting for the press, which often happened. Amongst other *services*, almost without end, by which the peasants were tortured in Brittany, there was one called ‘Silence des Grenouilles,’ which required, that when the lady of the chateau lay in, the people should beat the waters day and night in marshy districts, to keep the frogs silent, that she might not be disturbed †. The administration of justice throughout, says Arthur Young, was *partial, venal, infamous*; the conduct of the parliaments *profligate and atrocious*. In almost every cause which came before them, interest was openly made with the judges; and woe betided the man who, with a cause to support, had no means of conciliating favour, either by the beauty of a handsome wife, or by some other method ‡. These monstrous defects, anomalies, and abuses, had not failed to excite the attention, and to rouse the indignation of some of the most eminent lawyers of France, early in the eighteenth cen-

* See the representations made to government on this subject about the period of the revolution, by the states of Rennes, Nivernois, and by the tiers états of Clermont, Auxerre, Vannes, &c. &c.

† Young’s Travels in France, 4to Edit., p. 537.

‡ Idem.

tury; and amendments in her civil code were attempted by L'Hôpital and Lamoignon, with but little beneficial effect. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau introduced some important enactments, regarding testaments, successions, and donations; various regulations for improving the forms of procedure; for ascertaining the limits of jurisdictions; and for effecting greater uniformity in the execution of the laws throughout the different provinces. His reforms, however, were far from radical; and he has even been reproached by the Duc de St. Simon and others, with confessedly retaining lucrative abuses,—acknowledging that he '*could not bring his mind to a step which would so grievously diminish the profits of the law.*'

The preponderating influence of the court, operating, no doubt, both perceptibly and imperceptibly on the Chancellor's mind, overpowered his moral courage. Unequal to so mighty a task, he was assailed on every side and in every way which the ingenuity of the lawyers, the influence of the court, the treacherous smiles of seductive persuasion, and the dreaded frowns of power could devise, and with all his good intentions and the excellence of the cause he had undertaken, he was baffled, disarmed, and subdued; leaving to posterity a memorable example of the failure of the best and most upright endeavours to effect reform, unless supported by *the unequivocal expression and powerful influences of public opinion.* This abortive attempt of the Chancellor appears to have materially influenced his success in future public life; for when he afterwards interfered to reconcile the disputes between the parliament and the court, his mediation gave no satisfaction to either party; both became dissatisfied with him; the one reproaching him for deserting their cause, whilst the other charged him with a too great leaning to it. It was, perhaps, too much to expect from mortal man, situated as the Chancellor d'Aguesseau was, to touch with unsparing hand the abuses by which so many powerful individuals and great public bodies profited. And thus these enormities were doomed to accumulate till past bearing: the besom of destruction only could sweep the Augean stable. After M. d'Aguesseau's failure, no other persons seem to have endeavoured to stem the torrent of judiciary corruption; so that this glorious task was reserved for the National Assembly of France; the members of which, many of them lawyers, did themselves immortal honour by reducing the whole of this revolting and inharmonious mass of absurdities and injustice into one simple uniform system. The seignorial judges were replaced by justices of the peace, and every district of importance (arrondissement) obtained its court, or *tribunal de première instance.* The higher courts were not erected till afterwards; but the judges of every description *were elected by the inhabitants of the province,* —a right which continued with them until the usurpation of Napoleon Bonaparte. The whole of the code, owing to the

manner in which the regular course of the revolution had been impeded at every step, was not completed till the beginning of the present century; when, but at different periods, it was promulgated under the great military despot*, and gave to the jurisprudence and judicial constitution of France nearly the form it at present bears, excepting that the Cinque Codes, as the whole was called by the restored Bourbons after their return, has added to them an appendix and a sixth code, called Code Forestier; so that the prefix *cinque* has been exchanged for that of *six*†.

M.

ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORKS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.‡—
ART. 1.

WHEN a new planet is discovered, it requires time to assign it its true place in the solar system. The observer must know his own movements, or he may pronounce its progressive course to be retrograde; and he must trace it through many degrees of its track, before he can lay down its course, and estimate its speed, and measure its eccentricity. And a great and luminous mind cannot have its just position in the social system allotted at once: the more so as the moral vision of mankind has no achromatic wherewith to penetrate the deep spaces of intellect. It will be long before the first confident speculations on the new phenomenon give place to the computations of truth and reason. Presumption will maintain that it is but a meteor, soon to dip below the horizon: superstition will broadly hint that anything which swims so near the source of light and heat endangers the world's temperature, and will burn us up as it sweeps by; and many are the years, on whose darkness it must shine, ere its course be traced, and it be found to be humanity's morning and evening star. The time necessary for the appreciation of a conspicuous mind will vary according to the nature of its genius and the state of society in which it is put forth; but in proportion as it addresses itself to the general mind, and finds access to the general mind, will a true verdict be speedily passed. Large masses of men are more just, more discerning, more generous, than small; more ashamed of all petty passions; less inclined to idolatry on the one hand, and to envy on the other. Imaginative genius, which in these days speaks to a splendid audience, standing amid an am-

* Code Civil was promulgated 5th March, 1803. Code de Procédure Civile, 14th April, 1806. Code de Commerce, 10th September, 1806. Code d'Instruction Criminelle, 17th Nov., 1808. Code Penal, 2nd Feb., 1810.

† The whole of these (codes) laws of France cost 6 francs, or 5s. English.

‡ The Theological and Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S., in twenty-five volumes. Edited, with Notes, by John Towill Rutt. Vol. i. Life and Correspondence.

phitheatre of nations, receives an answer of glorious acclaim to its cry of '*plaudite*,' while originality in science, in theology, and even in political philosophy, appreciable at first only by schools and sects of men, waits for justice till the school or the sect becomes, in numbers and intelligence, co-extensive with society at large. Scott and Byron have received the homage of their own times; but such men as Priestley or Bentham must wait the revolutions of opinion, and the regeneration of social institutions, before the due rites of honour are enacted over their graves.

Posterity, like Providence, rewards men according to their deeds. To their tribunal oblivion must give up its dead. What place will then be allotted to Dr. Priestley, among the benefactors of mankind, we will not presume to decide; sure we are it will be no mean one. And, in the meanwhile, it is evident that the time is approaching for a correct and final estimate of his merits. His contemporaries, with their indiscriminate praise or censure, have, for the most part, retired from the scene; and a new generation, partly educated by his writings, and able to bear testimony to their influence, has stepped into their place. The physical science to which, for many years, he brought his annual tribute of discovery, has advanced another stage; and, apart from all rivalry and controversy, can afford to be just to his memory, and to devote a chapter of true history to its own historian. The philosophy of mind is deserting the favourites, whose contempt was too strong for his living fame, and ranks among its just masters men who expound principles akin to his. In some measure his political sympathies seem to have been bequeathed to this generation, and the chains have been broken, for numbering whose links he became an outcast and an exile. And in theology he has had successors, who have, in some measure, diverted from him the odium which he was wont to bear exclusively: theology, however, is singularly tardy in its justice, and a fame locked up in theology is scarcely more hopeful than an estate locked up in Chancery. For a fair estimate of this extraordinary man, the advantages afforded by the complexion of the times are enhanced by the new biographical materials which have been laid before us by Mr. Rutt. These materials consist of Dr. Priestley's letters to his most intimate friends, extending in an almost unbroken series through the greater part of his life, and appended by the editor to the several sections of his autobiography. We were disposed at first to wish that more selection had been used, and that many letters, which convey no new impression of the writer's character, no indication of the spirit of his times, had been omitted; and that, notwithstanding the amount of interesting small talk which is crowded into the notes, they had been occasionally in a less excursive style of illustration. But in both these particulars it is possible that the editor may have consulted the public taste as well as his own vast stock of dissenting lore. His errors (if

errors they be) are those of an affectionate and faithful memory ; and the interest which, in the earlier portion of the biography, is weighed down by the indiscriminate mass of correspondence, is powerfully revived towards the close of the volume by the letters from America. It would be difficult to find, throughout the whole range of epistolary literature, anything more touching than these letters, more pictorial than the impression they convey of the aged philosopher in his banishment, inspired by his fate to struggle with the shocks of circumstances, sustaining cheerfulness and devising good in the midst of his solitary sorrows, and feeding still an interior energy amid the waste of years. His seclusion there, seems like an appointed interval between two worlds,—a central point of observation between time and eternity. There is a quietude in his letters, which gives them the aspect of letters from the dead ; all the activity of life appears in them as viewed in retrospect, and yet the peace of Heaven is still but in prospect ; and they send forth tones of indescribable melancholy, which, travelling over one of the world's broadest oceans, seem like communings from an unearthly state. Yet it is not that the Christian sufferer himself desponds ; the melancholy is not in him, but in the reader ; and it is the wonder that he could uphold his spirit so nobly, which deepens the pathos of his history. It is obvious, throughout, that his self-possessed serenity comes from the past and the future, and not from the present ; and there is a simplicity, a reality, in his repeated allusions to his approaching immortality, which makes us feel perpetually that, step by step, we are passing with the venerable man to his grave, to meet him on the morrow in a home whence there is no exile.

But we are anticipating. Not that we shall attempt any chronological narrative of Dr. Priestley's life : our readers will, we trust, seek that from the volume whose title stands at the head of this article ;—a volume which, by recording not so much the events as the labours, the feelings, the habits, the discipline, the opinions, of a life ; by exhibiting the successive phases of a mind passing from darkness towards full-orbed truth, fulfils the expectations with which the student of human nature has a right to turn to biography. This volume brings to a close Mr. Rutt's protracted and, we fear, ill-requited labours, as editor of Dr. Priestley's Theological and Miscellaneous Works ; and we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to present our readers with an analysis of Dr. Priestley's character as a theologian, a *physician*, a metaphysician, a moralist, and a Christian.

Few problems are more difficult than to determine the proportion between the internal and the external causes which create great minds. When genius, oppressed with difficulties, toils its way upwards to the light, it is not the difficulty that creates the genius, or every man who wrote in a garret might be a Johnson or a Sheridan. Still less when it flutters in the atmosphere of

courts, is it the warmth of throned patronage which tempts its powers into life, or every minion of royalty might be a Horace or a Southey. No mind can possess real power which does not impress you with the conviction that, wherever planted, it would have found for itself a greatness; and the office of circumstances is but to trace the track of its energies. When the stream, born among the hills, tumbles its waters into the valley, it has its first channel determined by the mountain surface, turned aside by pinnacles of rock, and invited by the yielding alluvial soil; but its ceaseless chafing loosens and rolls away the rugged masses that break its current, and makes for it a new and a freer way. And minds which are to fertilize the world, may have the windings of their genius traced by influences from without; but the same mighty will by which they first burst forth to precipitate themselves on the world below, will undermine the most frowning barriers of circumstances, and carve out fresh courses for their power. Though Dr. Priestley would not have been unknown to the world had he, in conformity with an intention once entertained, been doomed to a counting-house in Lisbon, it is not difficult to discern several groups of events which exercised a deep and lasting influence upon his character, and determined the relation in which he should stand to society. The first of these is to be found in his early religious education, which was conducted on the old puritanical model of constraint and rigour. There is little doubt that he is right in ascribing to this cause the deep sense of religion which he maintained through life. His was not one of those minds which are necessarily devotional,—which, under all conceivable adjustments of circumstances, betray their affinity with Heaven—whose religious sympathies, instead of being suppressed by neglect or overborne by the tide of adverse influence, would, like air entangled in the ocean-depths, rise the more buoyantly to their native element. Such a mind was Heber's, of which you can no more think as without piety, than you can of colour without extension. Deprive it of this central attribute, and there remains an impossible combination of qualities; but Dr. Priestley's other qualities might have existed independently of his devotion, without any violation of the order of nature. In the language of logicians, it was his *property*, not his *essential difference*. And, accordingly, we believe that, for its full and permanent development, a systematic and stimulant discipline was needed; and this was abundantly administered in the coarse excitement and Sabbatarian severity of a Calvinistic education. His acknowledgment of the miseries accompanying its benefits is remarkable among the confessions of orthodoxy:—

‘The weakness of my constitution, which often led me to think that I should not be long-lived, contributed to give my mind a still more serious turn; and having read many books of *experiences*, and, in consequence, believing that a *new birth*, produced by the imme-

mediate agency of the spirit of God, was necessary to salvation, and not being able to satisfy myself that I *had* experienced anything of the kind, I felt occasionally such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror. Notwithstanding I had nothing very material to reproach myself with, I often concluded that God had forsaken me, and that mine was like the case of Francis Spira, to whom, as he imagined, repentance and salvation were denied. In that state of mind I remember reading the account of 'the man in the iron cage,' in the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' with the greatest perturbation.

'I imagine that even these conflicts of mind were not without their use, as they led me to think habitually of God and a future state. And though my feelings were then, no doubt, too full of terror, what remained of them was a deep reverence for divine things, and in time a pleasing satisfaction which can never be effaced, and, I hope, was strengthened as I have advanced in life, and acquired more rational notions of religion. The remembrance, however, of what I sometimes felt in that state of ignorance and darkness, gives me a peculiar sense of the value of rational principles of religion, and of which I can give but an imperfect description to others.

'As *truth*, we cannot doubt, must have an advantage over *error*, we may conclude that the want of these peculiar feelings is compensated by something of greater value, which arises to others from always having seen things in a just and pleasing light; from having always considered the Supreme Being as the kind parent of all his offspring. This, however, not having been my case, I cannot be so good a judge of the effects of it. At all events, we ought always to inculcate just views of things, assuring ourselves that *proper* feelings and *right* conduct will be the consequence of them.'—pp. 12, 13.

'Though, after I saw reason to change my opinions, I found myself incommoded by the rigour of the congregation with which I was connected, I shall always acknowledge, with great gratitude, that I owe much to it. The business of religion was effectually attended to in it. We were all catechised in public till we were grown up, servants as well as others: the minister always expounded the Scriptures with as much regularity as he preached; and there was hardly a day in the week in which there was not some meeting of one or other part of the congregation. On one evening there was a meeting of the young men for conversation and prayer. This I constantly attended, praying extempore with others, when called upon.

'At my aunt's there was a monthly meeting of women, who acquitted themselves in prayer as well as any of the men belonging to the congregation. Being at first a child in the family, I was permitted to attend their meetings, and growing up insensibly, heard them, after I was capable of judging. My aunt, after the death of her husband, prayed every morning and evening in her family, until I was about seventeen, when that duty devolved upon me.

'The Lord's-day was kept with peculiar strictness. No victuals were dressed on that day in any family. No member of it was permitted to walk out for recreation, but the whole of the day was spent at the public meeting, or at home in reading, meditation and prayer, in the family or the closet.'—p. 15—17.

A question of great moment is here suggested. Unitarianism has been tried upon two generations: has the experiment justified Dr. Priestley's faith in the devotional influences of truth? Or, for illustrations of the spirituality which may be conjoined with heterodoxy, must we still point to minds which, like his, have emerged from Calvinism, and may be supposed to have brought their piety thence? With the most fervent confidence in the moral power of truth, it may yet be doubted whether the largest portion of Unitarian piety has not been imported from orthodoxy; and hence many have been led to conclusions favourable to the rigid system of religious education. The fact may be admitted, and the inference denied. It is in no case the rigour, the ceremonialism, that makes the saint; regarded by itself, its whole tendency is to produce mental imbecility and disgust and unbelief; and wherever it has existed as a system,—whenever it has been made the instructor's main reliance,—these effects, and no others, have followed; not a gleam of emotion, not an impulse of holy desire, has ever come from it. But, long as it has been the receptacle of all the soul of orthodoxy, it would be strange if its machinery had not often been plied by those who have made it the vehicle of their own piety, and have sent through its dead materials that living earnestness of mind, in love of which the young will often undergo much that would else be tedious and revolting. Wherever Sabbatarianism has fallen into such hands, a devotional feeling has resulted,—not, indeed, from the system, but from its preceding spirit. To revive the stiff regimen of our forefathers, because it sent forth a Priestley and a Lindsay, would be like re-enacting the Mosaic law, in expectation of another 'sweet singer of Israel.' A ritual system can no more create a soul, than the study of Greek metres can make a poet. It does not, however, follow, because sabbatical constraint fails to awaken piety, that laxity must certainly succeed; and we rejoice to believe that Unitarians are beginning to perceive the error of this retaliative logic;—that, while they discard the enthralling formalities which rendered their fathers more superstitious than devout, they feel, in some degree, the solemn responsibilities of a spiritual faith;—that, while they rely as little as ever on mere externals of devotion, they think more of its interior spirit, and study more earnestly the means for its nurture.

Whilst we admit that the conflicts of mind which Dr. Priestley describes, may have occasioned a permanent susceptibility to religious emotion, we maintain that it was his subsequent conversion which gave that susceptibility its only value. His mental sufferings were accurate corollaries from his faith; and his mind was too clear-sighted, too sincere, too literal, too little imaginative, speedily to have effected an escape from them which nothing but self-deception and enthusiasm could have accomplished. And where, we would ask, is the efficacy of religious emotion so

miserably perverted? Neither inspiring holiness, nor infusing peace, its influence on the active powers is purely paralytic, and on the passive, torture. There is no charm in devotional anguish, more than in any other, which should make it a thing to be desired; and self-persecution without reformation,—tears wrung, not from the conscience, but from the creed, are only new items in the account of human misery. It was not, then, till the reverential feelings towards the object of faith which those struggles implied, were transplanted into a brighter system,—not till they took their place in a religion of duty instead of dogma,—not till they changed their character from tormentors to motives—from abjectness to love,—that they brought with them any blessing to the mind. Calvinism, like the magicians of Egypt, could poison and taint the salubrious stream; true religion, like the prophet's rod, could alone convert the current of blood into the waters of fertility.

The next important circumstance of his life was his conversion; an event which, from its permanent influence on his external relations and his internal habits, forms the most momentous change in his personal history; and, from its vast, and still increasing effect on the state of opinion in this country, marks an era in the annals of our national Christianity. It was brought about by the same qualities of mind which had sunk him in the agonizing humiliation of orthodoxy—we mean his plain-dealing with himself. It is not to the presumptuous, but to the humble, not to the self-ignorant, but to the clear-minded, student of their own nature, that the shade of Calvinism, like that of the fabled Upas tree, proves itself, instead of a sheltering influence, a sickening and a deadly blight. Had Dr. Priestley exercised more self-adoration and less perspicacity in his dealings with his own mind, he might have emerged from his gloomy terrors, into the comfortable persuasion of his own saintship; but the same sincerity which prevented his confounding the operations of his own thoughts with the agency of the Holy Spirit, prevented him also from mistaking the prepossessions of education for the fulness of evidence. There never was a movement of opinion more purely characteristic than that of Dr. Priestley. It was performed exclusively by the natural gravitation of his own faculties, with the least possible share of impulse from external causes. It was his 'call;' and we wish that every call which orthodoxy records, were as simply a transaction between God and the believer's own mind: it was his 'new creation,' the brooding of God's spirit, *i. e.*, his own intelligence and conscience, over the chaos of a rude creed, and bidding light to struggle through the mass, and the elements to fall into a fairer order. That the change was progressive, extending over sixteen years, not only assimilates it to all that is good in God's providence, but indicates its independent character. The opinions which he ultimately embraced

were nowhere embodied as a whole at the commencement of his inquiries; some of them were not in existence, and the rest were barely accessible, scattered through many dissimilar writers,—rather hinted than stated; and, if deemed worthy of mention for their curiosity, requiring apology for their profaneness.

The collective adoption of the peculiarities constituting modern Unitarianism would then have been unnatural, and their adoption from the dictation of others' minds impossible. Throughout the whole process of theological change which Dr. Priestley's opinions underwent, his transition from low Arianism to Humanitarianism, which was the last important step, is the only one in which the reasonings of a predecessor exerted a perceptible influence; and this was occasioned by the writings of Dr. Lardner, the study of whom is the study of truth, and to be persuaded by whom must be a pure concession to evidence. Throughout every other stage of his conversion, Dr. Priestley was his own commentator; his inquiries followed the order of his own doubts; his evidence was collected and arranged by his own assiduity; and his conclusions drawn by the absolutely solitary exercise of his own intellect.

He has been accused, and by an authority which gives weight to the accusation, of having imbibed from his age a spirit of innovation. We apprehend that the charge involves a material error with regard both to his character and his times. A more stationary condition of the social mind than that in which his opinions commenced, matured, and almost completed their progress, could not perhaps be selected from the last two centuries of English history: the underworkings of the earthquake had doubtless commenced in France; the interior power which was to burst through the crust of institutions, and rock the nations in alarm, was 'getting up its steam;' but of this not the most penetrating had a glimpse; all was quiet on the surface, not a growl was heard, not a vibration felt. Had it even been otherwise, Dr. Priestley could have been little affected, in the early part of his life, by the political occurrences of the Continent, for he was not then in a position either to receive or to impart the influence supposed: he was not then the admired philosopher, the conspicuous sectary, the obnoxious subject,—but the poor, secluded, unpopular preacher of a small market-town. The relative chronology of his opinions is curious. Not only were his changes of mind in complete anticipation of the stimulating period which closed the last century, but some of his most startling sentiments were the earliest embraced: he had maintained the inconclusiveness of St. Paul's reasoning, gone all lengths with the doctrine of necessity, and rejected his belief in divine influence, before he had been in the ministry three years. And on the other hand, when the time of restless theory came, and all old opinions were loosened, and the whole creed of society, political, social, and religious, was broken up for reconstruction, his convictions had been made up; he had

not to take up his opinions amid the maddening excitement which, in the eagerness to enthrone reason, thrust her from her seat; calmer moments had been devoted to the task, and in the retrospect of his own mind he saw an epitome of the mental revolution whose rapid transitions were hurrying by. Hence the steady posture which he assumed amid all the revelry of speculation which he witnessed: hence, with all his exultation in the new prospect which seemed to open upon society, he appeared as a conservator, no less frequently than as an assailant, of existing opinions. It would indeed be difficult to select from the benefactors of mankind, one who was less acted upon by his age, whose convictions were more entirely independent of sympathy; in the whole circle of whose opinions you can set down so little to the prejudgments of education, to the attractions of friendship, to the perverse love of opposition, to the contagion of prevailing taste; or to any of the irregular moral causes which, independently of evidence, determine the course of human belief. We do not assert that he was not precipitate: we do not say that he cast away no gems of truth in clearing from the sanctuary the dust of ages; we do not deny that, in his passion for simplification, he did sometimes run too rapidly through a mystery, and propound inconsiderate explanations of things deeper than his philosophy. But we maintain that his sources of fallacy, whatever they were, were within, and not from without; that he was no man for the second-hand errors of indolent or imitative intellects; that his faults were all those of a searching, copious, and original mind.

We have said that Dr. Priestley's theological inquiries followed the order of his doubts: his conversion followed the order of his inquiries; his publications, the order of his conversion; and his influence, the order of his publications. Hence in part has arisen among Unitarians a conventional arrangement of their theological peculiarities, always beginning with the question respecting the person of Christ, and ending with Universal Restoration. Every complete published defence of their tenets, and almost every systematic course of public lectures in their chapels, exhibits this particular sequence of faith. It was not unnatural that the order of investigation should become, in Dr. Priestley's mind, the order of importance: in each succeeding inquiry he would use, in addition to its independent evidence, the conclusion established in the preceding; and, at the end of the process, the first step would seem to be more purely and directly drawn from Scripture, and the next to be of a more inferential character. The order of discovery, however, is seldom the best order of proof; nor are either the best order for popular exposition; and we think it, on some accounts, unfortunate that Unitarianism has disposed itself so inflexibly along the graduated scale marked out by the steps of its modern explorers. Whether we regard it as the negation of

orthodoxy, or contemplate it as a set of positive and harmonious truths, this restriction is unnecessary. The ingenious construction of the popular system, which indissolubly cements together its several dogmas, has its perils as well as its advantages. If any one of its tenets, on finding entrance into the mind, introduces its companions in its train, any one of them, on its departure, opens an exit for all the rest. It matters little then where you begin the assault; the battery of your logic is circular, and, commence the fire where you may, will sweep the field. Or take the more interesting view of Unitarian Christianity, as a cluster of positive doctrines, and the same remark holds good. With far less of the artificial ingenuity of system than the prevalent theology, it has still the natural harmony of truth; and the affinities which blend together its parts are so close, as to spread a chain of delicate yet unbroken influence through the whole; and communicate the first spark of thought where you will, it will shoot from link to link to the farthest extremity. Unitarianism, we think, must discover more variety in its resources, must avail itself of more flexibility of appeal, must wield in turn its critical, its philosophical, its social, its poetical, its devotional powers, before it gain its destined ascendancy over the mind of Christendom. With great respect for the able contributions which Christian truth has received from its departed champions, we still must regard them as *only* contributions; and think that the controversy must be again and again rewritten, and its whole form recast, before it may begin to number its triumphs.

Though no external influences could produce that extraordinary versatility which characterized Dr. Priestley, the circumstances in his history which tended to encourage it are not unworthy of a passing notice. During the lapse of seven years from the termination of his college life, he found himself in three different situations, each presenting strong, and almost exclusive motives to a separate class of pursuits. First came a ministry of three years in a small country-town, affording no occasions of active duty, and no distractions of society. Compelled to live on thirty pounds a-year, watched, suspected, and partially deserted, by a congregation whose piety vented itself in dread of heterodoxy, and finding little congenial sentiment among his neighbouring brethren, he devoted himself entirely to theological study, for which alone his library afforded him scope. Next he was a schoolmaster at Nantwich, under the same inability which every conscientious schoolmaster feels, to attend to anything beyond the duties of his office; and accordingly we here find him studying grammar and language. Thence he removed to Warrington, and there gave himself up with astonishing energy to the preparation of lectures on the theory of language, on oratory and the belles lettres, on history and general policy;—a class of topics almost entirely new

to him, and for excellence in which there was little provision in the predominant qualities of his mind. Yet, what he wanted of the critic's delicate perception, he compensated by the philosopher's comprehensive views; and though his labours in these departments may not be destined to live, there is in his treatment of his subjects, a breadth and magnitude and metaphysical spirit, which contrasts favourably with the small and superficial criticism of his predecessors in the same field. In his conception of his object he is as much their superior, as he is inferior to the noble school of German critics, whose genius has, in our own day, penetrated the mysteries, and analyzed the spirit, of poetry and the arts.

Before he quitted his office of tutor, and after he had completed the composition of his lectures, an introduction to Dr. Price and Dr. Franklin gave the first impulse to his philosophical pursuits. Whether this event be estimated by its effect on his fame or by that upon his character, it must be regarded as among the most important in his life. The unparalleled ardour with which he prosecuted his newly-acquired objects, and the signal success by which it was at once recompensed and stimulated, soon rendered it manifest that his intellect had found its appropriate direction; and from this time, until his career was checked by persecution, he continued to give to the world a series of discoveries, capable of comparison, in their variety and productiveness, with the achievements of the most honoured names in the records of physical science. Of the qualities of mind which he brought to the study of nature and her laws, it will be our business to speak hereafter: we notice his philosophical pursuits here, merely as they relate to the history of his character. Great as their influence upon him was, they wrought no revolution, no change, in his habits and feelings. All that he had been he continued to be; all that he had done he continued to do. Their operation was one of pure addition. They extended his reverential gaze on creation over a wider field; they quickened his marvellous activity; they expanded his benevolence; they deepened his piety; they illustrated his own principle, that every intellectual and moral attainment sheds illumination on every other, and that mental power multiplies itself indefinitely: and they completed that rare combination of qualities by which, in an age of infidelity and of arbitrary power, science, liberty, and religion, all found in him a fitting representative.

Thus much we have said respecting the circumstances which were most deeply concerned in determining the career of this eminent philosopher and divine. Our readers may wonder that we have omitted to notice the two most remarkable events of his history,—his persecution at Birmingham and his retreat to America. The truth is, that the most romantic passages of

human life are not always the most influential: our object has been, not to furnish an interesting narrative, but to sketch the records of a mind; and we think that the occurrences just mentioned, taking place as they did, in the maturity of Dr. Priestley's mind, were means rather of indicating and developing than of forming his character. They will find, therefore, a more appropriate place in a future paper, in which we propose to attempt an analysis of that character in its intellectual, moral, and religious relations.

TENNYSON'S POEMS*.

IN the autumn of 1830, when the last desperate blow of despotism struck sparks that fired the mine beneath the palaces of the elder Bourbons; when barricades were piled, and sabres clashed, and musketry and cannon roared, and Fury with her thousand weapons fought in the streets of Paris; when the rainbow tricolor again spanned the political heavens, and the shouts of French victory were echoed back by those of British gratulation; when stimulated by the strife, the Spirit of Reform in this country roused itself from seeming torpor, and girded itself for conflict with the great captain of the age and all corruption's hosts, and raised its voice for that inspiring shout which rallied the friends of freedom through England, Scotland, and Ireland,—it was our blessed hap to escape awhile from the feverish and tumultuous scene, with a little book which no flourish of newspaper trumpets had announced, and in whose train no reviewers had waved their banners, but which made us feel that a poet had arisen in the land, and that there was hope for man in powers and principles and enjoyments which flow, a deep and everlasting under-current, beneath the stormy surface of political changes and conflicts. We profess no indifference to the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, but that still small voice sunk profoundly into our hearts, breathing a calmer and a holier hope. It was the poetry of truth, nature, and philosophy; and above all, it was that of a young man, who, if true to himself and his vocation, might charm the sense and soul of humanity, and make the unhewn blocks in this our wilderness of society move into temples and palaces. The enjoyment of that hour of the spirit's rest, and of its revival to breathe the morning air of a purer day, came back upon us when we saw that there was another volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson; that to our little book a brother book was born,—and when we found it so

* 1. Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson.—Wilson, 1830. 2. Poems, by A. Tennyson.—Moxon, 1833.

like and so lovely in its likeness, even with less shade of difference than any of his own 'dualisms.'

'Two bees within a crystal flower-bell rockéd,
 Hum a love-lay to the west wind at noontide,—
 Both alike they buzz together,
 Both alike they hum together
 Through and through the flowered heather:
 Where in a creeping cove the wave, unshockéd,
 Lays itself calm and wide,
 Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
 Do woo each other, carolling together,—
 Both alike they glide together,
 Side by side ;
 Both alike they sing together,
 Arching blue-glossed necks beneath the purple weather.
 Two children, lovelier than Love, adown the lea are singing,
 As they gambol, lily garlands ever stringing,—
 Both in blosm-white silk are frockéd,
 Like, unlike, they roam together,
 Under a summer vault of golden weather ;
 Like, unlike, they sing together,
 Side by side,
 Mid May's darling golden-lockéd,
 Summer's tanling diamond-eyed.'—Vol. i. p. 145.

With the exception of the above lines, we shall confine our quotations to the volume just published. Our remarks on the author, and our reference to his poems, will apply, and be made indiscriminately to both volumes.

As fruit hath its inner core and its outer rind, and, in the perfection of its ripeness, when the one is become most rich and mellow for the taste, the other is most soft to the touch and lovely to the sight ; and, as in man, there are the organs of sense without, and the faculties of intellect and feeling within ; the one the eye that beams in light, the voice that speaks in music, and the other the brain that works and the heart that throbs ; so has perfect poetry its inner spirit of deep and rich significance, and its outer shell of melody and varied loveliness. The true poet is compounded of the philosopher and the *artiste*. His nervous organization should have internally the tenacity which will weave into the firmest web of solid thought, and in his sense, externally, be tremulous as the strings of an Æolian harp, that quiver in every breeze, but ever tremble tunefully. The author has a large endowment of both these qualities, yielding, perhaps, among poets of modern fame, only to Wordsworth in the one, and only to Coleridge in the other ; and affording, by their combination, a promise, which the world requires and needs of him—not to doom to the bitterness of disappointment.

The music of poetry is as far from having been cultivated to

the perfection of which it is capable as the poetry of music. The latter is yet in its infancy, kept and crippled there, by the affectations of fashion, the mean arts of trading masters, the theatrical monopoly, and the want of that popular taste which only a more rational and more extensive system of education can efficiently cultivate. How far the former had advanced in the poetry of antiquity, it is as impossible for us to ascertain as it is to call Homer from the dead to chaunt his own verses. There is melody, even yet, in our barbarian pronunciation of the Greek metres; probably as like the original as the sharp tappings of a drum to the soft, long breathings of a flute; but the tune itself is gone with the tongue that sung it, and the ear that heard, and the nerves that thrilled, and the eyes that glistened at it. We are left, by inference, to believe or not, as we may, that they who could chisel the form of Apollo, knew also how to string his harp, and that their fingers touched it deftly. However that may be, in our own language the art of poetical melody has gradually advanced like any other art. The great masters may have boasted themselves to 'feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers;' but the seeming spontaneity was only a facility derived from their general power and excellence. It is the same as in music: Marielli will improvise passages of the most difficult execution—because the piano-forte, with all its capabilities, is to her as a plaything; but those vivid thoughts and feelings to which she makes the instrument give utterance, would lack their expression by less practised and skilful fingers. Only the habitually laborious can efficiently extemporize. Great poets have become so, however rude the age in which they lived, by acquired mastery of the powers of language, as an instrument not only of sense but sound. The construction of their verse grows into a study, in which the elements and principles are traced, derived from nature and the genius of a language, of the art of verbal harmony; and by these the superior workman is taught, and the critic is guided, and the dull sense is quickened, and the finer organization is gratified and perfected, and yet more and more of this purer species of sensual enjoyment is ministered.

No writer seems to have studied more, or, considering the quantity of his productions, has done so much, by means of this art, as the author of these poems. Some lines, for their soft and easy flowing, others for their stately march, their dancing measure, or their luscious sweetness, might be culled from his writings, which have never been surpassed, and which it would be difficult to match. The verses which claim this kind of praise, in a high degree, abound in both volumes. We scarcely know whether to consider it as a defect that, in the pursuit of this object, he has recourse to several unusual artifices, such as the full pronunciation of the final *ed*, the elision of the *w*, when preceded by a consonant, and the occasional use of obsolete words.

The perfection of the melody is thus preserved unimpaired, and a quaint and rich character imparted, though at the hazard of the charge of affectation.

The author is a mental philosopher, as the greatest poets have ever been, and as every poet of these later ages must be, to take distinguished or permanent rank. The first onset of poetry conquered the external world, and erected as trophies descriptions of object and action never to be surpassed: but observation has yielded the foremost place to reflection, in ministering to poetical genius. The classic portrayed human character by its exterior demonstrations and influences on the material objects of sense; the modern delineates the whole external world from its reflected imagery in the mirror of human thought and feeling. This change has taken place not simply because the ground was pre-occupied, but as a necessary result from the progress of the human mind, from the stronger light which has been cast on its constitution and operations, and from a juster appreciation of the fact that mind alone

‘The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.’

Poetry, in becoming philosophized, has acquired new and exhaustless worlds. The changing moods of mind diversify a landscape with far more variety than cloud or sunshine in all their combinations; and those moods are in themselves subjects of description, which may at once possess the deepest interest, and allow the most luxuriant ornament. ‘The Confessions of a sensitive Mind, not in unity with itself,’ in Mr. Tennyson’s first volume, (in a lower degree, the ‘Ode to Memory,’) and the ‘Palace of Art’ in the present publication, are noble poems of this class. They are the writings of one who has gazed on the diversities and the changes of the human spirit, on the loftiness of its pride, the splendours of its revelries, the heavings and tossings of its struggles, the bewilderment of its doubt, and the abysmal depths of its despair,—with the same poetical perception that young Homer, yet unblinded, watched the tent of council, and the field of battle; or that Virgil saw the husbandman making glad furrows on the fertile plain, beneath propitious constellations.

And this reflective character of modern poetry, which is, in a peculiar degree, the character of Mr. Tennyson’s productions, while it is exhibited, directly, in such compositions as those just mentioned, pervades, by its indirect influence, almost every verse,—we might say, perhaps, almost every word, being a principle of selection in the choice of terms which often renders them productive of strong and permanent effects, even on the inattentive reader.

The following introductory lines to ‘The Palace of Art’ will

give those who have not already become acquainted with it, from the first volume, a glimpse of the author's philosophy :—

‘ I send you, Friend, a sort of allegory
 (You are an artist, and will understand
 Its many lesser meanings) of a soul,
 A sinful soul, possessed of many gifts,
 A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
 A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
 That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen
 In all varieties of mould and mind,)
 And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if Good,
 Good only for its beauty : seeing not
 That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
 That doat upon each other, friends to man,
 Living together under the same roof,
 And never can be sundered without tears.
 And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
 Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie,
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
 Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
 Of Angels to the perfect shape of man.’—pp. 68, 69.

The allegory itself is as profound in conception as it is gorgeous in execution.

‘ I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,
 I said, “ O soul, make merry and carouse,
 Dear soul, for all is well.”

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished glass,
 I chose, whose ranged ramparts bright,
 From great broad meadow bases of deep grass,
 Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair,
 My soul would live alone unto herself,
 In her high palace there.

“ While the great world runs round and round,” I said—
 “ Reign thou apart, a quiet king ;
 Still as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
 Sleeps on his luminous ring.”

We are then led through long sounding corridors to stately rooms, some hung with arras, where, amid many beautiful paintings beautifully painted—

‘ The maid-mother by a crucifix,
 In yellow pastures sunny warm,
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx,
 Sat smiling, babe in arm.’

Of the statues—

‘ One was the Tishbite, whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel steeps,
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
“ Come, cry aloud—he sleeps.”

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne
Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.’

Then there are ample courts, and cloisters, and galleries, and
fountains, and terraces, and towers, with ‘ great bells that swung,
moved of themselves, with silver sound,’ and ‘ choice paintings of
wise men ’ hung around the royal dais, or ‘ in the sun-pierced
oriel’s coloured flame,’ where the Soul gazed on Moses, and
Isaiah, and Plato, and ‘ eastern Confutzee ;’ and

‘ Many more that in their life-time were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Between the stone shafts glimmered, blazoned fair
In divers raiment strange.

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
Throb through the ribbed stone.

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over nature, Lord o’ the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five—

As some rich tropic mountain, that infolds
All change, from flats of scattered palms,
Sloping through five great zones of climate, holds
His head in snows and calms—

Full of her own delight and nothing else,
My vain-glorious, gorgeons Soul
Sat throned between the shining oriels,
In pomp beyond control.’

And, then, there was all that could minister to sense, in flavour-
ous fruits, and graceful chalices, and ‘ fragrant flames of precious
oils ;’ and amid it all, the change comes :

‘ Sometimes the riddle of the painful earth
 Flashed through her as she sat alone,
 Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
 And intellectual throne
 Of full-sphered contemplation. So three years
 She throve, but on the fourth she fell.’

And, lest in her fall she should perish utterly, ‘ God plagued her with sore despair,’ and the palace becomes haunted with fearful phantasms; and the soul is tried like Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and

‘ So when four years had wholly finished,
 She threw her royal robes away,
 “ Make me a cottage in the vale,” she said,
 “ Where I may mourn and pray.”

“ Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
 So lightly, beautifully built,
 Perchance I may return with others there,
 When I have purged my guilt.”’

And may we return there too, and abide for evermore, Amen. But our readers must not think that the author is only at home in the delectable mountains, or in the Domdaniel caverns, under the depths of the metaphysical ocean; we can instantly shift the scene to a cottage in a remote hamlet, and let the reader take two songs which should never be separated.

‘ THE MAY QUEEN.

‘ You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow ’ll be the happiest time of all the blythe new year;
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ There’s many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as
 mine;
 There’s Margaret and Mary, there’s Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
 So I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
 For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.

‘ As I came up the valley, whom, think ye, should I see,
 But Robin, leaning on the bridge, beneath the hazel-tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
 But I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May

' He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash o' light.
They call me cruel hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

* * * * *

' Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the queen ;
For the shepherd lads, on every side, 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

' The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo flowers ;
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows
gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

' The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop o' rain the whole o' the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

' All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

' So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.'

' NEW YEAR'S EVE.

' If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
Then ye may lay me low i' the mould and think no more o' me.

' To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind ;
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The may upon the black-thorn, the leaf upon the tree.

' Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn, on the green, they made me Queen of May ;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel-copse,
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

' There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again :
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

- ‘ The building rook ’ill caw from the windy tall elm tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow ’ill come back again with summer o’er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.
- ‘ Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave o’ mine,
 In the early, early morning, the summer sun ’ill shine,
 Before the red cock crows, from the farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.
- ‘ When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
 Ye’ll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,
 On the oatgrass, and the swordgrass, and the bulrush in the pool.
- ‘ Ye’ll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
 And ye’ll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
 I shall not forget ye, mother, I shall hear ye when ye pass,
 With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.
- * * * * *
- ‘ If I can, I’ll come again, mother, from out my resting place ;
 Though ye’ll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what ye say,
 And be often—often with ye, when ye think I’m far away.
- ‘ Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
 And ye see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
 Don’t let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
 She’ll be a better child to you than ever I have been.
- ‘ She’ll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :
 Let her take ’em ; they are hers ; I shall never garden more :
 But tell her, when I’m gone, to train the rose-bush that I set,
 About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.
- ‘ Good night, sweet mother : call me when it begins to dawn.
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
 So, if you’re waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.’

pp. 90—100.

Portraits, mental and material, abounded in both these volumes ; and they are sketched with rare felicity—at least, those in the first volume, which we prefer. He has furnished a female gallery as graphic in external delineation as ever was Vandyke, Reynolds, or Lawrence, and more fraught with expression. They may be described, in the title of one of his poems, as ‘ a dream of fair women.’ We select the following verses, from one of these descriptions, chiefly for the sake of its pictorial illustrations :—

- ‘ As thunder clouds that, hung on high,
 Did roof noon-day with doubt and fear,
 Floating through an evening atmosphere,
 Grew golden all about the sky ;

In thee all passion becomes passionless,
 Touched by thy spirit's mellowness ;
 Losing his fire and active might,
 In a silent meditation,
 Falling into a still delight,
 And luxury of contemplation :
 As waves that from the outer deep
 Roll into a quiet cove,
 There fall away, and lying still,
 Having glorious dreams in sleep,
 Shadow forth the banks at will ;
 Or sometimes they swell and move,
 Pressing up against the land,
 With motions of the outer sea :
 And the self-same influence
 Controlleth all the soul and sense
 Of passion gazing upon thee.
 His bowstring slackened, languid Love,
 Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
 Drops both his wings, regarding thee,
 And so would languish evermore,
 Serene, imperial Eleanore.'—p. 30.

With all their poetical qualities, his women are ' spirits, and yet women too ;' but he can paint phantasms also—creatures of the elements,—mermaidens and sea-fairies ; and then he can descend on man, not merely the enthusiast, the mystic, the poet, or the hero, but good, honest workyday man, such as our friend the miller.

' I met in all the close green ways,
 While walking with my line and rod,
 The wealthy miller's mealy face,
 Like the moon in an ivytod.
 He looked so jolly and so good,
 While fishing in the mill-dam water,
 I laughed to see him as he stood,
 And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

' I see the wealthy miller yet—
 His double chin—his portly size ;
 And who, that knew him, could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes ;
 The slow wise smile, that, round about
 His dusty forehead drily curled,
 Seemed half within, and half without,
 And full of dealings with the world ?

' In yonder chair I see him sit ;
 Three fingers round the old silver cup :
 I see his grey eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—grey eyes lit up

With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth,—so glad,—
 So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole,
 His memory scarce makes me sad.'—pp. 33, 34.

This passage shows humour, of which there is a good deal interspersed. The songs to an owl, in the first volume, are amusing specimens, as are the lines to Christopher North, in the second :—

' You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher ;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whom it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher ;
 I could *not* forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher.'—p. 153.

In ' Mariana,' ' Nothing will die,' and ' All things will die,' ' Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' and the ' Lotos Eaters,' there is a rich display of the action and re-action of mind and matter,—of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which the soul spreads over all the external world. Rich and strange is the harmony here produced, and deeply must its truth be felt. The best combined display of the author's powers, reflection, and imagination, description and melody, is in the ' Legend of the Lady of Shalott !'

Two years are no very long time, and we ought not to be disappointed, perhaps, but we should have been gratified to see a more strongly-marked improvement than the second of these volumes exhibits over the first. All great intellects are progressive. The mind that only feeds upon itself will not become such ' an athlete bold' as the world wants. Mr. Tennyson must have more earnestness, and less consciousness. His power must have a more defined and tangible object. It were shame that such gifts as his should only wreath garlands, or that the influences which such poetry as his must exercise, should have no defined purpose, and only benefit humanity (for, any way, true poetry must benefit humanity) incidentally and aimlessly. Let him ascertain his mission, and work his work, and realize the aspirations of the sonnet with which this volume commences :—

' Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
 Like some broad river rushing down alone,
 With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown
 From his loud fount upon the echoing lea :
 Which, with increasing might, doth forward flee
 By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle ;
 And in the middle of the green salt sea,
 Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.

Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees,
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the great gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.'—p. 1.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE experiment has been made, and the Reform Bill has worked so as to fulfil the expectations of its authors, and shame the predictions of its enemies. The ease, order, and rapidity with which the polls were taken, even where the franchise was new, and the constituencies were most numerous, must have been very astonishing to those who, in their ignorant contempt of the people, anticipated only scenes of riot and confusion. But little disorder has occurred; and, what there was, must obviously be attributed to the old leaven, and not to the new light,—to the evils which reform was intended to counteract, and not to the machinery which it erected in their stead. Never before in this country has the choice of representatives been made in so peaceful and dignified a manner. We are not aware of a single instance in which the popular feeling broke out spontaneously into tumult. What scenes of violence did occur were produced by those good old relics of the wisdom of our ancestors, the outrages committed by hired ruffians or an intoxicated rabble. They were the convulsions of Toryism in its heroic resolution to 'die game.' Peace to its shade! and that is peace to ourselves. The brutalities of electioneering will not much longer linger in the country. That seven contested elections should take place, and 50,000 or 60,000 electors be polled, in London and its environs, with not half a dozen cases of outrage for the police to take cognizance of, would, not long since, have been scouted as one of the wildest dreams of a visionary reformer, utterly unacquainted with human nature. And this dream has been realized. Every good man must heartily rejoice therein. The means for effecting this result were as simple as the result itself was desirable. They show how easily a judicious government may benefit the people. The contrivance was merely to shorten the duration of elections, multiply the places for polling, and render the elections as much as possible contemporaneous. The last expedient applies chiefly to the metropolis and its new boroughs; the others might just as well have been adopted fifty years ago. Men, whose power enables them to prevent evil so easily, ought to feel some responsibility as to analogous cases in which it is allowed to continue. The peacefulness of the elections is a strong encouragement to reformatory measures tending to improve the manners and habits of the people. It also shows how much the people have im-

proved themselves; for some, at least, of the result must be ascribed to their intelligent co-operation. Nor will that co-operation fail those who shall attempt to do them further good of the same description.

May we not hope, then, that something will be promptly done to abate the great remaining nuisance of elections—undue influence? Unless there be, the good which has been produced will be lamentably overshadowed by the mischief that remains. Of direct and gross bribery, there has probably been much less on the late occasion than heretofore. The most flagrant instances are those of Liverpool and Norwich. In both those places the poorer classes of electors have been systematically debauched by those who should have been their leaders, guides, friends, and instructors. On their heads be the guilt and the disgrace. To us it is as wonderful as it is painful, that there should be men, enlightened, liberal, and respectable—men, whose lips will curl in scorn at the bare mention of unions; those political associations which, by the friendly feeling and confidence (unhappily so much wanted) which they tend to generate between ‘those who think and those who toil;’ and, by the instruction which reading-rooms and public discussions may afford on the true interests of the many, and the way in which those interests are affected by legislation, would produce the best and purest constituency; while these same men will talk of the purchase and repurchase of votes with as much *nonchalance* as of any transfer in their ledger. They take no shame to themselves for that which reflects on them the foulest shame. For there are three parties in these enormities, of which they are the most culpable. The poor wretch who is bribed, and on whom falls the heaviest storm of public condemnation, is, in our view, the least of all to be condemned. He sees that his franchise is a privilege, arbitrarily bestowed; that it has hitherto been independent of property, and is still of mental or moral qualification for its exercise; he is little able to balance the pretensions of rival candidates, both, perhaps, appealing to his prejudices, and alike personally unknown to him; he sees that his superiors in station and information, if they do not actually receive money, yet consult some private interest or feeling in the party they espouse; he is harassed with threats and promises by those on whom he is dependent for the means of support; he knows that, to pay and take, in some way or other, has been the long custom of candidates and voters; and what wonder that the blind and aimless party-spirit, which is all the semblance of patriotism that any one has endeavoured to instil into him, is bartered away for a sum equivalent to the wages of many weeks? Elections must be much purer before we lose a right to say to the higher classes, ‘Let him that is without sin cast the first stone’ at the ‘base freemen’ of Norwich and Liverpool.

Of all the above palliatives, that of custom alone can be made on behalf of the bribing candidate. Against this plea must be put his

educational advantages ; his knowledge that the custom, however disguised, is in violation of the professed object of the law, if not of its letter ; and the sinister motives which induce him to employ means so demoralizing for the attainment of his purpose. He shows himself utterly unworthy of the honour, unfit for the office, and, by anticipation, unfaithful to the trust of a legislator. The reformed Parliament will ill deserve that name, if such delinquency bring not after it a heavier punishment than has heretofore been inflicted. The purchase of a close borough is purity itself in comparison with the corruption of the population of a town or city. It would be hard to prove that this evil is done, that good may come to any but the evil-doer. He who vitiates a district, that he may get hold of the purse-strings of a nation, has surely a strong presumption against his intentions. There would seldom be an exception to the expediency of the general rule of rendering a bribing candidate for ever incapable of legislative, judicial, or magisterial functions.

But those whom we most condemn are the respectable members of society, who either actively assist in this unholy work, or take not the most efficient means to prevent its recurrence. If the middle classes would but do their duty, we do not believe that it would be difficult to reform the most abandoned constituency in the kingdom. Why has no Conservative dared to attempt the purchase of a seat from the men of Birmingham ? We all know why. The *UXION* still exists ; and the security would be greater, and more permanent, if, not merely during the crisis in May last, but generally, a larger proportion of the intelligent and propertied people of Birmingham had been enrolled in that body. Dr. Priestley would have been on its council ; and we can imagine how earnestly and clearly he would have shown the class of society to which he belonged, that they best consulted their own interests and useful influence, the good of those in a lower station, the peace and order of the town, and the liberties of the country, by joining its ranks. That class has chosen to leave it, as a powerful machine, in the hands of a few, who merely by belonging to it, became its leaders. We are not prescribing political unions as a specific for the cure of corruption ; they are in bad odour just now. Many would think the remedy worse than the disease. They became popular in the excitement of the struggle for reform, and with that excitement they, generally, died away. But we believe that their prominent features—viz., the bringing together the middle and the working classes ; the production of a mutual good understanding and confidence between them ; the public discussions of important subjects by a body of intelligent men, indiscriminately chosen, or in equal numbers, from both ; and the establishment, at almost a nominal rate of admission, of reading rooms well furnished with the best standard and periodical publications—we believe that these and a few similar ingredients may be combined into a recipe which shall

soon work a cure of the most desperate cases. No matter for the name or the form. These are the essentials. Now, had the respectable Whigs of Norwich established some such system of political instruction and social organization, they would have done a much better thing than buying back the bought votes of their opponents, and lavishing thousands on corporation contests. What is wanted for the poor is simply that they should understand their own interests, which are also the interests of all. The hostility which many of them entertain against machinery would not, we verily believe, retain its hold upon their minds for six months after the subject had come under the public investigation of intelligent persons (some selected from their own class, and put on a fair and equal footing with the rest) who should possess their confidence. Their extravagant expectations from the principle of co-operation might, in like manner, be corrected, and their attainment of many of the practical advantages which may be derived from it be secured. Above all, the delusion would be dispelled from their minds of supposing the middle classes in league with the upper to oppress and cajole them. We speak strongly, for we are not theorizing, but have witnessed the beneficial results of the experiment we recommend, as tried under most unfavourable circumstances. We have seen within the last year some of the strongest prejudices removed from hundreds of the working people even by such imperfect influences as the apathy of what are called the respectable would allow the establishment of. It was by an organization, in some measure analogous, that Westminster was transformed, about five-and-twenty years ago, from the foulest sink of corruption and debasement that the sun ever blushed to look upon, into a model of pure election in the worst of times. It was when beer-barrels were tapped and staved at Charing Cross, and the human beasts threw themselves on the ground to lap the liquor from the kennels, that the unutterable disgust of an honest tradesman who had not for years meddled with politics made him vow in his heart the political regeneration of Westminster, and by the next election it was realized. The reformation of Norwich would be an easier task than that; and even that of Liverpool, perhaps, not more difficult. We speak of these places because they have made themselves conspicuous. Our remarks equally apply to others where the evil is more latent. By such association a public opinion would be created to which the poorest voter would feel himself amenable for the purity of his political conduct; which would be far more influential than any to which he is now responsible; which would give him strength to resist solicitations, promises, and threats; would, simply by its approval, reward him for some sacrifices made in that resistance; and probably, by its formidable aspect, prevent the temptation altogether. The disgusting system of personal canvass would be checked, if not destroyed. The pretensions of candidates, their principles, their past conduct, their aptitude for legislation, would be subjected to

a public and full investigation. Something more would be required than the recommendation of a junta and the adoption of a cockade. There would be no turning off an old and faithful servant, yet able and willing to serve, merely because he could not spend money. There would be no looking out for unknown men with purses yet more liberal than their opinions. The associated electors would know what they were about. They would act on principle.

It is feared, by some, that this would subject the wealthy classes to the dictation of the multitude. That would depend entirely upon the wealthy classes. There would be an end of their dictating to the multitude; an event not to be regretted. But unless they stood aloof, in sullen and criminal indifference, from their fellow citizens, their moral influence would be far greater than it now is. They would, on the supposition of their possessing the requisite mental qualifications, be the loved leaders of the commonalty, instead of its tyrants or corrupters.

The subject of bribery has made us digress: we return to that of influence. This has been exercised most unsparingly. Few electors, comparatively, of humble station, have been left to act upon their own opinions and wishes without molestation. We hear from all quarters of the means which have been employed to act upon tradespeople, workmen, and dependents of every description. We know what distress, what anguish of mind, has been in many cases produced by these proceedings. It is only the circumstance of their commonness that prevents their exciting the strongest indignation. And there has been abundance, also, of ignorant and willing servility. The men who have principles and a preference are overpowered by the herds who have neither, but who go to the poll as they are led or driven. The ballot, and the annihilation of the present system of canvassing, are essential to a fair and free election. Could such associations as we have suggested to counteract bribery be formed in every town and county, open voting might be preserved. But we know very well that they will not be formed, and that, if they were, they would not be allowed to exist. Our speculation on their application has been confined to the extreme cases of open bribery which have occurred. There they might be tolerated. Generally, they would not. But the ballot is attainable. If there be aught of faith and honour in public men, its enactment is at hand. A decisive proportion of the candidates returned is pledged to its adoption. In many instances an '*if necessary*' was smuggled in, but such a case of necessity will be made out as we hope Ministers cannot withstand, and then the demonstration will undoubtedly be complete. It is lamentable that the vanity and violence, the ignorance and cupidity, of those who esteem themselves the better classes of society should entail on us the necessity of a secret exercise of the noblest right of a citizen. But so it is; and the lowlier must be protected. Too many of those who deprecate the ballot have, by their conduct, ripened the general conviction of the necessity

for its adoption. After a time, perhaps, a better tone of feeling may be generated; but till it be, the Legislature is bound to throw the protecting shield of secrecy over the defenceless, in voting according to their own convictions. The falsehood resulting from it would be self-corrective; and would at worst be trifling in comparison with the enforced falsehood, in addition to all the other mischiefs, of open voting.

From the smallness of the constituency, it is now apparent that some nomination boroughs have been left, and others created, by the Reform Bill. Of these some are subject to Government, some to local or proprietary influences. The ballot, and something more than the ballot, must be applied to this evil. Seats will else soon be in the market again. Ministers are even now at no loss to accommodate a friend.

Two facts, in these elections, we regard with great pleasure. First, that the public opinion, on Slavery, Church Reform, the Ballot, and one or two other points, was so strongly expressed as to induce most of the candidates to go considerably further in the course of the canvass than they had done at its commencement. A visible change took place in their addresses and speeches. While it was made a point of honour to declare against being pledged, pledges were daily given on these subjects, and the more strong and explicit as the day of polling drew nigh. We say nothing of the men on whose minds so much light was breaking in at such a time; but we rejoice in the manifestation of public opinion. The other circumstance is the return of many candidates who made no personal canvass, rightly regarding it as degrading to both parties, and only seeking the suffrages of the electors by publicly addressing them on political topics. This is as it should be.

The five most remarkable and gratifying returns which have been made are those of Messrs. Buckingham for Sheffield, Grote for London, Roebuck for Bath, Hume for Middlesex, and P. Thomson for Manchester. After the conduct of the East India Company towards Mr. Buckingham, it is a retributory event that he should be seated amongst its judges, and assist in the decision on the continuance of its chartered monopoly. He owes his election to his powers as a public instructor. The well-merited popularity of his lectures, the lucid style in which they were expressed, the ample and interesting information contained in them, and the sound and liberal commercial principles of which he was the advocate, supporting them by the most cogent proofs, and explaining them by the most diversified illustrations, have obtained for him a seat in parliament. That they have done so, is a new and honourable symptom of the spirit of the times.

Mr. Grote stands first on the poll of the first constituency in this country. The fact is enough to reanimate the unburied body of the Utilitarian Patriarch. Spirit of Bentham, thy star is rising!

Had the Philosopher died ten years ago, and were he to awake now, he would deem that his wish, to take those ten years one at the end of each succeeding century, had been granted : he would suppose, at first, that the progress of an hundred years had raised the grandson of his follower and friend to that lofty position. He would scarcely believe that already, by that return, the first stone had been laid of a moral monument which time and his country will raise to his memory.

Mr. Roebuck's election was a signal victory over cant, calumny, influence, party-spirit, and selfish interests. Incidentally, it was the vindication of Mr. Hume from a series of attacks as disgraceful and ungenerous as ever were directed against a public benefactor by envy, ignorance, ingratitude, vindictiveness, and the concealed desire of neutralizing the future usefulness of a man who had made himself formidable to all who prey upon the country : and directly, it was the triumph of talent and principle rising by inherent buoyancy, amid impotent clamour and through opposing clouds, to their proper sphere. We have seen no production connected with these elections to be compared for an instant with Mr. Roebuck's address to the Bath electors, for clearness, ability, completeness, the nervousness of its style, the comprehensiveness and soundness of its views, and its practical yet pure and lofty spirit. Such are the men to realize the vision which, in a former article, we indulged, of what the first Reformed Parliament ought to be.

The attacks just alluded to, which were continued in the *Times* newspaper till the second morning of the election ; the absurdity of many Dissenters ; the scarcely-veiled hostility of the Whigs ; and the non-resistance to personal solicitation, influence, and expenditure by any similar means, render Mr. Hume's return, at the head of the poll, for Middlesex, not the matter of course which it should have been, but a display of principle and right feeling which call for gratulation.

We attach importance to Mr. Poulett Thomson's return for Manchester, because it is a popular rebuke to the busy *interests* which are ever endeavouring to strengthen themselves for a parliamentary scramble, on the monkey principle, every one's hand in his neighbour's dish. Free trade has been continually termed a 'splendid delusion.' It is so, if its principles be unsound ; but the restrictive system, if erroneous, must bear a less flattering appellation, and can only elaim to be a *sordid* delusion. Can we wonder that the Glasgow operatives are even now petitioning to have the rate of wages kept up artificially, by legal enactments, when the capitalists of almost every mercantile and manufacturing class, with the landholders of course, have been exerting all their influence to return men to parliament for the avowed purpose of upholding profits and rents by similar means ? Is the labourer so blind as not to perceive that, while he is told he cannot be helped, they are all endeavouring to help themselves, at the

expense of the consumer? The very journals which preach patience and political economy to him will, anon, talk of the great interests which must be represented, and supported against Theorists and Destructives. Manchester has done well to record its approval of Mr. P. Thomson, and strengthen his hands.

From all appearances, ministers will have an overwhelming majority in the new House of Commons. It will be compounded of various elements: Conservative Ministerialists, moderate Reform Ministerialists, Radical Ministerialists, Ministerialists *simpliciter*, and thick-and-thin Ministerialists; it is impossible to guess at the proportion in which these elements will be mingled. Little doubt can be entertained that they will be strong enough to carry any measure of real reform, which they shall please to introduce, at least so far as the Commons are concerned. The measure of benefit to the country will not be in their power, but in their will. There is the House of Lords, indeed; but that is the same thing as saying that there is the Church, the corporations, or anything else in the country which a good government is bound to regard rather as the subject on which reform is to be exercised than as a barrier by which its course is to be for ever impeded. The House of Lords cannot defeat the ministry unless the ministry chuse to be defeated rather than amend the House of Lords. The Premier can, if he so please, sacrifice the interests of the country and the will of its representatives, to the obstinacy of his 'Order,' but in that case he will sacrifice his own character also, beyond all redemption. That would indeed be a spectacle to 'make the angels weep.' We will not believe it of the head of the present administration, perverse as have been some of its proceedings, and incredible as have been many of its blunders.

Three things seem tolerably certain, and they are the matters about which we are most anxious; and that, not on account of their intrinsic, but of their relative importance; not for their own sake, but that of their consequences. We reckon confidently on Triennial Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. These contain the principle of progression. If these be obtained, it will be of comparatively little moment what blunders or compromises be substituted for real reforms, what deceptive or half-measures be adopted for the day; these will afford the power of putting all right at last. Let the Reformers of England allow neither 'sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids,' till one and all of these rights are in their possession. He is no real reformer who obstructs their attainment. They are a needful supplement to 'the Bill,' a necessary inference from it, by which alone its professed objects can be realized. Let us gain them, and no ministerial changes, or ministerial wavering, timidity, or dishonesty, can obstruct the advance of national improvement. It is possible that efficient reforms in the Church, Law, and Finance, may precede these measures; but it is certain that such reforms would follow them. It is also

certain that, without them, those reforms will lack security for their durability. The constitution of government and the state of society have in them permanent principles of corruption, which can only be repressed by constantly invigorating the principle of improvement. The better the present parliament is, the more earnest should its members be to do all that can be done to preclude the possibility of a bad parliament hereafter. We are so well satisfied with the results of the elections, and have so much confidence in the general character of the elected, that we not only require—but fully expect this at their hands.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH ON THE FUNCTIONS OF THE
ANIMAL ECONOMY.

DR. Southwood Smith is engaged in delivering a course of lectures at the London Institution in illustration of the functions of the animal economy. It is no small satisfaction to see in the crowded attendance, and in the deep attention of the audience, the value of this first attempt to open to the public, and especially to the female portion of it, the stores of interesting and practical knowledge included in this subject, so well appreciated. That the subject is capable of exciting interest is shown by the manner in which the lecturer is listened to; and that in his hand it will be turned to good account, will appear from the extracts from his lectures which we have an opportunity of laying before our readers.

Dr. Southwood Smith commenced his first lecture with the following observations, no less appropriate to his subject than worthy of serious consideration.

‘With the facts and relations of the physical sciences you are familiar, but the far more curious and interesting phenomena connected with the organization of living beings and with the laws that regulate vital actions, few of you can have had the means of studying. The book of inorganic and inanimate nature, in our day has been laid open to every one. There is no page of that book which any one is forbidden to consult or to study; and there is no passage in any page of it, from the real knowledge of which it is apprehended that any one can receive anything but advantage. But from the study of that portion of the book of nature which relates most peculiarly to ourselves, to the organization of our physical frames, and even to the still more wonderful mechanism of our mental constitution, all but the cultivators of an exclusive profession, or the severe and devoted students of philosophy, have been wholly, if not purposely excluded.

‘And I am not sure if, at this present moment, there be not in some minds the feeling that all attention to subjects of this class is *properly* confined to those who are to practise medicine as a calling, or to make the study of philosophy the business of life.

* * * *

‘Next in importance to the physician, knowledge of this kind is important to those who have the exclusive care of infancy; almost the entire care of childhood; a great part of the care of the sick; without whose enlightened concurrence the physician can seldom completely carry his object into effect; and by whose *instructed* minds multitudes of children, dearly loved and deeply mourned for, would be saved from an early grave; and those that are saved would rise into maturity, with physical constitutions, with intellectual faculties, and with moral qualities, incomparably healthier, stronger, and nobler than they at present possess. That notion of delicacy which would exclude women from a class of knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open and expand their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, appears to me alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it.’

The function chosen for illustration in this course is the circulation of the blood; but the two first lectures are devoted to a statement of the peculiar phenomena of life, and of the mode in which organization advances, from its most simple to its most complex state, while, as the conclusion of the whole, the mind is led to perceive the ultimate object of organization and life—ENJOYMENT.

The exposition of the distinctive characters of LIFE is thus given:—

‘What is the distinction between a living being and an inorganic body—between a plant and a stone? The plant carries on a number of processes which are not performed by the stone? The plant absorbs food; converts its food into its own proper substance; arranges this substance into bark, wood, vessels, leaves, and other organized structures; grows; arrives at maturity; decays; derives from a parent the primary structure and the first impulse upon which these varied actions depend; gives origin to a new being similar to itself, and, after a certain time, terminates its existence in death.

‘But no such phenomena are exhibited by the stone. Nothing analogous to the processes by which these results are produced is observable in any body that is destitute of life. On the contrary, every one of these processes is carried on, without ceasing, by every living creature. These processes are, therefore, denominated vital; they are peculiar to the state of life; and hence they afford characters by which the living being is distinguished from the inorganic body.’

The distinction between the two great classes of living beings is next pointed out.

‘And what is the distinction between an animal and a plant? The animal possesses properties of which the plant is destitute. The animal is endowed with two new and superior powers to which there is nothing analogous in the plant. These *superadded* powers are, the power of sensation and the power of voluntary motion.’

There are, therefore, two kinds of life; one possessed by the vegetable, and sufficient to it; the other possessed by the animal in addition to the former. These two lives are independent of each other, and have no necessary connexion. The actions of the first kind of life are called *ORGANIC*; those of the second are called *ANIMAL*. The plant performs only organic actions; the animal performs both organic and animal actions.

Both the organic and animal actions are carried on by means of instruments of definite structure and form called organs, and the action of an organ is called its function.

• The leaf of the plant is an organ. The conversion of sap by the leaf into the proper juice of the plant by the process called *respiration* is the function of this organ. The brain is an organ, and the sentient nerve in communication with the brain is also an organ. The extremity of a sentient nerve receives an impression from an external object, and conveys it to the brain, where it becomes a sensation. The transmission of the impression is the function of the nerve, and the conversion of the impression into a sensation is the function of the brain.

• The function of every organ is called into operation by means of some agent external to the body. The external agents capable of exciting and maintaining the functions of living organs consist of a definite class.

They are air, water, heat, cold, electricity, and light, and are called physical agents. No vital process can go on without them, and the living organ and the physical agent act and re-act upon each other, producing on both sides definite changes.

• It is this determinate interchange of action between the living organ and the physical agent that constitutes what is termed a vital process. All vital processes are either processes of supply or processes of waste. By every vital action performed by the body some portion of its constituent matter is expended. Vital actions are incessantly carried on for the sole purpose of compensating this expenditure. Every moment old particles are carried out of the system; every moment new particles are introduced into it. The matter of which the body is composed is thus in a state of perpetual flux. In a certain space of time it is completely changed; so that, of all the matter that constitutes the body at a given point of time, not a single particle remains at another point of time at a given distance.

Another distinction between the two classes of living beings is then pointed out. It is, that the plant requires, to compensate its expenditure, only a due supply of the physical agents, which, while they afford the requisite stimuli to its vital actions, constitute its food; while the animal must have, in addition, organized matter in some form or other. The plant is able to convert inorganic into organic matter, and thus it saves the animal one process; it purveys and prepares its food. The inferior life is spent in ministering to the wants of the superior.

A clear and most interesting view is then taken of the progress

of organization from its most simple to its most complex state, and of the reasons why it becomes complex. We all see that, between the structure of the simple plant and that of the highly-organized animal, there is a wide difference, but we have not, perhaps, reflected that this difference is not arbitrary, but that the more complex organization is given because the number, the superiority, the relation, the range and the energy of the functions performed by the animal require his complex structure, while to the other, its simple structure is sufficient for its few and simple functions.

The animal must have more organs than the plant, because it has two sets of actions to carry on, the organic and the animal; while the plant has but one set, the organic.

Some functions performed by the animal are of a higher order than any performed by the plant, and a superior function requires a higher organization; the instrument is elaborately prepared in proportion to the nobleness of its office.

It is necessary to establish a relation between function and function, so that the addition of one of a superior order requires a corresponding elevation of structure in all the rest. This was admirably illustrated by a view of the organic function of nutrition as performed by the plant and by the animal. In the plant it is performed by absorption, by means of minute organs called spongeoles fixed to the capillary branches of the root, which imbibe the moisture from the soil, and with which are connected vessels which convey the crude aliment to the leaf where it is converted by the air into proper nutriment, and then, by other vessels, carried out to supply every part with the nutriment it needs. This is all the apparatus of nutrition required by the plant, because it is fixed in the soil, and its spongeoles are always in contact with its food. But to the organic function of nutrition add the animal one of locomotion, and what follows? So simple a structure will no longer suffice. In proportion as the animal exercised its superior faculty it must interrupt its inferior. It must have a reservoir to contain its food within its body, and this modification of structure is uniformly adopted throughout the animal creation. Till very lately, it was supposed not to exist in the beings at the bottom of the animal scale called animalcules or infusoria. Some most curious discoveries were detailed by Dr. Smith relative to these creatures, which are only made visible to human eyes by the microscope, but which by its aid are found to exist by myriads in stagnant water whether salt or fresh, or in water in which animal or vegetable matter has been allowed to macerate. These discoveries have established the fact that they form no exception to the mode of structure proper to animals. Their bodies are transparent and colourless, and, to all appearance, in the smallest tribes at least, homogeneous, so that it was supposed that they imbibed their nourishment like plants; that, in short, they were one

extended spongeole. They are so extremely small that millions may exist in a drop, yet Ehrenburg, a German physiologist, after long and patient experiment, has succeeded in ascertaining their structure. He put into the water in which they existed pure carmine, indigo, or sap green, and in a few minutes he found they had fed upon it, and that the coloured food was transmitted to certain points of their bodies, always the same in the same tribes, but different in others, and that they had not only one but many stomachs, varying in number from the *Monas Termo*, the being at the bottom of the animal scale which has six or seven, to some which have thirty. In the higher animals, the existence of an internal reservoir for the food is evident to all. They are all provided with a stomach and a set of absorbing vessels, the mouths of which, minute in size but countless in number, opening into it, absorb the digested aliment just as the spongeoles of the plant absorb from the soil. Thus the function of nutrition is put in relation with that of locomotion: but the expedient requires many more complications. If the food has to be transmitted to an isolated organ within the body, means must be provided to convey it there, and there must be organs for deglutition; means to carry it out to the system, and there must be organs for circulation; means to bring it into contact with the air to be rendered proper nutriment, and there must be organs for respiration; means to get rid of what is not nutritious, and there must be organs for excretion. But this is not all. Locomotion cannot be exercised but with inevitable destruction, without perception. Sensation is necessary to volition, and volition of course to voluntary motion; besides that nutrition, as performed by a being possessed of locomotion, requires the addition of sensation on its own account, for the food must be sought for, apprehended, and conveyed into the body by a voluntary act.

The range of function necessarily increasing with the multiplication of organs and the extension of functions, is another cause of complication of structure. The apparatus for respiration, simple in the lower animals, and exceedingly complex in the higher, afforded an apt illustration of this; and that of sensation one still more interesting.

‘Nothing can be stricter than the proportion between the complexity of the apparatus of sensation, and the range of the function of sensation. The greater the number of the senses, the greater the number of the organs of sense;—the more accurate and varied the impressions conveyed by each, the more complex the structure of the instruments by which they are communicated. The more extended the range of the intellectual operations, the larger the bulk of the brain, the greater the number of its distinct parts and the more exquisite the organization of each. From the point in the animal scale in which the brain first becomes distinctly visible, up to man, the basis of the organ is the same; but as the range of its functions extends,

part after part is superadded, and the structure of each part becomes progressively more and more complex.'

Energy of function is the last condition which requires higher organization.

'As much more developed than the wing of the wren is the wing of the eagle, as its flight is higher and its speed swifter. The muscles which give to the tiger the rapidity and strength of its spring possess a more intense organization than those which slowly move on the tardigrade sloth. The proportionate bulk and the exquisiteness of the structure of the brain of man exceed the structure and the bulk of the brain of the fish, as man's perceptions are more acute, and capable of greater combination, comprehension and continuity.

'From what has been said, then, you see why the organization of the animal is more complex than that of the plant. You see that it is not from an arbitrary arrangement; but that it arises out of the absolute necessity of the case. The few and simple functions performed by the plant require only the few and simple organs with which it is provided. The numerous and complicated functions performed by the animal require its numerous and complicated organs. The plant, simple as it is in structure, is destitute of no organ required by the nature of its economy. The animal, complex as it is in structure, is in possession of no organ which the nature of its economy would allow it to dispense with. From the one, nothing is withheld which is needed; to the other, nothing is given which is superfluous. In the one, there is economy without niggardliness; in the other, munificence without waste.'

The second lecture began with a view of the characters of the two lives, combined as they are in the same animal, yet—

'As different from each other as the process of vegetation is different from the process of thought. We have seen that, though different, they are united; that their union is complete; their action is harmonious; and that nevertheless the separate identity of each is perfectly preserved. The organic life has its own apparatus and its own actions; the animal life also has its own; and not only is the apparatus of the one not the same as that of the other, but, when observed with attention, and when viewed in contrast, each is seen to be distinguished from the other by characters the most striking.'

1. The organs of the organic life are single and non-symmetrical,—as may be observed in some of the most important of them; the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver; while the organs of the animal life are, in general, double and perfectly symmetrical. The brain and the spinal cord will divide into two equal parts, and the nerves which go off from them go off in pairs. The trunk, so important an instrument of voluntary motion, when well formed is divisible into two equal halves. The arms, the hands, the lower extremities, are each perfectly similar to its fellow.

2. The action of the organic organs is indispensable to life.

One of them cannot be suspended, even for a short time, without the extinction of life. They are, therefore, placed in the interior of the body; firmly fixed, that they may not be disturbed by the process of locomotion; enveloped in membranes; covered by muscles; sheltered by bones. But the actions of the animal organs are not indispensable to life. They are not the immediate instruments of life, but the means by which a certain relation is established between the living body and external objects; they are therefore placed, where it is necessary to the convenient performance of their functions that they should be placed, on the exterior of the body, and so placed as to afford a defence to the organic organs.

‘The ground-work of the animal life is made the bulwark of the organic life. The muscles are the immediate agents by which voluntary motion is effected. The bones are the fixed points and the levers by which that motion acquires precision, rapidity and power. Now the bones are so disposed that, while they accomplish, in the most perfect manner, their primary and essential office in relation to the muscles, they serve a secondary but scarcely less important office in relation to the internal viscera.’

A beautiful illustration was given of this by views of the trunk of the human body with its bones and muscles, the apparatus for its motion forming and defending a cavity enclosing the heart, the lungs, the great trunks of the venous and arterial systems and the main trunk of the thoracic duct; all tender and delicate organs; all performing functions, the cessation of which for a few moments would destroy life.

‘While the organic organs, the immediate instruments of life, are thus placed deep in the interior of the body, and are protected by the animal organs, the animal organs themselves, and especially the organs of sense, the organs which put us in connexion with the external world, which make us conscious of the presence of good, which give us note of the approach of evil, are placed where external bodies may be brought most conveniently and completely into contact with them, and where alone they can be effectual as sentinels of the system.’

The *action* of the two lives is still more strikingly different. The action of the organic life, when sound, is without consciousness; the very object of that of the animal life is the production of consciousness. The final cause of the one is the maintenance of existence. The final cause of the other is the production of conscious existence. We are not conscious when the heart contracts, but we are conscious when an external object produces in a sentient nerve that change of state which we term an impression, and it is this knowledge which forms so large a part of the animal life, and constitutes our percipient existence.

The functions of the organic life are performed with uninter-

rupted continuity; to those of the animal life rest is indispensable.

‘The action of the heart is unceasing: it takes not, it needs not rest. On it goes for the space of eighty or ninety years, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome, yet it continues this action for this length of time without the intermission of a moment.—But of this continuity of action the organs and functions of the animal life are incapable. No voluntary muscle can maintain its action beyond a given time. No organ of sense can continue to transmit impression after impression without ceasing, and without fatigue. The brain cannot carry on its intellectual operations with vigour beyond a certain period; the trains of ideas with which it works become after a time indistinct and confused, nor is it capable of reacting with energy until it has remained in a state of rest proportioned to the duration of its preceding activity.

‘And this rest is sleep. Sleep is the repose of the senses; the rest of the muscles. It is their support and sustenance. What *food* is to the organic, sleep is to the animal life; no more can the process of nutrition go on without aliment, than the processes of feeling, thought, and motion, without sleep.

‘But it is the animal life only that sleeps. The organic life never sleeps. Death would be the consequence of the slumber of the heart or of the lungs. When the brain betakes itself to repose, were the engine that moves the blood to cease but for the space of four minutes to supply it with its vital fluid, never again would it awake.’

Between all the functions of the organic life there is the closest relation and the strictest dependence; but it is not so with the animal functions, one of which may be disordered, or entirely lost without endangering the rest. Sensation may be gone, while motion continues, and the muscle may control, though it cannot feel.

The two lives are born at different periods:—

‘As soon as the slightest motion is distinguishable in the ovum, the nidus that contains the new being, there is uniformly observable in the embryo a minute, pulsating point. It is the young heart propelling its infant stream; and this is long before brain, nerve, or muscle can be distinguished. The apparatus of the circulation is built up, and is in vigorous action, before there is any trace of an animal organ. Arteries and veins circulate blood, capillary vessels receive the vital fluid; out of it they form brain and muscle, no less than the various substances which compose the organs of the organic life. The organic is not only anterior to the animal life, but it is by the action of the organic that the animal life is produced. The organic life is born at the first moment of existence; the animal life is not born until a period comparatively distant; not until that epoch of existence which is termed the period of birth—the period when the new being is detached from its mother; when it first comes into contact with external agents; when it carries on all the functions of its economy by its own

organs; when its whole life is in itself, and it enjoys independent existence.'

The organic life is born perfect; the animal life becomes perfect only by servitude, and the aptitude which service gives.

'The heart contracts as well; the arteries secrete as well; the respiratory organs work as well, the first moment they begin to act as at any subsequent period. They require no teaching from experience; they profit nothing from its lessons.

'But the functions of the brain and the actions of the voluntary muscles, feeble and uncertain at first, acquire, day by day, strength and precision; and it is only by slow degrees, and not until the adult age, that they attain their ultimate perfection.

* * * *

'Could any man, after having attained the age of manhood, reverse the order of the course he has passed,—could he, with the power of observation, together with the experience, that belong to manhood, retrace, with perfect exactness, every step of his sentient existence from the age, suppose of forty, to the moment when the air first came into contact with his body on his leaving his maternal dwelling,—among the truths that he would learn, the most interesting, if not the most surprising, would be those which relate to the manner in which he dealt with his earliest impressions; with the mode in which he combined them,—recalled them,—laid them by for future use,—made his first general deduction,—observed what subsequent experience taught to be conformable, and what not conformable, to this general inference,—his emotions in detecting his first error,—his contrasted feelings on discovering those comprehensive truths, the certainty of which became confirmed by every subsequent impression.

'Thus, perfectly to live backwards, would be, in fact, to go through the complete analysis of the intellectual combinations, and consequently to obtain a perfect insight into the constitution of the mind. And among the curious results which would then become manifest, perhaps few would appear more surprising than the true action of the senses.

'* * * To see, to hear, to smell, to taste, to touch, are processes which appear to be performed instantaneously, and which really are performed with extraordinary rapidity, in a person who observes them in himself; but they were not always performed thus rapidly; they are processes acquired; businesses learned;—processes and businesses acquired and learned, not without the cost of many efforts and much labour.

'And the same is true of the muscles of volition. How many efforts are made before the power of distinct articulation is acquired! How many before the infant can stand! How many before the child can walk!'

The organic life may continue to exist after the animal life has perished, as in apoplexy, or has partially ceased to exist, as in catalepsy.

Clearly and beautifully as these distinctions are marked, a still more interesting view follows: it is that of the progress of life,

and the progress of death. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give more than a portion of it.

‘ As the organic life is the first born, it is the last to die ; while the animal life, as it is the latest born, and the last to attain its full development, so it is the earliest to decline, and the first to perish.

* * * *

‘ Death, when perfectly natural, is the last event of a long series of changes. Now, in this series of changes, the first appreciable event is a change in the animal life, and in the noblest portion of that life. The highest faculties of the mind are the first that fail in power ; and those that fail in succession, fail in the order of their nobleness. The progress of decay is the inverse of the progress of development ; the retrogression is the inverse of the progression ; the highest point to which life attains is that at which death commences ; and the noblest creature, in returning to the state of non-existence, retraces every step of every stage by which it reached the summit of its existence.

* * * *

‘ By the successive diminution of the intellectual powers ; by the gradual obliteration of the senses ; by the growing loss of the power of motion ; by the progressive diminution and ultimate extinction of the animal life, man, from the state of maturity, passes a second time through the stage of childhood, back to that of infancy,—lapses again into the state even of the very embryo. What the foetus was, the man of extreme old age is ; when he began to exist, he possessed only vegetative life, and, before he is ripe for the tomb, he returns to the condition of the plant.

‘ And even this vegetative life, this merely organic existence, cannot be maintained for ever. The waste of the organs, feeble as their action is, is not duly repaired ; consequently, every function is performed with daily-increasing feebleness, until at length it is so feeble, that it can no longer resist the physical agents that surround and act upon it ; these physical agents readily extinguish the faint spark of life that remains, and now the working of the machinery ceases, and the cessation of action is death.

‘ And then, the processes of life being at an end, the particles of matter that composed the body are no longer held in union by the tie that bound them : that union is, therefore, instantly subverted ; the physical and chemical agencies of matter immediately come into play, decomposition commences, recombination follows, and thus, in a short time, no trace remains of the organized being ; the particles of matter of which it was composed are resolved into their primitive elements, and these elements, set at liberty, enter into new combinations, and form constituent parts of new beings ; and these new beings, in their turn, perish, and from their death springs life, and this circle is perpetual.

‘ Such is the history of life and death—a history which, in regard to a being like man, would be melancholy if it were the whole ; but it is not the whole : for, that close observation of nature which has taught us these curious and interesting facts relative to our physical and mental constitution, has likewise put us in possession of other facts, which render the knowledge of the truth the source of our hap-

piness ; which render Truth the ally of Hope—Hope, based on Truth, looking beyond the physical and the mortal.

‘ For what is the object of all this structure and function,—all this curious mechanism, with all its complicated actions? Structure is successively superadded to structure. Structure is invariably subservient to function ; and the inferior structure and function to the superior ! But to what end ?

‘ Take the most simple structure and function—that of the plant. To what is it subservient ? What is its ultimate end ? The maintenance of the structure and functions of the animal.

‘ In the animal, what is the ultimate end of the organic life ? The production and the support of the animal life. Of the animal life, what is the ultimate end ? Is it the production of voluntary motion ? No ; voluntary motion is the mere servant of sensation ; it exists but to obey its commands.

‘ Sensation, then, simple sensation, is that the ultimate end of organization and life ? No ; for sensation may be either pleasurable or painful. Every sensation terminates either in a pleasure or a pain. Is pain the ultimate end ? No : pleasure, then, must be the end in view, and pleasure is the end secured.’

The train of thought here entered upon was followed out through the remainder of the lecture in a strain of powerful and impressive eloquence. The amount of enjoyment derived from every sense was pointed out. The beautiful provision that a sentient nerve accompanies all the organic nerves, themselves destitute of sensation, in their distribution to the different organs, thereby giving, *not* a consciousness of the organic process, but a consciousness of pleasurable sensation from the healthy working of the machinery—that consciousness which we call the feeling of health, was explained. The high pleasures to be derived from the social, the intellectual, and the moral faculties, finished the subject ; but we can only give the conclusion of the lecture.

‘ Our Creator, then, has implanted happiness deeply in the very constitution of our nature, from its lowest to its highest function. It is in our own power to increase it each for himself, and for others, to an illimitable extent. Of this blessed privilege we have *not* availed ourselves. The production of *pain*, the *destruction* of life, have been profoundly studied as a science, and universally practised as an art. The science and the art of happiness is yet in a state of infancy, which would be incredible were it not deeply felt, at once, in the misery and the brevity of human life. But light is beginning to break in upon men’s minds. Let each, according to his capacity, receive and extend it !’

WHAT IS POETRY?

It has often been asked, What is Poetry? And many and various are the answers which have been returned. The vulgarest of all—one with which no person possessed of the faculties to which Poetry addresses itself can ever have been satisfied—is that which confounds poetry with metrical composition: yet to this wretched mockery of a definition, many have been led back, by the failure of all their attempts to find any other that would distinguish what they have been accustomed to call poetry, from much which they have known only under other names.

That, however, the word 'poetry' *does* import something quite peculiar in its nature, something which may exist in what is called prose as well as in verse, something which does not even require the instrument of words, but can speak through those other audible symbols called musical sounds, and even through the visible ones, which are the language of sculpture, painting, and architecture; all this, as we believe, is and must be felt, though perhaps indistinctly, by all upon whom poetry in any of its shapes produces any impression beyond that of tickling the ear. To the mind, poetry is either nothing, or it is the better part of all art whatever, and of real life too; and the distinction between poetry and what is not poetry, whether explained or not, is felt to be fundamental.

Where every one feels a difference, a difference there must be. All other appearances may be fallacious, but the appearance of a difference is itself a real difference. Appearances too, like other things, must have a cause, and that which can *cause* anything, even an illusion, must be a reality. And hence, while a half-philosophy disdains the classifications and distinctions indicated by popular language, philosophy carried to its highest point may frame new ones, but never sets aside the old, content with correcting and regularizing them. It cuts fresh channels for thought, but it does not fill up such as it finds ready made, but traces, on the contrary, more deeply, broadly, and distinctly, those into which the current has spontaneously flowed.

Let us then attempt, in the way of modest inquiry, not to coerce and confine nature within the bounds of an arbitrary definition, but rather to find the boundaries which she herself has set, and erect a barrier round them; not calling mankind to account for having misapplied the word 'poetry,' but attempting to clear up to them the conception which they already attach to it, and to bring before their minds as a distinct *principle* that which, as a vague *feeling*, has really guided them in their actual employment of the term.

The object of poetry is confessedly to act upon the emotions; and therein is poetry sufficiently distinguished from what Words-

worth affirms to be its logical opposite, namely, not prose, but matter of fact or science. The one addresses itself to the belief, the other to the feelings. The one does its work by convincing or persuading, the other by moving. The one acts by presenting a proposition to the understanding, the other by offering interesting objects of contemplation to the sensibilities.

This, however, leaves us very far from a definition of poetry. We have distinguished it from one thing, but we are bound to distinguish it from everything. To present thoughts or images to the mind for the purpose of acting upon the emotions, does not belong to poetry alone. It is equally the province (for example) of the novelist: and yet the faculty of the poet and the faculty of the novelist are as distinct as any other two faculties; as the faculty of the novelist and of the orator, or of the poet and the metaphysician. The two characters may be united, as characters the most disparate may; but they have no natural connexion.

Many of the finest poems are in the form of novels, and in almost all good novels there is true poetry. But there is a radical distinction between the interest felt in a novel as such, and the interest excited by poetry; for the one is derived from *incident*, the other from the representation of *feeling*. In one, the source of the emotion excited is the exhibition of a state or states of human sensibility; in the other, of a series of states of mere outward circumstances. Now, all minds are capable of being affected more or less by representations of the latter kind, and all, or almost all, by those of the former; yet the two sources of interest correspond to two distinct and (as respects their greatest development) mutually exclusive characters of mind. So much is the nature of poetry dissimilar to the nature of fictitious narrative, that to have a really strong passion for either of the two, seems to presuppose or to superinduce a comparative indifference to the other.

At what age is the passion for a story, for almost any kind of story, merely as a story, the most intense?—in childhood. But that also is the age at which poetry, even of the simplest description, is least relished and least understood; because the feelings with which it is especially conversant are yet undeveloped, and not having been even in the slightest degree experienced, cannot be sympathised with. In what stage of the progress of society, again, is story-telling most valued, and the story-teller in greatest request and honour?—in a rude state; like that of the Tartars and Arabs at this day, and of almost all nations in the earliest ages. But in this state of society there is little poetry except ballads, which are mostly narrative, that is, essentially *stories*, and derive their principal interest from the *incidents*. Considered as poetry, they are of the lowest and most elementary kind: the feelings depicted, or rather indicated, are the simplest our nature has; such joys and griefs as the immediate pressure of some outward

event excites in rude minds, which live wholly immersed in outward things, and have never, either from choice or a force they could not resist, turned themselves to the contemplation of the world within. Passing now from childhood, and from the childhood of society, to the grown-up men and women of this most grown-up and unchildlike age—the minds and hearts of greatest depth and elevation are commonly those which take greatest delight in poetry; the shallowest and emptiest, on the contrary, are, by universal remark, the most addicted to novel-reading. This accords, too, with all analogous experience of human nature. The sort of persons whom not merely in books but in their lives, we find perpetually engaged in hunting for excitement from without, are invariably those who do not possess, either in the vigour of their intellectual powers or in the depth of their sensibilities, that which would enable them to find ample excitement nearer at home. The same persons whose time is divided between sight-seeing, gossip, and fashionable dissipation, take a natural delight in fictitious narrative; the excitement it affords is of the kind which comes from without. Such persons are rarely lovers of poetry, though they may fancy themselves so, because they relish novels in verse. But poetry, which is the delineation of the deeper and more secret workings of the human heart, is interesting only to those to whom it recalls what they have felt, or whose imagination it stirs up to conceive what they could feel, or what they might have been able to feel, had their outward circumstances been different.

Poetry, when it is really such, is truth; and fiction also, if it is good for anything, is truth: but they are different truths. The truth of poetry is to paint the human soul truly: the truth of fiction is to give a true picture of *life*. The two kinds of knowledge are different, and come by different ways, come mostly to different persons. Great poets are often proverbially ignorant of life. What they know has come by observation of themselves; they have found *there* one highly delicate, and sensitive, and refined specimen of human nature, on which the laws of human emotion are written in large characters, such as can be read off without much study: and other knowledge of mankind, such as comes to men of the world by outward experience, is not indispensable to them as poets: but to the novelist such knowledge is all in all; he has to describe outward things, not the inward man; actions and events, not feelings; and it will not do for him to be numbered among those who, as Madame Roland said of Brissot, know man but not *men*.

All this is no bar to the possibility of combining both elements, poetry and narrative or incident, in the same work, and calling it either a novel or a poem; but so may red and white combine on the same human features, or on the same canvass; and so may oil and vinegar, though opposite natures, blend together in the same

composite taste. There is one order of composition which requires the union of poetry and incident, each in its highest kind—the dramatic. Even there the two elements are perfectly distinguishable, and may exist of unequal quality, and in the most various proportion. The incidents of a dramatic poem may be scanty and ineffectual, though the delineation of passion and character may be of the highest order; as in Goethe's glorious 'Torquato Tasso;' or again, the story as a mere story may be well got up for effect, as is the case with some of the most trashy productions of the Minerva press: it may even be, what those are not, a coherent and probable series of events, though there be scarcely a feeling exhibited which is not exhibited falsely, or in a manner absolutely common-place. The combination of the two excellencies is what renders Shakspeare so generally acceptable, each sort of readers finding in him what is suitable to their faculties. To the many he is great as a story-teller, to the few as a poet.

In limiting poetry to the delineation of states of feeling, and denying the name where nothing is delineated but outward objects, we may be thought to have done what we promised to avoid—to have not *found*, but *made* a definition, in opposition to the usage of the English language, since it is established by common consent that there is a poetry called *descriptive*. We deny the charge. Description is not poetry because there is descriptive poetry, no more than science is poetry because there is such a thing as a didactic poem; no more, we might almost say, than Greek or Latin is poetry because there are Greek and Latin poems. But an object which admits of being described, or a truth which may fill a place in a scientific treatise, may *also* furnish an occasion for the generation of poetry, which we thereupon choose to call descriptive or didactic. The poetry is not in the object itself, nor in the scientific truth itself, but in the state of mind in which the one and the other may be contemplated. The mere delineation of the dimensions and colours of external objects is not poetry, no more than a geometrical ground-plan of St. Peter's or Westminster Abbey is painting. Descriptive poetry consists, no doubt, in description, but in description of things as they appear, not as they *are*; and it paints them not in their bare and natural lineaments, but arranged in the colours and seen through the medium of the imagination set in action by the feelings. If a poet is to describe a lion, he will not set about describing him as a naturalist would, nor even as a traveller would, who was intent upon stating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He will describe him by *imagery*, that is, by suggesting the most striking likenesses and contrasts which might occur to a mind contemplating the lion, in the state of awe, wonder, or terror, which the spectacle naturally excites, or is, on the occasion, supposed to excite. Now this is describing the lion professedly, but the state of excitement of the spectator really. The lion may be described falsely or in exaggerated colours, and the poetry be all the better;

but if the human emotion be not painted with the most scrupulous truth, the poetry is bad poetry, i. e. is not poetry at all, but a failure.

Thus far our progress towards a clear view of the essentials of poetry has brought us very close to the last two attempts at a definition of poetry which we happen to have seen in print, both of them by poets and men of genius. The one is by Ebenezer Elliott, the author of 'Corn-Law Rhymes,' and other poems of still greater merit. 'Poetry,' says he, 'is impassioned truth.' The other is by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, and comes, we think, still nearer the mark. We forget his exact words, but in substance he defined poetry 'man's thoughts tinged by his feelings.' There is in either definition a near approximation to what we are in search of. Every truth which man can announce, every thought, even every outward impression, which can enter into his consciousness, may become poetry when shewn through any impassioned medium, when invested with the colouring of joy, or grief, or pity, or affection, or admiration, or reverence, or awe, or even hatred or terror: and, unless so coloured, nothing, be it as interesting as it may, is poetry. But both these definitions fail to discriminate between poetry and eloquence. Eloquence, as well as poetry, is impassioned truth; eloquence, as well as poetry, is thoughts coloured by the feelings. Yet common apprehension and philosophic criticism alike recognize a distinction between the two: there is much that every one would call eloquence, which no one would think of classing as poetry. A question will sometimes arise, whether some particular author is a poet; and those who maintain the negative commonly allow, that though not a poet, he is a highly *eloquent* writer.

The distinction between poetry and eloquence appears to us to be equally fundamental with the distinction between poetry and narrative, or between poetry and description. It is still farther from having been satisfactorily cleared up than either of the others, unless, which is highly probable, the German artists and critics have thrown some light upon it which has not yet reached us. Without a perfect knowledge of what they have written, it is something like presumption to write upon such subjects at all, and we shall be the foremost to urge that, whatever we may be about to submit, may be received, subject to correction from *them*.

Poetry and eloquence are both alike the expression or uttering forth of feeling. But if we may be excused the seeming affectation of the antithesis, we should say that eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *overheard*. Eloquence supposes an audience; the peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. Poetry is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude, and bodying itself forth in symbols which are the nearest possible representations of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind. Eloquence is feeling

pouring itself forth to other minds, courting their sympathy, or endeavouring to influence their belief, or move them to passion or to action.

All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy. It may be said that poetry, which is printed on hot-pressed paper, and sold at a bookseller's shop, is a soliloquy in full dress, and upon the stage. But there is nothing absurd in the idea of such a mode of soliloquizing. What we have said to ourselves, we may tell to others afterwards; what we have said or done in solitude, we may voluntarily reproduce when we know that other eyes are upon us. But no trace of consciousness that any eyes are upon us must be visible in the work itself. The actor knows that there is an audience present; but if he act as though he knew it, he acts ill. A poet may write poetry with the intention of publishing it; he may write it even for the express purpose of being paid for it; that it should *be* poetry, being written under any such influences, is far less probable; not, however, impossible; but no otherwise possible than if he can succeed in excluding from his work every vestige of such lookings-forth into the outward and every-day world, and can express his feelings exactly as he has felt them in solitude, or as he feels that he should feel them, though they were to remain for ever unuttered. But when he turns round and addresses himself to another person; when the act of utterance is not itself the end, but a means to an end,—viz., by the feelings he himself expresses to work upon the feelings, or upon the belief, or the will of another,—when the expression of his emotions, or of his thoughts, tinged by his emotions, is tinged also by that purpose, by that desire of making an impression upon another mind, then it ceases to be poetry, and becomes eloquence.

Poetry, accordingly, is the natural fruit of solitude and meditation; eloquence, of intercourse with the world. The persons who have most feeling of their own, if intellectual culture have given them a language in which to express it, have the highest faculty of poetry; those who best understand the feelings of others, are the most eloquent. The persons, and the nations, who commonly excel in poetry, are those whose character and tastes render them least dependent for their happiness upon the applause, or sympathy, or concurrence of the world in general. Those to whom that applause, that sympathy, that concurrence are most necessary, generally excel most in eloquence. And hence, perhaps, the French, who are the *least* poetical of all great and refined nations, are among the *most* eloquent: the French, also, being the most sociable, the vainest, and the least self-dependent.

If the above be, as we believe, the true theory of the distinction commonly admitted between eloquence and poetry; or though it be not *that*, yet if, as we cannot doubt, the distinction above stated be a real *bonâ fide* distinction, it will be found to

hold, not merely in the language of words, but in all other language, and to intersect the whole domain of art.

Take, for example, music : we shall find in that art, so peculiarly the expression of passion, two perfectly distinct styles ; one of which may be called the poetry, the other the oratory of music. This difference being seized would put an end to much musical sectarianism. There has been much contention whether the character of Rossini's music—the music, we mean, which is characteristic of that composer—is compatible with the expression of passion. Without doubt, the passion it expresses is not the musing, meditative tenderness, or pathos, or grief of Mozart, the great poet of his art. Yet it is passion, but *garrulous* passion—the passion which pours itself into other ears ; and therein the better calculated for *dramatic* effect, having a natural adaptation for dialogue. Mozart also is great in musical oratory ; but his most touching compositions are in the opposite style—that of soliloquy. Who can imagine ‘Dove sono’ *heard* ? We imagine it *overheard*. The same is the case with many of the finest national airs. Who can hear those words, which speak so touchingly the sorrows of a mountaineer in exile :—

‘My heart’s in the Highlands—my heart is not here ;
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe—
My heart’s in the Highlands, wherever I go.’

Who can hear those affecting words, married to as affecting an air, and fancy that he *sees* the singer ? That song has always seemed to us like the lament of a prisoner in a solitary cell, ourselves listening, unseen, in the next. As the direct opposite of this, take ‘Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,’ where the music is as oratorical as the poetry.

Purely pathetic music commonly partakes of soliloquy. The soul is absorbed in its distress, and though there may be bystanders, it is not thinking of them. When the mind is looking within, and not without, its state does not often or rapidly vary ; and hence the even, uninterrupted flow, approaching almost to monotony, which a good reader, or a good singer, will give to words or music of a pensive or melancholy cast. But grief, taking the form of a prayer, or of a complaint, becomes oratorical ; no longer low, and even, and subdued, it assumes a more emphatic rhythm, a more rapidly returning accent ; instead of a few slow, equal notes, following one after another at regular intervals, it crowds note upon note, and oftentimes assumes a hurry and bustle like joy. Those who are familiar with some of the best of Rossini's serious compositions, such as the air ‘Tu che i miseri conforti,’ in the opera of ‘Tancredi,’ or the duet ‘Ebben per mia memoria,’ in ‘La Gazza Ladra,’ will at once understand and feel our meaning. Both are highly tragic and passionate ; the passion of both is that

of oratory, not poetry. 'The like may be said of that most moving prayer in Beethoven's 'Fidelio'—

'Komm, Hoffnung, lass das letzte Stern
Der Müde nicht erbleichen;

in which Madame Devrient, last summer, exhibited such consummate powers of pathetic expression. How different from Winter's beautiful 'Paga pii,' the very soul of melancholy exhaling itself in solitude; fuller of meaning, and, therefore, more profoundly poetical than the words for which it was composed—for it seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.

If, from vocal music, we now pass to instrumental, we may have a specimen of musical oratory in any fine military symphony or march: while the poetry of music seems to have attained its consummation in Beethoven's Overture to Egmont. We question whether so deep an expression of mixed grandeur and melancholy was ever in any other instance produced by mere sounds.

In the arts which speak to the eye, the same distinctions will be found to hold, not only between poetry and oratory, but between poetry, oratory, narrative, and simple imitation or description.

Pure *description* is exemplified in a *mere* portrait or a *mere* landscape—productions of art, it is true, but of the mechanical rather than of the fine arts, being works of simple imitation, not *creation*. We say, a *mere* portrait, or a *mere* landscape, because it is possible for a portrait or a landscape, without ceasing to be such, to be also a *picture*. A portrait by Lawrence, or one of Turner's views, is not a mere copy from nature; the one combines with the given features that particular expression (among all good and pleasing ones) which those features are most capable of wearing, and which, therefore, in combination with them, is capable of producing the greatest positive beauty. Turner, again, unites the objects of the given landscape with whatever sky, and whatever light and shade, enable those particular objects to impress the imagination most strongly. In both, there is *creative* art—not working after an actual model, but realizing an idea.

Whatever in painting or sculpture expresses human feeling, or *character*, which is only a certain state of feeling grown habitual, may be called, according to circumstances, the poetry or the eloquence of the painter's or the sculptor's art; the poetry, if the feeling declares itself by such signs as escape from us when we are unconscious of being seen; the oratory, if the signs are those we use for the purpose of voluntary communication.

The poetry of painting seems to be carried to its highest perfection in the Peasant Girl of Rembrandt, or in any Madonna or Magdalen of Guido; that of sculpture, in almost any of the Greek statues of the gods; not considering these in respect to the mere

physical beauty, of which they are such perfect models, nor undertaking either to vindicate or to contest the opinion of philosophers, that even physical beauty is ultimately resolvable into expression; we may safely affirm, that in no other of man's works did so much of soul ever shine through mere inanimate matter.

The narrative style answers to what is called historical painting, which it is the fashion among connoisseurs to treat as the climax of the pictorial art. That it is the most difficult branch of the art, we do not doubt, because, in its perfection, it includes, in a manner, the perfection of all the other branches. As an epic poem, though, in so far as it is epic (*i. e.* narrative), it is not poetry at all, is yet esteemed the greatest effort of poetic genius, because there is no kind whatever of *narrative* in it. An historical picture, as such, that is, as a representation of an incident, must necessarily, as it seems to us, be poor and ineffective. The narrative powers of painting are extremely limited. Scarcely any picture, scarcely any series even of pictures, which we know of, tells its own story without the aid of an interpreter; you must know the story beforehand; *then*, indeed, you may see great beauty and appropriateness in the painting. But it is the single figures which, to us, are the great charm even of a historical picture. It is in these that the power of the art is really seen: in the attempt to *narrate*, visible and permanent signs are far behind the fugitive audible ones which follow so fast one after another, while the faces and figures in a narrative picture, even though they be Titian's, stand still. Who would not prefer one Virgin and Child of Raphael, to all the pictures which Rubens, with his fat, frouzy Dutch Venuses, ever painted? Though Rubens, besides excelling almost every one in his mastery over all the mechanical parts of his art, often shows real genius in *grouping* his figures, the peculiar problem of historical painting. But, then, who, except a mere student of drawing and colouring, ever cared to look twice at any of the figures themselves? The power of painting lies in poetry, of which Rubens had not the slightest tincture—not in narrative, where he might have excelled.

The single figures, however, in an historical picture, are rather the *eloquence* of painting than the poetry: they mostly (unless they are quite out out of place in the picture) express the feelings of one person as modified by the presence of others. Accordingly the minds whose bent leads them rather to eloquence than to poetry, rush to historical painting. The French painters, for instance, seldom attempt, because they could make nothing of, single heads, like those glorious ones of the Italian masters, with which they might glut themselves day after day in their own Louvre. They must all be *historical*; and they are, almost to a man, attitudinizers. If we wished to give to any young artist the most impressive warning our imaginations could devise, against that kind

of vice in the pictorial, which corresponds to rant in the histrionic art, we would advise him to walk once up and once down the gallery of the Luxembourg; even now when David, the great corrupter of taste, has been translated from this world to the next, and from the Luxembourg, consequently, into the more elevated sphere of the Louvre. Every figure in French painting or statuary seems to be showing itself off before spectators: they are in the worst style of corrupted eloquence, but in no style of poetry at all. The best are stiff and unnatural; the worst resemble figures of cataleptic patients. The French artists fancy themselves imitators of the classics, yet they seem to have no understanding and no feeling of that *repose* which was the peculiar and pervading character of Grecian art, until it began to decline: a repose tenfold more indicative of strength than all their stretching and straining; for strength, as Thomas Carlyle says, does not manifest itself in spasms.

There are some productions of art which it seems at first difficult to arrange in any of the classes above illustrated. The direct aim of art as such, is the production of the *beautiful*; and as there are other things beautiful besides states of mind, there is much of art which may seem to have nothing to do with either poetry or eloquence as we have defined them. Take for instance a composition of Claude, or Salvator Rosa. There is here *creation* of new beauty: by the grouping of natural scenery, conformably indeed to the laws of outward nature, but not after any actual model; the result being a beauty more perfect and faultless than is perhaps to be found in any actual landscape. Yet there is a character of poetry even in these, without which they could not be so beautiful. The unity, and wholeness, and æsthetic congruity of the picture still lies in singleness of expression; but it is expression in a different sense from that in which we have hitherto employed the term. The objects in an imaginary landscape cannot be said, like the words of a poem or the notes of a melody, to be the actual utterance of a feeling; but there must be some feeling with which they harmonize, and which they have a tendency to raise up in the spectator's mind. They must inspire a feeling of grandeur, a loveliness, a cheerfulness, a wildness, a melancholy, a terror. The painter must surround his principal objects with such imagery as would spontaneously arise in a highly imaginative mind, when contemplating those objects under the impression of the feelings which they are intended to inspire. This, if it be not poetry, is so nearly allied to it, as scarcely to require being distinguished.

In this sense we may speak of the poetry of architecture. All architecture, to be impressive, must be the expression or symbol of some interesting idea; some thought, which has power over the emotions. The reason why modern architecture is so paltry, is simply that it is not the expression of any idea; it is a mere

parroting of the architectural tongue of the Greeks, or of our Teutonic ancestors, without any conception of a meaning.

To confine ourselves, for the present, to religious edifices : these partake of poetry, in proportion as they express, or harmonize with, the feelings of devotion. But those feelings are different according to the conception entertained of the beings, by whose supposed nature they are called forth. To the Greek, these beings were incarnations of the greatest conceivable physical beauty, combined with supernatural power : and the Greek temples express this, their predominant character being graceful strength ; in other words, solidity, which is power, and lightness which is also power, accomplishing with small means what seemed to require great ; to combine all in one word, *majesty*. To the Catholic, again, the Deity was something far less clear and definite ; a being of still more resistless power than the heathen divinities ; greatly to be loved ; still more greatly to be feared ; and wrapped up in vagueness, mystery, and incomprehensibility. A certain solemnity, a feeling of doubting and trembling hope, like that of one lost in a boundless forest who thinks he knows his way but is not sure, mixes itself in all the genuine expressions of Catholic devotion. This is eminently the expression of the pure Gothic cathedral ; conspicuous equally in the mingled majesty and gloom of its vaulted roofs and stately aisles, and in the ' dim religious light ' which steals through its painted windows.

There is no generic distinction between the imagery which is the *expression* of feeling and the imagery which is felt to *harmonize* with feeling. They are identical. The imagery in which feeling utters itself forth from within, is also that in which it delights when presented to it from without. All art, therefore, in proportion as it produces its effects by an appeal to the emotions partakes of poetry, unless it partakes of oratory, or of narrative. And the distinction which these three words indicate, runs through the whole field of the fine arts.

The above hints have no pretension to the character of a theory. They are merely thrown out for the consideration of thinkers, in the hope that if they do not contain the truth, they may do somewhat to suggest it. Nor would they, crude as they are, have been deemed worthy of publication, in any country but one in which the philosophy of art is so completely neglected, that whatever may serve to put any inquiring mind upon this kind of investigation, cannot well, however imperfect in itself, fail altogether to be of use.

ANTIQUUS.

SONNET

[Written on the defeat, during the late election, of one of the popular Candidates for Liverpool.]

YES! 'twas a glorious struggle! though the hour
 Is still to come, my country, when pure hands
 And patriot hearts, linked in united bands,
 Shall overthrow the lordly despot's power.
 Yes! 'twas a glorious struggle! and the dower
 Of perfect freedom yet shall bless our lands,
 While trust in heaven our bosom's hope expands;
 And we can wait till baser spirits cower
 Before thy angel form, O Liberty!
 Yet shalt thou come to fair Britannia's side,
 Spotless and radiant as a virgin bride,
 And wake the mighty lion slumbering nigh—
 Lion of England! at her touch awake,
 And from thy neck the galling fetters shake!

M. A.

Liverpool, Dec. 13.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A View of the early Parisian Press, including the Lives of the Stephani or Estiennes. By the Rev. W. P. Greswell. 2 vols. Oxford.

Letters of Sir W. Scott, addressed to the Rev. R. Polwhele, &c. (1.)

The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley; to which is appended a condensed Physical Geography of the Atlantic U. S. By Timothy Flint. 2 vols. 8vo. Cincinnati; rep. London.

Semi-serious Observations of an Italian Exile, during his residence in England. By Count Pecchio. London; Wilson. (2.)

Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c. By Adolphus Slade. 2 vols. 8vo.

French Wines and Politics. (Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 12.)

What is Special Pleading? A Letter to C. J. Denman. By Wm. Theobald, Esq. (3.)

(1.) Rather catchpennyish. A few of the letters are interesting.

(2.) A very pleasant book, and particularly civil to us and our ways and manners. 'There is no offence in it,' and plenty of good-natured and amusing observation.

(3.) Mr. Theobald's Letter is written in a very clear, intelligible style, and his observations, so far as they go, are just, but the letter is a mere glance at the subject. The author is justified in stating (p. 16) that special pleading is essential to the sure and economical administration of justice, though not as practised in our courts—the legal fictions ought to be abolished, for, as is truly observed (p. 26), they are inconsistent with special pleading, and their abolition is necessary for its perfection.

The Common Law Commissioners have treated this subject very tenderly,

A Compendious German Grammar. By A. Bernays, Ph. Dr. (4.)

Thurgar's Systematic Arrangement of the Genders of French Nouns. 2s. 6d. (4.)

Oxford; Academical Abuses disclosed by some of the Initiated. (5.)

The Works of the Rev. R. Hall, Vol. VI., containing the Memoir, &c. 16s. (6.)

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. (6.)

The Life of a Sailor. By a Captain in the Navy.

The Splendid Village; Corn Law Rhymes; and other Poems. By Ebenezer Elliot. 12mo. (7.)

The Magdalen; and other Tales. By J. S. Knowles.

The Protestant Dissenter's Juvenile Magazine, January 1833. One Penny. (8.)

A New History of London, Westminster, and Southwark. Monthly Parts, 1s. each. (9.)

Notices of Parishes and Churches, Towns, Villages, &c, twenty miles round the Metropolis. (Published alternately with the above.) E. Wilson. (9.)

Microscopic Illustrations of a few new, popular, and diverting living objects, with accurate descriptions of the latest improvements in the new microscopes, &c. By C. R. Goring, M.D., and Andrew Pritchard. Whittaker.

[History of England, Vol. III. By the late Sir James Mackintosh. (Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. XVIII.)

The Sacred Offering for 1833.

Pompeii, Vol. II. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

and it will be well if Mr. Theobald's recommendation be taken, and they re-consider it with the view of dealing with it somewhat more boldly, and to better purpose than they have yet done.

(4.) We have before spoken favourably of Dr. Bernays' and also of Mr. Thurgar's school books. The commendation may safely be repeated on the present occasion. The German Grammar is simple, well arranged, and adapted for the purposes both of the teacher and the self-taught student. Mr. Thurgar's book is worthy of his high reputation as a critical grammarian of the French language.

(5.) An ill-written pamphlet, but its facts are worth attending to.

(6.) We expect to be able to insert reviews of these works in our next number.

(7.) This is intended to be the first volume of an uniform edition of Mr. Elliott's poems. We are glad to see his name in the title-page, and to have it faced by that sturdy-looking engraving of him. Our estimate of his productions is already before our readers in a recent number of the 'Repository,' entitled 'The Poor and their Poetry.'

(8.) Calvinistic in doctrine and sectarian in spirit.

(9.) Abundance of curious matter, and much that may be useful. Both the wood-cuts and engravings are very well executed. These are praise-worthy contributions to popular antiquarianism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks to 'J. J. T.'—We hope to hear soon from 'M.'

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND THE BALLOT.

THE question of voting by Ballot is one which involves so many considerations, largely affecting the freedom, the happiness, and the prospects of the community, that, notwithstanding the discussions which took place concerning it at the late elections, and those with which the newspaper press has since teemed, we deem no apology necessary, for devoting to it a few of our pages; it must soon come under the consideration of parliament, and as the views of Ministers are presumed substantially to coincide with those put forth in the concluding article of the just published number of the Edinburgh Review, we shall express our opinions in the form of strictures on that article.

The writer fully admits the existence, to an enormous extent, of undue influence, bribery, and intimidation. He does not attempt to deny or to qualify this fact, which is, unhappily, 'as notorious as the sun at noon day.' He merely says that they existed previously to the passing of the Reform Bill, and that they continue to exist. But this concession shows that the efficiency of that measure was much more limited than many of its supporters expected. It shows the urgent necessity of a supplementary measure to supply what it has left imperfect. Many joined in the cry for reform chiefly from a strong sense of the demoralizing influence of the old system upon the community. They regarded the subject rather as religious and moral than as political. All such must be sorely disappointed; nor can those whose minds took a more comprehensive view, and who saw the connexion between national institutions and national character, be better satisfied. In two particulars it is allowed by the reviewer that the effect of the Reform Bill has been to increase the evils of the old system. We shall state these particulars in his own words.

'It is beyond all question clear, that the late elections have exhibited instances of bribery among the freemen on a scale that would have done credit to the worst days of the old system. And this is the place to mention one of the two particulars, wherein we have said that the reform has somewhat increased the evil. The registry gives each party a pretty accurate view of the state of the poll beforehand. All the voters are known, and a tolerable estimate can be formed how the case is likely to stand on the vote. The candidate sees that there are a thousand respectable householders, whom no bribe can reach. Of these he finds he shall have four hundred, and his adversary five; and that a hundred may be undecided, or may not vote at all. But he likewise sees that three hundred freemen are registered, and of these there may be two hundred whom money will procure. If he can buy the whole, or nearly the whole of these, and obtain his half of the better sort who won't take bribes, the election is secure.

* Edinburgh Review, No. 112. Art. 10.

The knowledge of the exact numbers wanted, and the certainty that each vote, when purchased, will prove good, facilitates in a considerable degree this most infamous and execrable crime. * * *

‘The other evil which has not been extirpated by the reform presents much greater difficulties. It is by no means in itself of so crying a nature as the corruption which debases the morals of the people, but it defeats the whole purposes of the elective franchise. We refer, of course, to the influence exercised over voters by those upon whom they are in some degree dependent; as by landlords over their tenants, or customers over tradesmen. We have said that there were two particulars in which the new system might be said to have given greater scope to bribery and to influence than they had before; and one of these, relating to bribery, has been explained. The other relates to influence through the extension of the franchise to leaseholders, but more especially through the provision forced upon the Ministers by the House of Commons, for giving votes to tenants-at-will. The avowed object of the Tories in this was to increase the direct influence of the landed interest, giving, as it were, so many votes to each landowner; for unless it did so, the landed interest gained nothing by the change. Those statesmen, then, of all others, cannot be heard to contend that the tenantry, and especially the tenants-at-will, are free, and exercise the right of voting without any control; for that right was given them by those statesmen, in order that it might be exercised at the will of their landlords.’

In addition to these we have an appalling description, but perfectly within limits, warranted by the facts of the proceedings at the late election, which show the people’s rights to have been most grossly outraged, and the result, however satisfactory may be the character of the candidates returned, to be far short of a representative system. He then states the question as follows, on which we join issue with him.

‘Now we believe no man will venture deliberately to deny, that if such practices continue,—whether the violent outrages upon the law in Ireland, or the more dangerous and more subtle violations of all right which in England elude the law, or break it more effectually, because more securely, than if they openly evaded it—they will become so utterly intolerable, so inconsistent with even the shadow of a free choice, that a remedy must be administered; and that the only question will be, whether or not the remedy which may be propounded, is likely to be effectual, in case it should be attended with evils which we ought not to encounter unless sure of success. We are aware that in these words we have described the Ballot.

‘Were the Ballot unattended with mischief, there is no doubt that the continuance and spreading of the oppressions we have been describing, would fully justify, nay would demand a resort to it, even if its efficacy was more than questionable; because the evil complained of has become so crying, that we should be justified in trying a remedy, if there was even a chance of cure, provided it could do no harm. But if it is attended with mischief, the question comes to be most important, what chance it affords of producing the good

sought from its operation; because if that chance is but slender, we are bound to consider the price paid. This inquiry, therefore, resolves itself into three:—1. Will the Ballot protect the voter? 2. Will it produce mischief, whether it succeeds or fails in giving protection? 3. If it protects the voter, is that benefit sufficient to outweigh the mischiefs it occasions?

We shall endeavour to follow the writer through his arguments on these questions. He may have all the advantage of his own statement of the subject, and selection of topics. It will not be difficult to show the futility of his opposition on the ground and with the weapons of his own choice. The discussion of the first question is preceded by the observation, that 'the expedient in question has of late assumed a form entirely new as regards its importance.' It is made a charge against Tory landlords, that 'to them assuredly it is owing that we are now engaged seriously in discussing what a year ago we should hardly have deemed worth any argument.' This complaint does not tell much for the writer's perspicacity, or for his memory. Did he really expect a year ago that Tory landlords would change their conduct and their natures? Was he so unsuspecting as to believe that when once the Reform Bill was passed, pride, oppression, and cupidity, would instantly and spontaneously reform themselves, in order to be in harmony therewith? There is nothing in what has occurred which need have taken any one by surprise. The evil was old enough, and notorious enough. It was one which the Reform Bill was neither framed, nor intended to reach; which in the particular case of tenants-at-will it directly increased; and which, by the extension of the suffrage, but still keeping that suffrage a limited one, as compared with the mass of the population, it could not but increase incidentally; nor is it fair, to charge the mischief exclusively on Tory landlords; the question of influence is not between Whig and Tory, but between power and weakness, wealth and poverty, the aristocracy and the people. The Whigs have been under less temptation than the Tories, because they have usually been in opposition, and therefore on the popular side. A coincidence, by the way, which shows what the political condition of the country has been, and is sufficiently condemnatory of the mode in which it has been governed. Nor can we allow, that the Whigs come into court with clean hands. It was by that party that corruption in the House of Commons was matured and systematized, nor has its conduct in relation to the electors been any exception to the general rule, that the amount of crime bears a direct ratio to the force of the temptation. Usually both parties have played the same game, by the same means. Never had the Whigs so little occasion for the employment of influence as at the late elections: and yet the private history of some contests, and the obvious character of others, (Chatham, for instance,) shows that there was no indisposition to resort to it when it was

deemed necessary. And it is rather amusing to see them now, in all the strength of power and popularity, lift up their hands in innocent surprise at Tory flagitiousness. With few thinking men who are sincere friends to Parliamentary Reform, as the means of good government, has the subject of the Ballot gained any additional importance by the events of last year. Little was said about it, because Ministers would not include it in their Bill, and the aim of all sincere reformers, and their most imperative duty, obviously was, whatever the Bill might leave undone, to get it passed as soon as possible, for the sake of what it would accomplish. If the subject last year was not worth an argument, it was not because enlightened men had forgotten its importance, not because it had ceased to be the best, most probably the only mode of meeting the specific evil to which public attention is now directed, but because the circumstances of the times afforded an opportunity of which it behoved all honest men to avail themselves, of putting down other evils by means of the other remedies which the Reform Bill provided. Anterior to the diversion of public attention from this branch of the subject by the introduction of that Bill, a conviction of the desirableness of the Ballot had spread very extensively through the country. The powerful article in the *Westminster Review* for July, 1830, commonly ascribed to the historian of British India, and the pamphlet entitled, ‘A Discussion of Parliamentary Reform, by a Yorkshire Freeholder,’ attributed, and not unworthily, to Mr. Bailey of Sheffield, were surely not altogether beneath the notice even of an Edinburgh reviewer. To us Southrons these men do not seem mere pigmies for the Northern giants to overlook disdainfully. We know not exactly where to look for their betters in political and moral philosophy, and are sure that if we did, we should not find men by whom their opinions and reasonings on such a topic would be treated superciliously. The fact is, that the question of the Ballot was an integral portion of the Reform controversy, until it was separated by the Whig ministry. It had been so for years. From the time when popular demonstrations in favour of Parliamentary Reform seemed crushed by the Manchester massacre, in 1819, and the passing of the Six Acts, or Code Castlereagh, in the session of parliament which followed, until it became, in the hands of Henry Brougham, the means of destroying the Wellington administration, in 1830, almost all who advocated Reform advocated the Ballot also. Nor was there any novelty in this identification. It existed at the very commencement of a desire for Parliamentary Reform. There is an excellent chapter on the subject in ‘Burgh’s Political Disquisitions,’ published in 1774, in which, amongst other things, it is mentioned that a bill for electing the Scotch peers by ballot was moved in the House of Peers, A. D. 1734, and its rejection protested against by many

lords, on account of the influence exercised over the election of those peers. There is also a curious fact mentioned in a citation from the State Tracts, viz. that it was customary in the borough of Lymington, in Hampshire, to elect by ballot, 'which method,' says the writer quoted by Burgh, 'I know to be of great advantage where it is made use of. It prevents animosity and distaste, and very much assists that freedom which ought to be in elections. No man in this way need fear the disobliging of his landlord, customer, or benefactor.' In such terms was the custom spoken of, while it existed. But we have said enough to remind the writer that the conviction of its utility is no novelty, no unheard of and desperate resort against the Tory oppressions of last year. It seems already, by the case of Lymington just referred to, to be known to our constitution, (as the phrase goes;) in practice we are already familiar with it, and the examples of France and America have closely associated it with the idea of representative government.

The writer commences his reply to the first of the three questions in which his view of the subject is comprised by a pretty large concession.

'Will the Ballot be effectual to its purpose of protecting the voter from injury, and preventing candidates from bribing? Will it put an end to intimidation and corruption? *That such is its tendency cannot be denied.* At first sight it looks as if it must with certainty produce the desired effect, and to the full extent. Perhaps even the closest inspection, the most practical consideration, may still leave it in possession of a portion of this virtue; but there seems no reason to doubt that very material deductions must be made in accommodating the theory to the practice.'

The Ballot, then, is allowed to be efficient to some extent. The question becomes only one of degree. Within limits, how wide they may be we cannot say, the writer allows that it will answer the proposed end. It will remedy *a portion* of the evil, though not the whole. To his 'first sight' the results seemed certain to its full extent. Let us examine, therefore, what difference is made by the exercise of his national gift of 'second sight.' He first takes the case of the agricultural tenant. The landlord, he says, will not allow him to vote, unless he is sure of his man; unless he can 'trust him in the dark.' Very well. Then either the landlord is baffled, or the voter is for that time disfranchised. Either result is better than that which ensues in the present state of things. It is obviously better that the tenant should either vote according to his conviction, though against his profession, or not vote at all, than that he should vote *against* his conviction. It must never be forgotten, that, to obtain votes in conformity with the convictions of the voters, is the object contemplated. This is the first point. The next best thing is, that a man under constraint should not vote at all. It is an evil that he cannot

gratify his desire, exercise his right, and do his duty by his country; but it is a much less evil than that he should be compelled to do that which crosses his own desires, is an abuse of his privilege, and an injury to his country.

It is allowed by the writer that there is a great distinction between the case of landlord and tenant, and that of customer and tradesman. In the latter case he concedes the efficiency of the Ballot. 'The probability is, that customers would no longer canvass their tradesmen, or endeavour to sway their votes. In narrow districts they might do so; but in a large town the practice would most likely cease, when the votes were to be given in secret.' This is ample reason for the Ballot being immediately established. Cases of oppression make more noise in the country; they are more conspicuous from the farmers' comparatively isolated mode of living; but there is a far greater mass of undue influence, bearing grievously upon town voters. The lines of dependence which traverse the whole frame-work of society are so many meshes for the entanglement of the weak. Every man at an election is reminded of his dependence; it is one great fight of influences; almost every one has some portion of that irresponsible power over his neighbour, the possession of which is so strong a temptation to its abuse. If only in towns voting could be made free by the Ballot, its enactment ought not to be delayed through another session.

It is argued that the Ballot would not protect from popular intimidation, from Political Unions in England, and a violent multitude in Ireland, whose vengeance might always be directed by demagogues against individuals, even where no reasonable ground of suspicion existed that there had been hostility, or treachery towards the favourite candidate. The writer even imagines, and a man must be rather hard driven to make such a supposition, that many friends of the popular cause would not vote at all, lest they should be persecuted afterwards on suspicion of having voted on the other side. He thinks they would rather bear the certain odium of neutrality than incur the contingent evil of unsupported accusation, which they would have no means of demonstrating to be false by an appeal to the poll-books. The case is so improbable, that we need scarcely dwell upon it. 'The infuriated rabble,' who would take vengeance on such grounds, would be equally wrong-headed, unconvincible, and vindictive were the vote recorded, and would, no doubt, include the sheriff and poll-clerks in their violent proceedings, for having made a false record of the vote in question. The absurdity of the one supposition is not greater than that of the other.

The writer also gravely alleges that the Ballot will promote bribery, because the bribed voter is 'enabled do to the service purchased in perfect security,' as if he were not also enabled to neglect it in perfect security. Rogues, no doubt, would take

money from a candidate, and more money from his opponent, as long as the contending parties were fools enough to give it. And, after all, how would they vote? The game would soon be found both too expensive and too uncertain to persevere in. There would be no connexion between the means employed, and the end desired, wherever the constituency was numerous. Where it is small, indeed, it might answer to bribe the whole, payment being contingent on the return of the candidate; but a small constituency, so small as to be manageable in this way, ought not to exist; it must, on any mode of voting, have a tendency to become a close borough. With open voting, it is the certain prey of the government, or of a neighbouring nobleman, or of a large capitalist; and with secret voting, it can become no worse.

Although the reviewer affects to concede that secrecy of voting might be obtained, he yet forgets the concession, and continually assumes its impracticability. He thinks that no man, certainly no countryman, could possibly keep his own counsel; though house and home, bread and bed, depended upon his doing so. He thinks that men would be found out by their political opinions, as if the very fact of compulsory voting, whether open or secret, did not imply that the tenant's opinions were known, and known to be opposed to those of the landlord. Then, as now, the vote is what the landlord wants, not the opinion; the sole difference is, that now he can make sure of it; then, he could not. He thinks that half the voters might dislike the Ballot, and ostentatiously proclaim for whom they voted, thereby discovering the secret of the other half; not seeing that few things could make the whole affair more doubtful, than such an ostentatious proclamation. He thinks that canvassers would learn at the poll-booths the state of the poll every hour, and 'have a note from the poll-clerks of who came up during the hour,' and so 'tell pretty accurately whether promises have been kept or broken.' To be sure, they might tell pretty accurately, for a pretty contrivance would this be for the prevention of secret voting altogether. There is no real difficulty in ensuring the object if it be honestly aimed at; it is accomplished now whenever people care about it; and might be, for the largest constituency, by a few simple arrangements. In a subsequent part of the article, the whole question, as to the public good, is conceded, supposing the secrecy secured and maintained. By compulsory voting, it is said, 'the public is injured, no doubt; and by the Ballot this injury is avoided, for the real, though carefully concealed opinion of the voter is fairly represented.' We may, therefore, go on to consider with him, whether this 'be a good purchased too dear?' What is 'the price to be paid for it?'

The first item in the account is somewhat formidable. 'The voter's whole life must be so adjusted as to deceive the person whose vengeance he has reason to dread.' And then we are

treated with much pathos on the vice and misery of this 'life of deception.' So far as any thing beyond the mere act of voting is concerned, we have already disposed of this argument, by observing that the oppressor wants the vote and not the opinion; that the control of opinion and its expression on other occasions is already given up, generally at least, as that of the vote would be, when once balloting was established. The tenant goes to public meetings; he there holds up his hand and lifts up his voice in accordance with his feelings; his friends and neighbours all know what his opinions are; it is only when he comes to the final and efficient expression of them that the sacrifice is demanded of him, and he becomes an apostate or a martyr. His vote is a public and solemn falsehood. The Ballot transfers the falsehood from the extorted vote to the extorted promise. That is the whole difference. There is a compelled lie in each case; but the voting lie goes to deprive individuals of their rights, and the country of representation, and to confirm the power of a rapacious aristocracy: the promissory lie only baffles the iniquitous purpose of the oppressor, which, after being once or twice baffled, would cease to be pursued. And then another monstrous evil would be corrected: the degradation of a compelled vote against conviction is what many are impatient of, and if they cannot escape the thralldom, they find some relief in patching up a seeming consistency by modifying the expression of their political opinions so as to soften the incongruity. They bend to pick up a 'reason upon compulsion.' They equivocate with their tongues and palter with their own minds. The plague spot is on them, and the corruption eats into their souls. This is the worst species of falseness both for the individual and for society. It poisons the founts of morality. The non-observance of a promise, exacted in defiance of all right, by the armed ruffian who can blow your brains out, or the powerful ruffian who can deprive you and your family of bread, is not deemed much of a crime by most moralists; if it be a crime, it is not one which taints the system: but the pain and shame which put a mask upon the mind, tend to the destruction of all principle.

We are next told that the franchise is a public trust, which the state ought to know is honestly discharged. True; and the state knows that now it is not honestly discharged, and cannot be. By the reviewer's own concessions, the state knows that the trust would be better discharged by secret voting. 'What security can the state have that it shall be honestly exercised, if it is to be used in the dark?' The very best; because the honesty is in the correspondence of the vote with the voter's own opinion, which correspondence the openness of the vote endangers, by allowing the interference of those who think differently. The fear that 'by secret votes the whole feelings and opinions of the non-electors may be set at naught,' is rather an extraordinary appre-

hension at the end of an article which attempts to show that the Ballot would enslave the electors to seditious mobs. If the non-electors influence through opinion, their influence would have its fair and full operation: if by fear, the Ballot would baffle them, as it does powerful individuals.

This is a more meagre list of mischiefs than might have been expected. The third question is dismissed very summarily by the reviewer. It 'has been answered in discussing the first two. The practical result seems to be that too little benefit is likely to accrue from the Ballot in protecting one class of voters, the tradesmen in large towns, to counterbalance the mischiefs sure to flow from removing that check of publicity under which all public duties ought to be performed.'

So men juggle with words. The 'check of publicity!' a check it is, and a fearful one; but it checks, in this case, not the wrong but the right employment of a power; not the offence but the duty.

A 'public duty' is analogous to a private duty, when the public itself is the agent. Its responsibility is to itself; representatives are responsible to their constituents; there the 'check of publicity' is in its proper sphere; but the people are the ultimate authority, and their independence should be secured with the same care as the dependence of the delegate or representative.

Experience has shown how imaginary are the evils ascribed to the Ballot. Is the life of every clubbist in St. James's a living lie, from the impending vengeance of pugnacious candidates who have been black-balled? Are the French particularly reserved as to their political opinions? Are they for ever haunted and struck dumb by the spirit of the electoral urn? And the Americans, are they all sunk in the profound, gloomy, and suspicious stillness which so appals the reviewer? It is sometimes said, that in America Ballot does not ensure secrecy. Very often probably not. It is a weapon the possession of which may alone, in ordinary cases, be sufficient to prevent attack. After two or three times using it, there might be an end of unavailing interference. Such seems to have been the case in America. The States have adopted it in succession, as they perceived its advantages in those where it had been previously introduced. This would scarcely have happened, had it been practically only a more cumbrous kind of open voting. No State has disused it. And in America, be it remembered, there is no such trouble as we have here in getting rid of a mischievous or useless institution. They have no everlasting laws and constitutions. Their enactments die out, and are revived or not, as experience has shown their worth. Every fifty years, in the new England States at least, and probably in all, a convention for the especial purpose decrees the revival, or allows the expiration of every portion of their constitution. In Massachusetts, New York, &c. these conventions have been held,

within the last few years. In no instance has it been determined to discontinue the Ballot. In not a single State has it been abrogated. In some instances it has averted the attempt at introduction of the corruption and confusion of English contests. We know of no indications that it is less effective in the States where it has recently been introduced, than in those where it has been long established, nor that in the latter it did not become efficient promptly after its introduction. The writer allows that, if the Ballot had been coeval with our elective system, 'to ask a vote, still more to ask a question as to how a vote had been given, would no more have entered into any man's mind, than it now does to overlook a person when he is writing, or to open letters directed to another.' But then he says our habits are already formed, and cannot be changed. We think they might soon be reformed. The objection is only one of the difficulties which the Americans have surmounted. A large portion of our present constituency, too, is unencumbered with these old and unchanging habits; if the effect could only be produced on the next generation, it would be better than dooming all generations to the bitter evils of the present system. But we should scarcely have to wait so long as that.

The writer has all along assumed, that, with the Ballot, the present system of personal solicitation would continue to be practised. This assumption is essential to the validity of every argument which he has adduced: and it is a fallacy which pervades all reasonings against the Ballot; which magnifies or creates the evils supposed to be attendant upon it, and which hides the great good which we confidently expect from its adoption. We are convinced that the Ballot would efficiently protect the oppressed voter. That it would protect him without the accompaniment of any evil which should make us hesitate as to its adoption. But we should be ready to confess ourselves grievously disappointed, unless it also became productive of great positive advantage. Its tendency is to annihilate the present mode of canvassing, which is a degrading appeal to the vanity, the fear, and the interest of the voter, and to substitute for it, that exhibition of principles and purposes, which is an appeal to his understanding. The candidate now, has to secure influences and interests; he would then have to secure *opinions*. So different an object would require the adoption of means as different. The personal canvass of contending parties would be transformed into the discussion of political principles and public measures. The object would be, not to terrify or bribe, but to enlighten, and convince a constituency. In fact, a great school of public instruction would be created. Each candidate being dependent on the free and final judgment of opinion, the most diligent measures would be taken to furnish full materials for the formation of that opinion. A few members of the new Parliament owe their election to this honourable and useful

mode of proceeding. The Ballot, and the Ballot alone, can make it common. Freed at first from external domination, the servility of men's minds would wear out. And we should be in the way for obtaining, in the largest and noblest sense of the words, an enlightened and irresistible public opinion.

And what is the alternative to this simple expedient, according to the plan of the reviewer? He perceives the evil—the enormous and intolerable evil—oppression, tyranny, aggravated harshness, corrupting influences, and, to a certain extent, representation made a mockery; and what does he propose? There are but two suggestions. The one is the disfranchisement of the *freemen*, at least wherever bribery is proved against them. This is truly the old English system of legislation. There is nothing like the last remedy of the law. For crimes great or small, invasions of property tempting the eyes, feet, and fingers of poor wretches, there was the simple and final cure, hang, hang, hang! So now, that our institutions and our aristocracy together have corrupted and debased some thousands of the community, put them out of the political world in a like summary manner. Disfranchise! disfranchise! leave the corrupting influences which may act in due time upon the rest, and let them be disposed of also; so that, at last, the constituency may be evidently as pure as its representation, because identical. The annihilation of the franchise should be regarded, in a free country, with feelings similar to those excited by the annihilation of life itself. Every neutralizing or reformatory process ought to be fully tried before there is even the lowest whisper of disfranchisement. Like hanging, it should be the end, and not the beginning of our penal code; and, if admitted at all, only admitted, because some measure was absolutely necessary, and all others were unavailing. So much for the one suggestion. And what does the reader think the other is? Why, it is simply, ‘the expediency of giving the new system a fair trial.’ That new system which the writer himself has shown to have left the old evils of influence, and added new ones; that new system, which was never framed to apply to this part of the electoral machine, but which leaves the question of secret or open voting wholly untouched; that new system, which cannot have the fair trial he asks, unless the Ballot be adopted; because there will be a power constantly dragging it back towards the corruption of the old system. Moreover, on what point can we better give it a fair trial than on this very question? There is no surer test to which the system itself can be subjected. We will take his advice, and observe the working of the system, and mark how the Reformed Parliament deals with the Church, and the law, and the great monopolies; but there is no *experimentum crucis* like that of the way in which it shall deal with the Ballot. The first and best thing which the representatives of the people can do, is to secure to the people

the power of freely choosing their future representatives. If the Church be not reformed this year, it may be reformed next year. If only half measures of economy be adopted now, a more rigid revision may be instituted hereafter. But if the reformers in parliament let slip the opportunity of confirming for ever the full measure of that popular ascendancy which has been gained, and securing the freedom of election against all base influences, the probability is that they may long wait for so good an opportunity. Our charity is hard pushed by those who strenuously counsel the postponement of constitutional reforms to economical reforms. The latter are each a good; the former are the power of good. By first making sure of the power we may do at leisure all the good we please; by neglecting that, we may partially achieve some modicum of good, and pay dearly for it afterwards by the visitation of a revived corruption, which we have wilfully made ourselves less able to cope with than we now are, and might have continued to be. The writer thinks worse, if any thing, of the aristocracy than we do. He describes a spirit in the country determined to prevent the freedom of voting. He believes it capable of inquisitorial proceedings, of the violation of confidence, and the employment of spies, and of the application of every species of torture except that which is technically termed so, in order to control or corrupt a sufficient portion of the people for the accomplishment of its own purposes. Now is the time, then, during this first reformed Parliament, to take the most efficient measures, that the people may not hereafter be either controlled or corrupted. That was a shrewd fellow who, when the fairies promised him the realization of three wishes, though he wanted both a pudding and a purse, made his first wish that all his wishes might for ever after be realized.

ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

Continued from p. 30.

If any one were to put forth the prospectus of a Cyclopædia, proposing to write all the articles himself, he would be set down for a genius or a madman. His admirers would think him the wonder of the world; his opponents would cry out upon him as a shallow pretender. To the discerning, the conception of such a design would disclose the true character of his mind. To imagine the outline, and glance even rapidly from the Alpha to the Omega of human attainments, implies no ordinary power; to look over the wide continent of knowledge, and see it mapped out in all its bearings, and trace the great skeleton truths, which form its mountain barriers, and follow the streams of beauty that wind below their base, is the prerogative of none but the comprehen-

sive and far-sighted mind. But to suppose that the same intellect which sketches the outline can fill up the details, that he who understands the mutual relations of the different departments of science and art can unfold all their mysteries, betrays a miscalculation of the voluminous contents of human knowledge, and an ignorance of the varieties of intellectual power requisite to embrace them all. To refer to a catalogue of Dr. Priestley's works is like consulting a prospectus of a Cyclopædia; and it is impossible to remember that they are all the productions of one individual, without the impression that his mind was more adventurous than profound, more alert than gigantic, and its vision more telescopic than microscopic. How far this impression is just we may attempt to ascertain. We believe it to be the truth, but not the whole truth.

There can be no doubt that versatility was the great characteristic of Dr. Priestley's genius. Singularly quick of apprehension, he made all his acquisitions with facility and rapidity; and hence he derived a confidence in the working-power of his own mind, and a general faith in the sufficiency of the human faculties as instruments of knowledge, which led him on to achievement after achievement in the true spirit of intellectual enterprise. This excursiveness of mind was encouraged by his metaphysical creed; it has been the prevailing error of the Hartleyan school, that they have made too light of the original differences of mental capability, conscious, perhaps, that their philosophy has hitherto failed to explain them; and the natural consequence of incredulity respecting the existence of peculiar genius, is to give increased reliance on the efficacy of self-discipline, to lessen the motive to a division of intellectual labour, and make the mind a servant of all work. We are aware, however, that no speculative tenet is enough to account for the mental peculiarities of the individual who holds it; for the adoption of the tenet is itself a mental phenomenon, requiring to be explained, and frequently arising from that very constitution of mind which is supposed to be its effect. That Dr. Priestley thought little of the exclusive fitness of peculiar understandings for peculiar pursuits, is to be ascribed to the absence of any exclusive tendency in himself; that he was disposed to try every thing, arose from his having failed in nothing: the consciousness of power must precede the belief in power; and the philosophy of the sentiment, *possunt, qui posse videntur*, is incomplete till the converse is added, *qui possunt, posse videntur*.

Dr. Priestley's extraordinary versatility, then, while it was confirmed by his intellectual philosophy, is to be traced to his possession of original endowments, bearing an equal relation to many departments of knowledge. In theology, in mental and moral science, and, above all, in experimental chemistry, his rapidity and copiousness of association, his prompt perception of analo-

gies, his faith in the consistency of creation's laws, and his consequent passion for simplicity, were all available as means of detecting error, and aids in the discovery of truth. And the excellence which these qualities enabled him to attain in his several pursuits, was of the same kind in all. In none did they confer on him superlative merit; in some, at least, they led him into great faults; but in every one they fitted him to be the able and dauntless explorer, powerful to penetrate the *terra incognita* of mystery, and quick to return enriched with the spoils of fresh thought. Year after year he visited the temple of truth, and hung upon its walls some new exuviae; and who can wonder that his offerings, in their abundance, were more miscellaneous than rare; that they consisted not always of the gold and the silver, which could be for ever deposited in the sacred treasury, but sometimes of the scattered arms and fragments of wreck which were of little worth but as trophies of victory. He was the ample collector of materials for discovery, rather than the final discoverer himself; a sign of approaching order rather than the producer of order himself. We remember an amusing German play, designed as a satire upon the philosophy of Atheism, in which Adam walks across the stage, *going* to be created; and, though a paradox, it may be said that truth, as it passed through Dr. Priestley's mind, was going to be created; the requisite elements were there; the vital principle was stirring amid them, and producing the incipient types of structures that were yet to be; but there was much that was unfit to undergo organization, much that could never be transmuted into forms of beauty, or filled with the inspiration of life; and there must be other processes, before the mass emerges a graceful and a breathing frame.

The characteristic qualities of Dr. Priestley's understanding led him to prosecute, with the greatest ardour, those subjects of inquiry in which but little progress had been made. The earlier and less exact stage of a science, which promises a great affluence of new phenomena, and admits of only the lower degree of generalization, and prepares the approach to the establishment of merely empirical laws, was that to which his powers were adapted. At a more advanced period of its history, when the field of observation is narrowed, and the demand for precise deduction increased, and where no appeal to fact can be of use, unless of the most refined and delicate kind, his faculties could have found no appropriate employment. In the age of Galileo he would probably have gained a reputation for discoveries in optics or astronomy: in our days he might have aided the progress of geology; but in his own generation the former had passed, while the latter had not reached the point at which alone he was able to apply an effective stimulus. It may be doubted whether, if he were living now, he would not find chemistry in advance of his peculiar genius; whether its greatest discovery, the law of definite proportions, which has emi-

nently enhanced the dignity, by increasing the precision of the science, would not appear to have spoiled it for his hand: and were a question to arise, what branch of it would retain the greatest attractions for a mind like his, no one could hesitate to answer, electro-chemistry, in which there is mystery enough still to stimulate an ardour like his, and glimpses enough of wonderful and extensive laws, to inspire the investigator with the perpetual feeling that he is on the eve of great discoveries. Could we have been permitted to select a period in the history of science with whose spirit his mind was most congenial, we should have set him down among the contemporaries or immediate followers of Bacon; when, to a new and intelligent system of inquiry, nature began to whisper her mighty secrets; when every penetrative mind that understood their value, rushed to her shrine and listened reverentially to the great oracle; when the rapidity of discovery, following close on a dreary track of centuries barren of philosophy, gratified the love both of the wonderful and of the true; and when the passionate relish for fresh knowledge prevented the observance of definitive boundaries between its different regions, and tempted the inquirer to a wide and adventurous range. Dr. Priestley has recorded of himself, that he exercised without difficulty the power of exclusive attention to any object of study; but it would be a great error to suppose that this mental habit in him, was the same with that profound and steady abstraction which characterised the intellect of Newton, and amid whose stillness he slowly passed the upward steps of induction to the sublimest law of the material creation. Dr. Priestley's attention was eager rather than patient, active rather than laborious; suited to subjects whose relations are various and simple, rather than few and intricate; inclined to traverse kindred provinces of thought in quest of illustration, more than to remain immovable in the construction of a proof. His mind would become restive, if it had not scope. It was incapable of proceeding long in the linear track of mathematical logic. The illumination of his genius was rather diffusive than concentrated. He could never have singled out any one phenomenon, and planted it in an intense focus of intellectual light, till he had fused it into its elements, and could exhibit its minutest component in distinct separation from the rest. The kind of accurate observation, and cautious analysis and finished induction which Dr. Bradley manifested in his discovery of the aberration of light, and which at once detected, measured, and explained by reference to a new cause, one of the minutest phenomena of the heavens, must be sought in a different order of intellect from Dr. Priestley's.

During the origin of a science, when the object is to accumulate facts and arrange them according to their more obvious affinities, the quality most needed by the philosopher is the quick perception of analogies which we have ascribed to Dr. Priestley.

During its higher progress, when the object is to include large classes of facts under some general theory, or to measure the precise amount of causes already discovered, the quality most needed is a searching discriminative power; a quality most rarely united with the former, and certainly not distinguishing the philosopher of whom we speak. Had he possessed it, few names greater than his would have appeared in the world's roll of honour. Because he wanted it, many of his philosophical works will have to be rewritten. *Non omnis morietur*; but while his opinions will live, and, with few exceptions probably, become the faith of posterity, his own exposition of them will hardly satisfy the wants of a future age. That Dr. Hartley, at a time when no very precise limits had been drawn between physical and metaphysical science, should have entwined together the greatest truth in the philosophy of mind with a most gratuitous speculation in the physiology of brain, is not surprising: that Dr. Priestley should have perceived that the doctrine of association was a fact and the doctrine of vibrations a fancy, and have disentangled them from each other, is no more than might have been expected of his discernment; but that he should have separated them merely on the ground of their different evidence, without discovering their different provinces; that, in his character of metaphysician, he should still have manifested a hankering after the very theory of which he had disencumbered his great master's philosophy; that he should have been misled by the plausible analogy which promises to explain the phenomena of mind by the changes of matter, indicates a want of clear perception with respect to the due limits of mental science which should have been reserved as the exclusive glory of the phrenologists. Dr. Priestley evidently thought, that, if there were but proof of the doctrine of vibrations, it might be duly expounded from the chair of moral philosophy; and had no idea that the professor who should do so would deserve a caning for his impertinence from his brother of the physiological school. Nor is this the only instance which marks his deficiency of acute discriminative power. The true test of this rarest and highest of human faculties is to be found in the researches of mental science; its most refined exercise is required and its greatest triumphs are achieved, in unravelling the subtle processes of reason, in penetrating the moving throng of thoughts and feelings, and, through all their magic changes, distinguishing the separate history of each from its origin amid the obscurity of infancy; and clear as a lens must that mind be, which, in transmitting through it the white light of intellect, can faithfully decompose it into its elemental colours. Dr. Priestley had far too much perspicacity not to perceive that mental analysis might be pushed much further, and, if intellectual science is to rank with other sciences, must be pushed much further, than it had been carried by the orthodox philosophers of

Scotland. But we cannot think him happy in the specimens of analysis which he has left; often ingenious, they are seldom complete; they amount only to approximate solutions of the problem which he was encountering; they frequently furnish valuable hints to the future inquirer and set him in the right track; but in his eagerness to reach the object of his search, Dr. Priestley overleaps many needful steps of the process, or breaks off in the midst, and deems the task accomplished which a more careful thinking would feel to be only commenced. This disposition to post through a difficulty and see nothing in it, is especially apparent, we think, in his account of the idea of power, and in his attempt to explain the phenomena of memory; and throughout his works it would be in vain to look for the piercing analysis of Brown or Mill, before whose gaze the most intricate and delicate of human emotions and the most evanescent trains of human ratiocination are arrested, and questioned, and made to marshal themselves in their true place, amid the nimble evolutions of the mind. His merits in the department of mental science consist less in the success with which he attacked its difficulties than the skill with which he multiplied its applications; less in the light which he introduced into its interior recesses, than in the range of kindred subjects over which he spread its illumination. In his mind morals, history, religion appeared tinged with it, and thence adorned with greater dignity. Instances of this are to be found in his 'History of Early Opinions,' his sermons 'On Habitual Devotion,' 'On Habit,' 'On the Duty of not Living to Ourselves,' and above all, in his 'Analogy of the Divine Dispensations;' an essay which may be regarded as perhaps the happiest effort of his mind, involving precisely that brief and simple exposition of a metaphysical principle with copiousness and magnitude of application, to which his powers were peculiarly adapted. There is, too, a solemnity in it, arising from the congeniality of its train of thought with all his faculties of intellect and soul, which is rarely perceptible in his writings. It is philosophy kindling itself into worship.

Dr. Priestley's rank as a linguist and a critic may be inferred from the qualities which we have already ascribed or denied to him. The same fertility of association and love of analogy which facilitated to him the acquisition of a foreign language up to a certain point, rendered his complete mastery of it almost impossible. He wanted the imperturbable patience, the nice eye for minute differences, the unwearied faith in the importance of an apparent trifle, which are requisite to the character of the accomplished philologist. His knowledge of the laws of thought rendered him a perspicuous interpreter of the theory of language; and, if the subject had been strongly urged upon his attention, would perhaps have made him a successful student of philosophical etymology, would have enabled him to detect the relations

streak ; deeper, still deeper is it tinging ; it bursts, and the ragged edges are fringed in glowing gold, surrounding a field of deepest azure, which widens to an extended plain, changing around its border to a clear pale sea-green, where it joins the purpling and pink clouds, on which are still recumbent a mass of black mountain-looking vapours, momentarily lighting up with a glare of lowering red, varying with cameleon quickness, and separating into streaks. Look ! look ! they are pierced with golden radiance, the atmosphere is bathed in a flood of light, while darkness is fleeing away. It comes ! it comes ! the god of day has burst his watery bondage ; the flood of heaven is arrested in its course as though it never had been ; the eye may no longer look on the glowing splendour of the equinoctial beam, but turns to the broad expanse of the waste of waters, on whose placid surface not a ripple, not a spot, not a vestige of life or movement, may be seen. Like an unbroken and faultless mirror is the glassy face of ocean, stilled even to deadness by the power of the falling flood, which soothed its raging fury in mingling with it like an embrace of love. It looks not like the great salt lake ; even now, as the sun glares upon it, it resembles a solid giant crystal.

And yonder work of human hands, the only, the solitary object resting on the bosom of the deep, motionless as the water wherein she is mirrored, yet with a busy hum arising from the mariners, who again crowd her decks ; what is she, whither goes she ? Look on her, and say if aught more lovely ever pressed the bosom of the blue deep, or spread her white wings to a tropic breeze. Mark that low hull, straight upon the water, with not a single white speck to deform the symmetric outline. Could such a form have been modelled by mere human hands ? See the lovely bow where it breasts the pale green reflected from the metal which sheathes the vessel like an armour ; and cast more than a glance on that clean run and exquisitely moulded counter, upward rising like the scornful lip of beauty, as though in mockery that the element whereon she floats should deem it possible to arrest her flight. She looks motionless, yet she is not so. Without a breath of air stirring, still she draws ahead by the mere witchery of shape which the artist has imparted to her. Scarce a fish swims the deep can outstrip her speed, give her but smooth water and the wind a beam ; yea she can almost gibe the wind in its teeth, when her master puts her on her mettle, and curbs her with the helm. Vain hope were it for any craft on the waters to arrest her course, against the will of her guide. The ospray alone may track her silvery wake. Look on her again, mark her tall spars raking aft, and wrought to mathematical precision, not a shaving could be taken from them without impairing their accuracy ; strain them either more forward or more aft, and they would be misplaced. Mark the symmetry of her rigging, so perfect, yet so exquisitely adapted, that it looks as though a spider had

wrought on the fairy vessel with a tracery of gossamer. Yet so well fitted are all parts to each other, that, though her canvass has blown away in the squall, not a spar is sprung. She is an armed craft, yet she shows no ports. Look closer at her. What see you on her deck? An enormous long gun traversing on a frame, which throws sixty pounds of iron at every discharge, with rifle accuracy and at a safe distance. She wears no flag, but have you not yet made her out to be a schooner of three hundred tons, of Baltimore build, three weeks old, and bound round the Horn to cruise in the Pacific with a Patriot commission, under which she will sweep the commerce of Spain from the face of the waters? But hark again! Listen to the shouts of the mariners. They are bending fresh sails of white cotton duck to the yards and booms; the rigging is strewn with men; the helm is once more in hand; the south wind blows. Look forward where the wave is streaking with ripply patches; the sails flap heavily against the spars; it was but a puff which died away. Hark! how the master whistles a low note to wile it back; slowly it comes; again the masses of canvass are bellying, but still it is not sure; yes, yes, the clouds are clearing off to the south, and the sky is streaked with mares' tails; the breeze comes; the vessel is going about; how like a live thing she moves! See, she lies her course, the wind is three points before the beam, but yonder red patch on the log-line marks that her way is eleven knots. Glance your eye over the taffrail. Draw a line down yonder whitening wake, and it would strike through stem and stern-post. The slate will be broken, and the log-book expended, ere her dead reckoning records leeway. This, this is beauty; a sublime combination of nature and of art.

Many days have passed away. Look to the south! farther!—farther still! Yonder sails the gallant craft. The breeze is strong, and two points abaft the beam, yet the log tells but nine knots on the hollow troughy sea. The mariners are all clad in their wintry garments, the light spars are housed, and the upper masts are shortened, and half her canvass is reefed and taken in. The water smooths and the speed of the craft increases to twelve knots. A deep mist is around, and neither sun, moon, nor stars, have been seen for three days. 'Breakers ahead!' shouts the mariner in the foretop, and the master shortens sail, while the stormy-peterel flits to and fro athwart the stern with its gloomy wings, and ever and anon encircles the mizen truck, uttering its unearthly ominous scream. Two hours have elapsed, and a heavy fall of snow has heaped the deck; the wind has changed, and blows steadily from the north, while the mist has cleared away, and a faint glimpse of sunshine illumines the wintry sky. The craft is in a strait scarce seven miles wide, with lofty mountains on either hand. The water is smooth, but covered with white foamy crests, and the log tells nine knots, yet how slowly

pass the objects on the shore! Why is this? Mark you not that the ocean stream is running like the race of Pentland past her bows, mocking the swift-heeled vessel, and robbing her of more than three-fourths of her speed. A scanty two knots is her progress over the ground, but heed it not, there is much to look on worthy the delay. Turn your gaze westward over the quarter. See you those lofty mountains in the distance, snow-covered like the land in which they are rooted? The central one was in former ages a volcano, whence the Spanish discoverers called the island domain which it overlooks, the 'Land of Fire.' Have you ever beheld a more wild and desolate region? Yet, ere you answer, look eastward. Behold yon horrid towering crags, whereon not even the snow can find a secure resting-place. There offers not foothold for a human being, and the sharp angular points, rising on every side from amidst the cheerless snow, and glistening in the faint rays of the half-frozen sun, look as though even a bird would be impaled which might essay to perch. It is Staaten Land, an island so wild and forlorn, that none but a Dutchman, accustomed to purloin land from the ocean, could be found even to bestow a name upon it. Strong must have been the desire of possession, which could have induced human beings to lay claim to such a spot. The strait to which it forms the eastern border took its name from the navigator Le Maire. Look at the rocks on either hand, where the dashing surf has swept away the snowy crust. See the uncouth seals which here and there stretch their hairy length upon them, from time to time tumbling awkwardly into the sea, in unwieldy sport. Here and there, where a patch of sand skirts the rocks, or a slope of shingle meets the splash of the wave, the absurd looking penguins show their painted necks. Were it summer, and you essayed to land, the stupid animals would endeavour to drive you from their territories with their outstretched flippers, and spoon-looking beaks. No slaughter you might make amongst them, would convince them of their folly. Had you slain an hundred, and but one were left, he would still press on to share the fate of his companions, as senselessly as a Russian soldier, and without any more apparent object.

The craft is in mid-channel. Birds innumerable, of many varieties, are floating on the waters, skimming their surface, hovering in the air, and cleaving the blue space with their wings. Geese, ducks, divers, gannets, and penguins, rest on the wave, while the peterel and pintado, or Cape-pigeon, follow in the wake, darting down each moment for their food. The turkey-buzzard hovers upwards, borne on his moveless pinions while wafted in the breeze, and the gallant osprey proudly cuts the air in his soaring flight, till his vigilant eye marks the track of the fish on the surface, and he stoops on his prey swiftly as the lightning flash darting from on high. But, lo! yonder comes the giant of the

ocean breeze, the majestic and snow-white albatross ; his enormous pinions bear him in circles high in air, while he surveys the strange object which has come to invade his domain. The sun's ray has struck upon his plumage of dazzling white, and nearer, nearer still, he approaches. Twice has he circled the mast-head, and his wing has brushed the long streamer, whose quivering has startled him from his self-possession. Higher he soars, and now he is almost stationary, while he scans the cause of his alarm. His pinions are again about to fan the air, but, no ! it is too late. The master stands on the quarter-deck, and a ball from the unerring rifle of the western wilderness has reached the noble bird at his airy height ; downward he plunges with involuntary swiftness, and now he is motionless on the water, with his ruffled plumage, showing like a heaped snow-drift: even in death that majestic bird is beautiful. But, hark ! the mimic thunder has reverberated from the rocks around, and the air is filled with its screaming tenants all rising on the wing, as though greeting their common foe-man with their reproaches. But a few moments, and the source of their alarm is forgotten—they have again returned to their several pursuits.

Look again to the south—still farther—farther ! For many days has the gallant craft breasted the head-wind and heavy sea, in the sixtieth degree of latitude. Mark her through the snow-storm, with no cloth but a storm-sail on her. Three days have passed, and no fire has burned on board her. Look on yon hungry mariner eagerly devouring the raw and briny meat he cannot cook. Vegetable substances may not satiate his craving. Heavily blows the gale, and the mountain waves run high, as though eager to dash the vessel on the Southern Continent, where so many Spanish war-ships have left their stranded fragments. Vain hope ! she is not manned by Spaniards, nor is there aught in her build over which a lee-shore might claim power ; like a sea-bird in the wave, she laughs the tempest to scorn, and still points a northward prow, whether mounted on the foamy crest, or shooting down the deep abyss.

Days have again elapsed, and that beautiful craft has again every spar rigged out, and is clothed from deck to trucks in her snow-white duck ; she has made twenty-five degrees of nothing, and is gently gliding over the placid surface of the Pacific Ocean. The early morning sun is shining out, and over the whole surface of the azure sky not a vestige of cloud is to be seen. The joyous mariners are carolling in their light garments, revelling in the elasticity of a climate whose type must have been found in Paradise. It is mid-winter, yet the temperature is balmy and delicious, and every fibre of the body thrills with delight, while the spirit is entranced as with a spell. ' A sail ! a sail ! ' shouts the man at the mast-head, and many glasses range the horizon on the instant. It is on the weather-bow, but the helm is altered,

and the craft lies directly in the wake of the stranger. Three hours, and she is up with her, but she wears a flag which yields only disappointment, and the craft swiftly leaves her to leeward. Again the helm is changed, and the course is due westward; the sun is at its meridian height, and a fresh man has mounted to the mast-head. 'Land!' is his cry; and all eyes are strained forward. Is he right, or is it a fogbank? Surely only rising clouds are to be seen. Mark how they change their aspect! No land could look so lofty. Look again; there is an opening over yon flocculent mass, above which is a misty vapour slowly clearing away. The opening is growing wider, and in the centre of it there is a mountain peak. Look! the mist has cleared away from the summit, and the giant mass is seen rearing its snowy head towards the heavens. Onward moves the craft, and the mountainous snowy ridge is seen trending away, north and south, with a broken and ragged outline, here and there rising into conical elevations, which seem to mock their base. Is that smoke which is curling round one of the peaks, or is the melting snow resolving into vapours? I cannot pronounce. Nearer and nearer we approach, and now the hitherto unbroken surface begins to vary. Ridges and vallies begin to appear in the faint blue mass. Ha! a secondary ridge, devoid of snow, appears to run parallel with the main chain. How barren, sharp, and defined it looks; how jagged is its outline! Look a little to the north; see you yonder bell-formed mountain rising from the secondary ridge? It is the Campana de Quillota, far and near the sailor's landmark, and many wondrous stories are told of the wealth which the aborigines buried in its entrails, to hide it from the Spaniards. Witches and demons guard it; and though at night a blue flame plays around the entrance to the cavern, by day all trace has disappeared. It is a beautiful mountain! See how its summit rises clear, while a drapery of mist has shrouded its central region. Upward rises the mist, and now again the mountain is lost to view. But nearer we approach, and the third, or marine ridge of hills, is becoming visible. The loftier ridges are magnificent, but this is beautiful. Look; into what shadowy forms it is broken! Mark the glens, thickly clothed with woods of dark green foliage, and rising above them in beautiful relief, the light green grassy slopes, which, at their extreme height, melt into a red marly tint, as if to show the outline like a map. Look on the arms of the mountains, spreading outwards, and gradually lengthening into long rocky promontories, abutting in the glassy ocean, with the continuous reef showing its sharp points at intervals, as the slow roll of the approaching tide varies in its speed. Voluptuous is the soft motion of the vessel, as if in unison with the flute of the mariner on the bow, beneath which the faint ripple of the water dashes with a musical sound. Look now on the near cliffs. Those old granite crags are moss-crowned above, and sea-weed

circles around their base, while, at their mid-height, marine plants are flourishing. Look to the right of them, where a slender thread of water trickles downwards from the fissure in the rock. What a lovely green spot it has formed around it, encircled by shrubs thickly studded with crimson blossoms! Move the glass to the left. There is a thicket of aloes on the very face of the crag. How green and beautiful the thorny leaves appear! Above them there is a patch of cactus. Mark the one which stands apart, lofty as a tree, and looking like a tree divested of its lateral branches. Were you nearer, you would behold it thickly set round with spines, long, hard, and wiry, which serve the women of the country for knitting-needles. Look now lower down, half-way between the aloë-patch and the ocean, more to the right. The white speck on that tabular rock is salt, formed by the heat of the sun. When the northerly gales are on, the bounding surf dashes to that height, and thus makes a provision for the salt-gatherers: but it is a perilous trade they follow. Do you see a speck aloft in the air, which seems motionless, high above the cliffs? It is a condor, looking out for his prey. Look, it grows larger. He has discovered something. He is sailing in a circle with outstretched wings, which seem to have no movement; round and round he floats, but with a gradual descent, like a slow spiral. Again he is fixed, and cautiously surveys the scene beneath him. Something has scared him, and now he soars away till he is almost out of sight. Now he stoops down till within an hundred yards of the cliff, and again sweeps round in a broad circle. Once more he is fixed, and may be distinctly marked; his neck is stretched out, and with the glass you may distinguish his long crooked beak and bald head, rising out of a collar of white feathers, which project like a ruff at right angles from his neck. His claws are drawn up, and in his wings there is a tremulous motion; at the ends of them there are feathers projecting like the sticks of a lady's fan. How very beautifully they play! Now he is satisfied with his survey, and he stoops again. Mark him! downwards he goes to yonder patch of yellow sand. What seeks he? There is a young seal asleep beneath the cliff. He shall sleep no more. The talons of the condor are in his back, and already are his eyes torn out with the beak: in madness the seal rolls in the sand, and his enemy meanwhile buffets him with his wings, and tears away his skin in fragments. Still he struggles, and has half reached the water; but look; another condor has descended, and yet another. They do not quarrel, but devour their living prey in concert. In an hour, the skeleton alone will be left to tell the tale.

The craft has shot past the bight, and is rounding a point where the northern gales have left rocks piled on rocks in horrible confusion. The eternal granite seems in its massy fragments to bid defiance to the ocean wear. She leaves them behind,

and a fair bay is opening to the gladdened eyes of the crew. The sun has just dipped beneath the western wave, but the pale moon sheds around the scene a holier light. On the right hand all is in darkness, save the broken outline of the lofty cliffs, marked in the blue vault, and the speck-like fires of the fishermen, whose canoes have left the waters. To the left is seen a winding road, leading, by a zig-zag traverse, to a fortress on the cliffs, beneath which a gentle surf is playing. A broader road crosses the mountain farther on; farther to the right is a picturesque ravine, out of which a small mountain brook is meandering, bordered in some parts by rocks, and in others by green sloping banks. White cottages peep forth amongst them, surrounded by patches of garden, which seem scarcely to find a level. Vines crawl here and there up the face of the banks, and straggling peach and almond trees are rooted in the clefts of the rock. That level patch which looks greener than the rest, and behind which there is a thread of water, is lucerne grass. The brown-looking tree, which shades it at the end, is an olive. That with the thick shade is a fig-tree. At mid-day the master of the dwelling and his family take their meal beneath it, and the green lemons and bitter oranges, fresh from those trees which skirt the garden, furnish a delicious relish to it. The cliffs surround the bay in the form of a horse-shoe. In the centre there is a broad, level, sandy beach, on which canoes are drawn up. Backwards towards the cliffs a fair town is spread. Many of the dwellings are surrounded by white-walled gardens, and thickly groved orchards; they are the dwellings of the rich. Church towers rise amongst them, and huts of rushes fill many vacant spaces. Row upon row you may see white cottages, rising one above the other, and looking over the numerous vessels which stud the water like an enchanted mirror. Oh! how beautiful it is! Can the crew of that craft leave it to follow the trade of war on the waters? They will. The leader is in his youth, and has not yet learnt to distinguish good from evil. Enthusiasm is to him as judgment. Reader, it is but a sketch. Wilt thou travel further in search of beauty, with

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS?

ON THE PROSPECTS OF THE PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be the habit of looking on the dark side of a picture which has ever led me to regard national prosperity as consisting almost entirely in the absence of poverty, but I still must maintain that all estimates of the happiness of a community should be founded, not on the aggregate riches of its members, but on their

freedom from want; and that if a single individual in it has to complain that he cannot obtain remunerating employment, there must be some defect in the social state. I acknowledge that the term 'remunerating' is somewhat vague, and I intend it to mean such employment as will enable a moderately industrious man to be in a constant progression towards bettering his condition, from whatever low point he may have started. That the whole of the human race may be placed in such situations I have not the slightest doubt, but I confess that, from a long course of misgovernment, the problem, in our own country, is become somewhat difficult to solve, in consequence of the mass of poverty, and its accompaniment, ignorance, which has been for a long period suffered to accumulate. We can now see plainly enough how it has been prevented in another country. The Atlantic, or old states of North America, have produced the elements, or springs of poverty in a far greater number than this country, in the shape of a rapid increase of population; but there these springs, as fast as they appeared, have found space to run off and diverge from the fountain-head, and, in thousands of rills, to fertilize the new meadows through which they have meandered: here, they have met with and obstructed each other in their course, and, for want of a sufficient number of separate and distinct channels, before they reached the sea, have accumulated into a mighty lake of human poverty, which, unless it is skilfully drained, will ultimately overwhelm the whole country in a general ruin.

I do not say that employment for the whole population might not have been found within our own limited boundaries, by wise legislation, under the *laissez-nous faire* system, or that it may not still be done; but unfortunately there is little hope of such legislators being found, unless chosen more directly by the people; and the intellect of this same people has been by former governors* (by the sins of omission and commission) so destroyed or brutalized, that the poorer classes are not at present fit to choose new ones. Our only hope must, therefore, rest on placing the rising generation under better auspices—in directing their education to good instead of evil. I give a much more extensive meaning to the term 'education' than is generally understood, and I consider the whole of mankind as going through even a *regular course* from the moment they are born. Look through any large city, and say if there are not organized schools for the different departments of swindling, picking pockets, stealing, house-breaking, &c. &c., in which the course is conducted under a more rigid examination than even at our universities. Now these *élèves* can be more easily taught to obtain the same object by honest means, if we could once get them into *our* schools, and

* Under this term I comprehend all those who have exercised a control over the operative classes, whether king, lords, commons, clergy, corporations, conservatives, &c., &c., their retainers and followers.

this must be attempted, for, in nine cases out of ten, it is poverty that has driven them from us, and converted them into beasts of prey. But a good education is impossible, unless it is accompanied by the means of livelihood—the first cannot be imparted without the last. How then are the means of doing it to be offered? First, by repealing all laws which check national industry, amongst the most prominent of which are the Corn-laws. Secondly, by affording to *all* the free choice of cultivating lands or manufactures, either in the mother country or the colonies. These measures would banish poverty from the nation, but whether the quantum of reform which it has obtained will send men into parliament, fit and willing to execute them, time alone can show, but I trust much more to the law of necessity than to any other.

We can, of course, obtain no data from which to calculate the amount of population that our country can maintain, under a free system of exchange of manufactures for food, and it is possible that Great Britain may become to the world—what London is to Britain—a great metropolis. Now, as the inhabitants of London live by importing food from all quarters, (if the term import may be allowed in this case,) it is only to extend the same idea to a whole country or nation, and why may it not do the same? Holland has for ages been in this situation. The limit of the comfortable condensation of the population in any place may not easily be defined, and of the two modes of supporting it—bringing food to the people, or sending them to the food—the former is the most desirable, inasmuch as it is generally allowed that progression of intellect, and consequently the rapidity of human improvement, will always be in a direct ratio to the density of the people, in which the human mind is brought into full action by constant collision. No efforts of the press can possibly afford a full substitute for colloquial intercourse, as far as the improvement of the mind is concerned, and it is to be regretted that the custom of detached houses in the agricultural districts should exist, from which the proverbial ignorance of the English farmer arises; I therefore cannot join in the regret expressed by Sir Walter Scott, that the French farm-houses were grouped in villages instead of being dispersed all over the country as in England. It is in some degree to the French nation being so gregarious that their superiority over other people in the *agrémens de la vie* is to be attributed. The isolated dispersion of the population exists also in the United States, and however superior that nation may be over all others in its government, I still think that our country will be the first to demonstrate the proposition of what is the best form, and place it on a permanent basis, for there are many more modifications of a government than any which the world has yet witnessed; but under none can *liberty* and *poverty* exist together—the one will inevitably destroy the other. Before we can, therefore,

perfectly obtain the former, we must remove the latter. The practical obstacles of the attempt will arise from the difficulty of getting access to and obtaining the confidence of the poor. They have so long been degraded by all the other classes into a distinct *caste*, and kept at arm's length from the rest of the community, that we are regarded almost as their natural enemies, and every endeavour on our parts to obtain a greater intimacy with them will most certainly be misconstrued, and regarded with suspicion. The aristocratic pride of this country must humble itself; a personal interchange of friendly offices must take place between the rich and the poor; all arrogant assumptions of superiority must cease; our public schools of every description, intended for their education, must be conducted with a greater spirit of kindness and familiarity, and even our poor laws administered with the same feeling. *Hauteur*, obsequiousness, and servility must be banished the country. Unless this is accomplished it will be impossible to educate, or even to govern the poor. As for our charitable donations, (so miscalled,) the greater part of them are worse than useless; they are bestowed without any acquaintance with the object, and then of course received without any kindly feeling. The donor is thus entitled to no praise or reward, for *there can be no virtue without a sacrifice*, and where is the sacrifice in the simple act of taking from the pocket what is never missed? There is but one species of true charity, and it is that only which will enable the poor to live without it, or, in other words, to assist them in earning their own subsistence. The terms 'ignorant mob,' 'brutal rabble,' &c. must cease to be used, and those who now employ them must be taught that they are not of the 'rabble' *only* by the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, and are themselves partly the cause of the existing ignorance and brutality by neglecting every means of removing it; the people are so merely because those who ought to teach them better, do not perform their duty. These are unpalatable truths with many, but I am ready to bear the obloquy, and challenge the contradiction. With you, sir, I know they will be received in the best spirit, because the most congenial to that of your excellent Repository, and I beg to subscribe myself most respectfully yours,

Bristol, 9 Jan. 1833.

JOHN HAM.

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. 5. THE SIX CODES.

[From the Commonplace-Book of an Invalid.]

The six French Codes—Some account of each—Appendix and its contents—Bulk of French law up to 1831, contrasted with that of English law—Justices of the peace—Primary courts—Cours royales—Assize courts—Costs of suit—Court of Cassation—Grand juries abolished by Bonaparte—The ‘Hypothèque,’ or register of titles—Pot de vin—A favourite custom at court—The new municipal law—Law on the organization of the national guard—New electoral law—Improvement of the ballot—Imperfections in French jurisprudence—Dependence of juries—excessive number of judges and suppléans—Power of transference and consequent delays—Improvements in the criminal code proposed by commission of revision—Unspeakable obligations of France and the whole world to Beccaria, Romilly, and Bentham.

THE great body of French law up to the year 1831 consisted of six Codes, entitled respectively, 1. Code Civile; 2. Code de Procédure Civile; 3. Code de Commerce; 4. Code d’Instruction criminelle; 5. Code Pénal; 6. Code Forestier; accompanied by *tables of costs and expenses*, with an appendix subjoined to the first five codes. The first five of these codes compose what was known by the name of the *Code Napoleon*, all of them not having been completed till during the period of his usurpation of the rights and liberties of the people; but the credit of them is alone due to the National Assembly of France who devised and prepared them. After the restoration the Bourbons added the appendix, containing amongst others a law against the freedom of the press, and the even more infamous *loi, pour la répression des Crimes et des Délits commis dans les édifices ou sur les objets consacrés à la religion catholique*, &c. and also the sixth code called *Code Forestier*. The *Code Civile*, the first, and by far the most comprehensive of these divisions, defines the rights of persons in their various capacities of citizens, parents, sons, daughters, guardians, minors, married and unmarried. It next treats of property in its respective modes of acquisition and possession, as inheritances,* marriage portions, sales, leases, bonds, loans, mortgages. The *Code de Procédure Civile* prescribes the manner of proceeding before the different courts of justice, beginning with the Juge de paix; also the mode of carrying sentences into effect, whether the payment of damages, the distraining of goods, or the imprisoning the party condemned. It declares likewise, the course to be followed in transactions distinct from those of the law courts, as in arbitrations, taking possession of an inheritance, or a division of property between man and wife. The *Code de Commerce* begins by defining the duties of certain officers, or commercial agents, such as sworn brokers and appraisers; it next treats of partnerships, of sales and purchases, of bills of exchange, of shipping, freight, and insurance, of temporary sus-

* This division, being that to which the attention of the writer was more particularly directed *practically* as well as *theoretically*, will be considered more at large.

pensions of payment, and bankruptcies. The *Code d'Instruction Criminelle*, a very different but equally interesting division, explains the duties of all public officers connected with the judicial police, whether mayors, assistants of mayors (*adjoints*) *procureurs du roi*, *juge d'instruction*, &c. After prescribing the rules regarding evidence, it regulates the manner of appointing juries, and the questions which fall within their competency. Its further dispositions relate to the mode and nature of appeals, and to the very unpopular courts authorized to try state offences, termed *Cours Spéciale* under Bonaparte, and *Cours Prévôtale* under the Bourbons. The *Code Pénal* describes the punishments awarded for offences in all their variety of gradation, from the penalties of the *police correctionnelle*, to the severest sentence of the law. All offences are classed under two general heads,—state offences, such as counterfeiting coin, resisting police officers, sedition, rebellion; and offences against individuals, as calumny, false evidence, manslaughter, murder. The appendix to the *Code Pénal* contains a law to indemnify the emigrants, dated 17 May, 1826, which has given rise recently to much debate in the chamber of deputies; and which has been materially altered; a law relative to there pair of highways, or what in England are called parish roads;* laws for the regulation of notaries, interest of money, relatif à la Plaidoirie, pleadings in courts of justice, and regulating the profession of advocate (*avocat*) and the barristers; the horrible law of sacrilege, passed 20th April, 1825, and the laws against the press and periodical journals. The *Code Forestier*, passed in the third year of Charles the Tenth's reign, (1827,) attempts to reduce to rule that management, not only of the royal, but the national forests, and in some cases even those belonging to private individuals, and to establish guards, fines, and other regulations, which, after all, must, and in most cases may best be left to the persons immediately interested in their conservation, and in the profits derivable therefrom, under the protection of such legislative enactments as our last English Trespass Act contains, for the protection of timber, coppice-woods, &c. &c. In France it is computed there are 17,000,000 of English acres of forest land, 3,700,000 of which are said to belong to the government, and which, according to the published accounts, do not make an annual return of more than 800,000*l.*, or after the rate of little more than four shillings per acre—a result sufficiently indicative either of gross neglect or mismanagement.† The impertinent interference with the rights

* It will scarcely be believed that more than ordinary repairs under this act, such as repairs of bridges, &c. cannot be effected without the consent of different officers at a distance—so insatiable was the appetite of the Bourbons for the creation of patronage.

† Abundant proof of this was afforded to the writer, when he afterwards crossed the Bocage, went through the national forest of Bersay, and lived for a fortnight in one of the romantic recesses of the vast forests of the Ardennes, several of which were for sale.

of private property sanctioned by the forest code, are such as none but an ignorant and despotically inclined government would have attempted. Inasmuch as the character of the present government of France partakes of those *statesman-like* qualities, this evil must wait a little longer for its remedy.

These codes, the first attempt to reduce the laws of a great nation into the compass of a pocket volume, consist of a number of sections and short paragraphs, each paragraph marked with a number, to facilitate reference. The style is as concise as is consistent with clearness. The arrangement is minute and elaborate. Copies of it are in possession not only of the judges, pleaders, and attornies, but of agents, merchants, and persons in business generally, who, without being enabled by it to dispense with the aid of lawyers in a suit, find in it a variety of useful information and explanations, which not unfrequently prevent a suit, and qualify men of moderate understanding to solve questions of common occurrence in their respective occupations. In England, on the contrary, such is the immense number of law-books, and their ponderous size, that it would require the age of one of the patriarchs to gain a competent knowledge of them. The most condensed edition of the statutes at large, yet given to the public, occupies thirty-nine volumes in quarto, seven and a half of which comprise the Acts from Magna Charta to the end of the reign of George II., the remaining thirty-one and a half being filled with those of the two last reigns! In France the justices of the peace are very numerous, there being one for each canton, and consequently near three thousand in the kingdom. They are never, as in England, clergymen, and seldom country gentlemen,* but persons acquainted with the law, and mostly in circumstances which make the salary, small as it is, (from eight hundred to one thousand francs, thirty to forty pounds,) an acceptable return for a portion of their time. They are not unfrequently provincial attornies, or pleaders retired from business. The justice of the peace (or *juge de paix*) in France is authorized to pronounce finally in petty sessions under fifty francs, or two pounds, and to make, in questions up to one hundred francs, a decision subject to appeal. He takes cognizance likewise of disputes about tenants' repairs, servants' wages, the displacing of the landmarks of property, driving incautiously on the highway, damaging standing corn, endangering a neighbour's property by neglecting repairs, &c. No action can be brought before a court of justice in France until the plaintiff has summoned his adversary before a *juge de paix* with an amicable intent, (*cité en conciliation*), and received

* Under the old system in France there were no country gentlemen, none answering to what we understand by that phrase, no men of moderate fortunes living on their estates in the country. It was the policy of the Bourbons to have but two classes of persons—the very rich and the very poor. The operation of the laws of inheritance will in time give France this class in society.

from the judge a *procès verbal*, showing that the difference could not be adjusted. When the justice is prevented from acting, his place is taken by his first, and, if necessary, by his second substitute. Of the *primary courts* there is one for every *arrondissement*, making above three hundred and sixty for the whole of France. Each is composed of three or four members, of two or three *suppléans*, or assistant members, and of a *procureur du roi*, acting on the part of the crown.

In populous districts, *cours de première instance* comprise six, seven, eight, or more members, and are divided into two or three chambers. They are chiefly occupied with questions of civil law, and hold, in the extent of their jurisdiction, a medium between the humble limits of the *juge de paix*, and the extensive powers of the *cour royale*, their decisions being final wherever the income of a property does not exceed forty shillings, or the principal forty pounds; but subject to an appeal to the *cour royale*.

The members of these inferior courts are now named, like other judges, by the crown, and hold their places for life. The salary of each is eighty pounds, their number, including *suppléans*, is not far short of three thousand. A section of the *tribunal de première instance* is appropriated to the trial of offences, under the name of *tribunal de police correctionnelle*; these are for graver offences, to which punishment of imprisonment, not exceeding five years, may be adjudged, whereas, in the former, imprisonment is limited to five days, or a fine of fifteen francs. These offences are such as assault and battery, swindling, privately stealing, using false weights or measures, &c. The higher courts of justice are equal in jurisdiction to our courts in Westminster-hall and on the circuit, but with this material difference, that in France the civil courts are always stationary. The *cours royales*, in number twenty-seven, are attached to the chief provincial towns throughout the kingdom. They are all formed on the same model, and possessed of equal powers, though differing materially in extent of business and number of members. The number of the latter depends on the population of the tract of country (generally three departments) subject to the jurisdiction of the court. In a populous quarter, like Normandy, a *cour royale* comprises *twenty, thirty*, and even *forty* judges, and is divided into three or four chambers, of which one performs the duty of an English grand jury, in deciding on the bills of indictment; (*mises en accusation*;) another is for the trial of offences, (*police correctionnelle*,) and a third, with perhaps a fourth, is for civil suits. These courts are often called *cours d'appel*, as all the cases that come before them must previously have been tried by an inferior court. The collective number of judges in these higher courts is not short of nine hundred, an aggregate hardly credible to an English ear, and which would prove a very serious charge on the public purse, were not their salaries very moderate, the lowest being one hun-

dred pounds, while the highest does not exceed three hundred pounds a year; the amount being regulated in strict reference to the population of the towns where the court is held.* The assize courts take cognizance exclusively of criminal cases; that is, of the crimes or serious offences referred to them by the *cours royales*. They consist of three, four, or five judges, members of the *cour royale*, but never belonging to the section that finds the indictments. The distinguishing accompaniment of a French assize court is a jury, which, as in England, consists of twelve members, and decides on the facts of the case, leaving the application of the law, however, to the judges. Complete unanimity was at no time necessary in a French jury. At first a majority of ten to two was required; but this was subsequently altered to a simple majority, with the qualification that, in case of condemnation by only two voices, (seven to five,) the verdict should be reconsidered by the judges, and the party acquitted if, in taking judges and jurymen collectively, there was a majority in his favour.

The assizes are the only courts in France that are not stationary. They are, however, held in the chief town of a department once in three months. *The costs of suit are very exactly defined by a printed tariff or table*; and it is a rule in criminal as well as civil cases that *the party condemned or losing, is liable for all*. The special courts (*cours spéciales*) were constituted out of the usual course for the trial of state offences by Bonaparte as engines of his tyranny; the *cours prévôtales* by the restored Bourbons as instruments of theirs.† Besides the foregoing applications of that term, the name of *tribunal*, or court, is given in France to a committee of five merchants, or leading tradesmen, *appointed by the mercantile body* in every town of considerable business or population. Their competency extends to all disputes occurring in mercantile business, and falling within the provisions of the *code de commerce*. Their decisions are founded on that code and on the customs of merchants, and are final in all cases below a thousand francs. The presence of three members is necessary to form a court; the duty is performed gratuitously, and the number of the courts in France is between one and two hundred.

The court of cassation, the highest known to the French laws, is held at Paris, and is composed of three chambers, each of sixteen members and a president, making, with the premier president, a total of fifty-two. Its province is to decide definitively in all appeals from the decrees of the *cours royales*; investigating not the facts of a case but the forms of law, and ordering wherever

* The English reader should, however, recollect the great difference of the value of money in France and England, as well as the still greater difference in the style and expenses of living in the two countries.

† These have been gotten rid of since the revolution of 1830. The present king is suspected of being desirous of restoring them.

they have been infringed or deviated from, a new trial before another *cour royale*. This revision takes place in civil as well as criminal cases. It determines also all differences as to jurisdiction between one court and another; and exercises a certain degree of control over every court in the kingdom. It has power to call the judges to account before the minister of justice, and even to suspend them from their functions; acting thus as a high tribunal for the maintenance of the established order of judicature. How much better it has answered this its intended purpose and duty than those who would exercise and those who would establish arbitrary power if they could, has been proved in a late memorable instance. May the integrity and independence of French judges be thus ever vindicated, and may the noble example not be lost to other countries!

The French minister, 'Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice' (*Garde des Sceaux, &c.*) may be compared to the Chancellor of England, though his patronage is much more limited and his functions much more suitable to that of a minister. He, in fact, rarely acts as a judge, but exercises a general superintendence over the judicial body. He is the medium of communication between the king and the courts of justice, in the same way as the minister of the home department is in regard to the civil authorities. The expenses of the judicial body fall under his cognizance. The *procureurs généraux* and *procureurs du roi* throughout the kingdom address their correspondence to him; and it is his province to report to the king on the commutation or alleviation of punishment; on pardons; in short, on all points in dispute or controversy whether of legislation or administration. One of the more immediate results of the revolution of 1789 was the institution of *trial by jury* in criminal cases; for some time there were grand juries in France similar to ours in England, from which model they were adopted; these were, however, parts of the system of the National Assembly which ill-suited the despotic views of Bonaparte; to attempt seriously to get rid of the former he found would be running too great a risk, even for his cunning and daring. Partly by means of intimidation, and partly from the paucity of numbers, and the habits of French country gentlemen having been corrupted, and their views directed to advancement at court, (which had been made the centre of attraction,) rather than to rural concerns and the improvement of their country neighbourhoods, the functions of grand jurymen and their importance were but ill understood and therefore the less valued, so that the wily usurper of the rights of the people succeeded in transferring them to the *cours royales*. This chamber of a *cour royale* still decides, and in secret, on the bills of indictment, on *ex parte* evidence, as do the grand juries of England, so that not only a secret tribunal, the members of which are appointed by the king, but a considerable expense, is entailed on the country,

which the readoption of the grand jury system would save. Under a professedly liberal government, the unsolicited restoration of grand juries, and the exclusion of the executive power from interference with the election of common juries, might have been confidently expected; but the restoration of these popular rights does not appear to form any part of the *projet* of the present government, which seems to be more occupied with aggrandizing itself, than with fulfilling the royal promise of republican institutions. These, however, as well as the nomination of the *juges de paix*, the mayors, and other local magistrates, must ere long, no doubt, be restored to the people, for whose use and benefit they are required, and out of whose pockets those officers are paid.

In another important article the proceedings of courts of judicature are different in France and in England. Paris does not, like London and Edinburgh, absorb almost all the civil law business of the country. It has, it is true, its *cour royale* on a large scale, comprising five chambers and fifty judges, but its jurisdiction is confined to the metropolis and the seven adjacent departments. There is a *procureur du roi* for every tribunal of *première instance*, and a *procureur général* for every *cour d'appel*. Deteriorated as in some respects the French codes undoubtedly are, since they came out of the hands of their great fosterfathers, the benefits France has derived from them, and their immense superiority over the wretched, old, incongruous, contradictory, anomalous, and oppressive systems which bore down the energies, and reduced to desperation the hopes of the country, are altogether incalculable. France has now, as Fenelon declared she ought to have, a WRITTEN LAW;—a law to be referred to;—a law the guide of the judges; and which ought to be, and if not which ere long will be, the protection of the subject;—a law which, if not perfect, is still known to be the law; and which may, and doubtless will, be amended where it is susceptible of improvement. It lies within the compass of the understanding of any man of common sense, and its different codes appear to be so well classed, the provisions of each to be so clearly arranged, and the indices so copious, as well as faithful, that reference to any particular branch is rendered both safe and easy.* The provisions of the French laws for registering mortgages and purchases of land, one object of which is to regulate the expenses of conveyances, and another to prevent litigation, and ascertain, or make a clear and indisputable title, are excellent; and if the government, instead of stamp duties, requires a considerable *ad valorem* duty, which, however, includes the charges of the notary and all other expenses, it is after all but a trifling consideration given for the important advan-

* Mirabeau, in his 'Enquiries concerning Lettres de Cachet,' after enumerating several European countries which have some, though imperfect written codes, adds, 'The French alone had not only no uniform code, but were without even a collection of their customs.'

tages which the system confers, though no one can deny that it is a heavy tax and one which ought to be reduced. The modern distinction introduced by the English lawyers between an *equitable* and a *marketable* title, and the delay and expense thereby inflicted on a seller, together with the necessity, and at times enormous cost of getting-in outstanding terms, are entirely avoided. Public and repeated notices, with sufficient time to make them available, are given for the purpose of considering and admitting any hostile claim, or of making known and valid any prior mortgage; and few persons are to be now found in France who, previously to advancing money either on mortgage or on purchase of land, do not examine the records at the *Bureau Hypothèques*.* There is a custom in France which, at first sight, would appear to be confined to the usage of dealers in wine, but the seller of land is also entitled to his '*pot de vin*.' In the items of the sales of M. Marchant de Verrière's wines, made year after year at his vineyards near Orleans, genuine particulars of which were obligingly communicated to me without reserve, a certain sum per hogshead is mentioned as the sale price, and in addition, so much for '*pot de vin*;' for instance, '8 November 1816, sold 64 hogsheads of white wine at 60 francs,' and '60 francs de *pot de vin*.'† This '*pot de vin*,' which is arbitrary, and bears no fixed proportion to the price of the article sold, is applicable to other articles as well as to wine, even to land, a considerable amount of the purchase money being sometimes paid under that denomination, and is seldom included in the gross sum to be *hypothecated*. It bears great resemblance to the per centage generally paid down by way of deposit in England, which constitutes a portion of the purchase money of an estate on which the *ad valorem* stamp duty is levied; the '*pot de vin*' is not subjected to the operation of the *hypothèque*, and not being taxed is of course not protected by it. This singular custom is not of modern origin in France. Under the old regime, whenever a bargain relating to the monopolies and other sources of revenue was struck between the king and the *fermiers généraux*, every minister received a gift called '*un pot de vin*,' which pottle of wine was of the value of 100,000 livres. The favourite sultana procured these places for her friends, or for those recommended by her friends; and these ladies were known to be particularly fond of this kind of wine,—they drank with great avidity repeated *pottles*. To indemnify themselves for these presents, the *fermiers généraux* oppressed the people in the most dreadful manner. To save themselves from this excessive tyranny the people were naturally driven to commit many frauds in return, or as they deemed it, in self-defence, so that the *ferme générale* exercised the most unceasing vigilance, and un-

* Hypothèque, s. f. Droit acquis par un créancier sur les biens que son débiteur lui a affectés pour la sûreté de sa dette.—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*, cinquième édition.

† In a future notice the whole of these interesting particulars will be given.

sparing severity, and is stated at one time to have had, throughout France, in pay an army of clerks, subalterns, scouts, and spies to the astonishing number of eighty thousand men !* In addition to the foregoing codes and appendix, in the session of 1831, laws passed the French legislature which it has been thought fit to call the seventh code, probably for want of due consideration, that the multiplication of laws cannot increase the number of codes. Much as the French laws have been simplified, and infinitely better as they have been arranged, (indeed under the old Bourbons there was no classification at all,) it seems to have escaped the sagacity of the French legislators, that a system of jurisprudence could, in strictness, consist but of three codes, namely, the civil code, the penal code, and the code of procedure, and that all laws may be classed under one or other of these heads ; the last also, code of procedure, being in fact but the mode in which the objects of the two other codes are to be carried into effect. The seventh and eighth codes (so called) were not printed, *as such*, in June 1831, but the principal laws they contain are the *municipal law*, (*loi sur l'organisation municipale*,) the *law on the organization of the national guard*, (*loi sur l'organisation de la garde nationale de France*,) and the *electoral law*, (*loi électorale*.) Under the provisions of the municipal law, the king still nominates the mayors of the communes throughout France, and the 'adjoints' or assistants.

With a chamber of deputies, such as is that of the French, partly chosen under the corrupt overbearing system of Charles X, the patriotic deputies and the public found it impossible, without risking a commotion, which the real republicans in France deprecate, to obtain for the people the restoration of this their unquestionable right, and they were obliged to content themselves for the present with having wrested from the court the nomination to the inferior offices of the magistracy ; and this monstrous anomaly, unless kings were endued with the attributes of ubiquity and omnipresence, remains for a further period of time a blot on the jurisprudence of France, and a strong proof of the arbitrary disposition even of an elected monarch. The law on the organization of the national guard gives the king the choice of the commanders of legions, (*les chefs de légion*,) and of the lieutenant-colonels, out of a list of ten candidates, presented by the legion. Every Frenchman, from the age of twenty to that of sixty years, (with the exception of ecclesiastics, the students at colleges, soldiers of the line, and a few others,) is to serve in person in the national guard of the place in which he resides. Their services are limited to the commune or arrondissement, excepting under particular and special circumstances of local disturbances or national invasion ; in the latter case they are

* Domestic Anecdotes of the French Nation, p. 220.

compellable only to serve as protectors of convoys, in the garrisoned towns, and generally so as to enable the government to avail itself of the full force and efficiency of the regular troops. From the spirit universally displayed, however, there is no doubt but that the national guards would, in case of invasion, volunteer for active and unrestricted service. In the month of May, 1831, there were enrolled in the national guards between two and three millions of men, in different stages of training, and mostly clothed and armed. By the new electoral law, notwithstanding the evident disinclination of the chambers materially to enlarge the privileges, or rather to concede to the just claims of the people, the presidents of the electoral colleges are no longer necessarily the creatures of the minister, but are to be chosen by the *electors themselves*. The *electors are more numerous*, that is, the right of voting is *extended*, so that, judging from a number of local returns compared, it would appear that the increase will be at least three quarters to one, or, in a case where the electors *were* a thousand under the old Bourbons, and up to the period of the operation of the present law, they *will be* at least 1750. Several of the returns actually show the proportion of increase to be as 1900 to 1000, so that they will be the less easily intimidated or circumvented, and, above all, the provisions for insuring the integrity of *the ballot*, and for rendering that sacred, which had heretofore, in many cases, been violated and betrayed, will enable the electors to act according to the real dictates of their consciences, without fear or control. Thus France has gained much, unquestionably, by the new electoral law, although yet imperfect, and notwithstanding an immense majority of Frenchmen, having property to lose, and rights to be defended, are yet unrepresented. Whether, until there be a real representation of the sentiments of the great body of the people in France, other and more material improvements will take place in the jurisprudence of that country, remains to be seen. It was calculated by those who had opportunities for obtaining information, that though France contains thirty-two millions of people, the constituency, or persons legally qualified to vote for members of the chamber, did not amount to more than two hundred thousand individuals,—a satire on representation, and an absurdity scarcely to be paralleled; and yet there are above two millions of citizens who can be trusted with arms in their hands, and with cannon attached to their battalions!

The leading objectionable features in the French jurisprudence appear to be the nomination on the part of the Crown of such a vast number of judges; the imperfect and limited expense of the jury system; the retention of some barbarous and capital punishments, in direct opposition to the feelings and wishes of the people; the unnecessary number of *employés*; the harassing reference of a certain description of cases from one court and

authority to another, and the delay consequent thereon. Independently of the unspeakably greater security afforded by grand juries, in criminal cases, than by any constituted and paid authorities whatever, the periodical association of the principal resident landowners, and the interchange of information and opinions consequent thereon, would speedily create a species of country-gentlemen, above all things wanted in France, who would, in a short time, be qualified to act as justices of the peace, (peacemakers and peace-preservers amongst their neighbours,) and who would give a tone and consequence to the country departments, which they have not at present. In the inferior description of law-courts alone, it appears that, including the *suppléans*, there are in France three thousand persons having the character of judges. Even a single *cour royale*, in a populous district, has sometimes from twenty-five to thirty judges, the collective number of such being not fewer than nine hundred. This is cumbrous, expensive, and dangerous machinery with a vengeance.*

It is cheering to know that the commission of revision appointed by the minister of justice, which has been some time sitting, has sent a report (*projet*) to all the courts of the kingdom for their opinion and advice. They propose to abolish many punishments which have been long reprobated by the enlightened jurists of France, and condemned in the public opinion; such as civil death, branding and mutilation of the hand, the *corcou*, or iron collar. The punishment of death is *no longer* to be inflicted on coiners, for counterfeiting state seals, forgery, or robbery, even under aggravated circumstances, nor for some other, at present, capital offences. Great and salutary alterations are contemplated in some of the articles of the second section of the third book of the *code pénal*, which treats 'of plots and attempts against the king and his family;' and Bonaparte's abominably arbitrary acts against vagrants, in the fifth section of the same book and code, are to be entirely repealed, as well as the supplementary law to the penal code, passed the 25th of June, 1824. Thus it appears that although the ministers are content to march in the rear of public opinion, they have either too much respect for it, or regard for their places, to withhold all compliance with its dictates. It is at any rate consolatory to the feelings of humanity, which have been so long outraged by the existence and execution of arbitrary and barbarous laws, that decided progress is constantly making in the improvement of the systems of national jurisprudence, and particularly in assimilating the spirit and practice of the penal code more and more to the clear dictates of justice, and to the

* The celebrated case of Dumonteil, the priest, *who had dared to marry*, furnishes a memorable example of the manner in which the plainest cases may be turned over from one court to another, each shifting the responsibility from itself, whilst the accused is in danger of becoming the victim to their delay. See *Constitutionnel*, May 1831. See also *Nouveau Mémoire à consulter du Jeune Jésuite*, Paris, 1829.

mild and merciful spirit of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; whilst it is not a little gratifying to the legitimate and honourable pride of Englishmen, to know and to have it freely acknowledged by foreigners, that, next Beccaria, this happy change is mainly attributable to the splendid talents and unwearied benevolence of their illustrious countrymen, Romilly and BENTHAM.

M.

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 7.

AFTER a pause, we resume our catalogue, and purpose to present a synoptical view of the contents of the remaining volumes with fewer digressions into collateral remark.

The thirteenth volume consists of miscellaneous poems, for the greater part belonging to that class of Goethe's earliest writings, comic and satirical, which astonished the age, excited tumultuous applause from the gay and young, and were received with frowns from the severe and scrupulous. Written in that artificial doggerel of which Faust is the most elaborate refinement, here are his Political and Moral Puppet-Shows; his burlesque of the then expiring and now forgotten Franco-German rhymed tragedies; his Fast-night play of Peter Brey the false prophet; a sort of Tartuffe, &c. One little squib is indeed directed against that very unpopular ultra-heretical theologian Dr. Bahrdt, the precursor of the philological school rendered illustrious by Echhorn, Paulus, &c. Driven from his professorship and becoming a vintner, the doctor nevertheless found partisans and purchasers for his new exegesis, to which Goethe wrote a rhymed preface. In this he represents the doctor receiving a visit from the four evangelists in person with their *attributes*; (the legendary animals;) but the doctor will not introduce them to his company unless they will submit to be shaved and dress like gentlemen. Then follows a legend of our Saviour, such as in the middle ages would have edified the pious, and which Hans Sachs might have invented. The 'poetical mission' of that popular protestant writer, whose homely rhymes aided the reformation,* is an act of even affecting homage by the accomplished and learned poet of the 18th and 19th centuries to the humble shoemaker and versifier of the 16th.

In a similar style of studied homeliness, written for the departing generation, are, the verses on Meeding's death. And of a deeper import the *Kunster's Erdenwallen*, the artist's pilgrimage on earth, and the *Kunstler's Apotheose*, his apotheosis. These dramolets exhibit the hard fate of the artist, whose sole reward is,

The estate that wits inherit after death.

In the one we see him labouring on master-pieces for bread, in

* See Taylor's Survey, vol. i. p. 163.

the other, the deified artist beholds the triumph of his genius in the reverential worship which those same master-pieces receive.

To these are added a poem on Schiller's death, set to music, and performed in memory of his friend, on solemn occasions; a fragment entitled 'Mysteries,' in ottava rime, in which, with gorgeous pomp of verse, the awful ceremonies of the catholic church are displayed; but it is the vestibule to a temple that was never raised.

The volume terminates with a series of poems called '*Maskenzüge*,' i. e. Masked processions, composed from the year 1776 downwards, for festivals in honour of the birth-day of the late duchess of Weimar. In one entitled *Romantic Poetry*, a representation was given of the *minnesänger* and epic poets of the German middle ages.

Towards the close of Bonaparte's career, when the Empress Maria Louisa visited Carlsbad, Goethe, who was a frequent visitor of that delightful watering place, comprehended her in his complimentary verses, and without naming him, alludes to the hero whose dominion had been assured by the son, to whom he had assigned Rome herself as a guardian; and by whose *will* the peace of the world was on the point of being established!!! Not always is the poet a prophet; however when peace did come under other auspices, Goethe celebrated it by the most elaborate of his allegorical performances.

Des Epimenides Erwachen, i. e. The awakening of Epimenides, was performed at Berlin in 1815. The purely artificial character of this kind of composition seems to preclude the most valuable qualities of poetry, but Goethe, though approaching seventy years of age, still retained his power of thought and fancy. Passion, there is none in the poem. It contains no appeal to national or patriotic feelings. Neither Germany nor France is personified. Epimenides, the well-known sleeper of the Greek fable, is led to his couch, before which appear a host of allegorical beings. With a freedom which no mere courtier would have exercised, the elements of evil in society are brought forward in action. *Pfaffe*, (precisely our *parson* as a term of contempt,) Jurist, Diplomatist, Courtier, &c. in combination with Oppression, Cunning, &c. &c. The scene undergoes a mournful change. Desolation follows their march. But before the sleeper awakens, Hope, Love, &c. &c. have reestablished the splendour of the scene, and a choral hymn is sung in praise of *Unity*, who is introduced as a tutelary being, by which the mask is worthily closed. The unity that Goethe meant was of course that of all the people, at the head of which were their respective sovereigns. Not a union of all the people in a narrower sense, the commonalty against all the governments, the nobility, &c. &c.

Vol. 11. *Der Triumph der Empfindsamkeit Eine dramatische Grille*, i. e. The Triumph of Sensibility. We have already spoken of

this 'dramatic whim,' and sufficiently, vol. vi. p. 298. We merely add that there is incorporated in this piece a monodrama, *Proserpine*; a lyrical exposition of the feelings of the queen of hell after her abduction. It is introduced by a satire on the then rage for picturesque gardening à l'Anglaise.

Die Vögel, i. e. The Birds. An imitation of the first scenes in the well-known comedy of Aristophanes. It is one of the author's earliest pieces, written for performance on the duke of Weimar's private theatre at Ettersburg. There is nothing foreign about it, though every part of it is wild and extravagant. The satire bold, various, and by no means malignant.

Der Gross-Cophta, i. e. The Great-Cophta, a comedy in five acts. It was in 1785 that all Europe rung with the adventures of a political adventurer, *Cagliostro*, who amused an idle and frivolous generation, and even obtained partisans among the noblesse of the profligate court of France, by pretensions to magic. Among the dupes was the famous cardinal Rohan; among his confederates, the notorious countess de la Motte. These distinguished persons contrived to defraud a Parisian jeweller of a diamond necklace of immense value, which they pretended to purchase for the then young queen of France, Maria Antoinette. Her enemies endeavoured to implicate her in the fraud. Men took sides from party motives, but the revolution broke out, and its astonishing incidents threw into shade all the preceding intrigues of the French court. Though a very insignificant work, the poorest, perhaps, that Goethe ever wrote, as a representation of the state of society immediately before that momentous event even this comedy is not without historic value. We here behold Cagliostro, a successful impostor, frightening the women out of their wits, and even overawing the very men who more than half suspect him to be a knave.

The Count promises to introduce his dupes to the Great-Cophta, a prophet of vast powers—of course, himself. His accomplice, a niece of the Countess, in a pretended trance, describes the Queen of France to the enamoured Cardinal, and so ensnares him. And an incident is imagined which forms the catastrophe of the drama, in sufficient harmony with the real occurrence. The parties are detected at night, during the practice of a trick, in which the Queen was personated: and the arrest of the conspirators is the *dénouement* of the play. The Cardinal, though acquitted by the Parliament of Paris, was exiled by the King to his bishopric. The Countess and Cagliostro were both banished. She published her life in England—he died in a prison in the Roman states.*

* Goethe felt a strong interest in all that concerned Cagliostro; and published an account of his family, which he obtained at Palermo, by as innocent a fraud as ever was practised. The impostor's mother and sister were living there in great poverty. Goethe introduced himself to them as sent by Cagliostro. In their extreme ignorance

Der Bürger-General, i. e. The Citizen-General, a comedy, in one act; a sort of sequel to Florian's popular comedy, *Les deux Billets*, which Anton Wall had translated, and continued in German. This is a second continuation. It was written and performed at an early period of the revolution, when Jacobinism had made such slight advances in Germany, and was so little feared, that it could be laughed at. The only attraction which such a subject could have for Goethe lies in a highly ridiculous farcical character, *Schnaps*, (*dram.*) an impudent chattering barber, who pretends to have been appointed Citizen-General by the Jacobin society at Paris, whenever, in his village, the revolution shall break out. He has obtained possession of a cap of liberty, tri-coloured cockade, soldier's coat, &c. and with these he sets up the trade of revolutionary agent. After all, however, he is but a political Jerry Diddler; he does contrive to get a breakfast of sour milk, for which, however, he has to pay *in corpore*, (as the old lawyers used to say,) since he could not pay from his purse.

Vol. 15. The dramas terminate with a fragment in prose, *Die Aufgeregten*, i. e. the Insurgents. We neither wonder nor regret that it was left incomplete. The author's purpose (similar to that of the *Bürger-General*) was to expose as an object of ridicule the attempt of a conceited surgeon to raise the standard of rebellion against his sovereign, a *Reichsgräfinn*, Countess of the empire;—a sort of parody of the revolutionary scenes which had already begun in France. But, besides that the subject was too tragical for a joke, in effect the satire strikes less the Jacobins, than the political constitution which could be so assailed. The more than three hundred petty sovereigns of Germany aped ridiculously the formalities of greater powers. And even these otherwise very insignificant scenes, may be read with interest for the information they impart concerning the economy of the late petty states of the late 'holy German empire.'

Unterhaltungen deutscher Ausgewanderten, i. e. Amusements of German Emigrants. A noble family, driven over the Rhine, discourse, with more Socratic wisdom than dramatic passion, on the calamities of the times; and, as a relief from the sad realities of the hour, have recourse to the old remedy—story-telling. Hence is introduced that unique tale without a title, *Das Märchen*,—a word for which we have no corresponding term. In this tale there are no fairies; nor is it legendary, for it is founded on no popular superstition; nor does it resemble any thing we ever read, even Landon's *Gebir* is intelligible by its side. It is an experiment of what may be done by mere fancy. A juxta-position

and simplicity, (they could neither read nor write,) it was easy for him to make them believe his story; whilst he gladdened the hearts of the poor women as well by the substantial relief he afforded them, as by making them believe that their worthless kinsman had not altogether forgotten them. The picture of their simple piety is even touching.

rather than a combination of unconnected images, like a picture of chaos formed of splendid colours. It has no object, nor even characters, unless we consider to be persons two jacks-a-lantern, who shake gold from their—may we say body?—to pay the ferryman, whose boat is nearly overset by their weight. Schlegel has entitled it a *Golden Tale*, and there is a magic in the style that fascinates the reader. But since it is style, and nothing but style, that captivates, it was bold, not to say rash, in Mr. C. to venture on a translation, in a late number of *Fraser's Magazine*, with notes, that read very like satire on his previous writings.

In the course of the dialogue a favourite theme is introduced, *Die guten Weiber*, The good Women. We have here an insight into Goethe's domestic psychological philosophy. The volume closes with what the author calls a *Novelle*, in the Italian, not English, sense of the word. It is rather a romantic anecdote or idyl in prose, than a tale. In grace of diction it emulates the sweetness of the few really beautiful serious tales of Boccaccio, such as 'The Pot of basil,' 'The Falcon,' &c.

With Vol. 16 commences a most important class of our author's works, his three philosophical romances.

Of Werter we have spoken already, vol. vi. p. 297. We add but one remark. The two last generations of novel readers have been chiefly attracted to this book by its power over their feelings as a work of passion. Posterity will probably contemplate it in connexion with the political convulsions of the age that succeeded its publication. Werter is not merely the hopeless lover,—he is the oppressed *bourgeois*; he represents the class of persons wounded by the inequalities of rank, and unable to sustain the burthen of social existence; his tragic fate points to the conflict then brooding in the great body of social life, which was so soon to sustain one of the severest shocks that the history of mankind records.

Annexed to Werter are *Letters from Switzerland*, which serve partially to solve a question that has been often put,—Did Goethe mean to identify himself with Werter? In the preface it is merely said that the letters are asserted to have been found among Werter's poems, and to have been written before he knew Charlotte. And he identifies himself with the writer in a remarkable sentence, which, however, as far as we know, no one has yet remarked. At the Hospice of Usnau, a priest having made a speech in praise of his Church, the letter-writer adds, 'How he would have wondered had a spirit revealed to him that he was addressing himself to a descendant of Frederick the Wise!' that must mean of Saxony: and, in 1779, Goethe did travel in Switzerland with the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a descendant of the Wise Frederick. In 1773 he had travelled thither with the two Counts Stolberg: and in these letters he refers to an earlier journey. This amounts to all the proof such a position is capable of receiving. But there is in these letters the same two-fold character

which, according to Goethe's mother, there is in Werter. Those of the first part are in a melancholy mood ; he writes with bitterness of the Swiss. He is travelling through a country little seen, though very beautiful, in the neighbourhood of the Jura mountains. In the latter part he goes from Geneva, over the Gemnii and St. Gothard, towards Italy, where the letters abruptly terminate.

We think that this latter journey may be fairly considered as belonging to his personal history, and ought to precede his journey to Italy in the works. Acquainted as we are with the scenes travelled over, we should think the tone exaggerated, but for two considerations : we have not had the good fortune to see this glorious country in winter ; and it is now no adventure to cross the Alps in summer ; in which season at least there are some four or five high roads as free from danger as the turnpike-road between London and Newmarket.

Vol. 17 consists of *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, i. e. Elective Affinities ; a romance written at a late period in Goethe's life, 1809, after *Wilhelm Meister*. It has not the lofty pretensions of that work, nor contains its manifold bearings on human life. The incidents are few, like those of Werter, but it wants its popular qualities. It is a tragic tale. The catastrophe is produced by the woful excesses of that passion of which Lord Bacon says, that the stage is more beholden to it than life. But the book is not confined to the developements of a wild tumultuous passion. The passionate scenes are relieved by long digressions of a soothing kind, every part of which is richly stored with moral and psychological wisdom.

Edward, a wealthy baron, the spoiled child of prosperity, is living on his estate, married rather late in life to Charlotte, whom he loved when young, but whom he did not obtain till after the death of her first husband. They have every object of earthly desire in abundance. The Baron hears that an old school-fellow and friend, a military man, is dismissed from service, and insists on his coming to reside with them. His wife in vain remonstrates, objecting that the presence of a third person might interrupt their domestic felicity, and remarks that, under a like apprehension, she had not proposed that her niece Ottilia should be removed from her convent to their house. But the forebodings of the wife have no effect on the self-willed husband. The Captain comes, who merits the attachment of his friend, by rare powers of mind, and high honour and integrity. Ottilia, too, comes, and she is a model of female virtue and excellence, uniting to the warmest sensibilities of her sex all the purity of which it is susceptible. And yet a fatal combination arises which, borrowing, in illustration of the passions of our nature, the language of chemical science, our author terms *elective affinities*, which, in fact, are found in life as in nature. This

habit of contemplating the moral and physical worlds, reflecting each other as in a mirror, is very characteristic of German philosophy, and we, therefore, abridge a portion of the ominous dialogue that precedes the occurrence of any actual evil.

'That word, *verwandtschaft*, [relationship, affinity,] brought to my mind some troublesome kinsfolk,' said Charlotte; 'And yet,' said Edward, 'it is but a figurative expression; the book treats of earths and minerals, but man is a very Narcissus—he sees himself in every thing.' 'Ay!' exclaimed the Captain, 'man imputes his wisdom and his folly, his idle whims and his earnest desires, alike to plants and minerals, the elements, and superhuman powers.'

To the inquiries of Charlotte an explanation is given of the elective affinities which, in by-gone chemical theories, were often adverted to. Pursuing the analogy, Edward adds: 'Some substances, like friends and old acquaintance, unite the instant they meet, without losing their individual nature; wine and water for instance. Others are obstinate, and will not yield but to mechanical violence. Shake oil and water as you like, when the shaking is over they separate'—had the speaker been a prophet he might have said, 'as Holland and Belgium will do.'

'The complex cases are most curious,' said Edward, 'when feebler and remoter affinities come into play, and when they produce separations.' 'Does that *sad* word occur in natural history which we hear so frequently in life,' asked Charlotte? 'By all means,' answered Edward; 'formerly chemistry was known by no other name.*' 'We have done wisely in leaving that off,' remarked Charlotte, 'for uniting is a greater art than separating.' 'Don't think me a pedant,' said the Captain, 'if I use the language of signs to explain this. Imagine A and B to be united, so that they can hardly be separated. But C and D are added; and now A combines with C, and B with D, and there is no saying which is the first to leave its companion.' 'Let me use this as a simile, Charlotte,' added her husband. 'You are A, and I follow you as B does its A. Now the Captain has, in a certain degree, drawn me from you. And you need a D to supply the loss. This can be no other than your niece, Ottilia, whose coming you can no longer oppose.'

Ottilia did come, but the elective affinities operate otherwise than had been anticipated in the playful dialogue. In the tragical consequences of this fatal meeting of four excellent persons, lies the whole novel, though one only of the four, Edward, the self-willed, is subdued by irresistible desires. The Captain withdraws the moment he is conscious of the involuntary passion; and Charlotte swerves not for an instant from her conjugal duties. Even Edward flies and takes military service, and leaves Ottilia

* The nearly obsolete term for chemistry is *scheidekunst*, from *scheiden*, to separate, and *kunst*, art.

with his wife to pine away in solitude, unconscious of the nature of her own malady, and incapable of evil. During the imperfect repose permitted by the absence of Edward, the course of the narrative allows of delightful digressions. Beautiful dissertations are introduced on architecture, and on the elegant occupations incident to a country life of persons of taste. Other characters are introduced which diversify the scene; the splendid accomplishments of Charlotte's daughter are finely contrasted with the deeper charms of her niece, Ottilia; and a young architect serves to enrich their society by his conversations, as well as adorn the estate by the exercise of his professional talents. Among the episodes of the novel are an animated description of *tableaux vivans*; and, above all, a *novella*, entitled, '*Die wunderlichen Nachbarskinder*,' The Strange Neighbour's Children. At length, the campaign being ended, and Charlotte delivered of a beautiful boy, this repose is disturbed by the return of Edward.

The catastrophe rapidly follows, but of this we shall say nothing. The statement of the story of a novel, except for the purpose of explaining the author's drift, is worse than idle. Suffice it to say, that this pathetic tale ends as it *must* end—not without the intervention of that which, under various systems, and in different states of mind, has been indifferently called fate, accident, or providence.

Admirable as this little work is, perfect as a composition, and fraught with beauties of the highest order, we are by no means anxious that it should be immediately translated; at all events, we hope it will not fall into the hands of a mechanical translator. It would not please those who read for the sake of the story; who would find the dialogues and discussions too frequent and too long; and among those who would be capable of appreciating the deeper merits of the work, not a few might be offended by some of the sentiments. There is no branch of morality upon which there are greater diversities of sentiment, among different nations, than that which respects marriage. An Englishman must familiarize himself with the French Comedy before he can be reconciled to the absolute power which the father is assumed to have over the hand of his daughter. The problem of the French dramatist is to obtain the father's consent to the daughter's choice. The English author's frequent object is to exhibit the lovers in successful defiance of his refusal.

The German novel, like the French play, requires an indulgent allowance for diversities of national sentiment. A large proportion of English readers are indeed deeply convinced that our own national habit of thought (whether it concerns the observance of the Sunday or any other custom) is the only true and lawful and permissible habit. To them we have nothing to say. To another class we content ourselves with reminding them that in all that respects the indissolubility of marriage, the principles of the Au-

glican church are nearer those of the church of Rome, than those of any other reformed church. And that in the Protestant Churches of Germany, as well the Lutheran as the Calvinistic, divorces are allowed, as our own great and wise Milton so strenuously contended they ought to be.

TO INEZ.

MINE own, my gentle child,
 My fountain of all love,
 With a spirit soft and mild,
 And a firmness naught can move!

Entranced I gaze upon thee,
 Thou chaser of my gloom;
 When a lover's heart hath won thee,
 I will welcome but the tomb.

How glorious is thy brow,
 Thine eyes how beaming bright,
 Thy voice of silvery flow,
 And thine intellect of light!

While listening to thy speech
 I mark thy judgment's power,
 I hold thy love more rich,
 Than the spoils of beauty's bower.

I have tasted beauty's lip,
 I have gazed on woman's charms,
 I have drained the cup too deep,
 And my heart no longer warms.

But thy love, so sweet and pure,
 In which passion may not dwell;
 Oh! might it but endure,
 Then this bosom were no hell.

Thy kisses fall like balm,
 On mine eyelids and my heart,
 Like a summer evening's calm.
 May we never, never, part!

Oh! gentle is each thought
 While I gaze upon thy face;
 The peace I long have sought,
 Is in thy abiding place.

Yet I joy to see the flashing
 Of the lightning in thine eye,
 Which, with ruin round thee crashing,
 Would still pale fear defy.

Oh ! calm me, gentle child,
 With thine accents low and sweet,
 Chase away each feeling wild,
 Bid my pulses softly beat !

Place thy small hand on my cheek,
 And thy sweet lips upon mine ;
 And my spirit shall grow meek,
 While united unto thine.

Oh ! so deeply do I love thee,
 My beautiful, my bright ;
 Where thou art, day beams above thee,
 Where thou art not, is but night.

Though thou art not of my blood
 Thou art kindred to my soul ;
 Thou hast chased the warring mood,
 That no other might control.

We will talk of Art, and Nature,
 We will kneel at Wisdom's feet ;
 Thou shalt have no other teacher,
 Sweet child without deceit.

No hireling lip shall yield thee
 A cold, and coin-won lore ;
 But I, alone, will shield thee,
 And tend thy mental power.

Thy glance upon me lightens
 In love all mutely wild ;
 Hope once more round me brightens,
 Oh ! bless thee, my sweet child !

Dec. 15, 1832.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH ON THE ANIMAL ECONOMY.

WE resume our analysis of the able and useful course of lectures which Dr. S. Smith has just completed on this interesting subject. The present portion will chiefly consist of extracts from the third and fourth lectures. They relate to the *properties of the blood, its circulation, and the structure and action of the heart*. We begin in the lecturer's own words.

'The blood is the common material out of which all the fluids and solids of the body are formed ; out of which all the tissues and all the organs are built up. The blood is alike necessary to the formation of the tender and delicate membrane, and to the hard and compact bone ; it gives origin equally to the mildest and blandest fluid as the saliva and the milk, and to the most active and irresistible, as the digestive or the gastric juice.

‘ The blood is the common material with which the capillary arteries, which as you will see hereafter are the masons and architects of the system, build up their different structures in the different parts of the body.

‘ The blood is the common stimulus by which the most important organs, both of the organic and of the animal life, are stimulated to the due performance of their functions.

‘ Without a supply of blood, the heart, which is capable of untiring action as long as this fluid is in contact with its internal surface, is no longer capable of the slightest motion. Without a supply of blood the brain is no longer capable of intellectual operations, or even of the slightest degree of perception. In less than one minute after this fluid ceases to flow in proper quantity, and of proper quality, through the vessels of the brain, sensation is abolished and fainting comes on.

‘ You are well acquainted with the appearance of the blood as it flows from a wounded blood vessel. You have seen that as it issues from such a vessel it is of a red colour; and you know that it is of a thick, tenacious, and gluey consistence. If you observe it merely when flowing in a full stream from a vein, or if you examine a mass of it collected in a cup immediately after it is removed from a blood vessel, you would suppose that it is a true and proper fluid, and that it is perfectly homogeneous in its nature. Yet it is not a fluid, and instead of being homogeneous in its nature, it is the most complicated substance in the whole body. Its constituent parts are numerous; each part has distinct and peculiar properties; and the whole are united together in a mode resembling nothing else with which we are acquainted. The more you know of the constitution and properties of this curious substance, the more deeply you will feel that your admiration of the structure of the animal frame ought not to be confined to the mechanism of its solid parts; that the whole is wonderful and admirable from the common material out of which the whole is constructed, to its most delicate and elaborate instrument.’

The *physical* properties of the blood, its consistence, colour, specific gravity, and temperature, come first under review. Its consistence is very quickly altered after it is removed from its vessel into a firm solid, and a thin fluid. No means yet known can prevent this change from taking place.

Redness of colour is not essential to blood. In large tribes of animals, as insects, it is not red, and there is no animal in which it is red in all parts of the body. Blood is circulating in abundance through the human eye, through even the transparent cornea, but it is not red blood. In the internal vessels of reptiles it is yellowish. In the organic organs of the higher animals it is always red, deep red in birds, deepest of all in quadrupeds, and in some tribes deeper than in others. Its colour varies in the different races of men, and in individuals according to age or disease. The pallidness, duskiness, or bright and transparent colour of the cheek are alone sufficient to announce to the physician the presence of some of the most formidable diseases. There are two kinds of blood in the human body essentially differing in their proper-

ties; one contained in the arteries of a bright scarlet colour, the other in the veins of a dark or Modena red.

The specific gravity of human blood, taking water as 1000, is about 1050. It is capable of rising to 1120, and of sinking to 1022. Disease almost always diminishes its weight, and the higher the organization of the animal the greater is the specific gravity of the blood. Venous is heavier than arterial blood.

The temperature of the blood varies considerably in different animals. In those called cold blooded it is only 1° or 2° above the surrounding medium. In the bird it is higher than in any other creature—it is 107° in the duck. In the quadruped it is higher than in man. In man it is about 90° , varying, however, like its colour, in disease. In almost every fever the temperature of the blood is very much altered. In the cold fit of ague it sometimes sinks to 94° , and Dr. Smith stated that he had found it rise to 102° in continued fever. No animal has the power of steadily maintaining its own temperature under intense degrees of heat and cold in a degree comparable to man. It is not known what degree of cold man may be able to bear, but it is certain that he can without injury bear it severe enough to freeze mercury; and Drs. Fordyce and Blagden remained for several minutes with perfect ease in rooms heated to 264° , that is 52° above the boiling point, and the temperature of their bodies did not rise more than 3° or 4° .

The phenomena connected with the *chemistry* of the blood are highly curious. It has been stated that soon after its removal from its vessel the blood is changed into a firm solid, and a thin liquid. This process of solidification, which is called *coagulation*, is in fact a process of death; it is completed in from 12' to 20', and in venous blood in 7', when the system is in a state of health: When the coagulation is complete the blood is quite dead.

During the process of coagulation an aqueous vapour is seen to rise from the blood. This vapour is called its halitus. It has a distinct and very peculiar odour, which may be observed in passing a slaughter-house. 'There is another place,' Dr. Smith added, 'in which it is perceptible. It strikes strongly and afflictingly upon the sense in that great slaughter-house of human beings, a field of battle. Few who have been brought acquainted with it in that situation have ever forgotten it. Deep and intense is the horror with which they ever speak of the sensation it produced upon them.'

The solid portion of the blood is called the crassamentum or clot. After a certain time it further separates into a solid yellowish white substance, and into a red mass, to which the colour of the blood is owing. The former of these is called fibrin, from its disposition to arrange itself into fibres. It is by far the most important part of the blood. It constitutes the main part of all the solids of the body. It is strikingly like pure muscular fibre, and in the lower animals in which no distinct muscle can be traced, it probably performs the office of muscle. The red matter which forms the second portion of the clot varies in relative quantity in different animals, and in the same animal at different times, increasing according to its health and vigour. This red matter has excited more observation than any other part of the blood. It has lately been found, by means of the improved

microscopes, to consist of distinct red particles; in man, of a circular form, flattened or slightly concave at each side, variously estimated in size from the $\frac{1}{1000}$ to the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch. The particles are perfectly transparent, and are seen to have a disposition to arrange themselves into piles, and the motion amongst them in producing this arrangement seems to depend on vitality, for it becomes more feeble the longer they have been removed from the body. In the mammalia they are always circular; in birds, reptiles, and fishes, elliptical; and they are larger in the fish than in any other creature. The least addition of pure water makes them assume a globular form, but any salt prevents this alteration. It is not known in what part of the system they are formed, but Dr. Smith observed 'the uniformity of their figure and size in each species of animals; and the undeviating precision with which they assume an elongated figure in oviparous and a circular figure in viviparous animals, leads to the supposition that their formation is owing to some simple but very powerful cause.'

The fluid portion of the blood is called the serum. It is a transparent fluid of a light straw colour, with a saline taste. By certain chemical agents and by heat, it is converted into a white substance, exactly like white of egg; it is, in fact, pure albumen. A thin fluid drains from it, called the serosity of the blood. This is the fluid which, when it issues from meat, is called gravy. The strongest and most ferocious animals have the smallest proportion of serum; and its quantity is considerably altered in disease; in severe typhus fever it is much increased: it is the fluid which is poured into the different cavities in dropsy. It contains a quantity of uncombined alkali, and holds in solution various earthy substances and neutral salts.

The component parts of the blood then are first, the halitus; second, the clot, composed of fibrin and red particles; third, the serum, composed of albumen and serosity.

The *vital* properties of the blood are yet to be explained, for the blood is alive. The proofs of this fact are various and convincing.

1. It is capable, like other living substances, of resisting within a wide range, the influence of physical agents. The egg while fresh is alive. During the period of incubation a hen's egg is kept for three weeks at a temperature of 103° , yet when the chick is hatched the yolk is found perfectly sweet; but if the life of the egg be destroyed by passing the electric fluid through it, and if it be then exposed to this degree of heat, it putrifies with the same rapidity as other dead animal matter. A living egg exposed to the 17th and 15th degrees of Fahrenheit took half an hour to freeze; when thawed and exposed only to 25° , it was frozen in a quarter of an hour. A living egg and one which had been frozen and thawed were placed together in a freezing mixture at 15° ; the dead egg was frozen $25'$ sooner than the other. Exactly the same results were obtained by analogous experiments upon the blood. It was found that a much shorter time and a much less degree of cold were required to freeze blood that had been previously frozen and thawed, than blood that had recently been taken from its vessel.

2. Blood has the power of becoming organized. Just as in the living egg when exposed to a certain degree of heat, certain motions spontaneously arise which end in the developement of the chick, so if

blood be poured out in the cavities of the body, or on the surfaces of organs, it solidifies, and if examined will soon be found to abound with blood vessels. It is this property that enables a wound to heal. The blood that is poured out of the cut vessels becomes solid; the red particles not being wanted are soon carried off by the absorbents; the fibrin remains, glues together the edges and staunches the bleeding; the vessels surrounding it quickly begin to be elongated and to shoot into it; it soon acquires vessels of its own, and as soon as a circulation is established within it, it is quickly changed into proper flesh or whatever is wanted.

3. A remarkable proof of the vitality of the blood is its power of remaining fluid while in its vessels, without which power it could not circulate, and the whole machinery of the body would be clogged up and stopped; while without its power of becoming solid all its other properties would be useless, and while its tendency to become solid is so great, that it does actually become so in a few minutes when removed from the body. Slowness of motion makes it thicker, and absolute rest promotes its solidification; and some of the most important actions of the economy depend on this property, for the arrangement of the secreting vessels is such as to ensure a slow motion of the blood through them. Dr. Smith justly remarked upon the necessity and the beauty of this arrangement. 'It was necessary in constructing the blood to preserve the balance between its fluidity and its solidity so nicely, that while all the varied purposes of the economy should be secured, its actions should not be impeded by the very instrument that was essential to them. A fluid must be formed capable of becoming solid with ease and certainty; this same fluid must be so constructed as to be capable of maintaining its fluidity with like ease and certainty. Now a substance endowed with properties so opposite, and all the opposing properties of which are so simultaneously and constantly called into play, and the continued play of which is so essential to the ultimate purpose of their action, is found in nothing purely mechanical; human ingenuity can construct no machinery analogous to it; it is found only in the mechanism of life; this mechanism we cannot see; it is beyond the power of our sense to appreciate; but surely we ought not to be insensible to the beauty and wisdom of adjustments which are so admirable, because we do not perceive the mechanism by which they are effected, and this very mechanism probably escaping our perception because its delicacy and its perfection so much surpass any with which our gross senses have made us acquainted.'

These are the chief facts connected with the composition and properties of the blood. We now come to the machinery which propels it through the body, beginning with the lower animals.

'Recent discoveries relative to the organization of the lower animals have not only taught us new truths, but have given us a new lesson. They have not only increased the stock of our information, but they have corrected our judgment; they have added to the number of facts which prove that nature is always consistent, and that whenever any part of her operations appears to us to be inharmonious, that very circumstance should beget the suspicion that our view of her work is incorrect or incomplete. Nature never recedes. If ever

she appears to us to do so, it is only because we do not understand her.'

The earliest instance in which the movement of the fluids has been seen is in the tribe of infusoria called Vorticellæ; creatures which fix themselves to other bodies by a kind of stalk, and have more the appearance of flowers than animals. Under the improved microscope two opposite currents have been seen flowing in the stalk; one upwards, the other downwards. Somewhat higher in the scale of infusoria there is a distinct appearance of vessels. In insects the mode by which the circulation was effected was very imperfectly understood till very recently; Mr. Bowerbank has now discovered that all down the dorsal vessel of the insect, and at regular intervals, are double valves. The dorsal vessel is seen to contract, and the blood which can be observed through the transparent vessels flows in jets answering to its contractions. This vessel is probably the engine that works the current, and appears to be an extended chain of hearts. One step beyond this and every thing connected with the circulation becomes clear. Two distinct sets of vessels are distinguished, with a third organ interposed between them. This organ is the heart, the two sets of vessels are, the veins carrying blood to the heart, the arteries carrying blood from the heart. The heart at this early stage is extremely simple; it consists of two bags which communicate with each other; one receiving the blood from the veins, called the auricle, the other propelling it into the arteries, called the ventricle. The artery when it springs from the ventricle is a large trunk, it divides and subdivides, as it carries out the blood to the system till it completely supplies every part; its ultimate branches are called the capillaries, and they are so minute and so numerous, that the point of the finest needle cannot pierce the skin without wounding some of them. Where the capillary arteries end the capillary veins begin. These two sets of vessels communicate freely with each other. The capillary branches of the vein gradually becoming larger and larger at length terminate in a large trunk which returns the blood to the auricle, the auricle transmits it to the ventricle, the ventricle propels it into the artery, and so the circulation goes on. But it is requisite that air should get at the blood to renovate it; for in affording nourishment and stimulus to the different organs, it at length loses all the nutritive and stimulant properties it possesses. In the four highest tribes of animals and in man the blood is aerated by means of lungs in the case of those animals which breathe in air, and gills in the case of those which respire in water. Respiration so performed requires the structure of the heart to be complicated by the addition of another artery. This second artery conveys the blood, not to the system, but to the lungs, called the pulmonary artery; while the artery which conveys it to the system is called the aorta. It also requires a set of veins to carry the renovated blood back to the heart. The more perfectly the blood is aerated, the stronger and more vigorous are all the actions of the economy. In reptiles and fishes it is only partially aerated; and their hearts are single, consist, that is, of one auricle and one ventricle. In birds and the mammalia it is double; but it is best (passing over the lower animals) to give a description of the circulation as it exists in man. We shall give it in Dr. Smith's own

words, necessarily omitting the references made to the diagrams, models, and real objects by which his lectures have been so amply illustrated.

‘In man the heart is double—there are, in fact, two hearts, quite distinct in their action, and separated from each other by a strong partition, but closely united for the sake of convenience; one for the circulation through the lungs, the other for the circulation through the body in general. The first is called the Pulmonic, or the lesser circulation; the second is called the Systemic, or the greater circulation. The apparatus for the pulmonic or lesser circulation consists, as in all the preceding examples, of veins, of an auricle, of a ventricle, and of an artery. The apparatus for the systemic or greater circulation, consists of precisely the same parts, of veins, an auricle, a ventricle, and an artery. From the position of the heart when in its natural situation, the pulmonic heart is on the right side; it is therefore called the right heart: while the systemic heart is on the left side; it is therefore called the left heart. In the right heart there are two veins; the one above brings the blood from the head, and the superior extremities; it is called the superior *vena cava*; the one below brings the blood from all the lower parts of the body; it is named the inferior *vena cava*. The two *venæ cavæ* meet at one point, and pour their blood into the right auricle. The right auricle opens into the right ventricle. From the right ventricle springs a large artery, which is the pulmonary artery, and which divides into two large branches; one of which goes to the right lung, and the other to the left. This completes the apparatus of the right heart. The capillary branches of the pulmonary artery, after ramifying through the lungs, terminate in the capillary branches of the pulmonary veins; the capillary branches of these veins uniting together, and becoming larger and larger, at length form four trunks, two for each lung. These are called the four pulmonary veins. These pulmonary veins convey the blood from the lungs to the left heart; they open into the left auricle; the left auricle transmits the blood to the left ventricle, the left ventricle to the great systemic artery, or the aorta, while the aorta carries it out to the system.’

The broad part or basis of the heart is placed upwards, its apex downwards. The heart itself is held in its position by a membranous bag which encloses it, and which is termed the *pericardium*. That the blood circulates in the course just described is proved by convincing arguments, by the valves, by the effect of ligatures, by injections into the vessels; and, lastly, by the evidence of our senses, for it may be observed in a living animal. The membrane of a frog’s foot is sufficiently transparent to allow the circulation of the blood to be distinctly seen by the aid of a microscope, and without injury to the animal. It has been exhibited by Dr. Smith; and those who have watched the living currents rushing in continued streams along their appropriate channels, will not easily lose the impression which such an instance of the wonderful and the beautiful in creation is calculated to convey.

The discovery of the circulation was made, as is well known, by Harvey, about the year 1620. He spent eight years in re-examining the proofs of the fact before making it known to the public, which he did through the medium of a brief tract.

‘ This tract,’ said Dr. Smith, ‘ was written with extreme simplicity, clearness, and perspicuity, and has been justly characterised as one of the most admirable examples of a series of arguments deduced from observation and experiment that ever appeared on any subject. * * * How many bodies were killed, how many wounded, the interior of how many were exposed by accident, in the chase, at the altar, and yet the fact of the circulation of the blood escaped the observation of generation after generation, for century after century, until two hundred years ago. In the progress by which man has arrived at his present knowledge of the universe, nothing is more remarkable than the fact that it is only for the last two centuries that he has understood the blood in his own body, and in the bodies of other animals, to be in motion. If we try to imagine what that science of medicine could have been, which took no account of a fact on which, as a basis, the whole fabric of certain physiology must rest, we shall be prepared for what its history exhibits, the bewilderment and the weakness of human reason, in attempts to explain and to form theories while a fatal error was mixed with all its suppositions. I have said that nothing is more remarkable than that the circulation of the blood should not have been discovered until two hundred years ago. I ought to except the manner in which the announcement of the discovery was received by the public of that age. For eight years did the illustrious Harvey labour unceasingly to mature and complete his proof. During this period, without doubt, he sometimes endeavoured in imagination to trace the effect which the stupendous fact, to the knowledge of which he had attained, would have on the progress of his favourite science. And he sometimes, perhaps, fondly hoped that the labour he was spending in bringing to light a fact which would confer inestimable benefit on his fellow-beings, would at least secure to him their confidence, and make them look upon him, in some degree, as their benefactor. No! not a single convert did he make; nothing but contumely did he gain; nothing but injury did he receive. The little practice that he had as a physician, declined. He was too speculative; he was theoretical; he was not practical. This was the view taken by his friends; and his enemies, (for what enlightened and benevolent man is there whose intelligence and benevolence carry him out of the beaten track of speculation and of action, that has not enemies?) oh, what a torrent of abuse did *they* pour down upon him for having called in question the revered authority of the ancients—for having advanced new doctrines tending to subvert the credit of the Scriptures—doctrines which, if their progress were not checked at once, would undermine the very foundations of morality and religion. Slow as mankind have hitherto been in discovering their true benefactors, whether as relates to persons or to institutions, still it is a fact not to be forgotten, that the weak and wicked clamour that was raised against the great Harvey, lasted but a few years, and that he lived to witness the utter discomfiture of his enemies, the complete triumph of the truth, to realize as ample a fortune as he desired, and to rise to the very summit of reputation; surely this should cheer and encourage those who, two centuries afterwards, (and such centuries!) have encountered, or may encounter, the same reproach in a like cause.’

We now come to the *action* of the heart.

‘In man, and in all warm-blooded animals, the whole blood of the body, in successive streams, is collected and concentrated at the heart. The object of the accumulation of a certain mass of it at this organ is to subject it to the action of a strong muscle, and thereby to determine its transmission with adequate force and precision through the different sets of capillary vessels. All the blood in the body is in succession brought to the heart; the heart is, therefore, the central engine that works the current.

‘But it is different from every other engine with which we are acquainted. It generates the power it communicates. It accomplishes what no mere mechanism ever has or ever can accomplish. It originates a motive power.

‘In the best constructed machinery, and in machinery that acts with the most prodigious power, there is no real generation of power. There is merely concentration, merely direction of pre-existing power. There are particular applications of it to the accomplishment of specific purposes, but there is no origination of it. But when we pass into the region of life we are in a new world, where, though there is still mechanism, put and kept in play by adjustments the most admirable, there is always something beyond mechanism, something not only not mechanical nor physical, but to which neither mechanics nor physics present anything analogous.’—‘And of this the action of the heart affords a beautiful illustration. The heart is a muscle; its action is muscular action, and its action consists in the exercise of one single property, that of diminishing its length or shortening itself. But what is it that causes the muscle to contract? Take the case of a voluntary muscle.—What is it that causes the muscles of my arm to contract, and that thereby enables me to move it? I apply no force to the muscle; I make use of no pressure; I employ nothing analogous to the force, without the previous exercise of which there would be no recoil in the spring; no expansion in the body compressed. I perform a mental act; that state of consciousness takes place which is called volition. I have a desire to gratify, a purpose to accomplish—instantly, as soon as the thought is conceived, as if by the conception of the thought, the required muscular motion is performed.—Where is the physical force here? Where the mechanical power? There is nothing analogous to it. The force that is exerted, the power that is called into exertion, is new power; it is generated at the moment it is needed; it passes away the instant it has performed its office; there is no possibility of accumulating it; no means of concentrating it; no mode of perpetuating it. Every act of voluntary motion performed by a voluntary muscle must be preceded by the mental state of volition; this is necessary, but this is all that is necessary.’

‘Take, on the other hand, the case of the involuntary muscle. Though the property of contractility resides in the muscle, yet no muscle can contract of itself. It must be excited to contraction by some agent exterior to itself; and that agent, whatever it be, is called a stimulus. Of a voluntary muscle the appropriate stimulus is volition, or, more correctly speaking, some nervous influence sent from the brain, or spinal cord, into the muscle by the act of volition.

Of the involuntary muscles the appropriate stimuli are various, though some of these muscles are obedient only to specific stimulus. Thus the aliment is the appropriate stimulus of the muscular fibres of the stomach ; the chyme of the duodenum, or second stomach ; the chyle of the small intestines, and the blood of the heart.

‘ Now the mere contact, and the gentlest contact, of the muscular fibre with its appropriate stimulus, will cause the muscle to contract. If in an animal recently dead, the inner surface of the ventricle of the heart be pricked in the gentlest manner with the point of a needle, the ventricle will contract so as to bring the needle deep into its substance. If in the living animal, if in man, volition command, the arm will lift a weight of a hundred pounds, will overcome a degree of resistance to this extent, no force having been previously exerted to cause it to do so ; nothing having preceded but a mental act.

‘ And this is the true physiological distinction between the production of motion by a living substance in an organized body, and the production of motion in a machine put into action by some physical agent. The living agent generates the power it exerts ; the machine merely accumulates, or directs the power already in existence. Power of the first kind is vital ; power of the second kind is mechanical. All vital motion is the produce of this one agent, the muscular fibre, and is obtained by this one action of it, *contractility*. All the motion that can be required in the economy, is capable of being produced by this one agent, and this one action, and, therefore, with a simplicity that marks all the works of nature, this is the only agent that is employed. Mechanical principles, without doubt, are put in requisition, and made to cooperate whenever this can be done with convenience and effect ; whenever the doing so will economize the production of muscular fibre ; but to the extent in which muscular fibre is really necessary, it is dealt out with no niggard hand ; and the study of the muscles becomes a most interesting and beautiful study, when pursued with a view to observe the arrangements and combinations made to accomplish the infinitely varied and complex motions required and performed in the animal economy.

‘ The muscular fibres of the heart are curiously arranged. They almost all take their origin from one point, where the structure becomes *tendinous* ; and this point is the pivot of the heart’s movements. Tendon is highly elastic. The arrangement of the whole is such that the general contraction of the fibres must necessarily bring all the parts of the heart towards the central tendinous point, and the result is the compression of all the cavities, and the forcible ejection of their contents by their natural openings. The contraction is instantly followed not only by dilatation, but by the recoil of the elastic tendon.

‘ The two auricles contract together, and the two ventricles contract together, and these motions alternate with each other, and go on in regular succession. When the ventricles contract, the apex of the heart is drawn upwards, and raised or tilted forwards ; it is this motion which is felt between the fifth and sixth ribs, and which is called the beating of the heart ; it just perceptibly precedes the pulsation at the wrist. The different chambers of the heart open into and communicate with each other, and the effect of the contractions is to eject the blood they contain with great force. It was necessary to make a pro-

vision that this ejection of the blood should be made in the right direction ; to provide, for instance, that the contraction of the right ventricle should propel the blood into the pulmonary artery, and not back into the right auricle. This provision is made in the *valves* of the heart. Between each auricle and ventricle there is a valve. This valve consists of a fold of membrane, thin, but exceedingly firm and strong, placed around the opening. As long as the blood proceeds forward in the proper course of the circulation, it presses this membrane close to the side of the heart, and *therefore* and *thereby* prevents it, from occasioning any impediment to the onward current. But when, by the contraction that follows, the blood is pressed in all directions, and attempts to re-enter the auricle, it insinuates itself between the sides of the ventricle and the membranous valve, forces it up, and carries it over the mouth of the passage, and completely shuts up the channel. Were there not a further provision, the valve itself would be forced backwards into the auricle ; but this is prevented by means of tendinous strings proceeding from muscular columns that line the inside of the ventricle, which strings are fastened to the loose edge of the valve. These tie it down, and prevent its going backwards too far. The contrivance is rendered still more perfect by vital action, which now comes into play. Muscle is excited to contraction by any stimulus ; by none more than by distension. Exactly in proportion to the force with which the valve is pushed backwards, and so stretches the tendinous threads, and consequently distends the muscular column in which the tendinous threads end, do the muscular columns contract, and, by their contraction, force the valve to keep in its proper place.

‘ Among the countless instances of wise and beneficent adjustment familiar to the student of nature, there is commonly some one upon which his mind rests with peculiar satisfaction,—some one to which it constantly recurs, as affording *the proof* on which it reposes, of the operation of an intelligence that has foreseen and planned an end, and provided for its accomplishment by the most perfect means. And surely nothing is more worthy to become *one* such resting place to the philosophic mind, than the structure and action of the valves of the heart. An anatomist, who understood the structure of the heart, might say before he saw it in action, that it would play. But, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of some of its parts, he would be apprehensive that it would be liable to constant derangement ; and that it would soon wear itself out. And yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours ; having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome ; and it continues this action for this length of time, without ceasing and without weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder is wonderful ; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness is still more amazing. Never for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labour, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes without intermission, yet it never feels fatigue, it never needs rest, it is never conscious of exhaustion.

‘ What is it that renders it capable of this incessant and untiring

action, while the muscles of the arm and the muscles of the leg become tired after an hour's vigorous exertion, are completely exhausted after a day's labour, and can by no effort be made to work beyond a given period? There is no apparent difference in the muscle itself. In both cases the substance is similar, and the organization, as far as we are able to appreciate it, is the same; yet, what an amazing difference in their action! Physiologists have laboured with great earnestness to assign the cause of this, but we are able to go back only a single step, and then recurs the same difficulty.—'Muscles contract on the application of stimuli.' The voluntary muscles contract on the application of the stimulus of volition. Volition acts only occasionally. The stimulus is not always present, and the muscle acts only when the stimulus is present. But the proper stimulus of the heart is the blood. The heart always contracts whenever a certain portion of blood is brought into contact with the inner surface of its different chambers. That portion of blood is duly brought to it in a regular manner, and in successive order. It, therefore, never ceases to act, because it is never without the presence of its appropriate stimulus. It maintains through life a nearly uniform succession of movements, because its appropriate stimulus in due quantity is regularly supplied to it at successive intervals.

'We can thus see how its action is without intermission; but why it should never feel exhaustion or fatigue, why, unlike the voluntary muscle, it requires neither rest nor repose, we do not know. Had it required rest or repose, the first hour in which it indulged in either would have been the last of life. What the necessities of the economy are that render it desirable that it should be placed beyond the dominion of the will, we see. Did the beating of our heart depend on our own care and thought, we could give care and thought to but little else. It was necessary to the continuance of our life that it should be made capable of working unceasingly, without a moment's pause, and without the capacity of fatigue. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but his wisdom!'

With this extract we close our present account of the lectures, hoping at a future time to give, as completely as an un-illustrated abridgement can give, some idea of those that yet remain to be noticed. The interest of the subject, heightened as it is by the comprehensive view in which it is grasped by the lecturer, cannot fail to insure, to his benevolent intention to improve the moral and physical condition of his fellow-beings, the best success. That success is to be found in the feelings with which many will rise from the study of this branch of the human economy; admiration at the wonderful and beautiful contrivance displayed in the structure of our bodies, and gratitude to the almighty and beneficent Creator, who has made all things to minister to the ultimate happiness of his creatures.

CHANNING'S SERMONS. NEW SERIES.*

THE warmest of Dr. Channing's admirers will not be disappointed in this volume, which if it do not raise, may yet perhaps extend, and is at any rate well calculated to sustain, his reputation. It bears the beautiful impress of his peculiar genius ; and if those who are familiar with his other writings do not find in it the development of new views, or traits of mental character not heretofore displayed by the author, we may yet hope that the selection of topics and the spirit in which they are discussed, may win the attention and sympathy of some whose prejudices have prevented their being benefitted by a writer whose vocation seems to be to benefit mankind. His strong individuality of thought ; his originality of conception and illustration ; his simple, yet glowing style ; his uncompromising truthfulness ; his fervent devotion, his pure and high-toned feeling, and his affectionate reverence for humanity, all are here,—and what can we wish for more ? We observe with regret, that the publication is less perfect in his own estimation than it might have been, from the absence of amplification and revision, which ill health did not allow him to bestow. Whatever diminishes his ability for mental exertion, is scarcely a less calamity to England than to America.

The subjects of the sermons are, 1. Evidences of Christianity. 2. Character of Christ. 3. Christianity a rational religion. 4. Honour due to all men. 5 and 6. Self-denial. 7. The imitableness of Christ's character. 8. The evil of sin. 9. Immortality. 10 and 11. Love to Christ. The first three sermons are connected, and present a display of the evidences of the gospel, which is admirably adapted to conciliate the feelings, as well as to impress the minds of sceptics or unbelievers. Their separate publication would probably do much good. A misconception of the spirit of Christianity is, we apprehend, by far the most prevalent cause of its rejection by intelligent men. Their objection lies not so much against the evidence, as against the proposition which it is alleged to establish ; and the proof which would be allowed to be sufficient to sustain a doctrine of simplicity, freedom, and benevolence, is disregarded and scorned, because employed to enforce a system of mystery, slavery, and bigotry. To show Christianity worthy of their love, is the best way of removing many of their doubts and difficulties as to the conclusiveness of its evidence. Dr. Channing does not begin, nor end either, with a denunciation of guilt and endless punishment against an involuntary mental operation. He distinguishes between the various causes, both of belief and unbelief, under the different circumstances of age and country. He shows how both derive any thing of moral character which may properly be

* Discourses, by William Ellery Channing. London : Kennett, 1833, 8vo. pp. 274.

attributed to them, only from previous conduct and disposition ; and therefore how it is possible that each may, in certain supposable cases, become the subject of praise or dispraise ; and certain it is, that if some men have rejected Christianity under the influence of degrading passions, others have received it under the influence of passions as degrading. There have been not only infidels, but converts, from the bias of worldly-mindedness, base servility, and the hope of impunity after death, for a life of vicious indulgence.

‘ According to these views, opinions cannot be laid down as unerring and immutable signs of virtue and vice. The very same opinion may be virtuous in one man and vicious in another, supposing it, as is very possible, to have originated in different states of mind. For example, if through envy and malignity I should rashly seize on the slightest proofs of guilt in my neighbour, my judgment of his criminality would be morally wrong. Let another man arrive at the same conclusion, in consequence of impartial inquiry and love of truth, and his decision would be morally right. Still more, according to these views, it is possible for the belief of Christianity to be as criminal as unbelief. Undoubtedly the reception of a system, so pure in spirit and tendency as the gospel, is to be regarded in general as a favourable sign. But let a man adopt this religion, because it will serve his interest and popularity ; let him shut his mind against objections to it, lest they should shake his faith in a gainful system ; let him tamper with his intellect, and for base and selfish ends exhaust its strength in defence of the prevalent faith, and he is just as criminal in believing, as another would be in rejecting Christianity under the same bad impulses. Our religion is at this moment adopted and passionately defended by vast multitudes, on the ground of the very same pride, worldliness, love of popularity, and blind devotion to hereditary prejudices, which led the Jews and heathens to reject it in the primitive age ; and the faith of the first is as wanting in virtue as was the infidelity of the last.

‘ To judge of the character of faith and unbelief, we must examine the times and the circumstances in which they exist. At the first preaching of the Gospel, to believe in Christ was a strong proof of an upright mind ; to enlist among his followers, was to forsake ease, honour, and worldly success ; to confess him was an act of signal loyalty to truth, virtue, and God. To believe in Christ at the present moment has no such significance. To confess him argues no moral courage. It may even betray a servility and worldliness of mind. These remarks apply in their spirit to unbelief. At different periods, and in different conditions of society, unbelief may express very different states of mind. Before we pronounce it a crime, and doom it to perdition, we ought to know the circumstances under which it has sprung up, and to inquire with candour whether they afford no palliation or defence. When Jesus Christ was on earth, when his miracles were wrought before men’s eyes, when his voice sounded in their ears, when not a shade of doubt could be thrown over the reality of his supernatural works, and not a human corruption had mingled with his doctrine, there was the strongest presumption

against the uprightness and love of truth of those who rejected him. He knew too the hearts and the lives of those who surrounded him, and saw distinctly in their envy, ambition, worldliness, sensuality, the springs of their unbelief; and accordingly he pronounced it a crime. Since that period what changes have taken place! Jesus Christ has left the world. His miracles are events of a remote age, and the proofs of them, though abundant, are to many imperfectly known; and what is incomparably more important, his religion has undergone corruption, adulteration, disastrous change, and its likeness to its founder is in no small degree effaced. The clear, consistent, quickening truth, which came from the lips of Jesus, has been exchanged for a hoarse jargon and vain babblings. The stream, so pure at the fountain, has been polluted and poisoned through its whole course. Not only has Christianity been overwhelmed by absurdities, but by impious doctrines, which have made the universal Father now a weak and vain despot, to be propitiated by forms and flatteries, and now an Almighty torturer, fore-ordaining multitudes of his creatures to guilt, and then glorifying his justice by their everlasting woe. When I think what Christianity has become in the hands of politicians and priests, how it has crushed the human soul for ages, how it has struck the intellect with palsy and haunted the imagination with superstitious phantoms, how it has broken whole nations to the yoke, and frowned on every free thought; when I think how, under almost every form of this religion, its ministers have taken it into their own keeping, have hewn and compressed it into the shape of rigid creeds, and have then pursued by menaces of everlasting woe whoever would question the divinity of these works of their hands; when I consider, in a word, how, under such influences, Christianity has been and still is exhibited, in forms which shock alike the reason, conscience, and heart, I feel deeply, painfully, what a different system it is from that which Jesus taught, and I dare not apply to unbelief the terms of condemnation which belonged to the infidelity of the primitive age.

‘ Perhaps I ought to go further. Perhaps I ought to say, that to reject Christianity under some of its corruptions is rather a virtue than a crime. At the present moment, I would ask, whether it is a vice to doubt the truth of Christianity as it is manifested in Spain and Portugal? When a patriot in those benighted countries, who knows Christianity only as a bulwark of despotism, as a rearer of inquisitions, as a stern jailer immuring wretched women in the convent, as an executioner stained and reeking with the blood of the friends of freedom; I say, when the patriot, who sees in our religion the instrument of these crimes and woes, believes and affirms that it is not from God, are we authorized to charge his unbelief on dishonesty and corruption of mind, and to brand him as a culprit? May it not be that the spirit of Christianity in his heart emboldens him to protest with his lips against what bears the name? And if he thus protest, through a deep sympathy with the oppressions and sufferings of his race, is he not nearer the kingdom of God, than the priest and inquisitor who boastingly and exclusively assume the Christian name? Jesus Christ has told us that “this is the condemnation” of the unbelieving, “that they love darkness rather than light;” and who does not see, that this ground of condemnation is removed, just in proportion as the

light is quenched, or Christian truth is buried in darkness and debasing error?

'I know I shall be told that a man in the circumstances now supposed, would still be culpable for his unbelief, because the Scriptures are within his reach, and these are sufficient to guide him to the true doctrines of Christ. But in the countries of which I have spoken, the scriptures are not common; and if they were, I apprehend that we should task human strength too severely, in requiring it, under every possible disadvantage, to gain the truth from this source alone. A man born and brought up in the thickest darkness, and amidst the grossest corruptions of Christianity, accustomed to hear the Scriptures disparaged, accustomed to connect false ideas with their principal terms, and wanting our most common helps of criticism, can hardly be expected to detach from the mass of error which bears the name of the Gospel, the simple principles of the primitive faith. Let us not exact too much of our fellow-creatures. In our zeal for Christianity, let us not forget its spirit of equity and mercy. In these remarks I have taken an extreme case. I have supposed a man subjected to the greatest disadvantages in regard to the knowledge of Christianity. But obstacles less serious may exculpate the unbeliever. In truth, none of us can draw the line which separates between innocence and guilt in this particular. To measure the responsibility of a man, who doubts or denies Christianity, we must know the history of his mind, his capacity of judgment, the early influences and prejudices to which he was exposed, the forms under which the religion and its proofs first fixed his thoughts, and the opportunities since enjoyed of eradicating errors, which struck root before the power of trying them was unfolded. We are not his judges; at another, and an unerring tribunal he must give account.'—p. 6—11.

We are sorry to see (p. 227) that Dr. Channing's mind is undecided between the doctrines of the future restoration and the final destruction of the wicked. As a scriptural question, we should have expected that the spirit in which he expounds texts, would have led him to the deduction of the former doctrine from the language of many passages. His notion of mental liberty must, of course, prevent his recognition of those reasons for it which arise from the combination of the benevolence of the Creator with the doctrine of philosophical necessity. But other and conclusive arguments, might have presented themselves in the views of human nature so nobly developed in the fourth discourse. The following passage on greatness contains a presumptive argument that the capabilities of what has hitherto been the great majority of our race, will not be ultimately sacrificed.

'The true view of great men is, that they are only examples and manifestations of our common nature; showing what belongs to all souls, though unfolded as yet only in a few. The light which shines from them is, after all, but a faint revelation of the power which is treasured up in every human being. They are not prodigies, not miracles, but natural developements of the human soul. They are,

indeed, as men among children; but the children have a principle of growth which leads to manhood.'—p. 154.

And will not this tendency be realized? Will not the feebleness of moral infancy be trained to strength by the discipline of a future life? It is not unreasonable to expect that the mere transition to a different state of existence, may have results analogous to those of the location of a criminal in new circumstances. Many of our vices are generated by the peculiarities of our mortal condition, and by the corruptions of society, without which it seems that they should wither for want of nourishment and stimulus. The evil is of earth and circumstance: the good is of nature and eternity.

' In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth,
But love is indestructible.'

So was it truly and beautifully said by Southey; and we should rather have expected from Dr. Channing an entire sympathy with, and a full development of the principle contained in these lines, than so strange a speculation as that advanced in the eighth discourse, of the generation hereafter, by the depraved mind, of a bodily frame, whose organs and senses shall only convey impressions of gloom and emotions of pain. On this point, and also on his view of morals, which he seems to resolve into the dictates of an innate principle, or sense, or instinct, we cannot but dissent from the volume before us. But these spots, which may not be to others the defect which they are to our minds, are lost in our sense of the pervading brightness. And if the author stops short of what appear to us the ultimate prospects of universal humanity, he fully satisfies us, by the spirit in which he contemplates the present condition of the world, and the agencies which ought to be relied upon for its improvement. We regret we cannot conclude this brief notice, which is indeed chiefly intended to apprise our readers of the arrival and republication of these discourses, by a quotation expressing the author's views on the great political and social changes now taking place in Europe. We refer to the conclusion of the discourse on the 'Honour due to all men.'

THE DISSENTING MARRIAGE QUESTION.

THE various applications which have been made to the legislature for the relief of Unitarians from compulsive conformity with Trinitarian worship in the marriage ceremony, the parliamentary proceedings which took place thereon, and the general merits of the question itself, have so frequently occupied the pages of the *Repository*, as to render most of our readers sufficiently familiar

with them. The question is now, it seems, about to be discussed on a broader principle. The Unitarian grievance will be merged in that felt by Dissenters generally, and a common and strenuous application made for relief. A circular was issued from the office of the Congregational denomination on the eve of the late elections, announcing, 'reason to expect that a vigorous effort will be made by the Dissenters in the metropolis during an early period in the approaching session,' and inviting the support of their brethren in all parts of the country. The Deputies have also entertained the question, and we believe that overtures have been made to the Unitarian Association for its cooperation. Although the case of the Unitarians is a stronger one than that of Trinitarian Dissenters, and they have the advantage of something approaching to a parliamentary pledge for their relief, it is nevertheless desirable, in our apprehension, that they should not continue to urge their separate claims, but aid in bringing the entire subject into discussion. If the assurance of prompt success be not so strong, the good to be realized by that success is proportionally greater. From the peculiar situation of the Unitarians, and the known aversion of Parliament ever to recognise a principle, while it could legislate on details, the question was narrowed as much as possible, until indeed it embraced little more than exemption or non-exemption from the obnoxious doxology. The diversities of opinion amongst Dissenters at large have led them unavoidably to lay a wider basis for their operations. We give, in a note below, the statement which they have put in circulation, and which may be regarded as the view of the subject taken by the leaders of the several bodies, which are expected to act in combination.*

* *Fourteen Reasons why Dissenters should not submit to have their Marriages celebrated at the Altar of a Consecrated Building, before Clergymen belonging to a Church to which they cannot conscientiously conform.*

1. Because the marriage-contract being, at least so far as it properly falls under the cognizance of the legislature, a common, in distinction from a religious engagement, should be regarded by the law merely as a civil transaction.

2. Because no sacred rite having been, by divine appointment, appended to matrimony, any solemn form of celebration which in effect converts this contract into a religious ceremony, savours strongly of superstition, and gives countenance to the erroneous doctrine of the Romish Church, that marriage is a sacrament.

3. Because the imposition of a specific form of religious service, on any class of Nonconformists, on this or any other occasion, is a flagrant violation of the most sacred right of every human being, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

4. Because the outward observance of any religious service, in virtue of a command emanating merely from human authority,* involves a person in the guilt of treating the only Object of all true worship with mockery; and must, even though performed in extenuating circumstances, be displeasing in the sight of Him who 'searcheth the heart,'† and who, being a Spirit, can be worshipped only 'in spirit and in truth.'‡

5. Because such compliance, on the part of Dissenters, tends to neutralize and nullify that open testimony which they consider it their duty to bear in the face of obloquy and reproach against the errors and corruptions of the endowed Church, by declining to join in its communion, and habitually absenting themselves from its ordinary services.

6. Because the present state of the English marriage law casts an unjust reflection,

* John v. 41,

† 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

‡ John iv. 24.

We are not disposed severely to criticise this paper. The confession of an 'egregious lack of proper feeling and becoming energy,' and its very modest and humble contrast with the activity of the 'limited class of Dissenters called Unitarians,' may atone for the assumption of the 'more numerous and influential denominations;' and if we may venture to interpret this confession as a pledge of amendment, as an indication that the power of the dissenting body will make itself more felt than heretofore on great questions of public good, we may be thereby indisposed to comment on the selection of a merely dissenting grievance for the first exertion of this power, while so many more

and fixes an unmerited stigma, on the Protestant Dissenting Ministers of England, who are thereby treated as unfit to be trusted with the celebration of marriage; while their brethren in Scotland, Ireland, and the British Colonies, and Christian ministers of all varieties of sect and denomination in the United States of North America, universally possess that privilege.

7. Because it imposes an unjust and oppressive tax on Protestant Dissenters, by compelling them to remunerate the clergy of the endowed Church, for services which might be more advantageously performed by ministers or magistrates of their own selection, who would cheerfully give them, on so interesting an occasion, their *unbought* blessing, or gratuitous services.

8. Because the marriage service prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, was notoriously borrowed from the ritual of the Romish Church, and is founded on the assumption of a tenet peculiar to that Church, *viz.* that matrimony, having been consecrated by Divine authority, to be a sacred sign, or mystical emblem, is an affair of ecclesiastical cognizance, belonging exclusively to the province of a priesthood connected with an episcopal hierarchy.

9. Because many persons feel conscientious objections to a form of words which one of the parties is invariably required to repeat:—*With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST:* the former, or declaratory part of these words, containing expressions, the meaning of which, in the judgment of persons learned in the law, is highly equivocal; while their combination with the solemn formula introduced at the conclusion, renders the lawfulness of the whole extremely doubtful.

10. Because the repeal of this intolerant law will wipe off one reproach, which has long attached to the great body of Dissenters, who are justly chargeable with having made a pusillanimous compromise of the rights of conscience, as well as a lamentable defection from that zealous regard to the purity of Divine worship, and the honour of the Divine name, for which their puritan forefathers were eminently distinguished.

11. Because the society of Friends, so long since as the year 1752, in consequence of their previous uniformly consistent refusal of compliance, procured a recognition of the validity of their marriages, in the very act which compelled all other Dissenters to conform to the ceremony of the endowed Church.

12. Because the spirit and character of the present times imperatively demand that the more numerous and influential denominations of Protestant Dissenters should no longer exhibit to their fellow-countrymen that egregious lack of proper feeling and becoming energy, which their past conduct has betrayed.

13. Because the limited class of Dissenters called Unitarians, upon whom this law certainly presses with aggravated weight, having, during several successive Parliaments, brought the subject before the legislature, it has already undergone full discussion in both Houses, where the principle has been universally conceded, on which an efficient measure of general relief may be founded.

14. Because the way having been thus prepared by others, and the only obstacle which impeded the successful prosecution of this object being removed by the recent accomplishment of parliamentary reform, the orthodox Dissenters will be utterly inexcusable, if, when a new House of Commons is to be freely elected, they longer hesitate to take such steps as may be necessary to secure the speedy passing of a decisive and effectual measure of redress for a grievance which, having long been oppressive and vexatious, has now become utterly intolerable.

general and heavy grievances press upon the community, and demand the attention of the first reformed Parliament. Indeed, such censure will not apply, if it be intended that the principle laid down in the first reason, and corroborated in the second, should be fairly carried out into its legitimate consequences. On this supposition it is not merely a dissenting grievance, but one of the great evils of the social state; one of the worst miseries which priestcraft and aristocracy have combined to inflict upon mankind, that the Dissenters are pledging themselves to endeavour to remedy. If they can induce the legislature to adopt the theory that the marriage contract is 'a common, in distinction from a religious engagement, should be regarded by the law merely as a civil transaction,' is superstitiously converted into 'a religious ceremony,' and is not 'an affair of ecclesiastical cognizance,' they will do enough towards social reformation and the diffusion of social enjoyment, amply to merit oblivion for all the past inertness which they deplore.

To carry this principle consistently into effect, there must be no transfer of 'the celebration of marriage' from the episcopalian minister to the dissenting minister. We are sorry to see, by the sixth reason in the paper referred to, that any such transfer should be contemplated. Its inconsistency with an honest adherence to the principle is manifest. That principle can never be established in the minds of the people generally, so long as the interposition of priest or *quasi* priest, of a person in 'holy orders,' or 'pretended holy orders,' is inseparably connected with entering into the marriage contract. Let episcopalian or dissenter invite the presence and the prayers of priest or minister on that, as on other important occasions, if he so please, but let it be plain to all parties that this is a proceeding perfectly voluntary; that the contract is distinct from it, and complete without it. Unless this be carefully done, the Romish superstition, which the congregationalists so properly denounce, can never be eradicated. The dissenting ministry already tends quite enough towards a priesthood. The pretensions set up by some, and the supervision and influence exercised by many, bear all the marks, and produce some of the worst effects of priestcraft. The public and the legislature may be rightfully jealous of an addition to the privileges or functions of a distinct class or order of men, who bear a peculiar character, possess peculiar interests, and already exercise a powerful and extensive influence. Or as we would rather put it, dissenting ministers themselves should be anxious to disclaim investiture with any privilege, or the discharge of any function, which obliterates the distinction between the minister and the priest, and fosters in the people a deceptive notion of the authority, dignity, and relative position of those who are nothing more than brothers amongst brethren. They will do well, also, in distinctly disclaiming the fee-system. Let them anticipate, and so for ever

silence, the calumny that this application to Parliament is darkened by even the faintest shadow of a desire for the pelf; that it has in the slightest degree the character of a struggle with the hireling shepherds of the establishment for the fleece of the flock. We all know how the Catholic priests of Ireland; and priests more zealous, laborious, enduring, or attentive to the poor, have never walked the earth; how they have been blamed on the suspicion that the fee-system, trifling as their fees are on such occasions, has made them accessories to those early and improvident marriages amongst the peasantry, which have helped to identify in Ireland the increase of population, and the increase of suffering. The enlightened ministers of all denominations, would, no doubt, act on philanthropic principles, and so, no doubt, do many enlightened members of the Irish priesthood; but in the one case, as in the other, a taint may attach to the order, from the conduct of individuals, ignorant, mercenary, or mistaking with the best possible intentions. On every account it is desirable to aim at the total disunion (except as a subsequent, unnecessary, and perfectly voluntary appendage) of the religious service from the civil contract; only by so doing can the Dissenters establish their principle, that marriage *is* a civil contract. It were desirable, therefore, in their seventh reason, to strike out 'the ministers,' and leave the 'magistrates,' who will ratify and register the agreement of the parties as satisfactorily as they did in the days of the commonwealth.

By the magistrate being the only person known to the law in the formation of the marriage contract, the registration will be better provided for than it can be, if dissenting ministers be the agents. Chapel registries have never yet been admitted to the rank of legal evidence. They are peculiarly liable to the evils of being irregularly kept, and occasionally lost. A known servant of the state must be the best registrar of a transaction which the interests of society require should have an authentic record carefully preserved, and always accessible. Unitarian ministers, notwithstanding their heresies, are as good clerks as their orthodox brethren, and yet their marriage bill suffered shipwreck on this very question of registration: a failure never to be regretted, if it shall have, in any degree, prepared for and facilitated the adoption of a more liberal and comprehensive measure, and one based on a principle, which, however true and important, could not have been put forward by them without ensuring the defeat of their application.

Should the Dissenters obtain the legislative sanction of that principle, the beneficial results will soon extend to the members of the establishment. They will not be priest-ridden along the road where nonconformist millions are walking unburdened and unfettered. They will not continue to have imposed upon them a semi-sacrament, where Dissenters are only contracting a social

engagement. The quakers indeed have long borne their testimony, but the world goes not to quaker meetings to see the simplicity of their arrangements. Few people know, perhaps, that quaker marriages always may, and often do take place, without any religious service, any prayer or admonition whatever, or the interposition of any person except the two parties concerned. They rise, and in the simplest form of words pledge themselves to each other; and those present who are disposed, sign the record as witnesses, and there is an end of the matter, unless any brother or sister feels that impulse to speak, which they obey on this as they do on all other occasions, when it is felt. But though the Friends shrink not from publicity, and in truth they have as little occasion to do so as most people, still as to the mass of the community these things are done in a corner. It will be very different when the multifarious hosts of dissent, the three denominations which are known at court, and the three hundred denominations which are not known at court, with all their young men and maidens, shall be marrying themselves all the country over. They will make themselves seen and heard, and the church men and church women will take turn to feel that theirs is an aggrieved denomination; and they will petition Parliament for equal rights, and the dissenting principle will become the established principle, and in its developments and its applications it may be that alleviations or a cure may be found for evils by which society is now both harassed and contaminated.

For certain it is that our present system does not work well. In many cases parties are inexorably bound together for life by the law, and by those anomalous relics of popery the ecclesiastical courts, who are neither one flesh nor one spirit, but, morally speaking, divorced, and without affection, if they live together, living together viciously. In many other cases, the institution fails of realizing any approach towards that sympathy, solace, stimulus to honourable action, and moral training of the rising race, which are its proper and professed objects. Moreover, the streets of all large cities swarm with unhappy women, miserable agents of the temptation of which at first they were the victims, alike suffering and corrupting, and visiting on the other sex an involuntary but fearful retaliation for their own ruin. Now if the principle that marriage is a common contract, a simple agreement, were consistently followed out, one result would be that law and fact would cease to be at variance, and parties to be condemned to wretched lives of unwilling falsehood. A civil contract, not dissoluble when its dissolution is required by the interests of the contracting parties and of the community, would be a strange anomaly. Some of the American States have got rid of that anomaly, and we can scarcely throw stones at them on account either of their immorality or unhappiness. There never would have been any doubt on this matter, but for priests alike ignorant and meddling,

who have strangely misapplied to legal and judicial divorce, that is, to release from a contract, publicly and solemnly obtained from the constituted authorities, on sufficient cause shown, that which our Lord said [Matt. xix. 8.] of the private and irresponsible right of divorce which the Jew possessed under the law of Moses. That admonition was a generous interposition on behalf of the defenceless and oppressed. It enjoined as a moral precept, not as a national law, the restriction of the individual privilege of divorce, which the law sanctioned without limitation, to that single case in which the law did not decree divorce but denounce death. It was the recommendation of an act of mercy. The spirit was, reserve the exercise of this despotic privilege, and a most despotic privilege it was, for the occasion on which it enables you to save a human life from legal extinction.* By a far-fetched abuse not unworthy of them, Papal priests and Protestant bishops have transformed a charitable precept for private conduct, into a public restrictive law. And it is remarkable that we allow divorce *de facto* to an unlimited extent, in the only case in which the Jew forfeited his privilege, in that of seduction. For though not recognised as such by the partial and pharisaical morality of the laws, yet, in a moral view, seduction is marriage. The poor, abandoned outcasts in our streets are, in fact, the repudiated wives of the men whom our laws allow to cast them off with a caprice and a barbarity worse than ever stained the soil of Judea with all its divorces and polygamy. It would be seen that a simple contract essentially independent in its nature of priest, or ceremony, could be testified in various ways; in Scotland, it may be established simply by a verbal declaration, and conduct in this case should be final evidence. What the legal rights of wifehood should be, we will not attempt to define, but however the law might describe them, it ought to recognise and sustain them, in every woman so circumstanced. Even a temporary toleration of polygamy would be better, infinitely better, than this eternal flood of prostitution. It is an evil which cries to heaven for redress, and that redress, by saving woman, would purify society.

Should juster notions of marriage lead to the deliverance of society from these and other evils, it would again become the ministry of happiness on which the Creator pronounced his primeval benediction. May the Dissenters therefore persevere; establish the principles which they affirm, as well as obtain the rights which they claim; and no longer hesitate to take such steps as may be necessary to secure the speedy passing of a decisive and effectual measure of redress for a grievance, which having long been oppressive and vexatious, has now become utterly intolerable.'

* See this matter most ably elucidated in Michaelis's Commentaries on the Laws of Moses, book 3, chap. 8.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Charmed Sea. By H. Martineau. (Illustrations of Political Economy, No. 13.)

John Milton: his Life and Times, Religious and Political Opinions. By Joseph Ivimey. Effingham Wilson. (1.)

A Biographical History of the Wesley Family. By John Dove. Simpkin and Marshall. (2.)

Three Years in America. By James Stuart, Esq. 2 vols. Cadell, Edinburgh.

Vegetable Cookery; with an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors. By a Lady. The Fourth Edition. (3.)

Arthur Coningsby. 3 vols. Wilson.

Whycheotte of St. Johns, or the Court, the Camp, the Quarter Deck, and the Cloister. 2 vols.

A Compendium of Civil Architecture, arranged in Questions and Answers, with Notes. By Robert Brindley. Longman and Co. and Simpkin and Marshall. (4.)

(1.) Milton seems to have attracted the admiration of the Rev. Joseph Ivimey, a Baptist Minister, who seceded from the General Body of Dissenting Ministers, on account of their petitioning in favour of Catholic Emancipation, by his having written *for* Baptism, and *against* Popery. "Would you desire better sympathy?" About seven-eighths of the book are extracts, chiefly from Milton's prose works. They are not arranged, which they easily might have been, so as to form the outline of an autobiography. The remaining portion is abundant in ignorance, confusion, violence, and bad grammar. The writer gets into ludicrous difficulties, by his desire to claim Milton as an illustrious fellow sectarian, combined with his intolerance of the Poet's heresies.

(2.) A neat little volume, designed as introductory to Watson's Life of the celebrated Founder of Methodism. It contains some interesting sketches of character. To one or two of these we shall probably call the attention of our readers in a future number.

(3.) The positive part of this book is excellent; the negative we cannot subscribe to. For soups and omelets, pies and puddings, creams, and even flummery, we have great respect; but as to "abstinence from animal food," *c'est tout autre chose*. The eclectic is the true philosophy. Thanks to the lady for her receipts, though we cannot swallow her dissertations.

(4.) A very comprehensive and useful compendium. But why should it have been in question and answer, the effect of which is only to occupy more paper, and give more trouble in reading?

The Elements of Hebrew Grammar ; to which are added, The Principles of Hebrew Poetry, and an Outline of Chaldee Grammar. By William Probert. London. (5.)

Notes of Proceedings in Courts of Revision, held in October and November, 1832, before James Manning, Esq. Revising Barrister. And the Reform Act, with Explanatory Remarks. By William M. Manning, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London : S. Sweet. (6.)

A Few Plain Remarks on the Rev. T. Scott's Letter to T. L. Hodges, Esq. M.P. on Tithes. By George Colgate. Second Edition. Bromley.

Lectures on Protestant Nonconformity. By W. Turner, Jun. M.A. Halifax. E. Walker and Son, and R. Hunter, London. (7.)

The Existing Monopoly an Inadequate Protection of the Authorized Version of Scripture. By Thomas Curtis. London. (8.)

The Wanderings of Christendom from Gospel Truth, and the Prospects of its return to primitive Evangelism. A Discourse. By B. T. Stannus, Edinburgh. (9.)

(5.) The plan is what it professes to be, new and improved. A simple, rational Hebrew Grammar is, of itself, novelty and improvement. The student will not here be annoyed by the confusion and needless complication which have disgusted so many with the Hebrew language itself.

(6.) Very curious and amusing. The proportions in which a hair is split seem often to have made all the difference between Freeman and Vassal at the late election. Future generations should see, by such a record as this, how the great boundary line was drawn. They will never believe else.

(7.) These Lectures are short, clear, temperate, decided, and conclusive. We heartily recommend them. Dissent has seldom had a more able, enlightened, or judicious advocate.

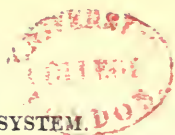
(8.) Mr. Curtis has shown that, instead of faithfully and carefully representing King James's Version, the University presses have issued Bibles full of intentional changes, (supposed amendments of the translation,) as well as typographical errors. Of the former he has pointed out "in about a fourth part of the Bible, 2931." This includes, however, headings of chapters, and the use of Italics for supplementary words. The alleged deterioration of the modern editions is much exaggerated by the writer : but the usual effect of monopolies is certainly apparent. This matter should be looked into.

(9.) Mr. Stannus's "first published Discourse." It is a promise of good things. The exuberant foliage hides no lack of fruit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We cannot grant E. his wager of battle. The subject has been discussed in our pages, and is one on which our Correspondents have expressed very opposite opinions. T. N. is postponed. He will perhaps see why.

The Factory System, and the American Colonization Society, if possible, in our next.



ON THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

AMONGST the important questions which must force themselves upon the early attention of the reformed parliament, will be the state of our manufacturing population, and particularly the subject which now engrosses so much of the public feeling, viz. the Factory System, or the substitution of the labour of children for that of adults; and the cruel treatment and loss of life to which, according to evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, the children thus employed are exposed. No one can read that investigation without feelings of horror; there are some acts at which the heart recoils, and the question involuntarily arises, can these take place in civilized society? are any approaching to them in cruelty known amongst the untaught savages?

That the representations which have been made both by children and their parents are generally true, there can be no doubt; there may be exaggeration, and indeed this would be unavoidable, for the subject is one interesting to those not directly concerned in it, and must cause great excitement in the districts which are immediately under its influence; particular acts of cruelty may have been strongly stated in order to force the consideration of the system upon the public mind. But as yet we have only heard one side of the question; the master manufacturers may, and probably will show that, as crimes exist in society, it is an exception not the rule, and society is not in consequence to be characterised as criminal. Great cruelty has, no doubt, been practised in a few factories, the excessive labour itself is cruelty, but beyond that, it cannot be the character of the factory system; it is neither the interest of the master, nor according with the feelings of humanity to practise or allow acts of cruelty.

But though the system should be divested of that stain, and only few delinquents found amongst many masters and superintendents, it is attended with great hardship and labour where even great attention is paid to the comforts of the children; and though the evidence given by the children themselves and their parents may be overcoloured, we have that of respectable medical men who are employed by masters to look after the health of the children, and who state the anxious exertions of some to encourage in their mills cleanliness, good conduct, health, and education; but still even then, the system retains its distressing consequences—hardship, and excessive labour at very early age, without sufficient time being allowed for rest and recreation. That is one point for consideration; another is equally important, evinced by the evidence of medical men, that where factories have been introduced, and in proportion to their extent, the number of human beings who attain the age of manhood is greatly reduced; and in order to prove this fact some interesting tables have been

annexed to the report of the House of Commons. Those tables do not, however, in their present form and without explanation, give an impartial view of the question, but in order to make it more clear we have copied one of the tables, No. 1, and concentrated the other tables, which with some explanation will make the subject more evident.

TABLE 1.—*Showing the proportion of deaths in every 10,000 persons buried.*

	Deaths under 20 years old.	Deaths under 40 years old.	Lived to 40 years and upwards.
In Rutland, a healthy county . . .	3756	5031	4969
Essex, a marshy county . . .	4279	5805	4105
The Metropolis	4580	6111	3889
Chester, old and closely built, but not manufacturing	4538	6066	3934
Norwich, old and closely built, manufacturing, but few or no factories	4962	6049	3951
Carlisle, 1779—1787	5319	6325	3674
Carlisle, 1818—1830; partly manufacturing and partly spinning	5668	6927	3071
Bradford, (York,) worsted spin- ning	5896	7061	2939
Macclesfield, silk spinning and weaving	5889	7300	2700
Wigan, cotton spinning and manufacturing	5911	7117	2883
Preston, do. do.	6083	7462	2538
Bury, do. do.	6017	7319	2681
Stockport, do. do.	6005	7367	2633
Bolton, do. do.	6113	7459	2541
Leeds, manufacturing, and woollen, flax, and silk spinning } Holbeck, flax spinning	6213 6133	7441 7337	2559 2663

So that a greater proportion of persons have died at Leeds, where the factory system prevails, under the age of twenty, than have died at Norwich, where the domestic manufacture prevails, under the age of forty. That table makes it appear that the factory system destroys a vast proportion of human beings under the age of twenty years, it will, however, be found from table No. 2. that such is not altogether the fact; taking the same number 10,000, and showing the number of deaths at various periods of age, it appears that the bulk of deaths are under the age of five years, and before they can be employed in factories. It is probably owing to the effect which factories have on the surrounding atmosphere, and to the little care which may be given to infants where the mother and the elder branches of families are at work in factories. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is proved, that before children can work in factories the proportion of deaths in towns where factories are established is greater than where they are not; it will be seen that in

Norwich, a domestic manufacturing town, the deaths under five years old are 4219
Leeds, a factory town 5286

BURIALS, AND COMPARATIVE TABLE OF THE DURATION OF LIFE,
IN EVERY 10,000 PERSONS.

	Population. 1801.	Population. 1831.	Under 5 years.	5—9	10—14	15—19	20—29	30—39	40—49	50—59	60—69	70—79	80—89	90—99	100 & upwds.
Rutland, healthy County	16,356	19,385	2865	321	260	310	712	563	537	762	1189	1428	938	112	3
Essex, marshy	226,437	317,233	3159	434	293	383	851	675	670	743	963	1019	630	77	3
Metropolis.....	864,845	1,471,069	3805	399	162	214	703	828	926	904	955	766	302	34	2
Chester, old and closely built, but not Manufacturing.....	15,052	21,363	3574	392	227	344	771	757	760	725	862	962	585	33	8
Norwich, old, closely built, Manufac- ture domestic	36,832	61,116	4219	344	170	229	552	535	572	610	876	1100	696	93	4
Carlisle, 1779—1787, before Manufac- tories	10,221	20,006	4408	488	184	239	522	484	641	560	940	826	533	153	22
Carlisle, now Facturing, partly Manu- factory and Spinning.....	4738	450	228	252	661	600	586	548	677	727	452	80	1
Bradford, (York,) Factories, Worsted and Spinning	29,794	76,996	4657	467	360	382	635	530	521	562	756	702	334	61	3
Macclesfield, Silk Factories.....	23,129	4162	489	457	481	752	659	618	582	652	538	305	5	0
Wigan, Cotton Factories and Spinning ..	12,290	17,961	4790	469	279	373	644	562	608	496	658	669	399	52	1
Preston, Factories, Cotton Spinning.....	14,300	36,336	4947	524	288	324	731	648	553	561	553	532	298	38	3
Bury, (Lancashire,) Woollen Factories, Cotton Spinning.....	22,422	47,829	4864	448	318	387	732	570	519	539	642	672	285	23	1
Stockport, Factories, Cotton Spinning ..	27,075	66,610	4879	452	300	374	728	634	626	600	619	546	213	25	4
Bolton-le-Moor, Factories, Cotton Spin- ning	29,826	63,034	4939	495	301	378	722	624	543	536	622	553	255	31	1
Leeds, Factories, Woollen, Flax, Silk ..	Included	in Leeds	5286	416	229	282	638	590	599	599	593	512	225	29	2
Holbeach, Factories, Flax	53,162	123,393	5090	405	372	316	598	556	580	556	575	603	325	19	5

This table clearly establishes the fact that where the factory system prevails, life is of much shorter duration than where the domestic manufacture is carried on; the medical men who were examined by the committee, whether the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, or those of extensive practice in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, all agree in opinion that the system is destructive to health and life. Mr. William Sharp of Bradford, who professionally attended one of the best regulated spinning factories, has given an interesting report of his patients in that establishment; there were 550 children employed, and in the six months from January to June 1832 he had 168 patients, of whom 5 died, 146 recovered, 3 much relieved, 14 remained under treatment.

Mr. Thackrah, who had made the subject his peculiar study, and has published a very able book upon the effect of arts, professions, and trades on health and longevity, says, ‘that the factory system reduces the nervous powers, that it renders persons more feeble, more subject to suffer from attacks of disease, and that persons so employed are shorter lived than others;’ and he recommends that instead of working from six o’clock A. M. to seven o’clock P. M. allowing half an hour for breakfast and forty minutes for dinner, the master should be restricted to working the children not exceeding ten hours per day, and that number of hours he thinks is too long.

So far, therefore, as the investigation has proceeded, two points have been established—excessive labour to children of tender age, and a great proportion of death amongst young people. The evils of the system have been proved, the difficulty is to find a cure without producing a greater evil; and in order clearly to understand that subject, it is desirable to give a brief sketch of the rise and progress of our different branches of manufacture, to show how they have been extended, and how distressing a check would be in them to a dense population.

The manufactures of this as well as of other countries were, about half a century ago, strictly speaking domestic; the raw materials were spun and woven into cloth in cottages, by the individuals of the family, each taking such department according to age and strength as they were able to perform; and a man with a small capital gave employment to his poorer neighbours, bringing around him a population dependent upon him for their maintenance; the chief manufacture at that time was woollen, and the only machine worked by power was the fulling mill; every other process, scribbling, stubbing, spinning, weaving, and finishing was performed by hand labour; the woollen manufacture was considered the most important and valuable branch of industry, and attained the title of the staple trade of the country.

The spinning department was first improved by the application of power and machinery; first, indeed, by machinery without

what is technically called power. The best description extant of the early state of the woollen trade, is given by Dyer in his beautiful poem 'The Fleece.' It was in his day that the first accelerating machine was applied to spinning. In the year 1757 he published his work, from which the following is extracted :

'What simple nature yields,
And nature does her part, are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the fleece
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs ;
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;
Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons and ye maids,
Receive the soft material, with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or patient sitting, that revolve which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently less'ning thread
Even ; unknotted twine will praise your skill.

A diff'rent spinning every diff'rent web
Asks from your glowing fingers ; some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath ;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy ; scarce a cirque
Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A sev'ral line ; and many yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk :
At home, or in the sheep-fold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and the Icenian towns :*
It yields the airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,

* The Icenii were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

The mode of spinning, when the Egyptian prince
 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
 Too beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
 That on experience works, from hour to hour,
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd,
 Which on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines;
 Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
 That copiously supplies the greedy loom.'

The spinning-jenny, thus described by Dyer, produced, by the labour of one man and a child, but much more expeditiously, the same number of threads which could be spun with the most improved wheel by fifty women; the machine now used for the same purpose, and which is called the mule, contains 300 spindles, and saves the labour of 300 women who formerly turned the wheel.

Machines upon the same principle are introduced into the cotton, linen, and silk manufactures, but upon a more extended scale: they spin about double the number of threads. A table was submitted to the Committee of the House of Commons, stating the number used at Stockport alone.

One mule has 548 spindles; the number of machines in that town are 1661, and they carry 416,053 spindles, making in Stockport alone a saving of labour, which was chiefly done by women, of 414,392 hands! and from this some idea may be formed of the immense saving by the multitude of machines now in use throughout the United Kingdom.

A question here naturally arises; what becomes of the population which was formerly employed in spinning? and to what purpose can the produce of such a multiplicity of looms be applied? The next process of manufacture is weaving; and though machinery has done much to improve the cloth, to make a more compact and a more even article, it has not done much to save labour. It is stated in evidence, that a man with a boy looks after four power-looms; consequently, whilst one spinning-mule will save the labour of 500 spinners, the same machine gives labour (taking into account the accelerated motion) to as many weavers as 500 women would have supplied; and as the exportation of yarn and thread is carried on to a very large extent, it is evident that either the labour of weaving is cheaper in other countries, or that the increase of looms, whether worked by hand or power, has not kept pace with the increase of spindles; so true it is,

'The more is wrought, the more is still required.'

The ingenuity of Arkwright, and the mechanism of Watt, have

made a most wonderful change in the manufactures of their country. About fifty years ago the cotton manufactures were imported from the East Indies; now we import the raw material from thence, and return it to them in the shape of yarn or cloth, giving labour to the country. About the same distance of time ago, linens were imported from Germany, and our weavers were supplied with linen-thread from thence; now we export both the thread and the cloth.

It must be evident, that in the process of weaving, where little or no labour is saved, or rather very little expense saved, for the cost of machinery, and the wear and tear, is generally estimated at about equal to the saving of two labourers in three, the price of food must have great influence, and such is always found to be the case. When the price of corn and meat is high, the power-looms have an advantage; when, by good harvests, the price of wheat is low, so that wages can be reduced, hand-weaving has the advantage; and this, in a great measure, accounts for the large exportation of yarn. It can be woven cheaper abroad than in this country.

The only remaining work which it is necessary to give to the various fabrics, is the finishing; and here again the scope for the use of machinery and power is very confined. There can be no saving in either weaving or finishing compared to that in spinning. It has been shown, that one spinning mule, worked by a man and two children, will do the same quantity of work that 500 persons would have done; but in weaving and finishing no power has yet been invented that will do more work with one man than could be done by three persons without increased power. Such is a brief, and, in order to avoid trespassing too much upon the pages of your '*Repository*,' an imperfect sketch, of the present state of our manufactures for clothing; but sufficient has been shown to evince their vast importance. The subject must soon occupy the attention of Parliament; and it is most desirable that it should be considered with great coolness, and every circumstance weighed with impartiality and deliberation. Above all, party feeling should on no account be allowed to have any influence. The cruelties which have been exercised must be effectually checked, for no crime deserves greater punishment than cruelty to helpless and defenceless infancy; it must also be ascertained what labour children can endure without injury; and masters must not have the power of injuring health and shortening life by excessive labour; but upon this subject care must be taken lest by an anxiety to give present relief, a check may be given to trade, a large population deprived of work, and more suffering produced than is removed. The exportation of yarn and the manufactured goods, bears a very small proportion to the quantity manufactured. Taking all the manufactures together, the foreign trade does not amount to one-tenth of the home trade; but it is

this tenth that gives general employment, comfort, and support to the whole. If anything should deprive the country of one-tenth of employment, the misery would be great, and extend over the surface. It would not be confined to the tenth thrown out of employment, but the wages of the other nine would be reduced.

Another very important consideration is the effect which might be produced on the home trade. Any reduction of hours in the work of children must be followed by a higher rate of wages, and an increased price to the manufactured article. Let any one compare the present times with those before machinery was used in our manufactures; compare the price of a gown or a coat now with what it was thirty or forty years ago, and see the facility with which poor persons can now get clothing. Let them compare the comforts, the cleanliness, and the information which the lower classes enjoy, and then say if great advances have not been made in society. These are not altogether owing to cheap manufactures; but it must nevertheless be obvious that in proportion to the cheapness, they have been enabled to purchase greater comforts. If any great advance take place in the price of clothing, the consumption of it must be greatly reduced, and consequently the weaver and finisher of these goods will be deprived of their employment, without any other being opened to them, as is invariably the case when a new machine facilitates the manufacture of any particular branch. A reduction in the home trade would be much more injurious than in the foreign trade.

Care must therefore be taken that the burden upon spinning is not so increased that it deprives the weaver of this demand for the fruits of his industry. In considering this subject it will be necessary not only to deliberate upon the number of hours children may be permitted to work, but the age at which they may be employed, for the younger the children the more severe will be the labour. All the evidence which has been given proves the fact, that by the present law children are exposed to excessive labour; and this must be evident to the most superficial observer. They are now restricted to thirteen hours, allowing about one hour for recreation and meals. There is scarcely an adult individual in the kingdom who endures more labour. Whether the hours be reduced to twelve, eleven, or ten, it will be for Parliament to decide. There is, however, another point deeply connected with this subject, which ought to have the serious consideration of Parliament; viz. the price of food. The corn laws advance the price here, and reduce the price abroad, thereby causing the manufactured goods to be dearer in England than they are abroad. If the corn laws be altered, so that British capital may be employed in the purchase of foreign corn when it is cheap, it will effectually advance the price of food to the foreign manufacturer, and give an advantage to the British weaver. The

English corn laws are, in fact, the greatest bonus that could be given to the foreign manufacturer.

This question will be found to be one of great importance. The Factory System is capable of being so regulated that great good may arise from it. Some of the mills are so admirably managed, that the children are not overworked, are cleanly, happy, and receive a good education. When the case of the mill owner is brought before Parliament, that fact will be proved; as yet we have only seen the, in general, exaggerated statements of the management of the worst; let us see the system in its best state. Let that be the model, and let checks be interposed to prevent vice in mills as well as out of them. The evidence must not be confined to the masters; some of the children must also be examined. The mills of good and humane masters have already their advantages; they have the choice of children and work-people; for it must be obvious that good treatment will always have its reward. In their neighbourhood there is an anxiety in parents to get their children placed in good mills. Let the subject be fully investigated and fairly discussed; remove and prevent the bad, and preserve and improve the good; and though Mr. Sadler's bill may have been both erroneous in principle and imperfect in detail, the gratitude of the factory children, of the masters, and the public, will be due to him for bringing the subject into discussion.

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

THIS Institution, which has been for some years in active operation on an extensive scale, begins to attract a large share of attention from the enlightened philanthropists on both sides of the Atlantic; and very deservedly so, whether we consider the novelty and peculiarity of its plan, or the magnitude of the interests, both as the old continent and the new are concerned, which are likely to be affected by its proceedings. As the subject has been frequently brought forward of late in this country, with a view of asserting its claims on the attention of the British friends of Negro Emancipation, it becomes important to examine its real character, and the mode in which the complete developement of the plans apparently contemplated by the Colonization Society are fitted to promote or retard the accomplishment of that most desirable object.

It is impossible, I think, to deny that what has hitherto been effected in the settlement of Liberia calls for high praise, and deserves the earnest wishes of every friend to the welfare of his species for its continued and complete success. It is not, therefore, from any indifference to the prosperity of that establishment, that I would call on the friends of the cause in this country to weigh the matter well before they give their unqualified support

to the American Society. On the contrary, I consider Liberia as being at the present moment, with scarcely an exception, the most interesting spot on the habitable globe. It is the spot on which a problem is now in a course of experimental solution, which deeply affects the most vital interests of the human race. But it is precisely for that reason that I should look with jealousy upon any measures which threaten to interfere with the success of this great and important experiment; and such appears to me to be the case with the Colonization Society in the probable results of some of their proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a *complication* of schemes evidently contemplated by it, (and, I am sorry to observe, sometimes brought forward, and at others kept in the back ground, according to circumstances,) which can scarcely fail to be pernicious; and if they continue to be kept in view, and acted upon extensively, they will require the enlightened promoter of negro regeneration not merely to withhold his concurrence and approbation from the Society, but to exert himself in opposition to their measures.

From their published reports they appear to have *two* objects in view; the first is to establish a colony of free blacks, who shall be the means of exemplifying and diffusing the blessings of civilization and the Gospel on the continent of Africa. For this purpose they have selected a competent number of American negroes, out of the large mass of emancipated slaves, who, in spite of the unfavourable circumstances in which they are placed, have acquired such a moral and intellectual character as to fit them for it. This object, *when taken by itself*, is excellent; and herein we most heartily wish them God speed. It has the further advantage of being perfectly practicable; and their measures, as far as they have hitherto gone, seem to be not ill adapted for its accomplishment. We see a community of blacks actually established on the coast of Africa, possessing the various institutions of civilized society, large enough to exemplify their operations on a scale which may attract attention, conciliate the friendship, and excite the emulation of the surrounding tribes, but not so large as to rouse their jealousy or hostility. This will be productive of great and un-mixed good, both in its immediate effect upon the natives of Africa, and by its tendency to raise the negro character in the estimation of civilized nations. Such a specimen of the various gradations and professions of social life occupied *exclusively* by blacks, if it succeeds, as we trust it will, must furnish an unanswerable reply to all that has been said of the inherent inferiority of the negro race.

But there is *another* object in view, which is decidedly bad, and inconsistent with the first. Happily it has the additional disadvantage of being wholly impracticable; but it is much to be feared that the attempts to carry it into effect will greatly impede the beneficial results to be expected from the more rational part of

the plan. This is no less than the actual transportation across the Atlantic of the whole of the free coloured population, and ultimately of the whole negro population of the United States. And why? Because (I quote their own words) ‘American whites *cannot help* recoiling with horror at the idea of an intimate union with American blacks. Be their industry ever so great, their conduct ever so correct, whatever property they may acquire, and whatever respect we may feel for their character, we could never consent, and they could never hope, to see the two races placed on a footing of perfect equality with each other.’ Such, for page after page, are the feelings towards their black countrymen which these patriots and philanthropists acknowledge in themselves, and both by their language and proceedings, encourage in the whites universally. They acknowledge that they are prejudices; but they say, it is idle to trace their causes, and *worse than idle* to tell them, what they know full well, that they are unreasonable, unjust, and inhuman. Nevertheless, ‘no dream,’ we are assured, ‘can be more wild, than that of emancipating slaves, who are to remain among them free.’ The plan, therefore, is, ‘draw off the free blacks to Liberia, then give freedom to the slaves, and let them follow.’ But, supposing this were practicable, what, I would ask, becomes of the other part of the plan—the benefit of Africa? You profess a desire to diffuse among the natives of that continent the blessings of Christian institutions and civilized society; and for that purpose you propose to send thither an overwhelming multitude, who, by your own account of them, are ‘a living pestilence’ among yourselves, ‘a greater nuisance than even the slaves,’ the very scum and offscouring of your population, kept down by your own absurd prejudices at the very bottom of the social scale, and, as it were, compelled to contract the idleness and the vices with which you reproach them. Are *these* the missionaries you would select in preference, to preach and exemplify the blessings of civilization? Are *these* the hands to which you propose to intrust the sacred message of the Gospel? What can be reasonably expected but that a community formed out of such elements will be found deeply imbued with all the corruption which an education in ignorance and vice, excluded by common consent from all that is called or miscalled *respectable* in social intercourse, is calculated to create?

Besides, what would be the effect of such a proceeding upon the natives? They view with pleasure (at least, for the most part, they have hitherto viewed with pleasure) the arrival among them of a few thousands of their own race, peaceable and inoffensive, displaying the blessings of commerce, of knowledge, of religion;—and we are even informed that a numerous body of them have already flocked in, to partake of these benefits under the immediate patronage of the Society. But the case would be widely different, if you were to pour in upon them successive hosts of the very

lowest and most degraded of your people, with all the vices and none of the virtues of a civilized society, and incapable of being even 'located' without displacing, probably by violence, the original occupiers of the soil. For it must be remembered, that Africa is not occupied like America two centuries ago, by wandering tribes of hunters, but by stationary communities, and is, comparatively speaking, thickly inhabited; presenting no trackless wastes on which two millions and a half of people could be suddenly planted, without creating the most tremendous disturbances. What consequence, then, must follow from such an attempt? Surely this, that the present harmony and good feeling must give way to hostile jealousy;—when they see these intruders threatening to come among them, not by thousands, but by millions, the native powers will take the alarm, and will do their best to drive them into the sea. The probability is, that in the destructive contest which will then ensue, civilization will display its usual advantage over a rude and uncultivated people;—you will make a desert and call it peace;—but is this the way, I would ask, in which you propose to civilize Africa? You may, indeed, make room in this way for your swarms of degraded negroes; and whether the community you will there establish under such circumstances will be very superior to that which you will have destroyed, time must show. But at any rate, it will be accomplished at an expense at which humanity shudders, and the economist stands aghast; and the object is one which, however interesting it may be to you, it can hardly be expected that we should exert ourselves to promote. In fact, the political considerations which might arise out of the success of such an undertaking, and which would probably lead European statesmen to look with no favourable eye on a powerful dependency of the United States, established on this side of the Atlantic, are not unworthy of attention.

It is true, indeed, that no such object as this is ever likely to be accomplished; the expense is far too great, and the sacrifice such as the slave-holders are not at all likely to submit to. That they may be induced to part with such slaves as the Colonization Society can purchase, with a view to emancipation on condition of their removal to Liberia, I can easily believe; but that they will ever consent to dismiss gratuitously the labourers on whom depends the cultivation of their valuable rice and cotton plantations, in a climate unhealthy in itself, and where whites have never yet been found capable of undergoing the labours of the field, appears quite incredible. In short, I hold it to be an impossibility to remove even the *free* blacks; and as for expatriating the whole *slave* population of America, and establishing them on the coast of Africa, it is the wildest chimera that ever entered into the brain of any man pretending to be rational. The Colonization Society think they have done great things in sending in the course of ten years, three thousand persons to form a

flourishing and very promising colony at Liberia. And they are very right; they have made great exertions, and the result is admirable; let them not *mar* it by attempting to combine things incompatible. As far as their *African* objects are concerned, in which alone we in this country can be expected to interest ourselves, three thousand men are a fair beginning; and it may even be doubted, how far it is desirable to go much further. But if they really contemplate the getting rid of all the negroes in America, exertions upon a very different scale await them, as will be evident when we consider that the above number is little more than a tithe of the annual increase (to say nothing of emancipation) of the free blacks alone. There is no reason to believe that any number that are ever likely to emigrate *voluntarily*, will sensibly affect the number that remain behind; it will only stimulate the principle of increase, so that the evil, if *evil* it must be, of a black population will continue as formidable as ever.

I have said that in the proceedings of the Society *as far as they have hitherto gone*, we see nothing but what calls for high praise; but to represent even this as unmixed good, would, perhaps, be saying too much. The good to *Africa* is, and I hope will be, very great; to America (I mean to the American *blacks*) the immediate effect is a serious evil, against which it is not to be wondered at that they exclaim and protest by every means in their power. Granting, what I think is so clear as hardly to admit of an argument, that the actual transportation of all the blacks is out of the question, what ought to be the policy of America? Certainly, to adopt every measure that can be devised to raise the blacks in the estimation of their white neighbours, and to counteract the absurd and inhuman prejudices which now prevail. And let it not be objected that this is a hopeless and Quixotic attempt; let it not be said that it is idle to investigate the causes of the present state of public feeling; let the investigation be made with care, that it may become the basis of decisive steps to grapple with the mischievous delusion. The American patriot need not look far for an instance to encourage him in such an undertaking; he has before his eyes a specimen of the wonders that may be accomplished by association, by energetic appeal and remonstrance, by example, by enlightened and well-directed zeal, availing itself of all the powerful means which the pulpit and the press afford for acting upon the public mind. Let these be resorted to with equal vigour, and we do not despair of witnessing, in the next ten years, as marked a change on the subject of negro degradation, as the last have exhibited on that of intemperance. That deeply-rooted national prejudices should be *entirely* done away, is more, perhaps, than can be expected; this, at any rate, must be the work of time; but still, every step towards this desirable consummation is so much gained; and to this point, even though in all its extent it should be unattainable,

sound policy, justice, humanity, and religion alike require that their most earnest attention should be directed.

But what seems to be the immediate bearing upon this object of the colonization scheme? Is the elevation of the negro character in America likely to be promoted by selecting all the more respectable, industrious, and wealthy of the free blacks, sending them off to Liberia, and leaving the refuse behind? May it not, on the contrary, be objected, that these poor degraded Americans are *entitled* to all the advantage they might derive from the presence among themselves of whatever is respectable, of whatever is fitted to raise their rank in the social scale; of whatever specimens in their own race, of any kind of moral or intellectual improvement, might serve to elevate in the public estimation the general average of the negro character, of whatever is likely to dis sever in the minds of the community at large, the unhappy association which now exists between the idea of a negro and hopeless inferiority and debasement? There are already among them a few who have struggled into what the world calls respectability, there are already various institutions for the purpose of education, and other public-spirited and benevolent objects. These, as far as they go, must tend to diminish the absurd feeling which at present exists; these let it be the labour of the truly patriotic American to improve, to multiply, and extend to the utmost of his power. Let him associate *himself* with negroes in the conduct of such institutions, and embrace every suitable opportunity of admitting them to his own society upon equal terms; and of bringing forward into public notice whatever is calculated to render the American negro an object of respect in the eyes of his countrymen. But it cannot be denied that the measures pursued by the Colonization Society have, in the first instance at least, a directly contrary tendency; more especially, when taken in connexion with the principle on which they avowedly proceed; namely, that a union of the two races upon equal terms is an idea that cannot be endured, much less reduced to practice.

The question, then, is presented for our consideration, shall *we*, in England, promote the objects of this Society? To this question I should be disposed to answer in the negative, unless those objects were strictly and exclusively confined to the benefit of Africa; and even then, it would remain to be inquired, whether every thing that peculiarly calls for exertions of this nature is not already done. We *have* the nucleus of a prosperous colony, which, from the latest reports, appears to be in a condition to maintain itself; and any fresh settlers, who were competent to promote the professed objects of the establishment, would be in a condition to defray their own expenses. For reasons which have already been stated, it is not even desirable that the number of these should be very greatly increased, from the risk of provoking

hostile collisions with the native powers, and, also, because it is important to avoid all unnecessary sacrifice of the elements from which a more healthy state of feeling may in time be generated in the United States themselves.

But it must not be concealed, that it more especially concerns us to view this question as it affects the condition of the negroes in the West Indies. Now, it is difficult to see with what consistency those who are, at length, contending earnestly for the *immediate* emancipation of the slaves in our own colonies, can unite with a Society proceeding on the avowed assumption that a slave must be expatriated before it is politic or even safe to make him free. To do so would be to furnish their opponents with a practical argument, of which they are too acute not to perceive the application.

The relative proportion, however, of the three classes in the West Indies is so different from what prevails in America, as materially to affect the results fairly deducible from the same general principles. In the former, even the *free* blacks are nearly double in number to the whites, and far from being a 'living pestilence,' the 'off-scouring of the population,' 'a greater nuisance than the slaves themselves,' they form in many of the islands an important and valuable portion of the community. They own a considerable amount of property, and, in some instances, mulattoes, at least, are even members of the legislature, a thing unheard of in the United States. That they are to the full as respectable when taken collectively as the corresponding ranks of the whites, we may infer from the fact that in proportion to their respective numbers, the white paupers are more than double the free blacks, notwithstanding that all the gentry, all the professional men, and a very large proportion of all the substantial classes, are necessarily of the European complexion. But in the West Indies the idea of expatriating all the negroes is clearly inadmissible. To leave these settlements to the exclusive occupation of the whites, would be to annihilate them at once. If the idea should gain a footing there of the utter incompatibility of the two races, the separation must take place the other way; and I should not be much surprised before long to hear of meetings of the free blacks, copying the proceedings and (*mutatis mutandis*) the language of the American whites, in some such style as this:—'Whereas long experience has clearly demonstrated the utter incompatibility of the Negro and the European, and whereas the existence in the same state of two distinct races which refuse to combine so as to form one people, is highly inexpedient, *Resolved*, That immediate measures be adopted for transporting all the whites, with as little delay as possible, back to England.'—The argument is just as applicable to the whites in the West Indies as to the blacks in the United States, and it is nothing but

a deficiency of power in the former case which gives the proposition the air of burlesque. It is an appearance, however, which a change of circumstances may in time remove; for, in *this case*, the numbers are not such as to render the scheme of an actual transportation, morally speaking, impracticable.

The argument maintained in the preceding pages is ably supported by a writer in the 'Christian Examiner.' To a certain extent he renders tardy justice to the free blacks; at least, he sufficiently proves that there has been great exaggeration in the accounts which are generally circulated of the intellectual and moral degradation prevalent among them. That they are inferior, as a body, to the whites in these respects, (I mean to the whites *taken as a body*,) may be readily admitted; it would be extraordinary indeed if it were otherwise. But this, in fact, amounts to little more than that the higher classes of society are superior to the lower. It must be remembered that the one class are confined, in a great measure, to the exercise of menial occupations, and others to which, for whatever reason, an idea of degradation is attached; while the other includes almost the whole of the wealthier and more highly educated classes, and all those who enjoy the influence of the additional motive to good conduct, which is derived from the possession of a distinguished station in life, or from the prospect of attaining it. If we confine the comparison between the two races, to the blacks on the one hand, and that portion of the whites on the other, who are condemned to the same, or nearly the same occupations, perhaps the difference may not be very remarkable. It is, however, certain, and this is an important point gained; that, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, there does exist a class of opulent, well-educated, *respectable* people of colour. Now it appears evident that the true policy of America should be to increase, by all possible means, the number, importance, and influence, both moral and political, of this class *at home*, in order that an example should be presented to their white countrymen, not on the coast of Africa, but at their own doors, of persons belonging to this hitherto despised race, whom they felt obliged to respect, not merely for intrinsic good qualities, but for the influence they were enabled to exercise on *their own* circumstances and condition.

W. T.

Halifax.

THE PATRIOT WARRIOR TO HIS DEAD BARB.

AFTER the battle was over, and victory had declared for the patriots, one of their leaders was seen bending over the body of his steed, which had been slain by a carbine shot purposely aimed

at him by one of the enemy. He had been remarked to pursue the man and cut him down, after which he struck no further stroke in the battle. When the strife was ended, with tears in his eyes he commanded his followers to dig a deep grave, in which the faithful companion of his master's many wild adventures was buried, with the honours due to a warrior. M. S.

My horse! my horse! my noble horse!
My gallant mountain-bred!
Unmatched in courage, speed, or force,
Woe's me, thou art dead!

I loved thee, as a lover loves
His maiden's glancing eye,
The tramp of thy unshodden hooves*
Was music's revelry.

Up the verdant mountain springing,
Thou hast borne me on thy back;
And, while rocks around were ringing,
Dashed down the stony track.

The grassy plain like an ostrich-bird,
With swift foot thou hast skimmed;
By whip untouch'd, by spur unscarr'd,
And thy flashing eye undimmed.

In the race when I bare-backed rode thee,†
The costly prize was won;
Never rider save me bestrode thee;
Thy last race is run!

The lofty hedge in the leafy dell,
Which our onward course impeded,
Beneath thy trampling fore-feet fell,
And a pathway ceded.‡

* In Southern America horses are rarely shodden, save for use in the paved streets of cities. Those who have once ridden a horse unshodden, will never wish to spoil the foothold of a horse with iron, unless in a case of necessity. With the iron on his hooves a horse loses full one half of his activity.

† The horse-racing of Chile and Cuyo, is not a cruel sport like that of England. The distance performed is only a few hundred yards, without a saddle, and the excellence consists in the quickness of starting and reining up. Speed alone is not the perfection of a horse trained to war. A well-trained Chileno war-horse it is scarcely possible to throw down, run him round as you will, at full speed, and on any ground.

‡ The land in Chile, where fit for pasture, is enclosed by lofty hedges, formed of the dried boughs and branches of trees piled together. These hedges sometimes are leagues in length, and when a traveller loses his way in the woods, or on the hill sides, he must break a way through them, as he is frequently enclosed between deep quebradas or gullies which lock him in. In such a case, a horse trained to paw down the hedges with his fore-feet, as some are, is a most useful companion.

The Patriot Warrior to his dead Barb.

When the lazo was fast to the saddle-girth,
 And a furious bull on the strain,
 Like forest-trees, fast and deep rooted in earth,
 Did thy limbs remain.*

When the bolas were whirling around my head,
 In the chase of the flying deer,
 Thou didst rival the truest bred Arab steed,
 In thy swift career.†

When the lofty crags the guanacos scaled,
 At the head of the ravine,
 Their perilous daring naught availed,
 There wast thou seen.‡

The deep deep sound of the long sea-beach,
 Where rolled the giant surf,
 And the huge whale's bones were seen to bleach,
 To thee was as green turf.

Thine arching neck, like a warrior's crest
 In the air was proudly reared ;
 And thy chiselled head, on thy broad bold breast,
 A sculptured form appeared.

To stride thee, was like some bright dream
 Of a shadowy glory playing
 Round a sea-god borne on the ocean-stream,
 With his sea-horse neighing.

Woman's love has changed in her fondest mood,
 But there was no change in thee ;
 Whether lucerne rich, or shrubs thy food ;
 Thou wert true to me.§

In the wilds, to my voice thou would'st docile listen,
 When I called thee to my side ;
 And thine eyes in their beauty would brightly glisten,
 And thus thou wouldest abide.

* A horse trained to the *lazo*, will hold the largest bull without difficulty, with the lazo on the full strain. Though the rider dismount, he will not move from his position, unless at the call which he is accustomed to obey.

† The *bolas* are a missile weapon, consisting of three stone balls of a pound weight each, fastened together by slips of raw hide. They strike the limbs of a running animal and wind round his legs.

‡ The guanaco is a mountain-dweller, and will climb the most difficult heights. The best horses are required to hunt the animal.

§ Lucerne grass, called by the Arab name *alfalfa*, is the favourite food of horses in Chile and Cuyo, where it is grown in irrigated meadows. But well-trained horses will eat bitter shrubs upon a pinch, and yet do work. The best Chileno horses are bred on the mountains, where they learn to lift their limbs gracefully, and become hardy. At a subsequent period, the peasantry will breed them up about their houses like their children, and are as fond of them as an Arab can be. Horses thus fed last many years. I have ridden a horse thirty years old, which was as active as a colt.

When I lay low in sickness and searching pain,
Thou didst whinny at my door,
And call me forth to the boundless plain
We were wont to scour.

Thou would'st amble, and canter, and gallop, and trot,
And many a pace beside;
Thou wast swift as a londa wind when hot,
By the desert dried.*

When we rested by night in the mountain range,
Thou didst share with me my bread;
Like a faithful friend who knows no change,
I pillowed on thee my head.

I guided thee by my voice alone,
Thou wert not struck or chidden;
But now, alas! thy life has flown,
In vain thou art bidden.

In thy panoply thou didst bravely show,
While champng thy ringing bit;
With thy silver chains, and housing of blue,
And all else meet.

I loved thee so, I spared no cost
On the trappings for thy wear;
The foeman who slew thee I sought through the host,
With my blade all bare.

How unlike to thee was the wilful brute
I mounted in hot haste,
To slay the coward who shot the shot,
Thy life to waste.

I urged him on through all the din,
Alike with spur and blade;
Forward I dashed, his life to win,
Who thee low laid.

Far, far were heard the sabres clashing,
Steel rang loud on steel;
Far was seen the death-shots flashing,
Far heard the peal.

Twenty-five years is by no means uncommon. Hot stables, changing temperament, and artificial food, in England, do as much mischief upon horses as a similar treatment does upon human beings. In England there is no poetry of horsemanship; scarce an inducement to ride. But thinking on Chileno steeds, might make even a sailor forswear his ship.

* The *londa*, which means the 'searcher,' because it drives the hot dust into the most hidden recesses of dwellings, however closely shut, is the 'simoom' of the Eastern Andes driving from north to south, generally for two or three days together, in the province of Cuyo. All doors and windows are closed during its visitation, and the inhabitants are half suffocated with heat.

Horse on horse, in deadly fury,
 Riders urged amain ;
 And, though wounded, mad with hurry,
 Heeded no pain.

I clove the coward's scull in twain ;
 My weapon bears the mark ;
 Oh ! would it were to do again,
 For thou liest stark !

I cared not then how the battle went,
 But returned unto thy side ;
 Mine only friend from life was rent,
 For me had died.

I will bury thee as in a human tomb,
 Thine eyes shall no condors pick ;*
 Long, long shall my spirit be saddened with gloom ;
 My heart is sick.

On thy flesh shall no ravening puma† prey,
 Thy bones shall not whiten in air ;
 Deep, deep shalt thou lie, ere I wend on my way,
 In sorrow and care.

My horse ! my horse ! my noble horse !
 My gallant mountain-bred !
 Unmatched in courage, speed, and force,
 Woe's me, thou art dead !

Jan. 8, 1833.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

A VICTIM.

IN our list of publications last month was inserted the title of Mr. Dove's biographical account of the Wesley family, with an intimation that we might probably advert to it again. We do so now, for the sake of MEHETABEL WESLEY, a younger sister of the celebrated founder of Methodism, of whose history the author says, in his twaddling way, that it is 'a tale at which every feeling heart must sigh.' In truth it is so; and a tale which should knock hard at some unfeeling hearts; and one moreover which, if hearts have any connexion with heads, should stir up thought in people's brains. For however anatomy may reverse the relative position, the heart is as a heaven to the head, and emotion is the angel that comes and troubles the thick stagnation of the

* The greatest treat to an epicure condor is the eyes of a dead animal.

† The *puma* or silver lion prefers horse to all other flesh.

thinking pool, and gives it the power of healing. In morality and philanthropy, original thought is often the result of strong feeling. Necessity is the mother of that Invention which has Selfish for its prænomen. There is an Invention which affiliates itself on Sympathy. When the evils which press upon the feebler portions of humanity can make themselves understood and felt by the stronger, the discovery of the remedy, and its application, is drawing nigh. This is better than the sentimentality of a sighing heart. It is turning emotion to good account. Tears, like other water, should not run to waste. The moralist should be like the practical engineer, who if he finds a full flowing stream, gives a blessing on its beauty, and then puts up a corn or a cotton-mill. We have found, very unexpectedly, in this family gallery of stiff and starched portraits, one which is most lovely and affecting. The unpromising name of Mehetabel Wesley is the title to a deep romance of real life, of which the pathos is most genuine; and the few pages which contain it are full of moral instruction. She was a victim, and no common one, to those false systems of duty which have sacrificed so many hecatombs. Her life was a long-drawn tissue of suffering; religion and virtue (so called) stretching out the web till the quivering threads could hold no longer. How many more of earth's finest beings must yet be agonized and immolated, before the world will learn that religion is a law of love, and virtue the means of happiness!

From various indications in the brief narrative before us, it is evident that Mehetabel Wesley, Hetty, as her brothers called her, was a beautifully-organized creature, and endowed with that peculiarity of the nervous system which is the physical temperament of poetry; which quickens alike the organs of sense and the apparatus of thought; which makes perception clear, imagination vivid, and emotion intense; and to which earth is either heaven or hell, as external circumstance harmonizes or jars with the internal constitution. Such are the beings whom our clumsy frame-work of society, and our heavy millstones of theology, seem put up purposely to mangle; and who, formed as they are to love and be loved, to bless and be blessed, are continually crushed between this world and the world to come. For rarely indeed are they rightly posited. The chances must go hard against them till the world grows wiser. Their story should be conned and commented upon, that the world may grow wiser. Most frequently is Woman the victim. The curse has been on her from the sacrifice of the daughter of Jephtha, the Gileadite, down to that of the sister of Wesley, the Methodist; and her day of deliverance is not yet. But we are forgetting that our readers have not gone through the story with us, and may reasonably wonder what we are moralizing upon.

Poor Hetty's primeval calamity was that of being born into what is called a well-regulated family. Her father, the Rev.

Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, was a renegade Whig and Dissenter, who in early life took suddenly, and on paltry pretences, to abusing his former principles and companions, and then settled down into a regular high church and Tory priest for the rest of his days. He was an austere man; cold, stately, precise, dogmatical; his expectations disappointed, his temper soured, and his pride mortified, by the narrowness of his pecuniary means, and the continually impending embarrassment of his circumstances; he wrote long commentaries on the book of Job; he believed that his house was haunted by a supernatural visitant; and 'he considered his parishioners as a flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, and for which he must render an account; he visited them from house to house; he sifted their creed, and suffered none to be corrupt in opinion, or practice, without instruction or reproof.' He was, in short, as Dr. Adam Clarke says, and Mr. Dove says after him, 'strictly correct.' He was a most highly respectable man; he ought to have been more, he should have been a dean at least; and really conscientious and pious, according to the standard which then obtained in his party, and indeed in the country generally.

Mrs. Wesley, the mother of Hetty, was the feminine of her husband; or rather, perhaps, would have been the exact female counterpart of a being who stood individually higher in the same species. She was better in proportion, but with no essential superiority. 'Before she was thirteen years of age she examined the whole controversy between the Established Church and the Dissenters.' Only think of that! 'She bore nineteen children to Mr. Wesley,' and educated fifteen, besides attending to 'the tithes and glebe,' &c. all 'by herself; and as she was a woman that lived by *rule*, she arranged every thing so exactly that for each operation she had sufficient time.' Well might Mr. Dove adopt the dictum of Dr. Adam Clarke for his motto, 'Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of ABRAHAM and SARAH, and JOSEPH and MARY of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.'

Under such auspices was the gentle, fragile, playful, lovely, loving, and sensitive Mehetabel Wesley ushered into the world. She sprang up like the chance seedling of a delicate acacia between the cold hard pebbles of a well-rolled gravel walk, in a square bedded garden, with its formal box and thorny fence, there to be trained, nailed up, and crucified to an iron frame, or a varnished brick-wall, and be tortured, chilled, and wither; beautiful even in her drooping and her death. Her first calamity was what there are too many who would still regard as the best of all possible educations. The industrious Mrs. Wesley, the paragon of moral and religious mothers, was soon hard at work upon her. The plans pursued are minutely detailed in a letter from the good

lady herself, which is preserved as an almost infallible directory. It describes the law, order, and duty system, the fear, honour, reverence, and obey plan, in its most complete developement. Every thing is summed up in submission; submission of heart, mind, and limb, in thought, word, will, and deed. ‘Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their infancy duty to parents. She had little difficulty in *breaking their wills*,’ (Oh, Mr. Dove, these are your approving italics,) ‘or reducing them to absolute submission. They were early brought by rational means under a mild yoke;’ (don’t mystify, Mr. Dove;) ‘they were perfectly obedient to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have, or to perform.’ But let us hear Mrs. Wesley herself. ‘*When turned a year old (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly*; they were never suffered to choose their meat; there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it; they were taught to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by signs, *before they could kneel or speak*.’ So much for practice; the principle we shall state in a continued quotation from Mrs. Wesley’s letter:

‘In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to *conquer their will*. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reprov’d; but no *wilful* transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

‘I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will* of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on

this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.'—pp. 158, 9.

This is the essence and perfection of a tyranny under which children are yet often doomed to groan, to the great deterioration and suffering of humanity. We believe, and we know it to be quite practicable to "train up a child in the way in which he should go," solely by the agency and power of LOVE. We say more than that it is quite practicable; we contend that it is immeasurably preferable; that in the long run it is far less troublesome, and that with its efficiency there can be no comparison. We have known those who from infancy to the verge of maturity had never felt a blow; and children more remuneratory to a parent's heart, for years of anxiousness and toil, never trod the earth. We have known children placed (in that division of training which results from the separation of the school and the family) under both the systems at different intervals; and, as might be expected, far more docile to those who only aimed at influencing them by affection than they ever could be made to the salutary-reverence people. It is very possible that some effects may be produced on the child by fear, which love may fail to realize; but in proportion to the difficulty it is expedient to investigate the question, whether those effects be so desirable as to justify the means; or whether, *quoad* the child's happiness, they be desirable at all? The established code of morals for children has been framed by adults, just as the powerful have ever taken especial care to define and enforce the morality of the feeble. Napoleon had his catechism; and so have all Napoleons, great and little. The rich inculcate the duties of the poor, the clergy those of the laity, and men those of the women. No small portion of the vice in the world, both nominal and real, arises from our being so ready to manufacture definitions of virtue for one another. It may fairly be suspected of such definitions that the good of the proposer and imposer is not less consulted in them than the good of those on whom they are imposed. Real virtue, we know, tends alike to the good of all, but this has not been generally evident to either the duty mongers or the duty victims. The good child, in common parlance, is the child that gives least trouble to its elders; and not the child whose physical and mental qualities are most finely attuned and proportioned, and best developing themselves. It may be a great nuisance that children are dirty, and noisy, and boisterous; but the little animals enjoy it; and it is as great a nuisance to them that Mamma will not have the carpet dirtied, nor Papa endure a noise while he is sifting the creed of a parishioner, or talking politics with a

neighbour. The true morality of the case is much more likely to be found in such arrangements as would accommodate all parties, (which would be very practicable even for the poor, were it not for our national determination that every cottage should be a Castle Sulky with its independent apparatus of coercion and punishment,) instead of making it a cardinal point of infantile morality that the will of the child should be broken for crossing the will of the parent. 'I am the oldest and the strongest; you like noise, I like quietness, and so I shall whip you till you *cry softly*, and then you will be good:' the morality of this we take to be sheer humbug, and we like it yet worse when it goes on into religious cant, and defames the Deity by ascribing a similar process to his providence. The object of religion is to make the human will *coincide* with the divine will, by enlightening the mind till it perceives that the latter only consults the happiness of man. Such should be the object of infantile education. The mere subordination of will to will by forcible means tends to the utter destruction of worth of character. The will of the child is, like that of the adult, inflexibly determined to the greatest apparent good. If mistaken in the estimate of good, and the error cannot be corrected by enlightening the understanding, it may still yield to confidence in a superior mind. This is not bending, or breaking the will, it is a spontaneous change in the direction of the desire, wrought by affection. And thus should the rational being who knows, ever guide by love the rational being who does not know. But to overbalance the greatest apparent good, though it be but to the mind of a child, by an arbitrary association therewith of evil, by privation, stripes, or threatenings, is a gross and brutal tyranny. The moral of its appeal to religion amounts to this, that vice would be very pleasant, if God had not arbitrarily tacked hell to its indulgence. A Deity, so described, is only loved by the base selfishness which presumes on a peculiar favouritism. The parent who introduces such a religion into the analogous process of the education of his own children, is but in the position of the flogged negro slave, flogging his jackass. 'He my nigger.' The antithesis of this system, is not the giving children sweetmeats till they are sick, and allowing them to be always idle, which is not disusing the rod, but only keeping it in pickle; but it is the disposing them towards their real good by the two simple powers of light and love, the one waxing strong where the other fades away. Shame is it to an adult, and especially to a mother, to her clearness of head and fondness of heart, to her judgment and her patience, if she cannot make the child her spontaneous companion, in any path in which it is really for that child's good that she should lead it. If she cannot do this, she should abdicate her maternity, and finding a woman who can, she should delegate the task, ask no questions, commit no interferences, and pay the bills without

grumbling, for holidays inclusive. What a heaven would such a school have been to poor Mehetabel! How must her little heart have quivered in the cold breeze that blew upon it as constantly as a trade wind; for every night Mrs. Wesley lectured every one of them separately upon their duties, not knowing that the trembling child's duties were her interests, and that her interests were her affections. The spirit of love could not be quenched, it was in her very frame; but it must have been sadly chilled and sorely pained. It is a wretched alternative to drive the young soul into, either servility or rebellion, or what is worse than either separately, the combination of the one in the outward manner with the other in the heart. Hetty was of a truthful and gentle nature; she always was so; but though unspoiled by the discipline, grievously must she often have writhed under its infliction. Corrupt her opinions it did; that could not be avoided, and probably it blunted her suffering. Pervert her heart it could not. Nature there was too strong, even for Mrs. Wesley and her well-regulated family.

This was the first act of the tragedy; the second was of a darker character. It was unavoidable that such a being as Mehetabel should love, but after an education which implanted so much of false principle, and left so much of ignorance, and in circumstances unfavourable to accurate observation, it was almost equally unavoidable that she should love unhappily.

If tried by the lives of her daughters, nothing can be more complete than the condemnation of Mrs. Wesley and her plans. But let it not fall on her alone. In fact, she and they were alike the victims of those mistakes about religious principle and social morality which have done so much mischief in the world. The lot fell the heavier on them, on some of them at least, because they were the finer natures. She was as hard as the system, and so it has rewarded her with canonization. But the one saint made many martyrs. Of her seven daughters, one passed a single life in uneasiness and privation. Of another, we are only told that of her and her husband nothing is known; and this is the only biography in the chapter of the daughters which can be read without pain. A third made her escape, by an early death, from a profligate who would have been the torment of her life. A fourth had also an early escape by the early death of her 'ill suited mate;' and the remaining three, passed long and wretched years of marriage hopelessness and helplessness. Here was a costly wreck of thoughts, feelings, hopes, and capacities of enjoyment, which surely nothing in nature rendered necessary or unavoidable. None of them appear to have been marked by qualities which tend actively to induce misery. The substance of their wretchedness was simply this: they made a religious contract to pass the remainder of their lives with persons who turned out to be so uncongenial that the only alternative was the irregular suspension of the

performance of the contract, or a state of endurance which cannot be read of or imagined without acute sympathy or irrepressible indignation. Where was the fault? Was it in their original training, which unfitted them for the correct discernment and appreciation of character? Was it in the notions and customs which precluded opportunities for their knowledge of character to be sufficiently complete, which cover with a veil of deceptiveness all ante-nuptial intercourse between the sexes? Was it in weariness of that life of pupilage and dependence which a woman leads in her father's house? or in influences parental or social, bearing them along, as soon as a yet undetermined preference was felt or fancied, to the goal of marriage? Was it in the nominal irrevocability of the rite itself which practically the course of events compelled them to revoke or perish, perish by lingering tortures of the mind and heart? Whether it were any or all of these, certain it is that dreary were the destinies of the sisters of the Wesleyan Patriarch, and the dreariest of them all was that of Mehetabel.

Of Mehetabel's love affair little is told. It only appears that it was terminated by the interposition of her father, and that her lover was not worthy of her, for he tamely gave her up when she saw that the obstacle was not insurmountable. The dastard deserved to lose a woman whom few men deserved to gain, although she committed the error of reckoning one amongst that few who only belonged to the many. Had events been allowed to take their natural course, such a mistake as this would not have been irretrievable. With the intelligence which she now possessed, and with all the strength, yet the purity and the depth, as well as quickness of her feelings, no being capable of that desertion could long have imposed on her imagination. Her heart would have required something more and better, and if not fettered by factitious tenets, whose immorality is shown in their miserable consequences, she would have hoarded her love, until the Bassanio came whom the instinct of a kindred nature would have guided unerringly to the casket which contained the treasure. But it is sad to reflect that had she escaped the lot which awaited her, she would yet not have been allowed thus to fulfil her destiny. She would still have been precipitated into marriage, and one species of misery would only have been exchanged for another. But to return to the history. In the bitterness of disappointment she made a vow to marry the first man who offered himself to her. A Vow! Will not the time come when people will ask, What is that? And will they not be astonished to find that one branch of religion at one time consisted in the solemn renunciation of the free agency of the individual, at a certain future period, or under certain defined circumstances, whatever might be the intermediate accession of

knowledge or change of opinion? The egregious folly! It is often hard enough to know and do the right, that is to say, that which is for the greatest happiness of all concerned, at the present moment; but to fix our conduct for a futurity when changes within and without may have occurred, baffling all our calculations, is trampling all morality beneath our feet. 'But a vow is made to God, and, therefore, must be fulfilled.' We say, no such thing; if it be made to him, let him judge; which he does, by the general results of such proceedings, and they plainly declare that he has no pleasure in them; that in his view the vow is a solemn folly, and the fulfilment (when not consisting in conduct dictated by other considerations) is only an immorality on the back of a superstition. Not so, unhappily, stood the case in the casuistry of the rector of Epworth. He was a great stickler for vows; he had signalized himself in that line; we must digress for a moment to tell how. Mrs. Wesley was a Jacobite, and did not say *Amen* to her husband's prayers for King William. This grievously offended his (not King William's, but Samuel Wesley's) majesty. Now the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance was carried to great lengths by this lady. On one occasion, during the rector's absence, she admitted the villagers to her sermon-reading and prayers in the house, and was doing great good. He wrote down *desiring* her to desist; but her conscience would not let her yield to simple *desire*, when souls were at stake; so she wrote that she could only abstain if he *commanded*. The King's title seems to have weighed more with her conscience than the villagers' souls. 'Sukey,' said the Rector, 'why did you not say *Amen* this morning to the prayer for the King?' Susanna rebelliously replied, 'Because I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be King.' Whereupon the Rector waxed wroth, and vowed a solemn vow, (the tale is told rather coarsely,) that if they were to have two kings they must part. So he said his prayers, packed up his portmanteau, and left his wife and parish for a twelvemonth, at the end of which time King William died, the Rector returned, and Sukey said *Amen* to the prayer for Queen Anne.

And on this solemn and obstinate ass was soon to depend the wretchedness or escape of that noble being, as she was, both body and soul, who had the calamity to call him father. A creature as low in mind as in condition, ignorant and grovelling, a Caliban civilized into vulgarity by the pot-house, had the audacity to offer the violence of marriage to this Miranda, and her father compelled her to submit to the brutality. His enforcement of his daughter's vow, in misery, was far worse than Jephtha's consummation of his own vow in blood. Four years afterwards the poor victim sent him the following letter; it does not appear that he was moved by it to any degree of penitence:

‘ July 3, 1729.

‘ HONOURED SIR,

‘ Though I was glad on any terms, of the favour of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for *the flower* of my letter, but which was, in reality, the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

‘ But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing ; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I cannot help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so ; especially these late years past, I have been pretty free from that scandal.

‘ You ask me, “ What hurt matrimony has done me ? and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now ? ” Home questions indeed ! And I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to them, if I say any thing.

‘ I had not always such notions of wedlock as now ; but thought where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and anything to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a *possibility* of happiness in a married state ; but *where all, or most of these, are wanting*, I ever thought people could not marry without *sinning against God and themselves*. I could say much more ; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours. You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, “ you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me.” I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

‘ I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened ; but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all* ; yet, since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own, that since, upon some accounts, I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy* ; I endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

‘ You say you will answer this if you like it ! Now, though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do, yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since, if you are displeased, I would willingly know it ; and the only thing that could make me patient to endure your displeasure is, *your thinking I deserve it*.

‘ Though I cannot justify my late indiscreet letter, which makes me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human ; and if the calamities of life (*of which, perhaps, I have my share*) sometimes *wring a complaint* from me, I need tell no one that, though

I bear, I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never to offend you by saying too much, which (with begging your blessing) is all from,

‘Honoured Sir,

‘Your most obedient daughter,

‘MEHETABEL WRIGHT.’

There are other symptoms that the pure mind of Mehetabel had a glimpse of the truth as to this marriage. It struggled hard in those iron fetters of superstition which had been riveted on her by education. Had not her will been effectually broken down by the process which has been described, she must have seen the fallacy of its being a duty to make a profession of everlasting love from which her nature recoiled. But, according to the teaching she had received, even from birth, resistance would have been a sin of double damnation, rebellion against her parents and her God. And the whole family were upon her, backed by their cohorts of religious and godly friends. They would all have the vow, the whole vow, and nothing but the vow. No, there was one exception; not a brother; not John, the founder of Methodism, nor Charles, his apostle, nor Samuel, the pink of high church piety; the priests and levites passed her by, or worse than that; the true religion of the case only beamed upon a woman’s heart, and revealed itself in a sister’s sympathy. Of Mary Wesley, the sister of whom we spoke as having escaped by death in the first year of marriage from their common sisterhood of suffering, Mehetabel thus writes in an affectionate elegy:—

‘When deep immers’d in griefs beyond redress,
And friends and kindred heighten’d my distress;

And by relentless efforts made me prove

Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love*;

My soft Maria could alone dissent,

O’erlook’d the fatal vow, and mourn’d the punishment.’—p. 236.

The victim is bound to the altar. A brand never to be erased marks her for the property of a brute. The truthful burst of agony from the lips of disappointed love was false in its form of expression, and superstition has made it a spell whereby to conjure up more vows, which are false in essence, and defy volition, which pledge her for ever to love the unlovely, and honour the dishonoured, and obey what there were immorality in not resisting. It is done; and the long train of hopeless years commence their lagging march through a world whose beauty should only echo the voice of joy and singing; a wretched procession, in tears and anguish, slow winding to the grave.

And this endured, or rather she endured, through the quarter of a century. It was only in the six and twentieth year of her suffering, that she was dismissed to tell Milton in heaven that his doctrine was still immoral upon earth. Some notion of her mode of existence may be formed from the following extract:—

‘ The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Wright, seem to have been a mere *extempore* effusion, poured out from the fulness of her heart on the occasion, and sharpened with the keen anguish of distress.

‘ *A Mother’s Address to her Dying Infant.*

Tender softness ! infant mild !
 Perfect, purest, brightest child !
 Transient lustre ! beauteous clay !
 Smiling wonder of a day !
 Ere the last convulsive start
 Rends thy unresisting heart ;
 Ere the long enduring swoon
 Weigh thy precious eyelids down ;
 Ah ! regard a mother’s moan,
 Anguish deeper than thine own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
 Late with rapture blest my sight,
 Ere your orbs extinguish’d be,
 Bend their trembling beams on me.
 Drooping sweetness ! verdant flow’r !
 Blooming, with’ring, in an hour.
 Ere thy gentle breast sustains
 Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
 Hear a suppliant ! let *me* be
 Partner in thy destiny !
 That whene’er the fatal cloud
 Must thy radiant temples shroud ;
 When deadly damps, impending now,
 Shall hover round thy beauteous brow,
 Diffusive may their influence be,
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree* !

‘ This was composed during her confinement, and written from her mouth by her husband, who sent it to Mr. John Wesley. The original letter sent with these verses was in Dr. Clarke’s possession, who says, “ It is a curiosity of its kind, and one proof of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind, to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire in its own orthography, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the rude hand which wrote it. It is like the ancient Hebrew, all without points.” ’

‘ *To the Revd. Mr John Wesley Fellow in Christ Church College Oxon.*

DEAR BRO :

‘ This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne

to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and
Bro: Charles

‘ From Your Loveing Bro: to Comnd—

‘ WM. WRIGHT.

‘ PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let
me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you Think Convenient.’

p. 244—246.

It seems that Mehetabel made a vain effort to inspire something like feeling into the animal to which she was bound. The experiment only added to the disappointments which she was doomed to endure. His nature was capable of little above mere animal appetite. Children might have become something to her. But they all died very young. His occupation was that of a plumber, and, as she believed, ‘ the white-lead killed them all.’ The touching lines just quoted breathe a sentiment which became habitual to her. She lived in the hope of death. After the loss of her sister Mary, there seems not to have been a human being in sympathy with her, or by whom she was properly appreciated. Devout she was, but it was the devotion of a martyr, whose sufferings were too great for her strength; her spirits sunk, and her beauty withered; at least, so her biographers say; but the eye was unquenched, and the face would have beamed in happiness. There was a prudent man, one Mr. Duncombe, who saw her towards the close of her life, and who writes to the celebrated Elizabeth Carter, ‘ It affected me to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits.’ This same sage remarks, of her calling her brother, John Wesley, *the King of the Methodists*, that it ‘ looked like a piece of lunacy;’ not much we think. He probably thought the same of another expression which he reports, and which combines a delicate irony with deep grief. ‘ She told me that she had long ardently wished for death, and the rather,’ said she, ‘ because we, the Methodists, always die in *transports of joy*.’ She died as she had lived, more gracefully than beseems a Methodist. Her brother Charles preached a funeral sermon from a text which appropriately declares, ‘ the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’

Mehetabel Wesley was the victim, as woman is yet continually the victim, of bad education, perverted religion, and unequal institution. The finer the individual nature, the more costly is the sacrifice. The feeling, taste, mental power, and moral purity, which some of her poems, and many passages of her life indicate, are such as to prove her capability, in favourable circumstances, of ministering most largely to social improvement and enjoyment, and, at the same time, to individual happiness, and of having both blessings amply measured back into her own bosom. And all this was wasted upon one for whom a comely scullion, with not a thought above her avocation, would have been as satisfactory a companion, probably much more so, and would

have received from him much better treatment. How is this? Her brothers would have said that it pleased Heaven sorely to try her; and that is true as far as it goes; but we rather think it also pleases Heaven to show by this, and similar examples, that the true morality, that which conducts to happiness, is not always correctly interpreted by society, not even by that portion of society which claims to be eminently religious. The restraint which crippled her faculties, the awful rod which made her an infant slave, was an immorality. This was the source of her own errors. The twig was twisted, and so grew the tree, though graceful even in its distortion. Her marriage was an immorality. So was her continuing through life in a sexual companionship where mutual affection was impossible; not that she was conscious of viciousness, but the contrary; she no doubt thought her misery was her duty. Ill fare the machinery that wrought the perversion and the suffering. For woman so situated there ought to be redress, open and honourable redress, in every country that calls itself civilized. Her situation was even worse than if she had committed that act which, by the law of Moses, would have subjected her to death by stoning; for then she might have been liberated from an enforced and intolerable bond, and even have entered on a new state, perchance of the affection and enjoyment for which she was framed. But her mind was enslaved; it had been scourged into the faith that she was a property, and not a being; her father had divorced himself for a twelvemonth; her husband probably did worse; but she never suspected reciprocity of right or equality of will. And they never suspected that there was degradation in the species of mastery which they arrogated. Savage man kicks and beats woman, and makes her toil in the fields; semi-civilized man locks her up in a harem; and man three-quarters civilized, which is as far as we are got, educates her for pleasure and dependency, keeps her in a state of pupilage, closes against her most of the avenues of self-support, and cheats her by the false forms of an irrevocable contract into a life of subservience to his will. The reason for all which is 'that he is the stronger.' And the result of which is that he often lacks an intelligent and sympathizing companion when most he needs one; a high-minded helpmate to cheer him in noble toils and bitter sacrifices; and a mother for his children who will take care that the next generation shall advance on the mental and moral attainments of the present. Truly he makes as bad a bargain as he deserves. Do not you think so, Mr. Dove? Was not Mehetabel Wesley's mother as much in the wrong as Andrew Marvell's father? And when you print your commendatory list of Critical Notices, especially for the Advertisement in the 'Methodist Magazine,' will you not again add, 'See also the Monthly Repository?'

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT.*

KEATS once wished he had never read a book. He lived to see his error. He lived to see that true originality is not to be destroyed by the knowledge of what has been produced before. Genius is inextinguishable; it is the Greek fire which burns under water. If he had read more, Keats would never have written *Endymion*; and, perhaps he would have finished *Hyperion*. The difference between the travels of the wise and the foolish, is not that they take different roads, but that they see with different eyes. Humboldt is no less the Homer of travellers on the European highway than in the South American forest. Books might have taught Keats to *guide* his power; they could not possibly have taken it from him.

He read few books; he had a friend who read all books; and yet whose poetry gave him a keen sense of enjoyment. Leigh Hunt entered upon the world with the ambition to be a poet; not that we think there was in his composition any of that irresistible gravitation towards poetry, which impelled the blind Ionian harper and the more glorious blind man of England, to 'break up the fountains of the deep' within them. It was not thus with the poet whose writings are before us; it is the case with but one or two in a line of ages. Leigh Hunt was a poet not by necessity, but by choice. He had a lively imagination, stored with sparkling images, which he had seen in nature through the spectacles (or Lorraine glasses) of books. He had fine animal spirits, and a deep thirst for fame, or rather, perhaps, for praise. He determined to be a poet; and a poet he became. We well remember the time of the publication of his '*Rimini*,' and some of its beautiful fragments yet 'stick at our heart.' Nothing can 'pluck them thence.' He appeared one of the most original of the poets of his day; but it was only because he had borrowed from a more recondite fountain. He was the idolater of the past. He belonged neither to the Satanic school, nor to the Lake school, nor to the Chivalrous school, nor to any other school of modern bardism. He was the emulator of old English poetry at large. Something compounded of Chaucer, of Spencer, and of Dryden, would have been, if he could have hit it, his beau ideal of poetic excellence; infusing into it a strong tincture of the old Greek mythology, and another equally strong of Italian romance. Forming himself upon such models, he produced a style of his own, very unlike any thing in the writings of his day and generation. Nevertheless we repeat, that his apparent originality was in great part the effect of more distant imitation. The burning instinct of song was not the master-passion of his being. If Chaucer, Spencer, and Dryden had not written, we

* 8vo. London, Moxon, 1832.

should not have had the 'Story of Rimini.' Yet in this seeming censure there is rare praise. He dared to go back to the fine antique models, and verily he has had his reward. He has produced things of uncommon beauty and tenderness. The praise be his of scorning to form himself upon recent or fashionable examples. If he is not a giant himself, he has breathed the air of the giant world. He has not stooped to the spirit, in which the author of 'Childe Harold' condescended to write the 'Corsair.' He has not consulted the sale of his productions, the attainment of ephemeral reputation and hot-pressed morocco-gilt glory, at the expense of that which every true poet would seek for, though he knew he was to be a loser in immediate profit and praise. Leigh Hunt has not done this; and this is much to say in this age of versifiers and poetasters. He has not 'cried aloud in worship of an echo.'

It has been his misfortune, and his glory, that he has been as little given to worship the powers that be, in matters political, as in matters poetical. Hence has arisen a system of literary persecution, the like of which has not often disgraced the educated world. The poet has suffered martyrdom for the heresies of the politician. Yet these heresies, like some others which it is sufficient to allude to, have been such, in many respects, as to do credit to the heretic's heart and understanding. The world is gradually discovering that they were truths in disguise. But had they even been otherwise, most earnestly should we deprecate, most unsparingly should we stigmatize, the spirit in which such disgraceful persecutions originate. We can conceive of nothing more utterly disingenuous and unmanly. Why should a free-man's political errors, great or small, real or imaginary, be suffered to affect his reputation as a poet? But such things are; and of this the author of 'Rimini' is a too notorious example. The Billingsgate of vulgar literature has discharged its whole lexicon at his head. Every phrase of contempt and vituperation has been poured upon him without remission or remorse; and all this, because he was the early and open advocate of those opinions, which are now becoming the political creed of the world, and will eventually be its political redemption. We can scarcely believe, when we read of such transactions, that we are Englishmen living in the nineteenth century of christianity.

Our readers need scarcely be informed that Leigh Hunt has long been regarded by these critics and their admirers, as the chief and patriarch of what they have termed, in bitter but silly facetiousness, the cockney school of poetry. For the disciples of this school, they will inquire in vain. It existed only in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. The school was created for the castigation of the master. People have at length begun to discover that 'the sceptre of Cockaigne' is 'a thing of naught.' The publication of this handsome volume sufficiently announces the

fact, if other proof were wanting. It is published by subscription ; and the list of subscribers is filled with names, many of which evince the progress of the sentiments which the writer has suffered so cruelly for avowing. We mean not to aver that the list contains the names of many actual converts to liberalism ; but simply that there are not a few among them, which would certainly not have appeared in such a place some years ago, when mention was rarely made of Hunt, or Hazlitt, except as amongst the caco-demons and evil genii of humanity. We believe that his life has been, in one respect, but too poetical ; he has often had to make one shilling do the work of two. We wish him two to do the work of one. He has a large family, who depend entirely upon his exertions. He has suffered much for society, and we hope that society will make a generous atonement. The *amende honorable* is commonly made over the grave, too late for 'the poor inhabitant below ;' we would fain hope that our own age will reject this unworthy practice ; and that when the injured ask us for bread, we shall no longer give them a posthumous stone.

The bias of this writer towards our early literature has produced a twofold good effect upon his poems. It has, in the first place, given to his versification a harmony and a variety, which, perhaps, no recent composer in the fine old heroic couplet has equalled. It cannot be a reproach to him, that he is one of those rhymers who have Pope's 'tune by heart.' Monotony is a stranger to his free and changeful verse. Its variations of structure and of pause continually keep the ear awake, and fill it with unwearying melody. In the second place, the same bias has had the still superior good effect of keeping him aloof and apart from that bane of all good poetry, the conventional poetic dialect, its gaudy and glittering Euphuism. True poetry derives its power not from the words, but from the thought with which they are charged. The thunder does not make the lightning, but the lightning the thunder. Accustomed as we are to see this principle inverted, we delight to regard a writer whose genius speaks to us in no conventional language, but in that of a purer taste and a better age.

The chief composition in the volume is the 'Story of Rimini.' Why should we not say that it is worthy of Dryden ? Lord Byron said of it, 'after his sour fashion,' that there never were more good things spoilt than in Hunt's 'Rimini.' The world, we believe, has long made up its mind respecting the deference due to the noble poet's conversational criticisms. They were not always remarkable for their consistency with themselves, with each other, or with his written ones ; and had usually too much about them which betokened their effervescence from the *splendida bilis* of his nature. In this respect, however, even he might think differently of the writings of his unpopular contemporary, if he saw them in their present form. We do not mean that the handsomeness of the book would make any impression upon him ; yet even

that would be agreeable to his aristocratical prejudices. But we refer to the complete and elaborate revision which the poems have undergone, we believe from one end to the other, to fit them for reappearance at the public bar. We even think that in some instances the poet has used both the pruning and the grafting knife too largely; *e. g.* in the 'Feast of the Poets,' which we have compared with the original copy as published in the 'Reflector,' and find guilty of some defalcations which we cannot help regretting. The satire was so playful, that we cannot think it required any palinode. We hope that the poet has attached too much consequence to this elegant and brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, in imputing to it, as he does, not a few of the animosities which have obscured his fame as a poet, and embittered his lot as a man. We attribute these to a very different origin. But both these causes, we trust, will soon be of the things that were.

We return to the 'Story of Rimini.' It is founded upon the well-known passage in the 'Inferno' (which stands there, says our author, characteristically, 'like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus,') where Dante tells, in half a dozen lines, the tale of two broken Italian hearts: 'That day we read no more!' Our countryman has wrought a powerful story of passion and misery out of the simple but pregnant materials of the poetic Michael Angelo. It is something to have told a story after Dante; it is something more to have made it so beautifully his own. We will repeat it after neither; yet cannot abstain from giving a few citations from the English poem, which may justify us for the opinion we have expressed of its high poetic deservings.

Here is a fountain:—

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact, till, at its height o'er-run,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

p. 5.

Here is an Italian garden; seen, however, with an English eye:—

So now you walked beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;
And now turned off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lover's talk;
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And *a new sense in your soft-lighting feet*;
And then perhaps you entered upon shades,
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
Through which the distant palace, now and then,
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;
A land of trees, which reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and *with nooks,*
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks

Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
 Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
 And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
 And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs ;
 And all about, a lovely sky of blue
 Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through ;
 And here and there, in every part, were seats,
 Some in the open walks, some in retreats ;
 With bowering leaves o'erhead, *to which the eye*
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.—pp. 58, 59.

These extracts will show that he has the gift of describing nature. The following will evince that, in the developement of a character, he can seize the great and fix the fine. It is the portrait of the elder of the two princely brothers :—

The worst of Prince Giovanni, as his bride
 Too quickly found, was an ill-temper'd pride.
 Bold, handsome, able (if he chose) to please,
 Punctual and right in common offices,
 He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,
The scatt'ring smiles on this uneasy earth,
 And on the strength of virtues of small weight,
 Claimed tow'ards himself the exercise of great.
 He kept no reck'ning with his sweets and sour ;—
 He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
 And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
 Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
 And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
 How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience, so design'd to keep,
Stern, central watch, though all things else go sleep,
And so much knowledge of one's self there lies
Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
 That no suspicion would have touch'd him more,
 Than that of wanting on the gen'rous score :
 He would have whelmed you with a weight of scorn,
 Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
 In short, ill-temper'd for a week to come,
 And all to strike that desprate error dumb.
 Taste had he, in a word, for high-turn'd merit,
 But not the patience, nor the genial spirit ;
And so he made, 'twixt virtue and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect,
Which, if assisted by his high degree,
It gave him, in some eyes, a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the many,
Left him at last unloveable with any.—p. 40—42.

Our limits will not permit us to give the exquisite pendant to this, in the portrait of the younger brother, or the withering effects of the contrast upon the feelings of the young and sensitive bride, passages which might sufficiently establish the reputation of any writer. But we do not think that there are many poets, the merit of whose great productions is so general and pervading. These passages are not oases in the wilderness; if they lead any one to the poem, they will not lead him to disappointment.

The next pieces are, 'The Gentle Armour' (we defy our readers to unriddle the title,) and 'Hero and Leander!' Both have their beauties; but we do not particularly admire them. We have then the 'Feast of the Poets,' one of the most pleasant, poetical, and good-humoured of satires. The miscellaneous poems are unequal, like most others. There are some affecting lines on a sick child sleeping. There are also some fine sonnets: in one, entitled, 'A Thought of the Nile,' we have the following great image:—

'It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.'—p. 211.

On 'A Lock of Milton's Hair,' terminates by this beautiful version of a very common and natural sentiment:—

'There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our irail plant,—a blossom from the tree,
Surviving the proud trunk;—as though it said
Patience and Gentleness is Power. *In me*
Behold affectionate eternity.'—p. 213.

Our poet and his friend Keats once sat down to compose each a sonnet on the same subject, 'the Grasshopper and the Cricket.' Keats begun,—

'The poetry of earth is never dead,'—

Hunt—

'Green little vaulter in the sunny grass.

Was ever the constitutional difference between two poets more strikingly marked than in these different exordia? We mean not to disparage the sonnet of Hunt, which is full of spirit and feeling, and which he has justly thought deserving of a place in the collection.

Some of the translations are vigorous and happy. Some of them, too, would have been no loss to the volume. All are occasionally disfigured by *super-original* graces. We will, not, however, conclude with censure. There are more fine things in this book, than in most of its size in the recent literature of England.

We had here laid down our patent metallic, when it occurred

to us, on glancing back over the paper and the subject, that we had as yet taken no distinct notice of a circumstance, which ought to endear the poet for the sake of the man. We have before adverted to the fact that the realities of Leigh Hunt's life have not always been what the world calls happy ones. He has had much to endure, and he has endured it well. He has carried a light heart through all his misfortunes; and is, we believe, to this day in many respects *a boy*. We mean him, in saying this, one of the highest praises in our power. We believe that the more of our boyish *inner sunshine* we carry with us into the scenes of the often cloudy world; the more we can keep circumstances from embittering our feelings, or, at least, our own unhappiness from making others unhappy; we avail ourselves the more of the 'sweet uses of adversity,' and acquire a title to the respect of our fellow-beings. Our poet, we apprehend, has chosen this better part, and we cordially trust he will have his reward. We understand that, in his own happy language, he has made it his business, as far as he could, to 'scatter smiles on this uneasy earth.' During his imprisonment, he was a bird that sang in his cage, instead of committing suicide against the bars. If the latter conduct be thought more imposing and sentimental, the former we take to be more beautiful and endearing. We part from him, therefore, with the earnest and friendly hope, that the success of the present publication may be such, as to give some brighter days to the poet of 'Rimini.'

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 8.

WE are now arrived at the great work which holds the same pre-eminent place among Goethe's prose writings which 'Faust' does among his poems, the 'Wilhelm Meister,' but which is even more than Faust, Caviare to the million; and with this the million took great offence. An esoteric metaphysical drama was tolerated, but the imposition upon the public of a psychological or rather pedagogical novel, from the enjoyment of which the reading people were excluded, was considered as an aristocratical usurpation upon popular rights, something like the abortive attempts of the managers of our London theatres to shut up the one shilling gallery. Hence, while this work has been, and is, more loudly eulogized than any other by a few, it is far indeed from being popular. We shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to characterise it. It being, in our judgment, the single work which Germany has to exhibit in emulation of the acknowledged masterpieces of Spain, France, and our own country.* It consists of two parts,

* Mr. Taylor would protest against this opinion, and claim this distinction for the 'Agathon' and other philosophical romances of Wieland.

which require a distinct consideration. The first, and by far the most valuable part, and to which alone laudatory or reproachful criticism has been applied, entitled the *Lehrjahre*, or Wilhelm Meister's apprenticeship, occupies the volumes 18, 19, and 20, and was published so early as 1794.* The very problem or purpose of this work is such, that when it is compared with that of the great novels we have alluded to, its want of like popularity is sufficiently accounted for. The apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister is to that art and mystery of which the professors form no guild, and which, therefore, no man puts himself out to learn—self-knowledge; an acquaintance with his own talents and qualifications, that he may do that which Dr. Johnson declared to be beyond the powers of man; that is, select deliberately one mode of life before another, on an adequate consideration of the respective reasons for preference. This strictly *didactic* purpose removes it at once from the possibility of obtaining that success by which other romances have been rendered illustrious,† and the work would hardly be known by the mere readers of circulating library novels. It would, however, have therefore greater claims on the notice of those who read a book merely to talk about or to criticise it. This class have, in fact, very freely exercised their right upon it, and we purpose to add our contribution to the mass. Of the story we shall content ourselves with saying very little.

The first of its eight books exhibits Wilhelm suffering from the infliction of one of the most painful lessons men are taught at the entrance into life—he is the dupe of a pretty woman. The son of an affluent tradesman in a large town, he has attached himself with all the fierceness of youthful passion to an actress, and is on the point of offering to her his hand in order to leave his father's house and become an actor, that he may live in the constant admiration of her charms, and in the enjoyment of her pure and disinterested love. A sudden discovery destroys the illusion,

* And was noticed in our monthly review, vol. xxvii. p. 543. by Mr. William Taylor, who extracted the very curious and original criticism on Hamlet, with which we have nothing to compare in our own literature except Morgan's admirable essay on the character of Falstaff.

† We take leave to illustrate this remark by two well-known instances. When Fielding imposed on himself this problem,—to exhibit a warm-hearted and generous young man with no worse vice than the ready indulgence of natural and not unamiable passions, without guile and without suspicion, incapable of fraud, and its easy victim, and showed him at last prosperous; and in contrast with him, a cold and cunning knave ultimately thwarted in his plans; he was sure of favourable readers. The apologist of popular weaknesses and vices is sure to have the people on his side. So when Fielding's great contemporary and rival, Richardson, proposed to himself to unfold in detail all the expedients of a high-spirited and talented voluptuary, directed to the perpetration of a nefarious crime of daily occurrence indeed, but with less waste of intellect and with fewer circumstances of horror; and also to display a female of transcendent qualities, and of immaculate virtue, suffering for a mere imprudence more than vice could merit; he, too, was sure to excite the sympathies of the great mass of mankind. And the consummate talent of these great masters have consequently rendered Tom Jones and Clarissa classics in our language, and familiarly known throughout cultivated Europe.

and with his happiness his health. On his recovery from a dangerous illness, his mistress is fled, and he is left with his spirits broken, and unfit for the duties of his station; he is sent from home on the pretence of commercial business, but he feels himself at liberty to pursue his vagrant taste. His amour had connected him with actors, and he had already formed the notion that he had talents both for dramatic poetry and the stage. He falls in with a company of strollers, with whom he associates, half patron, half companion. His passion for the lost Marianne had not rendered him unsusceptible of kindred attractions, and he is easily drawn on to accompany his new friends to the château of a Count; here he becomes connected with a noble family, among the females of which he has the felicity of contemplating every variety of female excellence of the nobler class, as among the actresses no attraction of a lower kind was wanting. The individuals of this noble family, and a *corps dramatique*, (with whom he for a time condescends even to associate as a member,) are his instructors, by means of whom he is taught his own unfitness for the stage, and, at the same time, is allowed to enter the career of domestic life as a man of formed character and varied endowments. Romantic incidents are supplied, by means of which he is, at the end of his apprenticeship, dismissed with the prospect of felicity, though whether he even at last attain it, is somewhat doubtful; our author being singularly indifferent to what constitutes the charm of a novel to its sympathizing readers,—the *dénouement*.

So much for the story. Among the episodes, the excellence of which has been acknowledged by those who find the most to censure in the work, deserve especial mention, 'The Confessions' (*einer schönen seele*) 'of a beautiful Soul,' of which we have already spoken, vol. vi. p. 294. Our orthodox friends will understand us at once when we inform them that it is an *experience*, but let them by no means, therefore, run to the next library for a copy. It will not gratify the admirers of either Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. Cunningham, or Mr. Ward. Though she has been led by the hand of Providence to reject her earthly lover, and had been brought to 'feel the sweetest enjoyment of all her vital powers in intercourse with the invisible friend,' yet there is one feature in her character which distinguishes her from all the heroines of our pious romancers. With every desire and even effort to be alarmed for her future condition, it was out of her power; it was impossible for her to imagine either a place of torment or a tormentor; nor could she contemplate God any otherwise than as an object of affection. The want of the love of God appeared to her its own sufficient punishment.—'I scarcely remember a command. Nothing appears to me under the form of a law. It is an impulse which conducts me, and always aright. I follow my sentiments freely, and know as little of restraint as of repentance. God be praised that I know to

whom I owe this felicity, and that I can contemplate these privileges only with humility. For I am in no danger of becoming proud of my own powers and faculties, since I have so clearly seen what monster may be generated in every human bosom which is not guarded by a higher power.'

There are besides two highly romantic and deeply pathetic individuals—Mignon, the mysterious child rescued by Wilhelm from a company of strolling rope-dancers, who, having bound herself by an oath to the Virgin not to reveal the country of her birth, betrays her history in wondrous songs. The 'Kennst du das Land' has been imitated by Lord Byron, in his well known

'Know'st thou the land where the citrons bloom.'

Sir Walter Scott has acknowledged that he took from Mignon the first idea of the Finella, in his 'Peveril of the Peak.' Creatures of imagination were at no time among the happiest of Sir Walter's productions. This is a most unsuccessful, indeed very unpleasant, imitation. The other romantic being, a crazed harper, sings songs of equal pathos, but his personal appearance and history are painful almost beyond the limits set by taste to pathos. The lover of the pathetic and the wildly romantic would have all his requisites fulfilled were these ingredients more closely connected with the main incident of the novel. But that which, after all, constitutes the undisputed charm of the work is the profusion of moral and psychologic disquisition, in which no romance that we know can at all compare with it; as in its directly philosophical purpose, there is but one that at all rivals it, the earliest as well as the greatest of all works of prose fiction, the very popular but ill understood Don Quixote.

These being its merits, it will be asked what are the demerits which have excluded it from that generally favourable reception which the talents of the author might have certainly secured it? These we must in candour advert to: first, the female characters, which are, nevertheless, at the same time the object of the most enthusiastic applause. Goethe's peculiar turn of mind led him to omit no variety of female charm and attraction. In this gallery of beauties, Marianne and Philine stand towards Natalie and Therese in the relation which the *Pandemos*, in the tolerant mythology of the Greeks, bore to the *Urania*—and each of these was *Venus*. They were the earthly and the heavenly. If Goethe, like the philologists of the 16th century, had adopted a Greek motto, it would probably have been *πας θεος αγαθος*—Every god is good. And as the greatest of his poetical predecessors has said, 'There is a soul of goodness in things evil,' Goethe has, in the course of his long life, and in this work especially, delighted in the exhibition of that beautiful soul in those evil things. Now there is a class of excellent, but anxious and timid persons, to whom this appears a perilous achievement. They believe that in so doing, good and evil are in danger of being confounded. We leave others to ap-

preciate the validity of the objection. The same class of persons, even in Germany, and to a greater degree in England, object altogether to Goethe's mode of considering the intercourse of the sexes. Not that there is an indecorous expression in the book; not that licentiousness is justified in argument, or represented as innocuous in fact; but that though the union of the sexes, and especially the paternal relation, is represented as that above all others by which the character is fixed, and the good and evil of life determined, yet marriage as a social institution is never adverted to as a necessary incident in the connexion. Not only is the passionate Lydia shown in the agonies of despair, but the deeply affecting Aurelia dies the victim of Lothario's desertion, who is, nevertheless, exhibited, unproved, as the model of every excellence.

The incidents also have been as vehemently objected to as the characters; and a want of probability is alleged as destructive of all interest in the individuals. In the château of the Count, as well as of Lothario, are introduced a set of mysterious persons, who get up a sort of show in a secret apartment. Personages from a stage make speeches to and at Wilhelm. They read to him from a roll of parchment his *lehr-brief*—a set of admonitions for his conduct in life. They recommend themselves to his favour by the solemn assurance that the child Felix is *his* son; otherwise they would have appeared as troublesome and impertinent to him as they doubtless do to the English reader, to whom, however, we have to offer this apology, that the actual existence of secret societies in Germany is a fact of no small importance in the history of that country during the last age.*

The objection made to the *Lehrjahre* on the ground of its too metaphysic character is still more applicable to the second part,

* It is notorious that the late King of Prussia was, to a great degree, governed by some religious fanatics and impostors, who had obtained the mastery of his weak and obstinate head. Schiller made this set of people the subject of his popular novel, 'The Ghost Seer,' which, when translated, ought to have been accompanied by an historical commentary. The want of secret societies in a country which had no free press, or other legal organ for free and public instruction, was so universally felt, that they were resorted to both by Catholics and Protestants, the religious and the anti-religious. Our readers are acquainted probably with the Scotch Professor Robison's 'History of the Conspiracy against Church and State on the Continent,' and of the Abbé Baruel's 'History of Jacobinism,' written with like design. Now, in both of these works there is a great deal of 'malignant truth,' which, because the malice was apparent, was deemed unjustly a lie. Both of the authors erred in giving unity of design and combination to unconnected elements—and, indeed, hostile purposes are strangely brought together as pursued in concert. There is, however, no doubt that the order of *illuminati* founded by Weishaupt in Germany just before the French Revolution broke out, contributed greatly to prepare the Bavarians for the degree of liberty and political power that was given them by the late king. That king, and his able minister *Montgelas*, (the man of whom, and of *Talleyrand*, Buonaparte declared that they were the only perfect ministers and diplomatists he had ever known,) were both among the early pupils of Weishaupt, who ended his days but a few years since at Gotha, having lived to witness the establishment of a representative constitution by his own royal pupil, in the country where his first labours were performed, and where Jesuitism was most effectually opposed by a Jesuitical contrivance.

entitled the *Wanderjahre* ; the first portion of which was compiled so lately as 1807, and which fills vols. 21, 22, 23. of the new edition.*

In that year, Goethe informs us, (vol. 32. p. 11.) he planned the binding together with a romantic thread, and so forming an attractive whole of a varied mass of compositions including *novelle*, &c. His expedient is certainly inartificial, and does not appear to us felicitous—he supposes his hero to be bound to travel for a year, (a sort of novitiate,) not resting more than three days in a place ; and he gives an account of his adventures to his Natalie. Why, we are not told. But there is a break in the second volume, and we are informed that years have intervened. Why, therefore, the journey is continued we do not know. Some of the old characters appear again, new ones are introduced ; and the end of the printed book is no end of the work, in a critical sense. Mysteries are left unexplained. And we can as little anticipate whether Wilhelm is to be ultimately united to his Natalie, as we know why he left her. Perhaps among the fifteen volumes of posthumous works which are announced, there may be a third part ; till then it would be idle to speak of it as a whole. Nor have we space to enumerate all the parts—we can notice only a few of the more significant. †

Vol. 21 opens with an exquisite piece of moral painting, the idea of which Mr. Taylor tells us is taken from Clemens of Alexandria. Wilhelm falls in with a pious carpenter, whom he calls St. Joseph, and who, in fact, strives to follow in life the civil condition as well as the holiness of his namesake. Like him he has a wife Mary. They are met by our traveller in the mountains, driving an ass, on which sits a beauteous child.

The traveller never quits the mountains. Here he meets with a noble family, in which wealth is dispensed with benevolence and munificence. Here, too, he finds a singular community, in the account of which Goethe has poured forth all his reflections and speculations on the present state of civilization in the world, and on the institutions by means of which education may be carried on upon a great scale. We know not how otherwise to designate this community than by saying, that it is a something between Utopia and Lanark. Instead of such ponderous and unromantic means as civil government, with its armies, and corps of law-

* The *Lehrjahre* was translated into English by Mr. Carlyle,—an honest, as well as able work. Mr. Carlyle might have rendered his book more acceptable to the great body of readers by sacrificing some portion of the peculiarities of his author, which he might easily have done, and so doing might have given to his work more of the grace of an original composition. In his subsequent work, entitled 'German Romance,' he has inserted a version of the first part of the *Wanderjahre*, entitling it 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,'—a word which does not by any means express the sense of the original term, which is borrowed from the universal custom in Germany, according to which a workman is obliged to travel for a number of years before he is admitted to the freedom of his guild or company. The German *Bursche* and *Handwerker* (students and journeymen) constitute most of the numerous pedestrian travellers met with.

yers, police officers, and executioners; we have instructors and professors of every description, who direct the free workings of intellect. Nor does this institution seem, like that of Mr. Owen, to be merely a preservative against the evils of our artificial society, for the production mainly of the first necessities of life. It seems rather formed for the generation of faculties than for directing their application. We were reminded more than once of the remark of a German transcendental physician, (Kilian the Brunonian,) who in one of his prefaces gravely asserts, 'The science of medicine was not discovered to cure diseases, but diseases exist in order that the science of medicine might arise.' A great variety of curious dissertation is interspersed on the mechanic arts; even the processes of spinning and weaving are minutely described; anatomy, and the substitution of waxen models are discussed. And here we find a remarkable anticipation of that atrocious crime (*Burking*) which subsequently disgraced our country, and to which a great name has been unhappily appropriated.

With the pedagogical institution is connected an emigration society, but this seems, in part at least, to be an expedient for colonizing less the barren earth with men than barren society with instructed and intellectual beings. From the purely pedagogic part we will mention one single incident as a specimen of the fanciful expedients resorted to by our author. Wilhelm remarks, that all the pupils, when their preceptors pass them, leave their employments, and assume different positions and gestures, according to their age. The youngest cross each his arms on his breast, and look with a smile towards the sky; the next class, with hands folded behind, contemplate the earth; while the seniors stand in a row and look forward. These different gesticulations are imposed as a duty, in order to impress on their susceptible minds the three-fold reverence (*ehrfurcht*) which, when combined together, attune the mind to virtue. These are successively explained to mean the reverence man ought to feel towards his superiors, his inferiors, and his equals. The fitness of each position and gesture to express and inspire the sentiment, we leave to the discernment of our readers. Goethe, however, has not confessed that after all this thought is exemplified in every infant's prayer. Indeed, what else were the sacrificial ceremonies of all antiquity, sacred and pagan?

Among these mountains, Wilhelm finds one of his old companions, Jarno; he is the chief instructor in geology and the sciences. In this same retreat we have also, where we should little expect it, a discussion of the evil and good of machinery, which, in fact, forces into emigration the till then thriving community, and which emigration is the last incident of the romance.

Of the new characters, there is one which is kept in the background, like a superior being, and as becomes her sacred name,

which is all that appears of her in the *Lehrjahre*,—*Makaria*. In the first part of the work is a collection of enigmatical sayings, entitled, 'from Makaria's archives.' Who she is we learn only in the second part. She is a rich and noble lady, devoting her life to acts of beneficence, but, like the 'beautiful soul,' living under deep religious impressions. She, too, is a visionary, and lives under the notion that her life is bound up with the movements of the stars, and she finds an astronomer who nourishes and seconds her gentle, sublime, and harmless illusion. That no variety of the religious female character might be wanting, Goethe has also supplied a saint of a more practical turn of mind, whom he has entitled, the 'new nut-brown maid.' Her history is one of the delightful novelle, which, after all, form the great charm of the work to the general reader; her piety is warm, but her virtue is active and even laborious. She is the wife and widow of a manufacturer, and from her proceed the discussions of political economy.

There are several other tales of equal attraction. 'The Man of Fifty Years,' is full of lessons of wisdom for the bachelors and widowers of that perilous age, of which the dangers are the most to be feared, because in fact they are not apprehended. The crown of the romantic novelle is 'The New Melusina.' That antique and oriental tale, (for such we presume it is, though we want scholarship to trace it to *India* or *Persia*,) of which the tale of Cupid and Psyche is a variety, is modernized so far, that a barber makes himself the husband of the fairy wife, whom he unconsciously carries about with him in an enchanted box. The humorous blending of the marvellous and familiar is successful, and very different indeed from the French degradation of the fairy tale to the developements of the brothel. A considerable space in this, as in the former part, is given to a collection of axioms and single thoughts, as if to balance, by these emanations of pure reason, the sentimental and playful elements in which the rest of the work abounds.

We are now arrived at the autobiographical class of our author's works. These fill nine volumes, from the 24th to the 33rd. We are compelled to pass them over in a few lines, referring to what we have said vol. vi. p. 292—301, &c.

Vols. 24, 25, 26 consist of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. We here protest against Mr. Taylor's inference, that there is conscious invention or falsehood in this book, in spite of Goethe's own explanation, which we have given. We have also to warn our readers against the pretended translation of this work, published by Colburn. An exposure of the fraud appeared in an early number of the *Westminster Review*. The book is there proved to be from the French, by a person who was ignorant even of the German alphabet. Not a single sentence involving thought is faithfully given.

Vols. 27 and 28 consist of the Italian journey in 1786-7. And vol. 29 of the 'Second Residence in Rome,' from June 1787 to April 1788. These volumes were published but a few years ago. They combine, therefore, the impassioned feelings with which the author contemplated the most remarkable and interesting country on the face of the earth, when his faculties were in their zenith, with the ripest reflections of his mature age. Goethe's love of Rome has more of passion in it seemingly than any other taste in which he indulged. It was there his most celebrated works (Iphigenia and Tasso for instance) received his final corrections. His love of poetry and the fine arts, his delight in the study of the human mind, as it appears in its more momentous productions, laws, religion, manners, and the varieties of natural character, all received here nutriment and employment. To the reflecting traveller in the '*bel paese*,' these volumes may be especially recommended.

Vol. 30 contains the narrative of his unfortunate campaign in France in 1792, when the Duke of Brunswick made his memorable retreat from Champagne, which determined the fate of Europe for ages.

Vols. 31 and 32 are nearly filled by the diary supplemental to the more elaborate autobiography of the author's youth, which extends to his seventy-third year. These sheets (*hefte*) are rather notes and hints, than a work; and, therefore, though interesting to all who are already familiar with the writings of the poet, they do not form one of the works to be recommended to the student. There are, however, scattered throughout, curious facts connected with the literary and political history of the times.

Then follows an *Eloge funèbre* on Amelia, Duchess Dowager of Weimar, written on her death in 1807, and which was translated at the time in Dr. Aikin's 'Athenæum.' We have before adverted to the influence which this accomplished princess had in the bringing together the great men who rendered the otherwise mean little town of Weimar illustrious. We add merely thus much, that, in the latter period of her life, Wieland became her daily associate, while she was cordially attached to Herder, whose religious turn of mind had engaged her sympathies more strongly than the bolder and more philosophic character of either Goethe or Schiller; yet she said with great feeling to our friend R—— a few days after Schiller's interment, 'It has been the pride of my life to be the friend of our great men, but it is hard to be the survivor of them.' She was spared a further trial of this kind; Wieland survived her, and the greatest of them all has embalmed her memory in this precious casket of golden words.

Another and more valuable memorial of friendship follows in an oration delivered at a meeting of Free Masons, on the death of *Wieland* in 1813: *Zu brüderlichem Andenken Wielands; i. e.* 'To the fraternal memory of Wieland.' It is not easy to imagine

literary talents and tastes more directly opposed to each other, than those of Wieland and Goethe; and these did, in fact, occasion a sparring between them before they became personally acquainted, of which we have already spoken. Wieland was rather an accomplished writer, than an original genius; a thinker, than a poet. He was a successful imitator, and an excellent translator, at least of Horace and Lucian. His translation of Shakspeare was at least useful, but Goethe has truly remarked, that his mind was so directly opposed to that of Shakspeare in all points, that his own study of Shakspeare had no influence on himself, as is proved by the passages he omitted, and by his notes written in the spirit of a Frenchman. Nothing raises Goethe higher in our estimation, than the facility with which he penetrated, as it were, into the spirit, and the liberality with which he appreciated the worth of minds so different from his own, as those of Schiller, Wieland, Voss, &c. If there be an exception to this praise, it is with reference to Herder only. The masonic oration which has produced these remarks, is an *unique* specimen of literary eulogy. We recommend it earnestly for translation.

We have now gone successively through Goethe's lyric, dramatic, romantic, and autobiographic works, constituting (with the exception of his epic poems, which, as the crown of all, he has compressed within his last and 40th volume) his most important original writings. The remaining nine volumes show him in the character of critic, translator, and biographer.

Vol. 33 enables the curious reader to compare Goethe's earliest and latest critical writings. It contains thirty-five reviews, or rather literary notices, which appeared in the 'Frankfort Literary Gazette,' in 1772 and 1773; and sixteen more elaborate reviews, which were published in 1804-6. The early reviews are chiefly of books forgotten now. The subjects are worth notice as showing what at that period occupied the attention of the young and inquisitive. One especially is very remarkable, and it was by us entirely unexpected; it is on that momentous topic, the *freedom of the will*, and suggests a curious subject for comparison between Goethe's own speculations and those which were excited in this country by the writings of Dr. Priestley only a few years afterwards.*

These reviews are of interest to those only to whom the literary history of Germany, or that of Goethe's own mind, is an object of minute attention. One single remark we extract, as both characteristic, and suggesting a useful hint to all rational interpreters of the Old Testament. Dr. Bahrdt had edited a book called 'Eden,' in which the popular notion of the Devil was disputed, and the history of the fall of man explained allegorically. On this Goethe remarks: 'Had our author approached with due

* We have translated the article, which we withhold for the present. It would break into our series, which we are anxious to bring to a close.

reverence the writings of Moses, merely as the most ancient monuments of the human mind, as the fragments of an Egyptian pyramid, he would not have deluged the images of oriental poetry in a Homiletic flood; nor broken to pieces every limb of this Torso, in order to pick out from it all the popular notions of our German universities in the eighteenth century.'

Among the later reviews that of Voss's poems is particularly admirable as a specimen of indulgent criticism. Here also we find 'Prometheus,' (1773,) the commencement of a mythologic drama, ending with a fine ode which we have printed, vol. vi. p. 460; and the 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland.' See also *ibid.* p. 299.

Vols. 34 and 35 contain a translation of that most delightful of autobiographical works, the 'Life of Benvenuto Cellini;' the publication of which by the too-eccentric Bishop of Derry was one of the most creditable acts of his life, though an inadequate atonement to society for the violation of so many of its social duties. Under his auspices it was also translated into English by Dr. Nugent; and Mr. Roscoe has recently republished the work: whether with any curtailments or modifications we do not know. Goethe, in a short encomiastic preface, declares the Florentine goldsmith to have been a complete man, endued with all the talents required to form the consummate artist. That he was at the same time a lying and impudent braggart, while it adds infinitely to the pungency of his book, only renders it necessary, in order to derive both instruction as well as pleasure from it, that we should read it with closer attention, and apply to it those rules of cautious interpretation which are requisite for rendering harmless the deviations from truth, to which such a mind is peculiarly liable.

Vol. 36 consists of a literary curiosity, *Rameau's Neffè*, *i. e.* 'Rameau's Nephew,' which Goethe translated from a manuscript by Diderot, so far back as 1805: the original text was published only a few years since. It is a dialogue, of which the younger Rameau is the hero. He was a nephew of the famous composer, and himself a teacher of music; one of those clever rascals who in Paris, before the revolution, were so generally tolerated. The possession of *esprit* being considered as a sufficient substitute for all morality, and even decorum. He is idealized in this little book by a congenial spirit of higher powers. It is denied by none even of the partisans of the modern French philosophy, that Diderot was one of the worst men of the age, thoroughly profligate in life, and utterly unprincipled, unless a passionate, and consistent, and uniform hatred of certain institutions in society, and certain opinions, can be dignified with the name of principle. His associate in the 'Encyclopedia,' D'Alembert, on the contrary, who had all his anti-religious feelings, was equally distinguished for his worth and moral excellence. The whole dialogue is a highly amusing and spirited defence, by himself, of his own worth-

less and profligate habits. Yet with all that, it seems to us a very moral book. For the author has so contrived that though the reader enjoys the wit and gaiety of Rameau, he is never seduced to love or respect him. The author was distinguished for his colloquial talents at a time when, and in a country where, society had reached its acme in all the refinement of intellectual intercourse. No wonder, therefore, as Goethe remarks, that this should be a master-piece. Prefixed to the dialogue is a series of critical judgments on all the great French writers, by Goethe himself, in alphabetical arrangement. It is very curious indeed; and would have opened the most secret recesses of the author's mind, if that had not been manifested by so many original productions. It is one of the most remarkable features in Goethe's character, that his admiration has been almost uniformly bestowed on characters of great energy, with little or no reference to the application of their power. He seems to have contemplated mankind as the naturalist does animals in a museum. We all, indeed, admire a tiger more than a cat, and a rattle-snake more than an eel, though we acknowledge the domestic use and culinary value of the latter, and take care to avoid the claws and poison of the former. So was it through life with Goethe. And we understand very well why he seems to have contemplated with peculiar complacency such characters as Benvenuto Cellini, Diderot, and Lord Byron.

DOVEDALE.

(From an unpublished Poem, so called.)

Here let vain priesthood, clad in gorgeous stole,
 Learn what Religion loses by control;
 The gothic arch and richly fretted aisle,
 By such a temple but provoke a smile;
 There, let the organ's solemn music rise,
 And incense burn in costly sacrifice,
 The stream which murmurs through the rocky vale,
 The clouds which circling round those mountains sail,
 Shall wake devotion when such arts shall fail.
 Yes! let man rear the gorgeous pile of stone,
 Not thus men worshipp'd in the ages gone,
 Not thus the brave and apostolic band,
 Taught that devotion's flame was to be fanned.
 'Twas not in palace, temple, the pure lore
 Was preached, which wildly flew from shore to shore,
 First of man's blessings, until monarchs bowed,
 And meek disciples became prelates proud
 In evil hour!—and oh, who could have deem'd
 That the pure perfect doctrines, mild, which seem'd

Sent down to earth, from brighter worlds above,
 To fit mankind for scenes of peace and love—
 That the glad tidings fraught with hope and light
 Should, by perversion, make the wrong seem right;
 Should clothe with terrors new the tyrant's might;
 And, touch'd by subtle priestcraft's fiendish wand,
 Steel against martyrs persecution's hand.
 Who could believe that precepts, whose each line
 Breathes forth a mercy general, divine,
 Spreading a glorious hope from pole to pole
 Without distinction, as without control,
 Should be by man's perverted mind abused,
 Till sect to sect that mercy has refus'd;
 And priests and zealots, mad with impious pride
 Kept grace for those alone their test has tried,
 And closed the gates of bliss on all beside.

No! true religion is a gift which Heaven
 To man, and not to any sect has given;
 As minds expand and change, so alter creeds,
 And virtue not in forms consists, but deeds.
 The Indian hunters, as their woods they roam,
 To furnish forth their board or rear their home,
 Trust in the Spirit which their paths protects,
 To shield the roof their simple toil erects;
 Trust that their chiefs, for virtuous acts renown'd,
 Thro' death shall meet in some bless'd hunting-ground,
 Shall there still halloo on each fav'rite hound,
 And, with renewed activity, pursue
 Paths happier than their earthly footsteps knew.
 And are not these the same ideas which lead
 The Christian forth to virtuous thought and deed
 With mind exalted and expanded creed?
 Yes! for the same great Father of mankind
 To diff'rent states has diff'rent thoughts assign'd.
 Not more could hunter's joys the sage inspire
 With Heaven's high hopes and virtue's holy fire,
 Than could the wand'ring savage understand
 The sage's prospects, beautiful and grand:
 Yet both were fashion'd by one mighty hand,
 Which both shall guide to happier homes afar,
 Thro' paths of virtue led by Faith's bright.

Yes! Faith—which never has the good forsaken—
 Tho' doomed to be by man belied, mistaken:
 Not that wild faith which zealots deem alone
 Can in an hour for a whole life atone;
 Can wipe from darkest brow the deepest stain,
 And give to man his innocence again;
 Nay more, can give to him who still has wroug
 The deeds of darkness, and affliction brought artth
 Even to their doors to whom he owed his life;
 Can give to him who grasp'd the murd'rer's knife,

The bright reward which Heaven reserves for those
Whose days in virtue dawn, in virtue close ;
For those, the patriot or the martyr band,¹
Who all resign'd at conscience' mute command.

Let zealots still the torch of discord fan,
One only difference lies 'twixt man and man.
It is not whether, Nature's simplest child,
He bends before the morning's radiance mild,
And pours his homage to the orb of day,
The only sign he knows of Heav'n's kind sway ;
Or whether, where the tapers thro' the aisle
Light faintly each Madonna's pictur'd smile,
His prayers ascending to the vaulted skies,
With music's tones and circling incense rise :
But he who in life's ev'ning sinks to rest,
Others still blessing and by others blest ;
He who has sooth'd the sufferer's couch of woe,
Or sav'd the victim from the oppressor's blow ;
He who has lit with joy his own fireside,
And been alike his friend's support and pride ;
He claims the sole distinction of his kind,
By reigning monarch of a virtuous mind ;
He need not fear, whate'er his creed may be,
To leave to priests their selfish bigotry.

T. T. P.

DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH ON THE FUNCTIONS OF THE ANIMAL ECONOMY.

[Conclusion of the Analysis of the Course of Lectures delivered at the London Institution.]

WE have followed Dr. Southwood Smith through his late course of lectures so far as to have given an account of the structure and action of the heart, and of the power that works it. The amount of this power, the structure and action of the arteries and veins, the use or ultimate end of all this machinery, with the view which he took of its intimate connexion with the healthy and vigorous, or the diseased and feeble state both of mind and body, it remains for us to lay before our readers.

The left ventricle of the heart, by the successive contractions of which the circulation throughout the system is effected, contracts with great force. Experiments have proved that in large animals, as in the horse, it propels the blood with a power sufficient to maintain, in an upright tube, a column of ten feet. It is calculated that in man it exerts upon the blood it contains, a force equal to about six pounds on the square inch, or sixty pounds on the whole mass, as its inner surface contains ten square inches. There are four thousand contractions in an hour, each of which expels two ounces of blood. The

whole mass of the blood in an adult man is about twenty-five pounds; different currents of it complete the circulation at different times, in proportion to the length of the course they have to make, and the degree of resistance they have to encounter; as, for instance, a part of the stream has only to circulate through the muscles of the heart itself, while other parts have to supply organs widely removed from it; but it is thought that the entire circulation is completed, on an average, in two minutes and a half. A quantity of blood, therefore, equal to the whole mass must pass through the heart twenty-eight times in an hour. 'Consider,' said Dr. Smith, 'what an affair this must be in very large animals. The aorta of the whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works that supply London with water. Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of its huge heart at half-stroke with an immense velocity into a tube of a foot diameter.'

All the arteries of the system take their rise from two great trunks. One, the pulmonary artery, springing from the right ventricle to ramify through the lungs; the other, the aorta, springing from the left ventricle to supply the whole body. These two main-trunks, each following its own course, divide and subdivide, every branch becoming smaller and smaller, till they reach a degree of minuteness which is ill-described by the term *capillary arteries*, for they are much smaller than the finest hair. A more accurate idea of their real size will be conceived by the recollection that some of them are too small to admit a single red particle of the blood, estimated at about $\frac{1}{4000}$ of an inch in diameter. These capillary arteries pervade every organ and every tissue in such numbers, that, as before stated, the point of the finest needle can penetrate nowhere without wounding some of them. They terminate in the capillary veins. The veins go on in the inverse order of the arteries, uniting together, forming larger and larger branches, till gradually they become veins of considerable magnitude, and, at length, form two great trunks, the superior and inferior *venæ cavæ*, pouring the blood into the right auricle of the heart. We have here described the systemic veins. The pulmonic form four trunks, and return the blood renovated and ready for the systemic arteries to the left auricle.

The artery has three distinct coats. The external one is composed of cellular tissue, the substance of which all the membranes of the body are formed. The middle one is formed of fibres, arranged in rings round the vessel; it is the strongest and thickest of the three, and is highly elastic, especially longitudinally, possessing also the power of enlarging and diminishing the caliber of the tube, a power truly vital, and extremely analogous to muscular contractility. The inner covering of the artery is called the serous coat; it is strong, but thin, smooth, and polished, in order to offer as little resistance as possible to the flow of the blood. In the capillaries the structure is considerably modified. The coats become gradually thinner till, at length, they disappear entirely, and the blood flows through membraneless canals in the substance of the tissues. The disappearance of the membranous coats of the capillaries has been only recently discovered by observations with the microscope. With its assistance the currents of blood have been seen flowing through the tissues.

Particles of the blood have also been observed to leave the stream, and to mingle with the tissues, and particles of the tissues to move into the stream, and to be carried away by it. Nerves follow the course of the arteries through all their ramifications, but it is for the capillaries that the great bulk of them are reserved; innumerable nervous filaments are spread out upon them, and exert an important influence over their action.

The structure of the veins is different from that of the arteries. They have only two coats, being destitute of the fibrous coat; they are also more numerous, and of greater capacity.

The main power that moves the current of the blood through all these vessels is evidently the contraction of the left ventricle of the heart. It is assisted in the arteries by their elasticity and by their contractile power. The trunk of an artery is always full to distension, and every fresh wave of blood that is thrown into it brings both its actions into play, which actions, alternately renewing and ceasing, cause the motion that is felt when the finger is pressed upon an artery, and constitute the *pulse*.

'The state of the pulse indicates, as you know, the state of the circulation. The state of the circulation is closely connected, not only with the vital state, but with the vital action of almost every organ of the body. The circulation is the great centre of the organic life. A certain state of the organic life is always coincident with a certain state of the circulation. The pulse is the index of this state. Physicians endowed with the power of observation, and gifted with tactile discernment, who have been placed in situations affording them large experience, have sometimes acquired an astonishing skill in judging of the morbid condition of the system from the state of the pulse. It is universally admitted to be an invaluable guide in inflammation. It is equally so in fever. It will often tell with great certainty, to those who have studied it, when the abstraction of blood will be beneficial; when, on the contrary, wine should be given, or when nothing should be done: and this is the more important because the great skill in managing a case of fever consists eminently in knowing these three points.'

It used to be thought that the capillaries had a propelling power of their own, but recent experiments have proved that they have it not, but that the blood circulates through them in consequence of the impulse of the heart's contractions; and as after death the action of a syringe can propel a fluid into the extreme capillaries with ease, it is not difficult to believe that a force equal to sixty pounds can do it. The case is the same with the veins; the action of the heart urges on the current through them also. The same tension does not exist in them as in the arteries, because there is a ready escape for the blood through the right auricle, but it rushes through them with equal force, and it is assisted by two auxiliary powers—by valves with which in many parts of the body the veins are furnished, and by the action of a vacuum formed in the right auricle every time it dilates, which makes the blood hurry forward to fill up the void as soon as it comes within its influence; while the effect of the valves is to divide a long and heavy column of blood into several shorter ones, offering less resistance.

The uses or purpose of the circulation we must give in the lecturer's own words.

'To afford to the capillary arteries a due supply of arterial blood is the ultimate object of all the apparatus of the circulation, and of all its action. By the capillary arteries it is that nutrition is effected, that secretion is performed, that structure is built up. When the blood has been delivered into these vessels what happens to it? What changes are wrought upon it, and by what agencies? We have seen that the great bulk of the arteries terminate in the tissues, in membraneless canals; that where the arteries thus terminate the blood flows in canals formed in the substance of the tissues, not in proper vessels. We have seen that in proportion as the membranous tunics of the arteries diminish in thickness and strength, the nervous filaments increase in number and magnitude. We have seen that when the processes which now go on are carefully observed with the microscope, particles of blood can be seen to pass from the current of the circulation, and to mix and mingle with the particles that constitute the substance of the organs; while particles that form the substance of the organs re-pass in their turn into the circulation.

'Thus far the successive steps of these curious processes are objects of sense; but here we are only on the very confines of the domain of life, and beyond this we have hitherto not been able to penetrate. What the peculiar agents are which are now called into action, and to what laws they are obedient we do not know. The agents are distinguished by the name *vital*; the actions we refer to certain general principles, of which we know nothing, but which we term *Vital affinities*.

'We see that changes are now wrought upon the blood; we see that its chemical composition is subverted; we see that its constituents enter into new combinations; we see that these changes go on in a certain order and according to fixed laws, and these we designate *Vital affinities*. Arterial blood is conveyed by the larger arteries to the capillaries; but the capillaries no where give out, no where deposit arterial blood. Arterial blood is conveyed by the branches of the carotid arteries to the capillaries of the brain; but the capillaries of the brain do not deposit blood in the brain, they deposit brain. Arterial blood is conveyed by the nutrient arteries of bone to the capillaries of bone, but the capillaries of bone do not deposit blood, they lay down osseous particles. Arterial blood is conveyed by muscular branches to the capillaries of muscle, but the capillaries of muscle do not deposit blood in the muscle, they lay down muscular fibre. The blood conveyed to the capillaries of brain, to the capillaries of bone, to the capillaries of muscle is precisely the same; all comes alike from the left heart; all is conveyed alike to the different organs by similar tubes. Yet the capillaries of the brain convert their blood into brain; the capillaries of bone into bone; the capillaries of muscle into muscle. For this reason these capillaries have been termed the *chemists* of the system, and subtle and elaborate chemists they are; and the various organs have been regarded as so many different laboratories, specifically adapted to the purpose, where the various processes that are carried on in the economy are conducted. Out of one and the same fluid, the blood, these vessels manufacture cuticle,

and membrane, and muscle, and brain, and bone ; the tears, the wax, the fat, the saliva, the gastric juice, the milk, the bile ; in a word all the solids and all the fluids of the body.

‘ But the capillaries accomplish still more, for they are architects as well as chemists. After they have manufactured whatever substance may be required, they arrange it ; they build it up into structure. The arteries of the brain not only form cerebral matter, but they so dispose it after they have formed it, as to build up the organ we call the brain. The capillaries of the eye not only form the different membranes and the various humours of which it is composed, but when they have formed them they so arrange them as to constitute the optical instrument. In this manner all the capillaries of the body build up all the structures of the body, and in a word, make the whole frame what it is ; wherefore, says Mr. Hunter, the capillary vessels are the masons and architects of the system.’

The laws which regulate these wonderful actions are, as has been said, not yet clearly ascertained, but it is certain that there is one great agent at work throughout nature, and it seems probable that here it has great influence, although its operation in relation to the vital economy is yet but imperfectly known ; this agent is *electricity* ; and the lecturer went on to explain its influence, as far as that has been ascertained, on the different portions of the apparatus of the circulation.

The moment that the use of the circulation is understood, its intimate connexion with the health or disease of the whole system becomes apparent, and the justice of the following remarks may be perceived. ‘ Between the tissue and the blood the relation is close and mutual. If the blood be healthy the tissue will be sound ; if the tissue be diseased the blood must become proportionally morbid. Now to an extent far greater than is commonly conceived we have it in our own power to affect the qualities of the blood ; to endow it with properties adapted to render the organization of the body sound, and the state of the mind healthful and vigorous ; or, on the contrary, to produce physical and mental debility or violence. The practical relations of this subject are therefore extended, and possess a deep interest.

‘ A considerable variety in the composition of the blood is compatible with sound health. Within certain limits all its constituent principles may vary in their relative proportions, without producing any morbid effects in the system, but beyond these limits any change is productive of evil. For the maintenance of the state of health, the blood must be in a certain quantity, and of a certain quality ; it must go through a regular process of purification ; it must have a certain distribution, and it must flow with a certain rapidity and force.’

Deficiency of quantity in the blood, causing every function to be languidly and inefficiently performed, brings on physical and mental feebleness and debility. Excess of quantity, oppressing all the organs, causes a listless body and torpid mind, and a whole train of suffering and disease. For the adjustment both of the quality and quantity of the vital fluid, nature has provided, in the various organs of the body. There is the constant change going on by means of the capillary arteries and veins : the arteries laying down new particles, the veins carrying away the old, and taking them to be renovated in the lungs.

There are throughout the alimentary canal the lacteal vessels, taking up the aliment, and also carrying it to the great vein, to be sent to the lungs and converted into fresh blood. There are all over the body, the absorbents in countless numbers, taking away whatever is useless or noxious, some of it to be sent to the great organ of purification the lungs, some to be expelled from the system. Then there are organs whose main function is to abstract from the blood whatever would overload or deteriorate it—but an example of their action may be useful.

‘Do you need an illustration of the occasion that calls for their interference, and of the promptitude with which they obey the call? See that red-faced, full-veined, robust looking man, somewhere between forty and sixty years of age. He sits down to a good dinner with a good appetite. He eats three times as much as he needs, and he excites the stomach to digest the load, by drinking stimulating fluids to six times the quantity that is requisite. What follows? The capillary arteries are stimulated to the utmost action of which they are capable. The capillary veins are turgid to the utmost degree of expansibility which they can reach. The system is full to repletion. The external surface is plump and rounded. The extremities are even swollen. The mass of circulating fluids is actually increased, perhaps, if the dinner has been *good*, one-sixth—if *very good*, one-third or more. The system is in danger. The vessels are fuller than they can bear, and the stimulus of distension excites them to an increased action, the violence of which is proportioned to their fulness. Exquisitely delicate as you have seen some of these vessels to be, the wonder is, that they do not burst, and burst they do *sometimes*. But why do they not always burst? Because instantly exhalation from the lungs is increased, secretion from the whole internal surface of the alimentary canal is increased; secretion from the kidney is increased; rapidly thereby the superfluous quantity, or at least, the urgently dangerous superfluity is carried out of the system, and wonderful is the peace and comfort of the sufferer, after his panting respiration has expelled fluid from his lungs, and his perspiring skin from the whole external surface of the body. And now you see that these organs are the safety valves of the circulation, and thereby of the system, and you see also how they work.’

After contrasting the pleasurable sensations experienced in sound health, when every organ performs its own functions, and the due balance is kept up between the work each has to do, and the work it performs, with the suffering and disease when the balance is overturned, and when one or more of them fail; the lecturer went on—

‘Now, over all the sensations of which I have spoken, we have ourselves a great control. To a very considerable extent, we can make them, at our pleasure, such as are conducive to a high degree of physical and mental health and vigour, or to physical and mental disease and feebleness. And the main instruments by which every one is capable of exercising this control over the states of his own system are food, air, temperature, and exercise.

‘Without a due supply of nutritious food, the blood that is formed must be deficient in quantity, and bad in quality. It will be without the essential attributes of the blood; it will be alike incapable of nou-

rishing the organs and of stimulating them to the due performance of their functions. A weak, stunted, and deformed frame, a still weaker and more deformed mind, a short and wretched existence, a life happy only in its brevity, must be the inevitable consequence. Deficiency of food, at all times acting most perniciously on the system, enfeebling and corrupting the body, and equally enfeebling and corrupting the mind, is most injurious in infancy and childhood. Then it is that the system is to be built up; then it is that all the organic actions go on with the greatest rapidity and vigour; then it is that the expenditure is the largest, and that the supply requires to be proportionately ample. If this supply be not at this tender age regularly afforded, a check is given to the physical and the mental health, which is never recovered. Life may not be immediately destroyed, but it is fearfully abridged, and still more fearfully perverted. To suppose that an individual, or that a race of people can acquire moral excellence without intellectual vigour, or intellectual vigour without physical strength, or physical strength without a due supply of nutritious food from the first day of infancy up to manhood, is vainer than the wildest dream at this moment passing through the mind of a maniac. The true philanthropist, then, is he who labours to give the people, not *food*, but the knowledge which will enable them to secure it in abundance for themselves, and for their children; and no one saves, prolongs, or blesses human life, like him who instructs the people in their own interests. How excess in food operates in obstructing the functions of the body, in obscuring the faculties of the mind, in producing disease physical and mental, sometimes extinguishing life in an instant, and at all times rapidly exhausting the flame, you will be able clearly to understand from what has been already stated. And excess, like deficiency, is far more injurious in the young than in the adult, and the younger the more pernicious. See how the fluids abound in the infant, how easily it is excited, with what rapidity its heart beats, what slight causes will make it double or treble the number of its contractions in a moment; with what activity and energy its capillary vessels work; how tender, how irritable the whole extent of its alimentary canal; how still more delicate and excitable the soft and tender substance of its brain; listen to its cries, watch its contortions when it has taken food unsuited to it, or when it has been gorged with the most wholesome food, and there is no mother, whose understanding is equal to her affection, who will not be most anxious to ascertain the kind of diet best adapted for her children, and who having once ascertained it will not rigidly adhere to it. Never forget that the foundation of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical health and vigour of your child is laid in its infancy, and do not imagine that it is so spiritual and refined a being, that these qualities are not influenced by its diet.'

The advantage of an abundant supply of fresh air, and the pernicious effects of all such contrivances as closely-drawn bed-curtains must be evident, when it is remembered, that air, besides acting powerfully upon the nerves, is the agent that converts the food into nutriment.

Some of the facts connected with the effects of heat and cold upon the system are interesting. 'Heat is a stimulus. It acts powerfully on the nervous system, and through it on all the organs, and more especially on the entire apparatus of the circulation. The effect of a

long continued elevated temperature on the circulation of the blood in man is highly curious and instructive. It stimulates the whole external surface of the body, and determines a large quantity of blood to the capillary vessels of the skin. Long continued cold, on the contrary, constricts these vessels; checks the circulation through them, propels the current to the interior of the body, and causes it to flow principally in the organs placed in the internal cavities. In this climate, therefore, we all have a different circulation in summer and in winter. In summer the mass of the blood is flowing on the external surface of the capillaries of the skin. In winter the mass of the blood is flowing in the internal viscera, in the capillaries of the thoracic and abdominal organs. The circulation in the summer is essentially external; in the winter essentially internal. And by this arrangement, the generation of animal heat is husbanded, and the great mass of the blood is placed where the external cold can least affect it. And this also explains why alterations of temperature are so injurious; why just when spring is succeeding to winter, autumn to summer, and winter to autumn, colds, inflammations, fevers are so prevalent; because a few mild days of spring fill the capillary vessels of the skin as though it were summer, and then comes back suddenly a winter's cold with a summer circulation.'

To these evils, only to be avoided by proper clothing, the young are particularly liable.

'The young of all animals are peculiarly susceptible to cold. The extent to which it obstructs their temperature and proves fatal to them is greater than could have been conceived without positive evidence of it. But it is proved by direct experiment, both in birds and on different species of mammalia, that a degree of cold which will cause the temperature of an adult to fall about 1° or at most $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, will cause that of the young of the same species to fall 20° ; and consequently that a degree of cold which will only stimulate and invigorate the healthy adult, will prove rapidly fatal to the young. And this is perhaps even more true of the young of the human being than of that of any other animal.'

From the last lecture, in which the different stages of life were enumerated, we make the following extracts, forming a part of what was said on infancy, childhood, and adult, or mature age.

'The second epoch of infancy extends from the seventh month to the end of the second year; at the commencement of this period, the first dentition is completely begun, and it is completed at its termination. The changes proceeding in the different organs and functions during the first epoch advance rapidly in this. The brain becomes more and more developed, and its functions more and more active and extended. Sensation becomes more exact, and embraces a wider range; perception becomes more perfect, and phenomena of mind appear; speech and voluntary motion commence; passions, emotions, affections are formed and manifested—new powers, the introduction of which into the economy exercises over it a prodigious influence for good or for evil, for health or for sickness, for pleasure or for pain.

'And now is the period for the formation and direction of moral habits. Moral habits indeed will be formed or rather confirmed, for their formation has commenced long before this—but now they will

grow rapidly into strength, whether we notice the process or not ; whether we interfere with it or not ; whether our interposition be beneficent or maleficent. Good or bad habits will be formed. The habit of temperance or of intemperance ; the habit of yielding to every impulse, or the habit of self-control ; the habit of thinking only of gratifications that relate to self, or the habit of taking into account the pleasures of others ; the habit of indulging an irritable, fretful, and passionate temper, or the formation of a gentle, calm, and sweet disposition—all this, with or without us, will go on ; just as much without us as with us, but not the same without as with. Now is the time to lay the foundation of moral excellence, to make good moral feeling and good moral conduct just as much a part of the sentient and intelligent being, as any organic action, or any animal perception. And this it would be possible to do for every human being without a single exception, to an extent which would render every individual of the human race more uniformly and consistently good than the very best is at present, were the physical and mental constitution of each individual, as well understood as study might make it, and were the circumstances under which each is placed, adapted to it with a wisdom which it is within the range of human ability to attain.'

* * * ' The period of childhood extends from the second to about the seventh or eighth year. * * * Every effort should be directed from the beginning to the end of this period, to the development and invigoration of the physical powers, and the formation and direction of the moral. The intellectual are comparatively of little consequence. The mind should be employed more as a matter of amusement than of exertion. You must never forget that the brain is still exceedingly soft and delicate, and that its action is almost incessant. We do not in general sufficiently consider how incessant are the intellectual operations of the child without any artificial stimulus to exertion. Unceasingly external objects are transmitting impressions to the brain through the medium of the senses which it has to distinguish, to compare, to combine, and to name. There is scarcely a moment during its waking hours in which some operation of this kind is not carried on by the child ; and it entirely depends on the kind of stimulus applied to the mind, whether it produce healthy excitement or exhausting stimulation. It would perhaps be scarcely possible to spend too much time in seeing, in hearing, in handling, in observing, in imitating, in constructing in the pure air, under the sunny sky, in the verdant fields, and amid the various objects which there meet the senses. And without doubt a vast portion of physical science may be communicated at this period without imposing on the pupil any great mental effort—affording merely an agreeable and beneficial excitement. The observation of phenomena, the storing in the memory interesting and useful facts, are the main things to be aimed at. Every indication of precocious intellectual attainment or ability should be checked with as much anxious care as the earliest indication of curvature in the spine, or of the formation of tubercles in the lungs. Early mental acuteness is almost invariably associated with a state of the system which produces physical debility ; and it is exceedingly apt ultimately to terminate in intellectual feebleness. Throughout the entire organized world, whatever is destined to live

long is slow in growth. All animals which reach an advanced age, are slow in coming to maturity. The oak, vigorous at the end of a century, was scarcely more than mature after it had been nourished by the showers of fifty springs, and stimulated by the sun of fifty summers. And you may be assured that, the brain which is to be good for any thing at forty, and which is to continue active with any valuable result from that period up to eighty, will appear no prodigy at four, or even at ten. In general there cannot be a surer preparation either for a short life, or for a common-place and feeble intellect through a life of ordinary duration, than an early genius.'

Adult age is reached by the female at twenty, and by the male at twenty four, and ripens into maturity in woman at thirty, and in man at thirty-eight. * * * Then the human being attains the age when his physical organization acquires its utmost perfection, and his mental faculties are in the highest vigour. And it is remarkable that, while this is the period in which he is capable of the noblest conceptions, the finest actions, the most intense enjoyment; in which he is the most capable of receiving and of communicating happiness; so this is the only term of human existence which is not fixed; this is the only term to which no limit can be set; which is extensible, and that indefinitely. Every day, or month, or year, that is added to the duration of human existence, is, in reality, added to this period, and to this only; that is, to the best period of life. All the preceding æras are fixed by a law, which it is not in our power to break, or to change, or even so much as to modify, except only in an exceedingly slight degree. At a given time, though not precisely at the same time, in all places, and under all circumstances, infancy passes into childhood, childhood into boyhood, boyhood into adolescence, and adolescence into manhood. But the termination of the period of manhood and the succession of old age varies in every individual, and may vary by a number of years far greater than that which constitutes the longest of any of the preceding periods.'

If we have succeeded in giving such an account of these lectures as may convey to our readers an exact conception of their subject, we shall have contributed to extend some portion of the pleasure and advantage they conferred upon those who heard them. The large attendance which continued to the last, and the increasing proportion of ladies, evinced the interest excited, and we are not singular in expressing the hope that the circulation is not the only function which will form the subject of illustration.

Dr. Southwood Smith has long been engaged in preparing for the press such an exposition of all the functions of the animal economy as will enable him to expose the popular errors that prevail relative to the management of health and sickness, and to unfold and enforce the truths which should occupy their place; and those who have attended to the *practical* bearing of the lectures of which we have now closed our account, will, we think, partake of the impatience with which we look for the appearance of this work. No class of subjects more forcibly presents to the mind the contrast between things as they are, and things as they might be, and *will* be—between the happiness for which the organization of man fits him, and the suffering to which he is so continually a prey. Let but the minds of

men, and what is, at least, of equal importance, the minds of women, awake to the importance of such inquiries, and the design of the Creator will soon be more completely accomplished in the felicity of his creatures.

CHURCH REFORM.

A CRISIS seems, at last, to have arrived in the affairs of our national religious establishment. Reform is called for from within, by not a few of the most intelligent and serious members of the church itself, as essential to its usefulness, and as the only chance for its stability. Change is loudly demanded from without, by a great, powerful, and energetic body of dissenters of various denominations, as being equally required by justice and by sound policy ; as absolutely necessary to allay existing and increasing dissatisfaction, and to preserve a tolerable degree of harmony among the members of a community so divided in opinion as ours is on questions of religious faith.

His Majesty's Ministers are found among those who acknowledge the necessity of improvement, and they have announced their intention of promoting it. Judging, indeed, from the language they have held on the subject, and from what they propose to do in Ireland, we cannot expect from them any very decisive or satisfactory measure ; but as it seems certain that something will be attempted, it is proper that the people should apply themselves to the discussion of the subject, and should consider well how much they will think themselves authorized immediately to demand, and what part of the good which they expect to be ultimately attained they will deem it expedient to defer any pressing application for, to some future period. It is very desirable that the first step should not only be itself attended with important advantages, but should be a natural and suitable preparation for the farther progress which must be anticipated.

Although its several creeds, when properly understood, are found to express different and inconsistent doctrines, and one of them is, in its damnation of all who do not receive it, disgraceful to any church which adopts it ; although its articles may, perhaps, be regarded as neither a very honourable nor successful attempt to compromise between the opinions of the principal parties existing among Protestants at the time of their composition, and there are many things in its ceremonies and forms which seem at variance with the spirit of the present times, and might be omitted or altered to its own credit, yet it will be generally felt that as the public at large are interested in church reform only in consequence of its connexion with the state, so it is in what belongs to that connexion that all improvements which can be said to be of national importance are to be effected.

The episcopalian church is one amongst the numerous sects to which the principles of the Reformation have given birth. The ground of its selection to be established in this country is no other than the will of a sovereign in a past age, and it possesses all its wealth and dignities, which once belonged to the Roman Catholic church, solely by the authority of an Act of Parliament. The justice or reasonableness of any government making a religion for its subjects cannot now be maintained. There is injustice in making any man pay for another man's religion, and in setting the religion of any set of men above that of their neighbours. The founder of Christianity expressly disclaims all connexion of his religion with civil polity. It made its first successful progress in the world without any such aid, and the cases of the Dissenters of this country, and of the Americans, afford incontrovertible proofs that it can not only maintain its ground, but extend its influences, with no other resources than the voluntary patronage of its friends.

The established church does not, it is supposed, now include a majority of the population even of England only, and that counting among its members all those who are not known to have any other religion. What then is the pretence for upholding this establishment. The current of public opinion now sets strongly against it, and we confidently look forward to the time, when the Episcopalian will enjoy no civil or social advantage over the members of any other religious sect, or over those who reject all religion. We cannot, however, desire that this great and important change should be made suddenly and by one effort; we cannot expect that it will be made as rapidly as we might consider safe and useful; but we do expect, that by judicious exertion, something important may be immediately gained. Dissenters are no longer subject to civil disabilities, *they must no longer be taxed for the support of the church*. Tithes and church lands are a portion of national property, which were originally given for religious purposes, and have hitherto been always appropriated to those purposes. Let the tithes be converted, by sale or composition, into an unexceptionable form of property, and so altered, we do not expect that the church should be immediately deprived of them, though the time may not be very far distant when they will be rendered available for the exigencies of the state; but church rates and Easter offerings are a tax on the community at large, for purposes in which the members of the establishment alone are interested, and of these the Dissenters have a right to demand, and expect the immediate abolition. Let them not lose sight of this point. Let them hold meetings, and pass resolutions, and send petitions, so as not to leave a doubt as to their feeling on the subject. If they will not make this exertion, they deserve to bear the burden, and, what is worse, the insult of these exactions; if they will put forth their strength, they need not much

fear for the result. The other reforms *immediately* to be looked for, are within the church itself, and consist in the better distribution of the funds allotted to it, and in the correction of the abuses of sinecures and pluralities.

The public, including all sects and denominations, has a right to expect that these reforms should take place, but if they are *honestly* undertaken by the members of the establishment, those who do not belong to it, will only look on with pleasure, willingly abstaining from all interference with matters in which they profess to have no personal concern.

There must, however, be no deception practised, or public indignation will be speedily roused, and the friends of the church must not suffer themselves to be deluded into the notion that by the most searching and judicious internal reforms they can disarm all opposition. They will still be attacked with arguments against the right of any sect to enjoy the peculiar patronage of the state, and they may, perhaps, find that nothing they can do will very long delay the final measure of placing all sects on the same footing of unrestrained but unpatronized freedom, and appropriating to the public service property which can no longer be rightfully or beneficially applied to the service of religion.

Such is the prospect before them, and they will do well to reconcile their minds to it by dwelling on the probability that their bishops, relieved from the engrossing occupations arising from temporal dignity, political power, and superabundant wealth, will be more devoted to the duties of their sacred office, and, in consequence, more esteemed and more influential in society; that the respectable body of their clergy will no longer be disgraced by that portion, whose choice of a profession has been influenced by the preferment their family could command; that theological knowledge and pulpit eloquence will be more generally cultivated when they afford the natural means of securing professional success; and that congregations will be to a great degree purified from the debasing mixture of those whose formal attendance is influenced only by fashion, and the hope of worldly advantage.

Benefits such as these cannot be too dearly purchased, and will, perhaps, after a little experience, be gratefully acknowledged by many who would never voluntarily have adopted the only means of securing them. However this may be, as it is essential to the welfare of society at large, that the church should have the opportunity of attaining these benefits, it is highly probable that no partial reforms, however respectable and acceptable, will long turn the wishes and thoughts of men from the conclusive and really satisfactory measure.

We know it is the opinion of many enlightened men, warm friends of religious liberty, that by improving its forms, making its spirit more comprehensive, and better distributing its funds, the establishment may be completely adapted to the wants of our

times, and would be found too valuable an institution to be abandoned. We cannot think this opinion sound in reference to the interests either of religion or of good government. Its farther discussion may be desirable, but we must not enter upon it now. We believe no sincere friend of religious liberty will doubt the gross injustice of imposing on Dissenters rates for building or repairing the churches of the established sect, or of exacting from them dues for spiritual services, which they have neither asked for nor accepted. Let these grievances be got rid of in the first place, and if with these we obtain the commutation of tithes, which is a measure rather of economical than religious reform, and see some attempt made so to modify the application of the funds possessed by the church as to produce a better performance of official duties, and a better reward to those who really labour, we may be well satisfied with the first attempts at church reform, and may very cheerfully anticipate the results of farther inquiry and increasing knowledge.

NOTE.

We take the liberty of appending to our Correspondent's remarks, a word on the proceedings, on this matter, now pending in Parliament. The work of ecclesiastical reformation has commenced. It has begun, as was fitting, with the Irish department of the establishment. The axe is not laid to the root, but a good blow is made at the largest and most pestiferous branch of the tree of corruption. Yet it has been struck with great tenderness. Lord Althorp's estimate of the revenue of the Irish church we believe to be egregiously below the truth. The estimated value of the church lands, from which the incomes of the bishops are chiefly, but not wholly derived, is 600,000*l.* per annum. Those lands, together with the demesne lands attached to the episcopal residences, constitute one-nineteenth of the entire surface of Ireland. Wretchedly cultivated they doubtless are; worse than any portion of the soil of the same average fertility; that is one of the effects of the present system. But still their present value is not over estimated at the above amount. They are held on leases from the bishops for twenty-one years; the lease being annually renewed, on payment of a fine, so as always to leave twenty-one years unexpired. At least such is the customary arrangement. Either bishop or tenant may decline the renewal, and let the lease run out. The revenue is derived from the rent and the fines conjointly. That, in one form or the other, or by patronage in the leasing, the bishops only reap one-sixth of the value is not to be credited. There can be no reasonable doubt of their realizing a much larger proportion. In some dioceses, they also receive a fourth part of the tithes. Then again, the Deaneries and Chapters are reduced to 2,200*l.* by the deduction of 21,400*l.* for 'necessary expenses.' It does not appear what these expenses are, nor how much of the outlay goes into clerical pockets. The value of the benefices is reckoned from the tithes exclusively. This, though a very onerous and hateful portion, yet is far from being the total of clerical exaction. There is

what is called *Minister's money*, a rate levied upon the houses in towns and cities, and which has been calculated at 25,000*l.* per annum. The *fees* ought to tell for something. Marriages, baptisms, and burials are expensive things all over Christendom. Small a minority as is the established sect, probably its priests reap not less than 200,000*l.* per annum from this source. All these remain, and are untouched. There will be very pretty pickings yet. Ten bishops and two archbishops, with 70,000*l.* per annum amongst them; and 1401 beneficed clergymen, whose livings are by their own report worth about 600,000*l.* per annum, with even such increase of the dividers of the spoil as the abolition of pluralities may occasion, make no bad show for a Reformed Church, which has only a half million of souls under its care. The Reformers are evidently no 'Destructives.' However, let us be thankful for what we can get. The abolition of the *Vestry Cess* is a boon that will be felt far beyond the proportion of its actual amount. Allowing bishops' tenants to purchase the permanency of their leases, will also do good immeasurably superior to the realization of a disposable sum of two or three millions. It will improve the condition of the country. It is like a miraculous addition of fertility to the soil. It is worth all the Curfews and Courts Martial in the world. But of these we will say nothing now, except to deplore the fatuity which, after such ample experience, could dream of appeasing the great famine-scramble by means so hateful in their nature, so horrible in their results, and so utterly ineffective for their professed object.

TO JUANA.

So perfect is thy form,
 Thou art the wide world's wonder;
 All hearts towards thee warm,
 All minds upon thee ponder!

Who looks upon thy face
 Is plunged in bondage deep;
 All memory's thoughts to chase,
 And know no dreamless sleep.

To look on thy soft cheek,
 And nostril's chiselled line,
 Recalls the forms antique,
 When sculpture was divine.

And those large bright black eyes
 That mock descriptions skill,
 Bid lofty thoughts arise,
 Bid patriot passion thrill!

And that most godlike brow,
With its straight pencilled arch,
Shadowing long lids below,
Deep set within its porch,

Minerva's statue gave
That noble frontal cast,
Might make a coward brave,
Who, gazing, gazed his last.

Like tendrils, thy long tresses
Are twined around thy head ;
How I envy those caresses,
Though every hope be dead !

The curving of thy lip
Is like love's fatal bow,
With the arrow on the slip,
Like the death-shaft of a foe.

Though motionless, thine speaks
While others' lips are mute ;
Each ear the wished sound seeks,
As the music of a lute.

Hark ! now the words are flowing
In wisdom's graceful speech,
Lip, cheek, and eye, are glowing,
Oh ! thus, thus, ever teach,

And proselytes in numbers
Will round about thee herd,
E'en the dull will leave their slumbers,
And worship at thy word.

Oh ! where, where wast thou hidden,
That I knew thee not before ?
Why, why was I not bidden,
Unto thy maiden bower ?

In the desert had we met,
My heart on thine had stricken ;
I know thee, all too late,
Yet still wild love must quicken !

I cannot choose but love thee,
My bosom to thee yearns,
Yet seek I not to move thee,
My brain in anguish burns !

I deemed not, that on earth
Aught so beautiful as thou,
From a merely human birth,
Unto womanhood might grow.

Even now my glance shoots through
That bright and pearl-like skin,
Oh ! for strife of spear and bow,
And thyself the prize to win.

Thou art like the glorious dream
Of a wisdom-poet's sleep,
Or his waking fancy's gleam ;
Oh ! I look on thee and weep !

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

MISERERE DOMINE.

ALMIGHTY ! hear the prayer I pour
For yon opprest and suffering land
On which the storms so darkly lower,
Where now those injured millions stand.
They are not slaves ! Oh God, tho' death
And famine rage, they are not slaves ;
Still, still they draw unfetter'd breath,
And walk as freemen to their graves !

The sword is there—but not for right ;
I see it gleam a ghastly hue—
I see the dark unhallow'd fight
Which blends the guilty with the true :
I see the patriot meet his fate,
Involv'd amidst the ruffian's doom ;
The spirit of despair and hate,
Which tracks its victims to the tomb.

A *martyr'd* land ! Oh God ! look down
And mark the deeds thy children do.
In blood and tears that seed is sown
Which future age shall bring to view.
Man hath no mercy, and in fear
Now do they cower beneath our rod,
But retribution will be near,
Thou art their refuge—Thou, oh God !

Thou hear'st the cry of the opprest;
 The nations to thy bar shall go—
 No cause—no wrong be unredress'd;
 No patriot tears unheeded flow!
 Man there shall veil his guilty pride;
 The sceptre from his hand shall fall;
 The haughtiest brow its paleness hide,
 And Thou, oh God, be all in all!

And THOU art merciful—I know
 Thine eyes that suffering people see;
 In all their wrongs and all their woe,
 That land is still belov'd by Thee—
 O Father! shield it in this hour,
 When o'er it hangs th' impending sword;
 Yes! save it from our guilty power,
 And heal its bleeding wounds, oh Lord!

Liverpool.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Liberia, philanthropically and economically considered. By E. Higginson. Hull. (1.)

The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the present State of Society, moral, political, and physical, in England. By Junius Redivivus. Second edition, with additions, 1833. (2.)

The Christian Child's Faithful Friend, No. 1 and 2, for January and February, 1833. One Penny each. (3.)

(1.) This pamphlet contains a brief but interesting account of Liberia. It also describes and defends the proceedings of the American Colonization Society. We refer those to it who, after having read the article in our present Number, desire to hear the other side.

(2.) The first edition was briefly noticed in the Repository for February, 1832. To the present, a supplement is added of seventy pages, on the Whig Ministers and their doings, population and subsistence, cooperation in expenditure, &c. The author and our readers have recently become acquainted in our pages; and if they do not wish to see more of him, we can only say—they are not of our mind. We may, perhaps, have more to say about him next month.

(3.) A new and improved series of this cheap juvenile periodical, which we have repeatedly recommended.

A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of North America. By Achille Murat, ci-devant Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies and Citizen of the United States. With a note on Negro Slavery, by Junius Redivivus. Wilson, 1833. (4.)

Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 4 vols.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion; with Notes by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs, 2 vols. Longman.

History of the Reformation. By J. A. Roebuck, Esq. M. P.

The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. By the Author of Vivian Grey.

The Last Essays of Elia. (5.)

Deloraine. By W. Godwin. 3 vols.

Corporation and Church Property resumable by the State. (From the Jurist of February, 1833.) (6.)

The Divinity and Atonement of Jesus Christ explained. By an Unitarian Believer.

(4.) The *ci-devant* prince has thoroughly naturalized himself in America. His nine years' residence has not passed idly. He has taken to the law as his profession, though still ready to handle a sword should the cause of freedom demand it, either in the new world or the old. His book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the state of the law in America, and the working of whatever comes under the head of institution. If we do not always deem him an unprejudiced observer or a sound reasoner, we yet feel that his principles are generally honourable to him, and that he imparts much important information. The appended note is a smashing demolition of the impertinences with which the contending parties have encumbered the question of negro slavery.

(5.) Beautiful and touching, playful and profound; a book to make one enjoy, feel, and think; but not to be disposed of in a summary criticism.

(6.) 'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' this little pamphlet, which is full of the marrow of a sound philosophy and morality.

The Emigrant's Tale, a Poem. By James Bird. (7.)

Petit Tableau Littéraire de la France. P. F. Merlet. A Londres. Wilson, 1833. (8.)

A Treatise on Heat. By Dr. Lardner. (Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 39.) (9.)

(7.) To the 'tale' which is told in Mr. Bird's flowing verse, are appended, amongst other small poems, some poetical 'metropolitan sketches.' And truly the author is right in his notion that, not only the Thames and the Tower, but many other things in London, have poetry in them. He may, pleasantly for his readers, elicit more of it.

(8.) A supplementary compilation to the 'traducteur,' which, together with the admirable French Grammar of M. Merlet, was recommended in our Number for December, 1830. The selection and arrangement are excellent. This little book is not only an essential help to the youthful student, but any one wishing to take, without trouble or expense, a general view of French literature, will find it both useful and amusing.

(9.) The most interesting scientific volume which has yet appeared in this very cheap and convenient publication.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Articles on the Law of Succession in France; on Dr. Priestley, No. 3; the Liturgy; and several others, are unavoidably postponed.

We forgot to thank E. Goodall for his letter, which did us good. His lines are sent to the subject of them.

'Not at home' to U. C.

An 'Unknown Learner to think' should have given his address. Something of the kind existed a few years ago, and might, perhaps, be revived and improved. But a spontaneous movement towards it by the parties themselves is essential.

From Mr. Curtis, the author of the pamphlet noticed last month on the errors of the University Bibles, we have received the following rectification of the statement in that notice: '1. The intentional alterations I enumerate do *not*, as you suppose, "include the headings of chapters." They are *counted errors in the text* or margin of our bibles, (chiefly *words*,) excluding alterations of orthography and minute punctuation. 2. I have no where spoken of the "deterioration" of our modern bibles, which, you say, I much exaggerate. This is the quoted "report" of Drs. Henderson, Bennett, and Cox, (assisted by Dr. Pye Smith,) in which I certainly concur; but I have been anxious not to obtrude on so great a matter an unsupported individual opinion.'

ERRATA.

Page 148, line 6 from the bottom, for *stutting*, read *slubbing*.

Page 160, line 16 from the bottom, for *looms*, read *spindles*.

Page 198, line 14, for *half* read *a*.

ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

FAR and near rings the loud shout of freedom, and the clang of the bursting fetters of bondsmen resolving to be free. Great moral truths are now stirring to the very depths of society, and half the world is plunged in the sea of politics, setting at naught all antique precedents, and looking only to the utility of those things which are to come. And this is well. But it would be still better, if those engaged would reflect, that as that which is taken by the sword may be retaken by the sword, even so that which is won by the spirit-stirring excitement of political agitation, may be again lost in the revulsion, when the spirit shall be laid in slumber, or an excitement of a new kind shall prevail. Only by laying a firm ground-work of just public opinion, can the causes of future strife be entirely removed; but to the very root of the evil, few have yet adverted. Well-intentioned men have frequently said, 'Give us the boys to educate, and we care not what you may do with the men.' There is a deeper depth than this. A philosopher would say, 'Give me the women to educate, and the whole world shall be fashioned after the pattern I may lay down.' The philosopher of old, when the father told him that he could buy a slave for the price he required for teaching his child, replied, 'Do so, and you will then possess two slaves!' Even thus is it with our women. We make of them bond-slaves, and with their milk they breathe the self-same spirit into our children. The influence of women—attractive women, and a large proportion of the English women are attractive,—is all but boundless; be they slaves or companions, sensual toys or reasoning friends, their influence is still exerted either for good or for evil. The child that is born takes the mould of its mother, in mind as in body, and she can model the infant hero, or form the plastic and emasculate slave with equal facility, according to the bent of her own disposition; and the impression thus given is lasting. Can it be expected, that the imperfect model should give forth a perfect cast?

Whatever be the rank of our females, whether high or low, they are, with few exceptions, as much slaves as the inmates of a Turkish haram, though after a different fashion. The difference between the classes here, is, that the poor man seeks an efficient working slave, the rich man, an agreeable and well-taught haram slave. The man in middling circumstances endeavours, if possible, to combine both. In this classification I do not include the cases of reasoning and delightful mutual affection, which, of course, are to be found in all classes, where human nature has not been corrupted by bad teaching; but alas! these cases are as nothing in the great mass. What is the education of the women of the higher classes? Does it not consist almost entirely in what are

called accomplishments, *i.e.* singing, music, and dancing, and dressing, and a peculiar carriage and capacity for gesticulation, whereby to excite the senses, and attract the notice of those of the male sex who are deemed sufficiently wealthy, or sufficiently noble, to be worth looking after as husbands? Do they, for the most part, add to these qualities any others, save the parrot acquirement of three or four languages, for the purpose of misusing them in speech, the capacity of working at certain useless toys, and the knowledge of the regular routine of fashionable business, which all fashionable people undergo—the breakfasts and dinners, and balls and suppers, and the proper time to go out of town, and the proper time to return? Are they ever instructed in useful knowledge; are their minds trained; is their judgment in any way exercised or enlarged, to enable them to distinguish between good and evil, between virtue and vice? Are they not taught to make the *expedient* the ready substitute for the *right*? And when what is called their ‘education’ is ended, or when they are what is called ‘finished’—alas! how true is that word—what then remains for them? Are they not led out like ‘lambs to the slaughter;’ are they not put up for sale at the fashionable shambles, where they are ‘brought out’ to be disposed of to the highest bidder, with more real coarseness, though disguised under the veil of hypocrisy, than it is the lot of female servants to undergo at a statute fair? Are their feelings ever consulted, their likings or dislikings? Are they not bidden to sit, and to walk, and to recline, in those modes which are most likely to attract the eyes of the chapmen, just as a horse is put through its paces? May they speak ere they are spoken to, and are they not required to overcome every feeling of repugnance, when a likely bidder appears to make his offers? Are they not studiously instructed that marriage is not an affair of love, or affection, or judgment, but merely a matter of bargain and sale, for the purpose of securing as much of wealth, or station, or both, as they can possibly achieve? Are not the whole arrangements made with diplomatic caution, and is not a half concluded bargain frequently broken off, in consequence of a better offer? What is the female in all this better than an eastern slave? What is she better than the female who sat by the way-side, and received the gifts of Judah? Wherein does she differ from the hirelings who infest the street-corners to entrap the unwary? Nay, she is worse than them, for in most instances they have been betrayed in the days of inexperience, by the influence of passion or affection, and the harshness of the world, shown to a fault, has driven them onwards to crime. But the female of rank or ‘respectability,’ as it is termed, is trained to undergo in her youth a species of prostitution which is sanctioned by law. Disguise it as we will, under the fine sounding names of ‘honourable alliance,’ ‘excellent match,’ and other specious terms which have been invented to make interest look like affection, the mar-

riage which is entered into by a female for the consideration of wealth or station, is at best but prostitution clothed in the robes of sanctity. And what is the usual result? After a few weeks have elapsed, the haram-master is tired of his new toy, and wanders forth to seek fresh excitement, leaving his victim to her own sad thoughts, and the full consciousness that there exist desirable things, which neither wealth nor station can purchase. Thus abandoned, she is marked out as a prey by the designing, and an insidious lover reaps the harvest of affection, which her master could not purchase with her person. Perchance a discovery takes place, and the poor victim becomes one of the Pariahs offered up at the shrine of the Moloch of pseudo-civilization. Or, the treacherous lover, tired and sated like her legitimate master, abandons her, and another, and yet another succeeds, till her heart becomes hardened, and selfish sensuality utterly destroys the remnants of affection. To such a woman are children born, and one after another they are consigned to the hands of hirelings for their nutriment, and the first germs of the awakening mental perceptions are warped by the blighting coarseness of those who serve, with the disgusting sycophancy of selfish interest, a race of beings whom they in secret hate, because they are by them treated as animals of an inferior class. The after bringing up is of the same nature, the judgment is never trained, the better feelings are never brought forth, the sensual appetites alone are pampered, and the most abhorrent selfishness becomes the distinguishing attribute of the race. Have I overdrawn the picture? Let the 'hereditary legislators' speak! Where amongst them shall be found even a single individual on whom peculiar circumstances have not operated, where amongst them shall be found a single individual, imbued with the principles of justice, or beneficence, or patriotism? What is their justice, or what rather is by them substituted for justice, save judicial ferocity towards the poor and ignorant? What is their beneficence, save the winter dole of soup and blankets to those whom their unjust laws have made poor? And what is their patriotism, save their readiness to oppress other countries for military aggrandizement, even as they have oppressed their own for the sake of plunder? And what is the fate of the female children, save to run through the misery-giving routine as their mothers have done? Would all this be, were the mothers really educated as useful members of society, were their powers of thinking brought forth, and their reasoning faculties cultivated, so that the qualities of their minds might be more attractive than the beauty of their persons, were they trained to possess resources in their own minds, and were their taste cultivated, so that they could yield a harvest of intellectual pleasure to those around them, and more especially to their children? It was a Cornelia who gave birth to the Gracchi; an Agrippina produced only a Nero.

And is the condition of women amongst the middle classes of society any better? How are they brought up? They perchance have not teachers of 'accomplishments' at home, unless their parents are of more than common wealth, but they are duly sent to a 'boarding school,' where the arts of meretricious blandishment are as studiously taught them, though perhaps not quite of so choice a quality, or rather price, as their sisters of the higher rank; and they are all alike brought up to the same business, viz. to get married. If an only daughter, and the parents be wealthy, there is no need of advertisements in the shape of dinners and dances. Suitors in abundance will soon make their appearance, and the only difficulty which the father will experience, will be in preventing his heiress from being carried off by improper and ineligible persons, who may not possess equal wealth, or superior station to compensate for it, in order that, like Sir Giles Overreach, he may be enabled to say, 'Mine *honourable* daughter.' An heiress to a large property may select from the crowd which will surround her, any one she chooses to bestow her property upon, but under this curse must she labour. Be she good, be she kind, be she beautiful, be she intellectual, nay, let her join all high qualities to the possession of exhaustless wealth, none but the baser portion of the community will seek her in marriage, and, unless by some rare chance, the husband of her choice will probably be a species of vampyre, who so soon as he has secured her property, will leave her to pine in bitterness. The needy spendthrift, the *roué*, the designing knave, the wary gambler clad in the garb of fashion, the broken down nobleman, and the idle soldier, will form the *élite* of the fortune-hunting band who will besiege her footsteps wherever she may go, till she has chosen one for her *master*. Ay, master is the word. When she has linked herself to the sensualist, or to the ambitious man who has sought her for her fortune, or to enable him to climb 'ambition's ladder,' from that moment she is a bond-slave, unless, perchance, disappointed hopes convert her into a species of fury, commanding through fear that which she could not obtain by affection. Speak I not the truth? Answer, ye of blighted hearts, who have gone through the horrible ordeal. What hope is there for an heiress? Amongst the wealthiest men it is rare that the worthiest are found, and what high-minded man, learned, intellectual, refined, courageous, and all-accomplished though he might be, what high-minded man would submit to the imputation of being a fortune-hunter? What high-minded poor man could 'make an offer,' or, as the more fashionable phrase has it, 'propose' to an heiress? He could not, he must be dumb. And even if the lady saw such an one, and, knowing his worth, ardently longed for his attachment, and believed herself capable of attaining it, and securing it, even then is she forbidden by the rigid rules of tyrant-made custom, not merely to speak the thoughts of her heart, but to give the

slightest outward indication of her feelings. One word might secure perchance the happiness of two lives, but that one word she is forbidden to speak. It has been ordained by the selfishness of the law-makers, that the bond-slave woman shall not be allowed to speak her wishes, and a heavy anathema has been pronounced against her, in case she should break the law. So barbarous a rule must be broken through, ere that equality of affection which is necessary to the happiness of the married, can exist amongst the great mass of the community; but the resolution must be taken up on the part of the women, ere the tyranny will be ended.

When a man, not overwealthy, of the middle classes of the community, possesses several daughters,—which he frequently considers equivalent to several inflictions,—his principal reflection is, how he is to get them ‘off his hands,’ as fast as they have gone through the routine of ‘accomplishments,’ and are arrived at a marriageable age. In the case of ordinary mercantile commodities, it is usual to advertise in the newspapers and other periodicals, and, for my part, looking at the real indelicacy with which the legal and chartered commerce of the sexes is conducted, I cannot conceive why a man with marriageable daughters should not advertise them, as he would any other chattels he might wish to dispose of, just as some of our fortune-seeking males advertise themselves as eligible husbands. ‘Marry your daughters when you can, your sons when you will,’ is an ancient axiom, well known to almost every *pater familias*. And the cruelty which is frequently used by sordid parents towards daughters of delicacy and refinement, in order to force them into alliances which are repugnant to them, sometimes to prostitute themselves to imbecile age, and at others to coarse brutality, for the sake of ‘a good settlement,’ is but faintly furnished forth in the conduct of Sir Giles Overreach to his daughter. One instance I remember, in which the persecution lasted upwards of five years. The affections of the poor girl were fixed upon one less wealthy than him whom the parents had selected,—a coarse, brutal sensualist, who could scarcely be said to possess a mind. Constant and unwearied persecution at length did its work, and to escape from a state of daily torture, she desperately rushed upon the unknown evil. As might have been foreseen, she subsequently sought a fear-haunted refuge from absolute disgust, in stolen interviews with her lover, while the world, which looked not beneath the surface, dwelt in pleasure or in spite, as varying passions prompted, on the ‘good match’ she had made. In another case, a girl of refinement refused many ‘good offers,’ and the only reason which she gave for it was, that she could not resolve to unite herself for life to a being she could not love. This seemed most unreasonable to her father, who was one of those beings who hold with Squire Western, that when once marriage is performed, love will follow

after. The years of youth passed by, and with them the hope of marriage, and the sullen and coarse-minded parent, whenever his daughter made a casual remark on the economy of the household, was accustomed to reply with an oath, 'Hold your tongue! It is your own fault, that your legs were not long ago under another man's table.' But to return. When the marriageable daughters of a man in middling circumstances have returned home from the nunneries, designated 'boarding schools,'—to which the objections of Matthew Bramble would be even stronger in the present day, than they were of old,—when they return, the business is to get them upon the market without delay. Custom will not permit of the cheap and ready method of ordinary advertisements, and certain prescribed rules must be followed. Dinners, evening parties, and dances, are the approved modes of 'showing off,' and as a repetition of these advertisement, or rather auction dances, without hooking a gudgeon, is a heavy drain upon the family resources, for they must 'do the thing handsomely,' every species of private penury must be resorted to, to 'keep up appearances.' Still it is in vain, for, in mercantile phraseology, 'girls are a drug, a mere drug, Sir,' and a journey on the continent is perhaps projected, on the score of economy, and a fresh speculation combined.

The females hitherto referred to, may be principally regarded as toys, educated and 'accomplished' for the amusement of the wealthy, and whom no good or wise man would possibly wish to be the mother of his children. It is a fearful thing, for a being accustomed to think, to contemplate the possibility of being the father of children, whom he could not behold without shame, and whose early infancy, he must be conscious, would be one of evil impressions. I now come to the next class, the daughters of tradesmen of moderate incomes, resulting from constant attention to their business. Such females are made to play a double part; they are to be house-wives on ordinary occasions, and fine ladies when required. They must suckle the fools, and chronicle the small beer behind the scenes, and sing and play on the piano,—whether with taste or without—whenever 'company' is collected. As girls, it is usually contrived that they shall be 'finished during the last half year' at a boarding school, of late 'on the continent,' that is at Calais or Boulogne, where their faculties do assuredly get somewhat enlarged, and they acquire a species of manners, which consist much in pretension; and those who have studied the specimen, can tell them as readily, as a soldier in plain clothes may be detected by those conversant with his habits. When the girls return home, whether from the seminary or the *pension*, the father, if he be of the old school, and fond of good feeling, will desire his household drudge, whom he calls his wife, or his mistress,—just as coarsely as a Red Indian says, 'my squaw,' or, 'my woman,'—he will desire her to instruct his girls

how to make puddings and pies, and look after the house, so that they may be useful to their husbands,* not useful to themselves, mark,—not for the purpose of increasing their capability of giving and receiving mutual happiness, but useful as drudges, to vary their power of administering to sensual appetites, and thus secure admittance, in Indian phrase, ‘into another man’s lodge’—in the phrase of civilization, ‘to get their legs beneath another man’s table.’ The mother, meanwhile, has remarked that girls without ‘accomplishments’ do not readily ‘go off,’ and she inwardly resolves to guide the girls her own way, though fear of her lordly master who holds the purse-strings, prevents her giving any outward intimation of her purpose. A private purse must be saved out of the household, and the girls, nothing loth, are taught every species of hypocrisy, to blind the vigilance of the tyrant as to the clothes they wear, and the means whereby they are procured. But even the tyrant agrees, that it is proper the girls should have an opportunity of getting settled, and he reluctantly consents to give a dance, though he would rather have a dinner, as more consonant with his ideas of pleasure and enjoyment. The lady is duly dressed for the occasion, and perchance captivates a youth with money and strong passions, who exclaims that she is a fine girl, which phrase means ‘fine animal,’ for he knows nothing about her mind, if either of them chance to possess one—and he is determined to marry her. So good a chance is not to be neglected, impatient passions cannot wait, by the end of the month the marriage has taken place, and in two months more the pair discover that they are of clashing dispositions, but that nevertheless they cannot separate, and thus an abundant supply of misery is provided for the whole family. A sister, meanwhile, has attracted the attention of a more wary lover, whose more limited means oblige him to be prudent, and he resolves to make a longer courtship. Moreover, he would wish to ascertain what cash the father will give to boot. The youth is accustomed to trade, and sees no reason why he should not drive a good bargain in a wife, as well as in other affairs. Mother as well as daughter are resolved, that so ‘respectable’ a suitor, who is ‘well to do in the world,’ shall not slip away from them if they can help it. The female has not the privilege of ‘making offers,’ and therefore thinks it her duty to accept, if she possibly can, the first which comes, lest she should not get another. But it so happens, that the process of courtship affords no means of enabling the parties to acquire a knowledge of each other’s characters. Some one once replied, on being asked the character of a woman, ‘that he had not been married to her.’ He was right, and so must the matter continue under present regulations. The lover makes his

* Mr. Peacock has made his personification of Common Sense, *Doctor Folliot*, uphold the same doctrine. Fit emblem of the State Church—selfish gratification.

visits at stated intervals, perhaps every evening, or less frequently, and if bad tempered, he can stay away; he approaches not, except in smiles, and in his most engaging garments; he can put what cheat he pleases upon the lady as to the cause of his absence; he may court two at once, or approach her after he is sated with the embraces of a hireling. But the lady, having less freedom, is obliged to have recourse to more art. Be she well or ill, cheerful or ill-tempered, she must submit to be courted, whenever the lover chooses to make his appearance, and she dresses her countenance in smiles accordingly. The usual announcement is heard at the door, and up start mother and daughter, to hide away the household sewing which employed them, drive the younger children out of the room to bed, or to the kitchen, arrange their caps or curls, and take up some 'company' work. 'The Queen of Spain has no legs!' thundered out her Mayordomo to some manufacturers who came to present her with stockings, and even thus, girls who are undergoing courting, would fain have it supposed that they are a species of fairies, whose fingers know no drudgery. Better, a thousand times better, is the true coarseness of peasant girls, than this false refinement! I should here mention, that the business of stocking-mending, as pursued by many good housewives, has always been a marvel to me. I once made it clear, so far as reasoning and argument can make a thing clear, to an indefatigable stocking-mender, who deemed that a judgment would have fallen on her had she abandoned a stocking so long as any of the original material remained,—I made it clear to her, that the time she occupied in mending, would have earned at ordinary needlework more money than would have purchased a new pair. Yet it was of no use, her mother had done so before her, and she could not comprehend that a thing which was useful when stockings were dear, became useless when stockings were cheap. But there the lover sits, while the lady tats or knits, and discourses on such things as providence has forced on his knowledge, till mamma escapes for ten minutes, to give orders for some 'company' supper;* and then the lovers do their tenderness, till she returns. Some few plays, perhaps an opera, an occasional walk or so, and the money concerns arranged, it is supposed that the young couple perfectly understand each other's character, though perhaps the only link is youth and passion—two things which mostly incapacitate the judgment—and they are wedded. Rapture vanishes, the male takes to his business, the female to her household, they eat together, drink together, sleep together,

* The principle of giving dinners and suppers as a matter of mercantile marriage business, has become so common in more classes than one, that a man of refinement would almost starve, rather than partake of the food of above one person in an hundred—family men, or women. 'Sir,' said a blunt old man, 'when do you mean to propose for my daughter? You have now dined at my house fifty times within the last eighteen months, and it is time you decided on something.' The gentleman, who was a 'diner out' by profession, made his bow and retired.

but never *think* together, wherefore they snap and snarl, till the empire is decided to the most energetic, commonly the male, as the physical force is on his side, and he exacts obedience with as little feeling, as King, Kaisar, or Conqueror, of ancient or modern days. For a tyrant to exist, it is necessary that there exist also a slave, and in the breast of the slave, when human feelings are denied their legitimate channel, evil passions are sure to be generated, and evil results produced. The children resulting from such mischievous alliances can only tread in the same path, unless the keen vision of the philosopher shall devise an efficient remedy, and point it out to the sufferers. Nothing can well be worse, no state of society could produce more national evil, more national debasement—of this class—than that which actually exists.

But however immoral may be the condition of those classes already described, it is as nothing when compared with that of the great mass of the working classes of the community. Even when unhappily paired, the absence of poverty may still leave room for refinement, but amongst the poor, refined love can scarcely exist at all; the passion must become a merely sensual impulse, in many cases scarcely more delicate than that of the lower animals, in some instances more disgusting, as those, who are acquainted with the manufacturing towns, where huddled heaps of human beings earn low wages, will readily testify. There is perhaps scarcely any thing which has so great a tendency to refine the tastes of human beings, as the capacity for love. In proportion as people recede from this, they become savages, for love is known to exist in its most perfect state, in countries of the highest civilization;—I mean real civilization, not her bastard sister, luxury. It would therefore be a duty incumbent on all good and wise governments, to promote such physical arrangements amongst the people, as might beget a taste for refinement. At present, there is no hope. Go amongst them ye who doubt, visit the frightful dens at Manchester and elsewhere, where human beings, male and female, young and old, are huddled one amongst the other in unseemly contiguity, like cattle in the shambles, and amongst whom the very idea of delicacy has long been destroyed. In the days of the cottage population, ere too great an increase had on all sides outrun their means, in some few districts still, sentimental love might, and may still be found, amongst the poor, but the pauper population of the agricultural districts, and the crowded masses of the manufacturing towns, where prudence prevails not, must be alike devoid of the delicacy upon which genuine love is based, and consequently infinitely more regardless of the condition of the children they beget. This hardness, in many cases, amounts to absolute indifference to their offspring on the part of the fathers, and frequently on that of the mothers. Humanity shudders to think of it! When a child, I had not been struck with the coarseness of our females of the manufacturing districts; perhaps it was

not so great then, as it has since become, but I well remember the time when I first became aware of it. It was after long rambling in various parts of Southern America, that I arrived at a town, where I was informed that some foreigners were attempting to establish a manufactory. I went to visit them. They were from one of the northern counties of England, and there were many females amongst them. The uncouth sounds of their voices grated on mine ears, which were accustomed to the sweetly modulated tones of the Spanish language, and the coarseness of their language and manners struck me with astonishment. The voices even of the creole negresses were more pleasing, and their manners infinitely more refined. But that which disgusted me above all, was the harsh and tyrannous tone in which the English foreman addressed the workwomen. The whole thing, unexpected as it was, produced an unpleasing sensation which did not wear off for several days.

It is clear that the improvement of the physical condition of the poor must precede the improvement of their minds, and when that is done, the education of the women should take place. But in the other classes of society, there must be an entire change of system. *Women must be regarded and treated as the equals of men, in order to work the improvement of man himself.* Be not in terror, ye who tread in the steps of your ancestors, and are wise with their wisdom! I am not going to propose female legislators or female electors; neither female preachers nor petticoat government. I merely advocate the giving to females the same education as to males—which it is to be hoped will undergo much improvement ere long. I wish that the education of both males and females should be of that class, which is best adapted to teach the habit of thinking, and of exercising a correct judgment. Although men have been unwilling to allow it, the part which women play in society is far more important than that of men. The business of men is to provide food for the body; that of the woman, in bringing up the children, is to provide food for the mind. How shall a woman without judgment know how to set about such an important work? How shall she teach a child morality, if she herself possess no moral knowledge? How shall she give the political bias which leads to high and lofty self-sacrificing deeds, if she have no political knowledge to guide her? Scoff not, ye heretics, at political knowledge in women! Think first how they are commonly swayed by political feelings of mere party! Watch an election, and behold the power of women exerted for mischievous or absurd purposes on account of their ignorance, and then think how much good their influence might accomplish, were they rightly instructed. They might be made to further the progress of good by their influence, as readily as the progress of evil. Let that consideration strike ye dumb, and check your unhallowed mockery. Let it not be said that the powers of women are inferior to those of men! It is found

in practice, that women are quicker in acquirement than men, and although in some cases, their gentleness, and tenderness, and self-sacrificing disposition, may render their judgment less perfect in early life than that of the colder-hearted men, their powers of imagination, and possession of all those qualities which are calculated to embellish life, are of infinitely greater amount. Were the judgment of women trained, and their powers brought forth, so far from becoming the rivals of men, they would become intelligent friends, as well as affectionate companions; they would cease to be alternate toys and drudges, and become valuable assistants.* It is not found in practice, that intelligence in men renders them worse members of society; why then should it be the case with women? None but a fool, would change the voluntary and cheerful attendance of a free servant for the compulsory and sullen service of the slave, and none but a fool would prefer the purchased inmate of an Eastern haram, to the high-minded women who will abound in England, when the moral disabilities under which they labour shall be altogether removed.

But we must go altogether to the root of the evil. *Woman must be made morally the equal of man.* Hitherto, precisely after the custom of the Turks, whom we abuse, we have required of women but one virtue—chastity. The woman who has studiously preserved this virtue, has been allowed to indulge in other vices, almost with impunity, and those vices have been the result of retaining her in domestic slavery. Deprived of mind by her moral disabilities, she has in some cases resorted to alcohol, and on the complaint of her lord she has replied, ‘I have kept my marriage vow!’ and in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred she might have added, ‘which you have not done.’ With a craving for excitement of any kind, in the absence of mental power she longs for fine clothes, or fine furniture, which her lord refuses, and she runs him in debt with impunity, knowing that there is no law to punish her—that she is a *femme couverte*, an infant under the care of a protector, who must be responsible for her actions. The only remedy for all these evils is to make her free, to make her a responsible agent. The present state of her mind is unhealthy, as may be observed by the works which are published for her use principally, wherewith the circulating libraries abound; it is also shown forth in the general want of taste in dress and furniture, and most of the matters which she regulates, evincing an entire want of acquaintance with the principles by which taste must be regulated,

* It has been frequently observed, that women who are left widows under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, have their slumbering energies called forth by the necessity of exertion for the welfare of their children; and, under those circumstances, they accomplish things under which their less energetic husbands have sunk. French women are remarkable for their business capacity, and it is getting more common in England. Would that it were not so! Would that instead of drudges, their time were made available as teachers of their children, or constant watchers over their ripening powers.

in order to be correct. Men have taken advantage of this state of mind in women to ill use them. Whatever it may be in effect, marriage is in legal form a bargain, a covenant, in which one of the principal stipulations is the observance of personal fidelity on both sides. No one will deny that chastity is a good thing, and in the case of the female, the penalty of transgression is rigidly exacted. But is it so with the male? Does he not stray about the world and sin with impunity, and is not the honour of the female impugned if she does but step across the threshold of her lord? Is it not the essence of a bargain, that there be two parties to it, and if one transgress, is not the other absolved? Legally, it is so. But what is the morality of the matter? That in the male the breach of this covenant is scarcely considered an offence, and in the female, it is visited with remorseless and unsparing severity. Is not this a most base and unmanly act of oppression? All the answer which will be given by the males is, 'We, having the power, have thus decreed it.'

To make woman what she ought to be, and might be, marriage should be rendered a civil contract, capable of being dissolved like any other contract, with provisions to meet all results, whether of children or otherwise. The examples of murder, and other abhorrent things, springing from unequal marriages, would then disappear. The human affections cannot on all occasions be controlled; in some cases it is not desirable they should. Those who are disappointed in their expectations with a human being, who has not proved to them what they could wish, ought not to be doomed to misery for a whole existence. I am aware that the proposal to make marriage a civil contract, dissoluble like any other contract, by the mutual agreement of the parties, will possibly shock the feelings of many well-meaning persons, who, not accustomed to think deeply on the subject, will be apt to think that the possibility of procuring a divorce would act like an epidemic, and that all married couples would instantly take advantage of it, merely for the sake of the experiment, just as all the world flocks to an unknown sight. I will not advert to the fact that divorces are to be procured at present, because, on account of the heavy expense attendant on them, they may be regarded merely in the light of an expensive indulgence for the very rich, like the bulls of the ancient Catholic church, by which all who could afford to pay, might procure absolution for any darling vice they might choose to indulge in, while the poor were left to get over the matter as they could, and possibly fared as well as their masters after all. But I would ask, does the difficulty of divorce actually oblige persons who disagree with each other to live together even now? Are there no such things as separations? Are deeds for that purpose utterly unknown in lawyers' offices? And, if not unknown, what are they but a species of illegal divorce? Do the parties after that lead chaste lives? if they

afterwards become attached to new connexions, is it not the mischievous, the immoral law, which forces them to live in a state of scandal? To contemplate the annihilation of human passions by an edict, is a monstrous absurdity. St. Paul says, 'If they cannot contain, let them marry;' but our sapient English law forbids them to marry, and nature forbids them to contain. There was a law existing formerly, that the widows of officers in the army and navy should lose their pensions upon marrying again. The pension was useful, but the penalty of single life was deemed a hardship, and it became a desirable thing to solve the problem, how the advantages of the pension and the comforts of marriage might be united. It was soon found out that the mere omission of the marriage ceremony was all that the government required, and I have heard it stated, that some three thousand fair widows at one period had taken their lovers' words as a sufficient security. Amongst those classes of the community who have no dealings with lawyers, and cannot afford to pay for 'separations,' is it found in practice that those who disagree live together, unless obliged by the circumstance of poverty rendering them chargeable to the parish? Have we no examples of the practical divorces of the poor, in the mock sales of wives with a halter round their necks in the public market? Are not these brutal acts the consequence of the mischief produced by the law of marriage as it at present stands? And, still worse, have we not many examples on record in which murder has been resorted to for the purpose of dissolving a connexion nothing else could dissolve? Surely any alteration of the law would be desirable, which might prevent the possibility of such things recurring. Let me not be misunderstood. I am no advocate of light love, or changing affections. I believe that constancy between the sexes is more productive of human happiness than any other condition, and it is only because I would ensure, as far as possible, that constancy, that I would wish to sever the unnatural unions whose only result is misery, both to parents and offspring. I would ask those who believe that universal divorce would be the result of attaining the power of divorce, what it is that restrains separations at present, in so many cases, where the father and mother dislike each other? What but moral power, the sense of duty to offspring, and deference to public opinion? There exists no legal preventive against separation, therefore the only restraint must assuredly be a moral one. And can it be imagined that this moral check would cease to exist, if divorce were legally attainable? Surely not. The man who would defy public opinion for the gratification of unjust feelings or violent passions, when divorce could be obtained, would do the same thing when he could only ensure separation. We see daily numerous examples of illicit connexions which might at any hour be broken through, but which are continued through life from love of the offspring, or

from the fear of public censure, which would ensue in case of desertion. Is it at all more likely that a man or woman would desert their legitimate offspring? I speak only of desertion as to personal superintendence, for of course in all cases the law would insist upon a provision being made for the sustenance of the offspring. The ties of human affection are far stronger than any laws we can make. We cannot fetter human beings to love those who are incompatible with their tastes; and as little would the alteration of civil or religious laws avail to unlink the affection previously bound up by habit, association, and, above all, by offspring. This must be evident to all who are capable of reasoning. The virtual prohibition of divorce, the entire prohibition except in case of adultery, &c., is a premium upon immorality. It is the promoter of illicit intercourse, and the cause of numerous children being born, upon whose very birth a stigma is thrown which more or less tends to inflict unjust pain upon them. The diseased state of many people's minds upon this momentous subject is well illustrated by a correspondent of the *Times* a few weeks back, who gravely proposed as a remedy against adultery in 'high life,' on the part of the female—the male of course, according to rule, was free to follow his own wishes—the loss of jointure in case of sinning. How coarse must be the imagination of that man! His philosophy must be precisely that of Ranger—

I take her body, you her mind;
Which has the better bargain?

Such a man as that would only view a woman as a slave, whom he had purchased with his money. A mere chattel, to be bought and sold, whose affections were of no consequence, and whose loss might be compensated by money. No christian spirit could inhabit his person, whatever his exterior might be. The spirit of a savage, a selfish, brutal savage, was his only guide, and he was utterly misplaced in a civilized land.

There is much mischief at present resulting from wives plunging their husbands in debt. The reason that they do this is, because they are irresponsible slaves. Acknowledge them for political as well as moral beings, by making them responsible personally for their own acts, and their acts would cease to be evil. At present, all married women are irrevocably tied to those who are not tyrants, only when they do not choose to be so. Take away the tyranny, and the slave will walk erect in dignity and moral worth.

What glorious creatures will women become, when those who have the charge of their education shall become impressed with this truth. When the majority of women shall have acquired knowledge and judgment, the men who seek their approval must acquire knowledge and judgment also, to make themselves acceptable to them. Love will then become an ennobling passion, and

cease to be a matter of bargain and sale. I speak not in mere theory. Here and there, even under the present demoralizing system, may be found exquisite specimens of beauty, and truth, and knowledge, and learning, and wisdom, and high-souled courage, and exquisite feminine grace, and devoted affection, all united in single individuals, who, by the fortunate combination of circumstances with fine physical organization, have escaped the general contamination. There exist realities, of what Scott has faintly shadowed forth in his Rebecca and Diana Vernon; and as superior as the mind of the high philosopher is superior to that of the mere party politician. The pulse quickens, and the heart beats high, while thinking of these things, while the imagination of excellence of a still higher class is conceived, and the sober judgment pronounces its possibility. Oh! that the disabilities were removed which shut out women from the light, which make of her alternately a toy and a slave, when she might become a guiding star, to lead men onward in the path of wisdom and happiness!

But I profess to be a believer in the constant amelioration of human evils. Man has improved hitherto, and he will continue to improve, by a constantly accelerating process. It is the nature of every thing sublunary to improve, with the progress of knowledge—except the Whigs. As Napoleon said of the Bourbons, and which saying he might have applied to himself in his latter years, ‘They have learnt nothing, and have forgotten nothing.’ That which they do of good is forced upon them by the people, and they act but as a clog upon the wheel of improvement, to impede its motion.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

*Continued from p. 98.**

Who can draw for us truly the boundary between the intellectual and the active part of human nature? The faculties into which wise men distribute the mind, like the hemispheres into which geographers divide the earth, though definable enough in theory, are hard to discriminate in practice. Nothing clearer than the equator upon a paper globe; and in our paper metaphysics, nothing is easier of discovery than that Chap. vi. treats of one faculty, and Chap. vii. of another; but nature is far from being so obligingly distinct. We remember the days when, in our childish conceptions of crossing the line, a piece of graduated cord, belting the earth, was discernible; and philosophy has perhaps been chargeable with a similar puerility of expectation in its progress from the mental to the moral regions of the mind. They blend

indistinguishably, and reciprocate their energies, like the waters of the Northern and the Southern seas, whose currents flow and whose billows roll together, irrespective of the artificial limits of science. In the spiritual, however, as in the material world, nature gives notice of our approach to her impalpable boundaries ; she has her realms of transition ; the traveller, nearing the earth's other half, finds a more copious vegetation, and warmer suns, and loftier skies, and bluer hills ; and the explorer of the soul, passing from the intellect to the morality of man, will find an intermediate region, adorned with a more exuberant foliage of thought, invested with a more glowing atmosphere of emotion. It is in no trifling sense that the poetical faculties, the perception and the love of beauty, whether physical or moral, may be said to lie between the thinking and the motive departments of the mind ; it cannot be identified with either, yet it pervades both ; it belongs exclusively to neither, yet sheds an influence on both, kindling with new tints both truth and goodness : like the constellations of the equatorial heavens, it has its stars in both hemispheres, and cannot be cut off from either, without extinguishing some of its essential lights.

But perhaps we are making a longer pilgrimage than was needful from Dr. Priestley's intellectual to his moral character ; for in fact very little lay between. With him duty was a portion of truth, a series of inferences from his philosophy ; clear and strong conviction, rather than warm affection, characterised his notions of right. Never was there a mind over which moral principle exercised a more paramount sway ; but his was no blind and superstitious obedience ; with him conscience could not be moved without being convinced ; but show him on evidence the reasonableness of any habit or train of feelings, and he would set himself to its cultivation without further demur ; he would no more have thought of not doing what was right, than of not believing what was true. No one can be surprised that Dr. Priestley repudiated as an absurdity the doctrine of an instinctive moral sense ; for he was singularly free from those mental qualities which lead to this illusion. This error is the natural creed of those whose intellects are slow, in comparison with the quickness of their feelings, whose moral judgment possesses a speed too fast for their mental eye to trace, flashing on them with such velocity and intensity that, like the lightning, they seem to dart from heaven to earth, without traversing the space between. Dr. Priestley's mind was the reverse of this ; his emotions were never so intense as to dazzle his reason ; and his intellect was rapid enough to keep pace with them and mark their course. His sentiments of moral approbation and disapprobation, sufficiently resembled the processes of assent and dissent to enable him to recognise their common origin in the association of ideas.

It is instructive to compare the corresponding parts of such dif-

ferent characters as Mrs. Barbauld's and Dr. Priestley's ; and in the essay on devotional taste by the former, contrasted with the strictures on it by the latter, we have a picture of the piety of the exclusively poetical, placed side by side with that of the exclusively philosophical. Every religious mind feels its religion to be the loftiest object of its regard, to lie at the very summit of its powers ; and in the effort to reach the infinite and eternal, in yearning to shadow forth the idea of unlimited perfection, naturally seeks for its faith an alliance with all that appears most interesting and glorious. Mrs. Barbauld's passion was for the beautiful and the sublime ; and to her, devotion was poetry, akin to the aspirations of genius : Dr. Priestley knew nothing so noble as truth ; and to him devotion was philosophy gazing calmly at the only object above itself. Mrs. Barbauld saw in all creeds some elements of adoration for the heart, and dreaded lest controversy should brush off the emotions they awakened ; Dr. Priestley saw in all creeds much error, and hoped that controversy would render them more quickening, by making them more pure. Mrs. Barbauld understood the natural language of art, felt the deep expressiveness of whatever is beautiful in form and sound, and would have given to piety the majesty of architecture, and the voice of music ; Dr. Priestley thought that the eye and the ear with their physical gratifications, were only in the way in the work of realizing great general truth, and would have worshipped with the simplicity of a spirit in space. Mrs. Barbauld revered human affections, even in their illusions and extravagances ; she saw in them the passion for excellence, and the propensity to believe in its reality ; she had probably observed the important fact, (so conspicuous in Doddridge,) that the tempers which are most devotional are uniformly the most tender in their human relations ; she could discover no specific difference between the emotions yielded to ideal excellence on earth, and invisible perfection in heaven ; and she dared to find an analogy between piety and love ; Dr. Priestley, little given to Platonisms of fancy, holding that all feeling should be proportioned to the real qualities of its object, and forgetting that it cannot overpass the gulf between the created and the Creator, and expand itself to literal infinitude, condemned the expression as false and profane. Perhaps each was right, except in condemning the notions of the other. Happily, religion has its affinities with the whole soul, and there is no faculty incapable of worship. One mind is affected by conceptions of immeasurable space and time, another by ideas of life and change ; one prefers the blank, great truth, another the single and moving instance ; one to go forth and seek the object of its adoration in fields beyond the solar light, another to bring his image home, and feel him in the closet or in the mind : one, when standing before the invisible, may love to look into the deep back-ground of infinity which lies behind created things ; another, to gaze on the beautiful forms of reality, sketched on its dark sur-

face, and take them as types of what lies in the depth. Why limit the modes of devotional conception? Why say to any emotions or any thoughts, 'You shall not worship,' to any desires, 'You shall not pray?' There can be no proprieties here. Prayer is no more than the utterance, the irrepressible utterance, of the affections which most adorn and dignify human nature; it is the soul's act in laying itself consciously open at the feet of God; it is the gush of tenderness with which the spirit pours forth its burning emotions of veneration and love; it is the joy, or the agony, or the shame of placing the mind as it is, in contact with the great parent mind, that its sins may become clearer, its wants more craving, that its life may be quickened, and its sympathies refreshed. This is the end, this the temper of piety; every thing else is but its instrument; and that mode of thought and expression which is truest to each individual mind, must be that mind's best vehicle of devotion.

But, however little of apparent glow there might be in Dr. Priestley's piety, it was, like every thing else in his nature, sincere and true; and it conducted him with a moral dignity, sometimes reaching the highest kind of greatness, through a life of no ordinary vicissitude. It is difficult, even at this distance of time, in the quiet of one's study, with abundant proofs that better times have set in, nay, in immediate view of ten Irish bishops and church-rates disappearing under the ministerial extinguisher, to read the history of the Birmingham riots with due composure. And yet the great sufferer himself, the pastor driven from his flock, the author despoiled of his manuscripts, the toil of years, the philosopher almost within hearing of the crash of his apparatus, the philanthropist hunted for his noble sympathy with his race, the man robbed of his social rights, uplifts amid the violence a front of unbroken, yet not cold magnanimity. Indeed it is this very calmness, so instantaneous, so unlaboured, so utterly free from stoicism, far more than the mere exhibition of suffering, that almost chokes one in this narrative. There is an evident simplicity and fidelity in his delineation of his own state of mind which inspires one with that most delicious feeling—perfect faith in a fellow-being: there is no excitement; the deeps of his nature were stirred, but they were only freshened, not thrown into storm; there is no exaggeration, no consciousness of being an object of interest, no endurance for the sake of setting an example, no sectarian triumph secretly exclaiming, 'See what my principles can do;' the same sentiments of sublime necessarian piety, the same indignation quelled in the faith that present evil is the index that points to future good, the same compassion for those who wronged him, neither mawkish nor haughty, which appear in his replies to public addresses, appear also, and with just the same prominence, in his careless and familiar letters. It was obvious that in all times past he had been faithful to his Christian philosophy, and deeply imbedded in his mind and heart every principle which his

judgment had led him to advocate. And he lived to afford a long fulfilment to his own prediction of the efficacy of his faith. After lingering in England long enough to follow to the grave his tried friend, Dr. Price, to see other associates fast falling around him, to find himself shunned by the society which represented the science of his country, and whose records he had enriched by his discoveries, to be wearied by ceaseless calumnies in the senate and from the press, and feel that here was no home for himself or his children; on the confines of old age, he went forth to die in the land on whose promised destinies his eye, ever brightened by the hopes of humanity, had long been fixed; deeming it happier to live a stranger on the shores of liberty, than be dependent on the tender mercy of tyrants for a footing on his native soil. There, in one of its remoter recesses, on the outer margin of civilization, he, who had made a part of the world's briskest activity, who had led on the speed of its progress, whose mind had kept pace with its learning, and overtaken its science, and outstripped its freedom and its morality, gathered together his resources of philosophy and devotion; thence he looked forth on the vicissitudes and prospects of Europe, with melancholy but hopeful interest, like the prophet from his mount, on the land whose glories he was not to see. But it was not for such an energetic spirit as his to pass instantaneously into the quietude of exile without an irrecoverable shock. He had not that dreamy and idle pietism which could enwrap itself in the mists of its own contemplations, and believe heaven nearer in proportion as earth became less distinct. The shifting sights and busy murmurs that reached him from afar, reminded him of the circulation of social toils which had plied his hand and heart. Year after year passed on, and brought him no summons of duty back into the stir of men; all that he did he had to devise and execute by his own solitary energies, apart from advice and sympathy, and with no hope but that of benefitting the world he was soon to quit. The effort to exchange the habits of the city for those of the cloister was astonishingly successful. But his mind was never the same again; it is impossible not to perceive a decline of power, a tendency to garrulity of style and eccentricity of speculation in his American publications. And yet, while this slight, though perceptible shade fell upon his intellect, a softened light seemed to spread itself over his character. His feelings, his moral perceptions, were mellowed and ripened by years, and assumed a tenderness and refinement not observable before. Thanks to the genial and heavenly clime which Christianity sheds around the soul, the aged stem burst into blossom. And so it will always be when the mind is really pervaded by as noble a faith as Priestley's. There is no law of nature, there are no frosts of time, to shed a snow-blight on the heart. The feelings die out, when their objects come to an end; and if there be no future, and the aims of life

become shorter and shorter, and its treasures drop off, and its attractions are spent, and a few links only of its hours remain in the hand, well may there be no heart for effort and no eye for beauty, and well may love gather itself up to die. But open perfection to its veneration, and immortality to its step, tell it of one who is and will always be the inspirer of genius, the originator of truth, the life of emotion, assure it that all which is loved shall live for ever, that that which is known shall enlarge for ever, that all which is felt shall grow intenser for ever, and the proximity to death will quicken instead of withering the mind; the eye will grow dim on the open page of knowledge; the hand will be found clasping in death the instruments of human good; the heart's last pulse will beat with some new emotion of benignity. In Priestley's case there was not merely a sustinment, but a positive advancement of character in later years. The symptoms of restlessness gradually disappear without abatement of his activity; a quietude as of one who waits and listens comes over him; there are touches of sentiment and traces of tears in his letters, and yet an obvious increase of serenity and hope; there is a disposition to devise and accomplish more good for the world, and ply himself while an energy remained, and yet no anxiety to do what was beyond his powers. He successively followed to the grave a son and a wife; and the more he was left alone, the more did he learn to love to be alone; and in his study, surrounded by the books which had been his companions through half a century and over half the earth, and sitting beneath the pictures of friends under the turf, he took his last survey of the world which had given him so long a shelter; like a grateful guest before his departure, he numbered up the bright and social or the adventurous hours which had passed during his stay; and the philosophers who had welcomed him in his annual visits to London, the broad, sagacious face of Franklin, the benignant intelligence of Price, rose up before him, and the social voices of the group of heretics round the fire-side of Essex-street floated on his ear; and, as the full moon shone upon his table, and glistened in his electrical machine, his eye would dream of the dining philosophers of the Lunar Society, and glisten to greet again the doughty features of Darwin, and the clear, calculating eye of Watt. Yet his retrospective thoughts were but hints to suggest a train of prospective far more interesting. The scenes which he loved were in the past, but most of the objects that clothed them with associations of interest were already transferred to the future; there they were in reserve for him, to be recovered (to use his own favourite phrase, slightly tinged with the melancholy spirit of his solitude) 'under more favourable circumstances;' and thither, with all his attachment to the world whose last cliffs he had reached, and whose boundary ocean already murmured beneath, he hoped soon to emigrate.

There are few dispositions of which society exhibits rarer practical traces than the love of truth. There is abundance of profession ; but the more the profession, the less the reality. Where the feeling is genuine, truth is the mind's vernacular language ; and to give grave notice of an intention to utter it would be as absurd as if an advocate, on rising, were to say to the jury, 'Gentlemen, I most solemnly assure you, that in what I am about to lay before you I mean to speak English.' In proportion as faith in truth becomes more common, it will cease to be matter of pretension. Were we to designate Dr. Priestley in one word, that word would be 'truth;' it would correctly describe the employment of his intellect, the essential feeling of his heart, the first axiom of his morality, and even the impression of his outward deportment. He had none of that reckless sportiveness which makes playthings of opinions, and, for an hour's amusement, looks in at them, and turns them about, like the beads of a kaleidoscope, watching what fantastical shapes they may be made to assume. He had no sympathy with the sceptical philosophy which sees nothing but error in all human speculation, nothing but 'sick men's dreams' in the mutations of opinion. That there is such a thing as truth, that it is not placed beyond the reach of the human understanding, and that, when found, it is necessarily a pure good, were the first principles of his faith ; principles which he did not promulgate in their general form, and then reject in their applications, but carried out boldly, and without reserve, into every topic which invited his research. So utterly untrue is it that he had a passion for unsettling convictions, and then leaving the mind in a state of fluctuation, that if he committed any marked fault in the conduct of investigation, it was this ; that he recognised no other posture of the understanding in reference to the subject of its inquiry than assent and dissent ; that the intermediate state of doubt he disowned, except as a means of transition to one of the other two ; and overlooked the fact, that as there may be questions in which the conflicting evidence is accurately balanced, there may be occasions on which, in the present condition of human knowledge, suspense is the appropriate feeling. His tendency was much more to dogmatize than to doubt ; a dogmatism, however, which, if occasionally appearing after investigation, never manifested itself before. With this limitation, his impartiality was unimpeachable. That his inquiry must lead to the positive discovery of truth or falsehood was certainly a species of prejudice ; but it could not determine him unfairly towards either of two antagonist opinions ; it could only preclude from the rejection of both. In his comparison of the opposing claims of evidence, his faith in truth never deserted him ; altogether annihilating the influence of his previous impressions, and not even allowing them a presumption of innocence till proved to be guilty. His versatility of associa-

tion rendered alterations of belief easier to him than to others ; his feelings were not adhesive ; they could without violence be transferred from one class of sentiments to another ; and accordingly, even to the period of life when old impressions become indurated, and the emotions tardy of change, he was continually modifying his convictions, adopting new views with a facility truly wonderful, quickening them with life, and carrying them out to their remoter consequences with energy and fearlessness. His defence of the doctrine of phlogiston, when discarded by all other philosophers, is the solitary instance in his life of prejudiced tenacity of opinion ; and this was evinced in the decline of life, when even to him the difficulty must have been great of admitting a new theory, and applying it to the solution of facts which had been regarded as otherwise explained, and when, moreover, his attention had ceased to be actively directed to chemical inquiries. Any one who is aware how much the very memory of facts by the mind is dependent on the hypothesis which has been employed as the principle of their arrangement, or even as the guide to their discovery, will be disposed to treat this error rather as interesting to the mental philosopher, than as justifying the severity of the critic. The spirit of freedom and of faith which conducted him through his private inquiries, he carried out into his publication of their results. Ingenuous to himself, he was equally ingenuous to the world. He saw through the contemptible fallacies by which worldliness and imbecility would defend the suppression of opinions ; ease, popularity, sectarian prosperity, he held to be baubles compared with the duty of individual thought and speech, and sins if purchased at its expense. Not even could he think his task to society performed when he had stated and recommended the truths which he seemed to have reached ; he lays before the world the whole process of his own mind ; tells his difficulties, his failures, his false inferences, the hypotheses which misled as well as those which aided him ; so that if his thoughts had fallen into type as they arose, they could scarcely have been more distinct. Hence he excelled much more in analytical than in synthetical composition, and seldom attempted the latter without sliding continually into the former. And whatever may be thought of their relative merits, regarded as methods of direct instruction, it cannot be doubted that the successful investigator, who has the honesty to write analytically, bequeaths in this picture of his own intellect an invaluable guide to future inquirers in the same field, and a most interesting study to the observer of the human mind.

In nothing did Dr. Priestley's mental and moral freedom more nobly manifest itself than in his *well-proportioned* love of truth. With all his diversity of pursuit, he did not think all truth of equal importance, or deem the diffusion of useful knowledge an excuse for withholding the more useful. With all his ardour of

mind, he did not look at an object till he saw nothing else, and it became his universe. He made his estimate deliberately; and he was not to be dazzled, or flattered; or laughed out of it. In his laboratory, he thought no better of chemistry than in his pulpit; and in the drawing-rooms of the French academicians, no worse of Christianity than by the firesides of his own flock. He was never anxious to appear in either less or more than his real character. Even at the time when his name was most illustrious, and his associations the most close with the atheistical philosophers of the continent; when he was courted by the revolutionists of England, when by the persecution and desertion of all others, he was more especially thrown upon the sympathy of those men, and a noble and fascinating sympathy it was; when they urged him to quit the 'unfruitful fields of polemical divinity, and cultivate the philosophy of which he was the father,' and promised him thus an eternal fame, he assures them that he esteems his theology greatly superior in importance to mankind to his science, and risks his reputation at its height, by making it the vehicle to carry the great principles of religion before the almost inaccessible mind of the sceptics of France; perceiving the affinities and analogies which subsisted between the different departments of human knowledge, he did not desire to divorce them in his own mind, and derive a separate character from each. His philosophy is replete with faith, and his faith with philosophy; his conceptions of the Creator aid him in deciphering the creation; and every discovery in creation contributes a new element to his ideas of the Creator. The changes of the universe are the movements of God; and he that contemplates them without reference to the mind of which they are expressive, might as well study the laws of human action in the gestures of an automaton.

It is impossible to make human character a study without being tempted to speculate on the causes of the marvellous varieties which it exhibits. That those causes are not all external to the mind, scarcely admits of a doubt; and so difficult is it to define, or even to conjecture those which are inherent in the mental constitution, that the philosophy of individual character can hardly be said to have any existence. All the phenomena of mind, whether intellectual or moral, have, we think, been successfully resolved into cases of the law of association; but why this law, operating on the ideas furnished by sensation, should produce results so much more widely divergent from each other than are the external circumstances of mankind, is a problem not less embarrassing than it is interesting. Perhaps more may be explained by original differences of sensibility than is commonly imagined. Let it be admitted that the affections are the results of pleasurable and painful associations, that desire is simply the idea of a pleasure, and aversion the idea of a pain, and it follows that the vividness of the affections, the strength of

the desires, and aversions must depend on the vividness of the primary sensation; in other words, that the warmth of the *moral* part of human nature, must vary with the degree of original sensibility.

In this explanation, however, it is evident that no reason is involved, accounting for the relative prominence of the several moral faculties; it is only their *absolute* strength, the amount of fervour and enthusiasm which is explained. But we think that the theory may be fairly carried further, and provides an adequate cause for several *intellectual* peculiarities. The sensations which form the elements of all knowledge, are received either simultaneously or successively; when several are received simultaneously, as the smell, the taste, the colour, the form, &c. of a fruit, their association together constitutes our idea of an *object*; when received successively, their association makes up the idea of an *event*. Anything then which favours the associations of synchronous ideas, will tend to produce a knowledge of objects, a perception of qualities; while anything which favours association in the successive order, will tend to produce a knowledge of events, of the order of occurrences, and of the connexion of cause and effect; in other words, in the one case a perceptive mind, with a discriminative feeling of the pleasurable and painful properties of things, a sense of the grand and the beautiful, will be the result; in the other, a mind attentive to the movements and phenomena, a ratiocinative and philosophic intellect. Now it is an acknowledged principle, that all sensations experienced during the presence of any vivid impression, become strongly associated with it, and with each other; and does it not follow, that the synchronous feelings of a sensitive constitution, (*i. e.* the one which has vivid impressions) will be more intimately blended than in a differently formed mind? If this suggestion has any foundation in truth, it leads to an inference not unimportant; that where nature has endowed an individual with great original susceptibility, he will probably be distinguished by fondness for natural history, a relish for the beautiful and great, and moral enthusiasm; where there is but a mediocrity of sensibility, a love of science, of abstract truth, with a deficiency of taste and of fervour, is likely to be the result.

May not many of Dr. Priestley's peculiar characteristics be traced to such an original mediocrity of sensibility?—his want of memory to a deficient vividness in the associated ideas?—his versatility and rapidity of association, to the absence of any strong concentrative emotion tending to arrest his thoughts at any point in a train, and to forbid them to pass on?—the direction of his analogical power towards philosophical invention, rather than poetical imagination, to his want of perception of the beautiful?—his evenness of temper and spirits to a freedom from that alternate action and reaction to which susceptible minds are liable?

Perhaps even the inability which he mentions to do anything when hurried, admits of a similar explanation. For what is the feeling of hurry, but a belief that an unusual exercise of vigour, a great gathering of power, must be put in requisition, in order to accomplish some desired object? And one whose uniformity of temperament gives no experience of such occasional expansion of power, has no faith in its possibility, or its effect: and hence he despairs, when the man of impulse becomes inspired. We throw out these brief hints with great diffidence: they can be of no further use, than to suggest something better than themselves to more competent thinkers. Our main object in the remarks which have been made on Priestley, has been to revive the memory of a great man, at a period more favourable than any since his death, to a just estimate of his character; to furnish a faithful delineation of his whole mind; to aid in determining his true position among the benefactors of mankind; and define his claims on the veneration of his country. If we have in any degree succeeded in these objects, it will be no slight satisfaction to have performed some little part of the act of posthumous justice due from this generation.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

‘I love all beauty.’

I LOVE the beautiful that never dies—

Whether it maketh in the human breast
Its dwelling, or, diffus’d o’er earth and skies,
’Tis seen or felt—in motion or in rest.

Whate’er can melt the heart, or lure the eyes

In sound, form, hue, I love with keenest zest—

The beautiful that all abroad doth shine

I feel to be immortal and divine!

The home-affections, sweet, and pure, and mild—

How beautiful are they!—the links of heart

That brethren bind—the parent and the child—

The wedded souls no power can tear apart.

How beautiful is conscience undefil’d,

And truth, and courage that sustains the dart

Of suffering meekly!—Beautiful the love

That naught can force from its firm hold above!

Oh, there is much of beautiful within

The deep recesses of the human mind,—

Yea, glorious traces of its origin

Remain—bright feelings of the pure and kind;

And God-like power to counterbalance sin,

And truth the eyes of error to unblind—

The Beautiful.

Let others for man's baseness *only* plead,
This is *my* faith—my hopeful, happy creed !

How beautiful is nature ! the lone vales—

The shrub-fring'd rocks, the mountains vast, the seas
Beggm'd with isles, and spotted o'er with sails—

The weeds, the wild-flowers, and the forest-trees.
The springs whose crystal tribute never fails—

The winding streams—how beautiful are these !
How fair the broad blue arch o'er all things bow'd
When sunset flushes through the lingering cloud.

And beautiful is summer's balmy night,

When the soft stars are shining in the sky,
And the pale moon is shedding pearly light—

And beautiful is morning's dewy eye
Of rosy hue,—and noontide blazing bright

With many a mingling green and golden dye—
And, oh, how beautiful the summer's eve
When weary hearts rejoice, or gentler grieve !

And full of beauty are the autumnal woods

Checker'd with wan, and red and yellow leaves ;
And winter lacks not beauty when his floods

Are coped with ice, and when the snow-storm weaves
A mantle for the fields, and glistening hoods

For the tree-tops, and high the white drift heaves—
And flower-crown'd spring, when winter's frosty thrall
She breaks, is yet more beautiful than all !

Oh, how I love the beautiful, where'er

It loving dwells,—in nature or in man ;—
It calms my heart, it reconciles to care ;

It lustre throws on the mysterious plan
Of Providence. I feel the bright and fair,

Can never lie beneath the Almighty's ban.
They lead my willing spirit up to Him !
The beautiful makes Deity less dim !

It tends to breed, to foster, and diffuse

An universal love, by soft appeals
To the touch'd spirit.—Like the silent dews

It calls out grace and fragrance—it unsteels
Man's stubborn nature !—Ever then, my Muse,

Be thine the will,—the effort that reveals
The forms of beauty kindled from above—
The bright reflections of Eternal Love !

T. N.

ON THE CONDUCT OF MINISTERS SINCE THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

It is reported that one of the most influential members of the present Administration observed, when the result of the late elections was becoming manifest, '*We shall be too strong!*' This remarkable apprehension has been fatally verified. The moral ascendancy which they had obtained over the people is dissipated by the numerical superiority which they possess in the House. Their majority is too great for their reputation. Their influence over the intelligence and principle of the country has received self-inflicted wounds from which it can never recover. We write this far more in sorrow than in anger. We love to be confiding, and hate to be distrustful; next to the gratification of contemplating the full realization by the people of the blessings which should have followed from reform, would have been that of receiving them from the hands of the authors of that reform. This was surely no unreasonable expectation. With bitterness of soul we relinquish it as a futile one. Those blessings must and will still be realized; but apparently only by a long popular struggle. Of stern temper must be the future historian of that struggle, if he record not with deep commiseration what the Whig Administration might have been, and what it was.

Let none of our readers think our judgment premature. Many popular and useful measures may, and no doubt will, be introduced by the present Government. There will be much partial reformation in various departments. Unhappily for its members, the imperfections and limits of those reforms must now be ascribed not to their inability, but to their indisposition to proceed further. Their fidelity to the cause of the people is already brought to actual and decisive experiment. They may hereafter purchase gratitude; they can never again earn confidence.

During the elections there were various symptoms of hostility, on the part of the Ministry, against the people. Their candidates were put in opposition to known and tried reformers, whose public conduct had evinced their fitness (their superior fitness, at least, over the often nameless creatures of party and influence set up against them) for the honourable trust of legislation. A suspicious but successful outcry was raised against pledges, though there were but few and insignificant exceptions to the fact that the proposed pledges related to those broad and elementary principles on which every public man, with a spark of honesty, has made up his mind to take one side or the other. But these and other indications, of a similar description, might easily have been obliterated, or would soon have been forgotten, had a different spirit been shown by Ministers when parliament assembled.

What was their first act? The re-appointment of a Tory

Speaker, to whom an ample retiring pension was already secured, so as to render him more independent of opinion than any Speaker who ever before filled the chair. The Speaker of that House is the first commoner of Great Britain. And this honour is treated as something with which a Whig Government may properly and gracefully compliment a Tory. The appointment was an insult to the country. As the House represents the people, so on state occasions the Speaker represents the House. The voice of the nation is uttered through the mouthpiece of an anti-reformer. There has been no such rigid economy as to make us believe that the temporary saving of 4000*l.* per annum was the real inducement for this sully of the honour, and outrage on the feelings of the nation. It must be taken as meant to do that which it does, *viz.* show how slight and easy to be complimented away, is the difference between our present rulers and our former plunderers and oppressors.

By the King's Speech it was contrived at once to raise the Irish repeal question, and declare war with the main body of the Irish Members, or rather with that individual to whom, whatever his errors, Ireland owes so much. What have been the effects of this procedure? Not the settlement of the repeal question. No man in his senses could have expected that. A legislative separation has never been so popular in Ireland as at the present moment. Nor is it a question to be disposed of in a summary manner. Canada has its Parliament, and the West India islands have, many of them, their Parliaments; yet the empire is not dismembered thereby; and many advantages might arise from putting Ireland on a similar footing. But we are not about to argue the question now. Probably there will be a time when the public will have quite enough of the discussion. It has certainly not been precluded by the debate and vote on the Address. But if that was not done, something else was. Division and dissension were created amongst the reformers in Parliament. For this most unnecessary and mischievous act we hold Ministers responsible. By the allusion in the King's Speech, and the tone which was given to the debate at its very commencement, they sowed the seeds, which instantly sprang up, of unparalleled animosities. They did all that they could to break up that phalanx of reformers against which all the Toryism in the House could have offered scarcely the slightest resistance. They *agitated*, most wantonly and wickedly, in order to put down O'Connell, and produce distinction and bitter hostility between their own adherents and the more thorough-going reformers. They commenced the campaign with an infuriate attack upon men who had been their allies in carrying Parliamentary Reform, and who were their natural allies for any further proceedings on behalf of the people's rights and interests against the (formerly) common enemy. What can we say to such conduct as this? If there

was any one purpose more essential than another in the estimation of all enlightened and honest friends of improvement, it was the keeping together, in unbroken and cordial union, that parliamentary strength which the reform had produced, for effecting the further changes in which alone consists its worth. They have done their utmost to break it up. But for them the word 'repeal' need not have been heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. Nay, more; they might, by a consistent course, have produced a moral certainty that it never would.

Following their leaders, and Mr. Stanley is a proper huntsman to halloo on the pack, the Ministerial majority has evinced a coarse, clamorous, and insolent determination to put down the radical reform minority, (made a minority and an opposition by the perverse course pursued,) individually and collectively. Never, in the worst days of Pitt and Castlereagh, has there been a more outrageous and overbearing spirit displayed towards men whose attainments and abilities ought to have commanded the most respectful attention to the expression of their opinions. It will soon be found that this will not do; and the unutterable disgust excited in the minds of some of the new Members, who came up, in the honesty of their hearts, to support a reform Ministry in reform measures, and not to witness the baiting of a Radical, will probably extend itself so as to produce a little more decency and decorum. But the alienation is past healing. Ministers need not fear that they shall be identified with such men as O'Connell, or Hume, or Tennyson; they have achieved that separation. They have purchased the occasional and treacherous support of the rump of the Tory faction. They have weakened themselves for all good purposes. But still '*they are too strong.*'

They are evidently strong enough to carry those further constitutional reforms by which alone the avowed purposes of the Reform Bill can be secured; and it is as evident that they *will* not. We are no longer told, as we were while that Bill was yet pending, that the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments are reserved questions. The Ballot might be threatened while certain elections were in suspense; but now, in face of evidence that never has more influence been exercised over voters than at the last election, it will have to encounter the full force of Ministerial opposition. Triennial Parliaments have been the morning and evening song of Whig reformers for the last forty years. Triennial Parliaments and Household Suffrage were the creed of those who advocated reform at all. But that was in opposition days. All allusions to such matters are met by the inquiry, Have not the elections turned out well? We say, No, if the elected make no more provision for securing the freedom of a future choice. The people ought not always to be called on for such sacrifices as in the excitement of the last two years they have had the virtue to make; and they will always be acted upon by the corrupting in-

fluences which are again successfully at work. Mr. Lyall would not have been returned for London, nor Mr. Halcombe for Dover, had Ministers retained the popular attachment which for a short season they possessed. The Marylebone election has just repeated the same warning, though in a different and better form.

They are evidently strong enough to repeal the taxes on knowledge; but here, unhappily, the question is whether they be strong enough to prevent the repeal of those taxes. We could scarcely believe our ears when we heard the reply of 'honest' Lord Althorp to Mr. Warburton's question on this subject; the expectation had been so confidently entertained that a direct assurance would be promptly given of their total repeal. We still hope that the removal of those most iniquitous imposts will be forced upon them. That it will be *forced*, if we obtain it at all, is quite enough to decide the character of the Government.

The great patron of 'useful knowledge' has declared his abandonment of those views of the necessity of an efficient plan of national education which have heretofore furnished him with the material of so much eloquence. He is now converted to the sufficiency of private charity, except perhaps in some of the large towns. At every step a hope vanishes.

The defence of military and naval sinecures, and the resistance to the authenticated publication of the division lists, were both in the old Ministerial style. The speeches without the names would puzzle our chronology; they might belong to any of the last fifty years; with the names they date themselves.

Weeks are rapidly passing away; they will soon be months; and nothing is yet done for the people. Nothing yet done by a Whig Ministry, in a reformed Parliament, with an overwhelming majority. And still the cry is, 'Give them time.' What have they done with the time already? Is it for them to complain of the endless discussions and recriminations which themselves originated? Before now, some half dozen measures of relief and improvement might have been carried through the Commons, had Ministers been so disposed. They have taken care that the time should be otherwise occupied.

The poor, abortive, half-and-half project of Irish Church Reform is all that has yet been produced to save appearances. And even this was postponed to the Coercion Bill. Ireland was told, with an insolence which was enough to make the calmest blood boil, that nothing should be done for her till she was bound, prostrate, and silent. The hypocrisy of this measure is more offensive than its tyranny. The object was not to put down outrage. An accession of strength to the ordinary machinery of the law is the utmost that, by a Government obviously paternal, would have been required for that purpose; and it would have been unanimously granted by the House, if there had been equal alacrity displayed in the adoption of remedial

measures. The real object was to put down Daniel O'Connell. But the power of Daniel O'Connell is solely in the opinions of his countrymen. He has obtained that power by being the champion of their rights. To incarcerate him and gag them will not destroy one atom of it. It can only be transmuted thereby into a more perilous form. What occasion was there for an honest Government to suspend the business of three kingdoms, and the liberties of one, in order to attempt to put him down? He was not in the way of any beneficent measures by which Irish misery might have been alleviated. A sincere desire, shown in action, to benefit that ill-fated country, would have reduced, and was the only means that could have reduced, his power. There was nothing in O'Connell's position which would have been formidable to a wise, just, and benevolent Administration. The repeal agitation would necessarily have subsided had a few salutary reforms been adopted, a hearty desire shown to adopt others as soon as their efficiency could be ascertained, and the question of a local legislature been calmly waited for, and when brought forward, (if brought forward at all,) calmly discussed. This would have been the course of considerate and patriotic men. This would have won for them 'golden opinions from all sorts of men.' What have they now? The following is part of a letter (not intended for publication) which we received lately from a friend in Ireland, who is no unreasoning, violent, party politician, but whose feelings represent those of the best class, morally and intellectually, in that country.

'The assertions of Earl Grey with respect to this large county especially are *monstrous falsehoods*. What disturbances we have, and they are too many, arise from the unbearable oppression of the tithe-exactors and the Government-appointed magistracy. And the people, finding that their just complaints are unheeded, have at length been driven to take into their own hands the execution of justice to remove the cumberers of the ground. ———, who was stoned in this part of the county a few months ago, was one of the fiercest tyrants on the face of the earth; for five years he oppressed the people in every possible way, and as in the prayer of Cassius in 'Demerara,' 'were many to suffer that he might live?' He was stoned in open day. This is more *killing* than murder; the same retribution that a people would bestow on a hostile foreign foe. Not in the memory of the most fierce Tory has there been a murder committed for the sordid sake of the wealth possessed, in this country; and there is every security to person and property for those who cease from troubling, and who live in friendly intercourse with their neighbours, no matter what their creed be.

'But Earl Grey, instead of holding forth the sceptre of justice, wishes to rule us with a rod of iron. It remains to be seen whether the English *people* will submit to this tyranny on a part of themselves. If they are supine, away with the vain talk of a unity of interests, or a union of the two countries; they will be virtually disunited, and we

only wait our time to shake off all allegiance from a country, which, through the lust of power, agree to oppress one portion, for the very same cause that gave them the liberty they now enjoy. But I cannot *think* this will be the case.'

England has not been altogether supine on this fearful subject, though little has been done compared with what ought to have been done. But the people are, as yet, bewildered by what seems to them the strange turn that public affairs have taken. They know not what to think or believe. They see the men, between whom they split their votes as brother reformers, voting in almost constant opposition to each other, and waxing fierce in the wordy warfare. They hear those under whose guidance, last year, they advanced almost to the verge of rebellion for the reinstatement of Ministers, denounced by those Ministers, or attacked by their gladiators, as all but traitors. They are in such sore perplexity as the blind old patriarch, when he heard the voice of Jacob, but felt the rough hand of Esau. All their political feelings, notions, and associations, are dislocated. But a little time will recover them. The public spirit of England can never again be crushed as it has been crushed, or deluded as it has been deluded. Chaos is come again, but the elements will subside to their proper level. Ere long, there will be only the two great parties; those who would govern for their own advantage, and those who would have the people govern themselves for the common good. Of the latter party is our correspondent, Junius Redivivus, from one of whose communications sent to us early in last month, we take the following remarks.

'The Reformed House of Commons, by the alacrity of their votes on the subject of the Bill for stripping Ireland, even of the semblance of freedom, have given ample evidence that the majority of their number are merely the willing tools of the Whig Ministry. The pretensions of attachment to freedom, with which they greeted their constituents at the period of the elections, are shown to be false and hollow, and it is to be hoped that they will henceforth be marked men, and that whatever constituency shall henceforth return them, will be held to be as infamous as themselves. I write while the Bill is in its first stage, and the amendment of Mr. Tennyson negatived, which fact I take to be indicative of the ultimate result. At this period the minds of the English people scarce seem sufficiently on the alert, they seem to regard the proceeding with rather more of apathy than is exactly wholesome. It may be a deceptive appearance, and I would fain hope so, for although the Bill is apparently directed only against a few disorderly Irishmen, it is in reality an engine of the most abhorrent oppression, by which eight millions of people are placed under the arbitrary rule of military officers, a race of men whose success in life depends entirely upon their sycophancy to absolute power, without appeal, each one to his superior, from the lowest up to the highest. What a person obnoxious to them or to their superiors has to expect, when tried by them, has been clearly shown forth in their conduct to Somerville and Brereton. Humanity shown to the people, is in their estimation

one of the highest crimes, and the "gentlemen" who let themselves out for wages to wear a livery, and to perform legalized murder, will infallibly visit it with the most unsparing ferocity; for the very fact of evincing humanity, is a tacit reproach to themselves. Martial law, and all its brutal accompaniments, is about to be proclaimed in Ireland, and if the people of England calmly look on, and permit the working of atrocity, they will ere long be made to reap the penalty of their supineness, in their own persons. The true object in suspending all law, is not the putting down of illegal, by legal, outrage, but the resolution of the Whigs to maintain, under the show of a sham reform, the Irish Church establishment, and the mischievous impost of tithes, in all which the oligarchy, and themselves as a portion of the oligarchy, are so deeply interested, as a provision for the "scions of their noble stocks." They know that if the Irish Church should fall, it will infallibly drag down the English Church in its ruins, and they would rather brutalize the people after the recipe of Mr. Stanley, than give up their prey. They go cautiously to work in the matter, and take advantage of some remaining prejudices amongst the English people, to call the Irish hard names, and begin the struggle on their soil as an outpost. They will if they can, destroy the Irish leaders. Remorse will scarcely prevent them, if fear does not, and if the English people look calmly on, what shall prevent them from suffering in turn under a yoke like that they will have permitted to be placed around the necks of their brethren? The Humes and the Attwoods will scarcely escape the fate of the O'Connells and Shiels, when once the dogs of war are slipped, with the unsparing aristocracy on the vantage ground. The days of Manchester, and worse than Manchester, will have returned.

With regard to Ireland, the fact of disturbances existing on her soil is nothing new; they have existed ever since the period of its conquest, and will continue to exist so long as misrule shall continue, and it requires no ghost from the grave to prophesy, that misrule will not cease so long as the Whig Ministry shall hold the reins of power. The proximate source of Irish turbulence, is the pressure of population against the means of subsistence, to a greater extent than in almost any other country: the immediate source, is the misrule which prevents that education, which would remove the causes of over-population. There are numerous persons who reason in a most absurd strain, that absenteeism is the sole cause of Irish misery, as if the people at large would get a jot more of the produce of the land, as if they would pay less rent, with a resident than with an absentee proprietary. These reasoners say, "Let the produce of the soil be consumed on the soil. Instead of exporting it, let it be paid away in Poor's Rates." They seem to forget altogether, that much of the produce sent away, is repaid by necessaries of English manufacture, and that their proposition is saying, in other words, "Sell all your clothes and buy food with the money." And as for the rent which the landlords get from their property, their understanding will not let them imagine, that whether the landlord resides upon his estate or in England, he would purchase with his money just the same articles of foreign production, and whether he consumed the produce of his estate in Irish provisions on the spot, or exported it for his consumption in England, could make no difference. The only difference which could possibly occur by land-

lords being bound to the soil would be, that they would give work to some few Irish domestic servants, and some few mechanics, and by just so much England would suffer. Cut off all communication between England and Ireland, and the latter would be *plus* food, *minus* clothes, and thus be enabled to breed more beggars. Kill off the landlords, and a larger portion of beggars might be made to exist on the same soil, and if the beggars procured nothing but food, and had nothing to sell to buy clothes, they might in time be bred down into the state of entire savages. The landlords help to produce this state of things by their conduct in renting their estates to the highest bidder, taking advantage of the numbers in the market. They, or their agents, rent the land in small potato patches, on which it is impossible for any reputable peasant to exist in comfort, and consequently numerous families exist in misery, where a few only should be placed. Were the landlords to calculate the capabilities of a farm, and so to adapt the size and rent, that a farmer might get a comfortable income, he would bring up his family respectably, and set an example to those around him, as is the case in many parts of England, and where possibly, in some few cases, the Poor Laws may act favourably, as a penalty upon the landlords who neglect the moral condition of the peasantry around them, and are punished by being obliged to maintain the paupers resulting from over-multiplication. Only in this point of view, can it be contemplated as a desirable object to introduce Poor Laws in Ireland. Were the landlords obliged to maintain the pauper-bred peasantry, it is just possible that they would find it to their interest to discourage potato patches, and thus diminish breeding. The home colonization scheme of Mr. Sadler, would, if persevered in, produce the same effects in England as Ireland is now labouring under. The Whitefeet, and men of a dozen other denominations, who prowl, and have prowled, by night, may all be classed as *starving men*, who, like the wild beasts of the forest, seek their prey in darkness. They are the pinched and unfed paupers of Ireland. Were the paupers of England in the same condition, they would do the same things. No man who has sufficient food, and a home, and a bed, is fond of midnight wandering. It has been said that the rents in Ireland are enormously high. This seems strange. If so, why do not the English landlords offer their farms to Irish tenants, and thus raise their rents? Because they fear that they would lose more in Poor's Rates, than they gained in rent. But whatever be the case in Ireland, there is no doubt that the people are gradually improving, and it may be doubted, whether more murders occur in Ireland than in England, compared with the population. Had any thing like wisdom or honesty governed the councils of the Whigs, the tithes might have been commuted, and preserved as an education fund for the people, just as the American people, when laying out a new state, preserve a quantity of the land to produce a revenue for the maintenance of schools. But that which the people would freely have given for so useful a purpose, will be unflinchingly resisted, when applied for by a coarse soldiery, for the benefit of a disgustingly rapacious clergy.

The Whigs, with their large majority of an obsequious House of Commons, are doubtless triumphant for the present, and together with Mr. Stanley, gloat in unseemly mirth over their unhallowed purpose,

but let them beware! Even though Ireland be for a while stricken down, the dormant spirit of England only slumbers. If a treacherous executive succeeds for a while in breaking down the barrier of the laws, there will come at last a fearful day of retribution, when acts of indemnity will be held of no avail, by a long suffering, betrayed, and insulted people. "He who sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!" The barricades of Paris were built up in the defence of a broken covenant. Let not those who would play a Bourbon part, dream of so light an escape. They are hated with a hate no time can quench, and there are many who would follow them to the ends of the earth, to visit a nation's vengeance upon them, for the abhorrent cruelty which, in the day of power, knew not how to spare the advocates of a patriot cause. Such feelings of revenge are to be deplored, but they are, alas! a part of the present condition of humanity.'

TO KATHLEEN.

THOU hast jetty eyes in brightness glancing,
Glossy ringlets in the free air dancing,
Cheek from rose to lily ever changing
As thro' feeling's world thy thought is ranging.

Thou bringest gifts of nature's fairest treasure
To those who reckon every flower a pleasure,
Dewy darlings! exquisite creations,
E'en their shadows seem to have sensations!

Yet should beauty fade, and flowers wither,
I will bid thee ever welcome hither;
Though every charm beside were from thee parted
Thou hast that best of all—thou'rt honest-hearted.

Then welcome Kathleen, whatsoe'er thou bringest,
Welcome hither when this way thou wingest,
Not for eye, or cheek, or dewy blossom,
But the heart thou wear'st within thy bosom.

PAULINE; A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION.*

THE most deeply interesting adventures, the wildest vicissitudes, the most daring explorations, the mightiest magic, the fiercest conflicts, the brightest triumphs, and the most affecting catastrophes, are those of the spiritual world. Many a self-educated man could tell a history, as full as that of Robinson Crusoe, of ingenious expedients and contrivances, to supply the deficiency of his mental furniture and resources; and fascinating would be the narrative of the toil, the desperation, the inventions, and the perseverance of his solitary intellectual life. A poor gardener's boy in the Highlands of Scotland, such as Stone the mathematician, had quite as much to do for himself mentally, as must have been done for his physical support had he been shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez. And would not the history of Lord Bacon's rich and stately intellect, the showing how he built up its regal palace, and organized its powers, and conquered remote provinces to its dominion, and cultivated its various possessions, and overturned, first in himself and then for others, the ancient dynasties and despotisms beneath which reason had crouched, and founded a new order of things in the world of philosophy; would not this be as great a theme as the battles of Alexander, the conquest of Darius, the invasion of India, the scenes of the temple in the Lybian desert, and of the banqueting hall in Babylon, the founding of Alexandria, and the generation of a brood of kingdoms? The faculty of description may be as efficiently exercised in conveying the conception of a state of mind as in imparting that of a group of figures or a landscape. The abasement of a mighty spirit, brooding over the wreck of character produced by its own mistaken daring, may be invested with all the touching sublimity of the historical incident of Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage. The soul has its seasons, which may be sung with all their contrasted, yet connected phenomena, and with as many an episode to be naturally and gracefully interwoven, as the solar year. There is an art, not less felicitous than that which produces characters like a Creator, and links events together like a providence, and makes its combinations tend to the premeditated result like an overruling fate or destiny, in that which traces the growth of an individual mind, the influences upon it of things external, the powers unfolding themselves within it with all their harmonies and discords, the ties of association flowing hither and thither like the films of a spider's web, yet strong as iron bands, its prevailing tendencies and frequent irregularities, with all that makes it a microcosm, if it be not rather the world of matter that is the microcosm, and that of mind, the true and essential universe alone worthy of observation and interest. Whoever may tell of

* London, Saunders and Otley, 1833.

visiting Timbuctoo, and tracing the course of the Niger ; whatever veracious histories may be put forth of kingdoms, ancient or modern, near or remote ; how wondrous soever may be the legends which romancers indite of heroes who braved the terrors of magic, who slew the brave, and loved the beautiful, who now ascended thrones, and anon were cast into dungeons : in all the facts and fictions of outer being, which is but as outer darkness to the light within, never let the world be unheedful of those who have aught to tell concerning the human soul, so that they be but duly qualified by ' metaphysical aid,' and make their revelations with the ascertained authority of philosophical observation or poetic inspiration. Rightly has Dr. Channing told us, in that noble exhortation to ' honour all men,'* that ' the great revelation which man now needs is a revelation of man to himself ;' and that ' the mystery within ourselves, the mystery of our spiritual, accountable, immortal nature, it behoves us to explore ; happy are they who have begun to penetrate it.' With sorrow and shame we say it, that little is to be expected from professional theologians in this great service. Here and there amongst philosophers and poets, we find a true hierophant, one who knows what is in man, and makes it visible, so that we gaze fixedly, as if at the up-raising of the veil of Isis. From whatever quarter the light may come, we hail it reverently and gladly. In this is the power of Channing's own eloquent preachments, to which we have repeatedly done homage. This was the charm of those benignant speculations, in which Bailey showed the growth and rights of opinion. This is the soul of the luscious melodies of Tennyson, and of the loftier strains of Coleridge. And this must be found in every one whose brows are destined to wear the laurel, or be irradiated by the halo.

The knowledge of mind is the first of sciences ; the records of its formation and workings are the most important of histories ; and it is eminently a subject for poetical exhibition. The annals of a poet's mind are poetry. Nor has there ever been a genuine bard, who was not in himself more poetical than any of his productions. They are emanations of his essence. He himself is, or has been, all that he truly and touchingly, *i. e.* poetically, describes. Wordsworth, indeed, never carried a pedlar's pack, nor did Byron ever command a pirate ship, or Coleridge shoot an albatross ; but there were times and moods in which their thoughts intently realized, and identified themselves with the reflective Wanderer, the impetuous Corsair, and the ancient Mariner. They felt *their* feelings, thought *their* thoughts, burned with *their* passions dreamed *their* dreams, and lived *their* lives, or died *their* deaths. In relation to his creations, the poet is the omnific spirit in whom they have their being. All their vitality must exist in his life. He only, in them, displays to us fragments of himself. The

* Discourse 4 of the volume recently imported.

poem, in which a great poet should reveal the whole of himself to mankind would be a study, a delight, and a power, for which there is yet no parallel; and around which the noblest creations of the noblest writers would range themselves as subsidiary luminaries.

These thoughts have been suggested by the work before us, which, though evidently a hasty and imperfect sketch, has truth and life in it, which gave us the thrill, and laid hold of us with the power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius. Whoever the anonymous author may be, he is a poet. A pretender to science cannot always be safely judged of by a brief publication, for the knowledge of some facts does not imply the knowledge of other facts; but the claimant of poetic honours may generally be appreciated by a few pages, often by a few lines, for if they be poetry, he is a poet. We cannot judge of the house by the brick, but we can judge of the statue of Hercules by its foot. We felt certain of Tennyson, before we saw the book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are not less certain of the author of *Pauline*.

Pauline is the recipient of the confessions: the hero is as anonymous as the author, and this is no matter; for *poet* is the title both of the one and the other. The confessions have nothing in them which needs names: the external world is only reflected in them in its faintest shades; its influences are only described after they have penetrated into the intellect. We have never read any thing more purely confessional. The whole composition is of the spirit, spiritual. The scenery is in the chambers of thought; the agencies are powers and passions; the events are transitions from one state of spiritual existence to another. And yet the composition is not dreamy; there is on it a deep stamp of reality. Still less is it characterised by coldness. It has visions that we love to look upon, and tones that touch the inmost heart till it responds.

The poet's confessions are introduced with an analysis of his spiritual constitution, in which he is described as having an intense consciousness of individuality, combined with a sense of power, a self-supremacy, and a 'principle of restlessness which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel all;' of this essential self, imagination is described as the characteristic quality; an imagination, steady and unfailing in its power. A 'yearning after God,' or supreme and universal good, unconsciously cherished through the earlier stages of the history, keeps this mind from utterly dissipating itself; and, which seems to us the only point in which the coherence fails, there is added an unaptness for love, a mere perception of the beautiful, the perception being felt more precious than its object.

In the progress and developement of the being thus constituted, we first see a solitary boy, whose mind neither parent, teacher, nor friend seems to be in communion with, or influencing; untutored by any one, unattracted towards any one, shut up by himself in a

library, and spontaneously intent on those great classic writers of antiquity, who should be thus studied when studied by boys at all, instead of being vulgarized by the whippers of grammar schools.

' They came to me in my first dawn of life,
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books,
All halo-girt with fancies of my own,
And I myself went with the tale—a god,
Wandering after beauty—or a giant,
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter,
Talking with gods—or a high-crested chief,
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos ;—
I tell you, naught has ever been so clear
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives.
I had not seen a work of lofty art,
Nor woman's beauty, nor sweet nature's face,
Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as those
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea :
The deep groves, and white temples, and wet caves—
And nothing ever will surprise me now—
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's hair.'

But the ideal, though thus strongly infused into his being, did not wholly pervade, or permanently elevate it. A vague sense of power was generated, but the pressure of circumstances kept the spirit down ; restraint humbled and corrupted the soul ; and the mental and moral degradation which had commenced, would have proceeded rapidly and fatally, but that a purity of taste had been produced, which interposed to check the downward progress ; and in music a ministry was found which was one of preservation, till the soul was ripened for higher aspirations.

' As peace returned, I sought out some pursuit :
And song rose—no new impulse—but the one
With which all others best could be combined.
My life has not been that of those whose heaven
Was lampless, save where poesy shone out ;
But as a clime, where glittering mountain-tops,
And glancing sea, and forests steeped in light,
Give back reflected the far-flashing sun ;
For music (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,
A low voice calling Fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time.
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
Which have made painters pale ; and they go on
While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
As they leave life's path for the twilight world,
Where the dead gather. This was not at first,
For I scarce knew what I would do. I had
No wish to paint, no yearning—but I sang.'

Dissatisfied with his own acquirements and achievements, the young minstrel now seeks to know what has been done by the master spirits of the earth; he gazes on the works of mighty bards and sages; he looks unappalled, for he finds his own thoughts recorded, and his own powers exemplified; he turns from them to self-study and analysis; his sight is sharpened and his power excited by introspection; he feels the misgivings felt of old, and would make, or recognise the discovery desired of old: he too would solve the world's enigma.

‘ I dreamed not of restraint, but gazed
On all things: schemes and systems went and came,
And I was proud (being vainest of the weak),
In wandering o’er them, to seek out some one
To be my own; as one should wander o’er
The white way for a star.’

He enters the world, and the bright theories which at first spread their lustre over the affairs of real life, are soon darkened and dissipated by his nearer observance. A corresponding change in himself follows.

‘ And suddenly, without heart-wreck, I awoke
As from a dream—I said, ’twas beautiful,
Yet but a dream; and so adieu to it.
As some world-wanderer sees in a far meadow
Strange towers, and walled gardens, thick with trees,
Where singing goes on, and delicious mirth,
And laughing fairy creatures peeping over,
And on the morrow, when he comes to live
For ever by those springs, and trees, fruit-flushed
And fairy bowers—all his search is vain.
Well I remember * * * *
First went my hopes of perfecting mankind,
And faith in them—then freedom in itself,
And virtue in itself—and then my motives’ ends,
And powers and loves; and human love went last.
I felt this no decay, because new powers
Rose as old feelings left—wit, mockery,
And happiness; for I had oft been sad,
Mistrusting my resolves: but now I cast
Hope joyously away—I laughed and said,
“ No more of this ”—I must not think; at length
I look’d again to see how all went on.’

The consciousness of intellectual power when the moral faculties were thus chilled into heartlessness and selfishness, is splendidly pictured.

‘ My powers were greater—as some temple seemed
My soul, where naught is changed, and incense rolls
Around the altar—only God is gone,
And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat !

So I passed through the temple ; and to me
 Knelt troops of shadows ; and they cried, " Hail, king !
 " We serve thee now, and thou shalt serve no more !
 " Call on us, prove us, let us worship thee !"
 And I said, " Are ye strong—let fancy bear me
 " Far from the past."—And I was borne away
 As Arab birds float sleeping in the wind,
 O'er deserts, towers, and forests, I being calm ;
 And I said, " I have nursed up energies,
 " They will prey on me." And a band knelt low,
 And cried, " Lord, we are here, and we will make
 " A way for thee—in thine appointed life
 " O look on us !" And I said, " Ye will worship
 " Me ; but my heart must worship too." They shouted,
 " Thyself—thou art our king !" So I stood there
 Smiling' * * * * *

This state, which every superior mind has probably been in, and which has endured through the whole existence of some extraordinary men—Voltaire for instance ; is described through several pages, with its various incidents, fluctuations, and modifications, until the moral power shows its returning life by a feeling of irritable dissatisfaction, a longing after higher good, and a sense of capacity for its enjoyment. There is a groping about after something to rest upon ; a vain attempt to cherish delusion and prejudice, rather than be left utterly loveless ; and at length the soul throws itself upon religion, like a hunted bird dropping into its own nest.

' O God ! where does this tend—these struggling aims !
 What would I have ? what is this " sleep," which seems
 To bound all ? can there be a " waking" point
 Of crowning life ? The soul would never rule—
 It would be first in all things—it would have
 Its utmost pleasure filled,—but that complete
 Commanding for commanding sickens it.
 The last point that I can trace is, rest beneath
 Some better essence than itself—in weakness ;
 This is " myself"—not what I think should be,
 And what is that I hunger for but God ?
 My God, my God ! let me for once look on thee
 As though naught else existed : we alone.
 And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
 Expands till I can say, " Even from myself
 " I need thee, and I feel thee, and I love thee ;
 " I do not plead my rapture in thy works
 " For love of thee—or that I feel as one
 " Who cannot die—but there is that in me
 " Which turns to thee, which loves, or which should love."
 ' Why have I girt myself with this hell-dress ?
 Why have I laboured to put out my life ?

Is it not in my nature to adore,
 And e'en for all my reason do I not
 Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him?—*Now*.
 Can I forego the trust that he loves me?
 Do I not feel a love which only ONE
 O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed,
 I have denied thee calmly—do I not
 Pant when I read of thy consummate deeds,
 And burn to see thy calm, pure truths out-flash
 The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy?
 Do I not shake to hear aught question thee?

' If I am erring save me, madden me,
 Take from me powers, and pleasures—let me die
 Ages, so I see thee: I am knit round
 As with a charm, by sin and lust and pride,
 Yet tho' my wandering dreams have seen all shapes
 Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
 Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee,
 In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less—
 Or dying with thee on the lonely cross—
 Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb?'

And now when he has run the whole toilsome yet giddy round and arrived at the goal, there arises, even though that goal be religion, or because it is religion, a yearning after human sympathies and affections, which would not have assorted with any state or moment of the previous experience; he could not have loved before; at one time it would have been only a fancy, a cold, and yet perhaps extravagant imagining; at another, a low and selfish passion. Some souls are purified *by* love, others are purified *for* love. Othello needed not Desdemona to listen to his tale of disastrous chances; they were only external perils, repaid by elevated station; but the mind that has gone through more than his vicissitudes, been in deeper dangers, and deadlier struggles, even when it rests at last in a far higher repose and dignity, yearns for some one who will 'seriously incline' to listen to the 'strange eventful history,' one who will sympathize and soothe, who will receive the confession, and give the absolution of heaven its best earthly ratification, that of a pure and loving heart. The poem is addressed to Pauline; with her it begins, and ends; and her presence is felt throughout, as that of a second conscience, wounded by evil, but never stern, and incorporate in a form of beauty, which blends and softens the strong contrasts of different portions of the poem, so that all might be murmured by the breath of affection.

The author cannot expect such a poem as this to be popular, to make 'a hit,' to produce a 'sensation.' The public are but slow in recognising the claims of Tennyson, whom in some respects he resembles; and the common eye scarcely yet discerns among the

laurel-crowned, the form of Shelley, who seems (how justly, we stop not now to discuss,) to have been the god of his early idolatry. Whatever inspiration may have been upon him from that deity, the mysticism of the original oracles has been happily avoided. And whatever resemblance he may bear to Tennyson, (a fellow worshipper probably at the same shrine) he owes nothing of the perhaps inferior melody of his verse to an employment of archaisms which it is difficult to defend from the charge of affectation. But he has not given himself the chance for popularity which Tennyson did, and which it is evident that he easily might have done. His poem stands alone, with none of those slight but taking accompaniments, songs that sing themselves, sketches that every body knows, light little lyrics, floating about like humming birds, around the trunk and foliage of the poem itself; and which would attract so many eyes, and delight so many ears, that will be slow to perceive the higher beauty of that composition, and to whom a sycamore is no sycamore, unless it be 'musical with bees.' That his not having done so, is owing to no want of the picturesque faculty, the grace, the sentiment which give their charm to such minor effusions, can soon be shown by a few quotations taken as they rise in the volume. We shall intermix with these as they may happen to come, others of a higher class, to complete the exemplification already contained in our citations of the author's powers.

The following is a pretty instance of that peculiarity of modern poetry, arising from its more philosophical character, by which the internal is brought to illustrate the external, and the feeling is made an image of the object.

‘ Spring’s first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills—the black-thorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood ; when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow—and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes.’

Shelley was the author's adoration and inspiration when it was, or seemed to him, a solitary thing to feel that power, which he now believes to be expanding into dominion. The fervency, the remembrance, the half regret mingling with the exultation of the following passage are as true, as its leading image is beautiful.

‘ Sun-treader—life and light be thine for ever ;
Thou art gone from us—years go by—and spring
Gladlens, and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not—other bards arise,
But none like thee—they stand—thy majesties,
Like mighty works which tell some Spirit there
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen

And left us, never to return : and all
 Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain.
 The air seems bright with thy past presence yet,
 But thou art still for me, as thou hast been
 When I have stood with thee, as on a throne
 With all thy dim creations gathered round
 Like mountains,—and I felt of mould like them,
 And creatures of my own were mixed with them,
 Like things half-lived, catching and giving life.
 But thou art still for me, who have adored,
 Though single, panting but to hear thy name,
 Which I believed a spell to me alone,
 Scarce deeming thou wert as a star to men—
 As one should worship long a sacred spring
 Scarce worth a moth's flitting, which long grasses cross,
 And one small tree embowers droopingly,
 Joying to see some wandering insect won,
 To live in its few rushes—or some locust
 To pasture on its boughs—or some wild bird
 Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air,
 And then should find it but the fountain-head,
 Long lost, of some great river—washing towns
 And towers, and seeing old woods which will live
 But by its banks, untrod of human foot,
 Which, when the great sun sinks, lie quivering
 In light as some thing lieth half of life
 Before God's foot—waiting a wondrous change
 —Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay
 Its course in vain, for it does ever spread
 Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on,
 Being the pulse of some great country—so
 Wert thou to me—and art thou to the world.
 And I, perchance, half feel a strange regret,
 That I am not what I have been to thee.'

Painful, and yet one of the few pains which are lovely, is the change described in the lines which follow, and the feeling with which it is combined.

And then know that this curse will come on us,
 To see our idols perish—we may wither,
 Nor marvel—we are clay ; but our low fate
 Should not extend to them, whom trustingly
 We sent before into Time's yawning gulf,
 To face whate'er may lurk in darkness there—
 To see the painters' glory pass, and feel
 Sweet music move us not as once, or worst,
 To see decaying wits ere the frail body
 Decays. Naught makes me trust in love so really,
 As the delight of the contented lowliness
 With which I gaze on souls I'd keep for ever
 In beauty—I'd be sad to equal them ;

I'd feed their fame e'en from my heart's best blood,
Withering unseen, that they might flourish still.'

Here is a picture,

‘ Andromeda !

And she is with me—years roll, I shall change,
But change can touch her not—so beautiful
With her dark eyes, earnest and still, and hair
Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping breeze ;
And one red-beam, all the storm leaves in heaven,
Resting upon her eyes and face and hair,
As she awaits the snake on the wet beach,
By the dark rock, and the white wave just breaking
At her feet ; quite naked and alone,—a thing
You doubt not, nor fear for, secure that God
Will come in thunder from the stars to save her.’

Our next quotation is towards the conclusion of the poem, where the recovering spirit meekly and trustingly invokes the tendings of affection for its perfect restoration.

‘ The land which gave me thee shall be our home,
Where nature lies all wild amid her lakes
And snow-swathed mountains, and vast pines all girt
With ropes of snow—where nature lies all bare,
Suffering none to view her but a race
Most stunted and deformed—like the mute dwarfs
Which wait upon a naked Indian queen.
And there (the time being when the heavens are thick
With storms) I'll sit with thee while thou dost sing
Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird
Who crieth as he flies for perfect joy,
Or telling me old stories of dead knights.
Or I will read old lays to thee—how she,
The fair pale sister, went to her chill grave
With power to love, and to be loved, and live.
Or we will go together, like twin gods
Of the infernal world, with scented lamp
Over the dead—to call and to awake—
Over the unshaped images which lie
Within my mind's cave—only leaving all
That tells of the past doubts. So when spring comes,
And sunshine comes again like an old smile,
And the fresh waters, and awakened birds,
And budding woods await us—I shall be
Prepared, and we will go and think again,
And all old loves shall come to us—but changed
As some sweet thought which harsh words veiled before ;
Feeling God loves us, and that all that errs,
Is a strange dream which death will dissipate ;
And then when I am firm we'll seek again
My own land, and again I will approach
My old designs, and calmly look on all

The works of my past weakness, as one views
Some scene where danger met him long before.'

Our limits compel us to pause. Our opinion will be readily inferred from the quantity which we have quoted from a publication of only seventy pages. The chief blemish is a note ascribed to Pauline, p. 55; and there are a few passages rather obscure, 'but that's not much.' In recognising a poet we cannot stand upon trifles, nor fret ourselves about such matters. Time enough for that afterwards, when larger works come before us. Archimedes in the bath had many particulars to settle about specific gravities, and Hiero's crown, but he first gave a glorious leap and shouted *Eureka!*

WRITINGS OF JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.*

THE prolific and popular writer who has stumbled upon this pseudonyme, literally, as we surmise, 'in default of a better,' (for a title less indicative of his individualizing peculiarities could not well have been chosen.) has recently made himself known through our pages to as many of the readers of the 'Repository' as had not made his acquaintance previously through some other medium. By including *us* among the many organs of utterance through which he speaks forth the truths which are in him, to a world which never stood more in need of truths so profitable, he has afforded to us a testimonial of his good wishes and good opinion, which we prize highly, but which would be somewhat less precious to us, if it carried with it any obligation to be silent concerning the good we think of him. We know to what constructions we expose ourselves in praising an avowed contributor to our work; but no person shall be a contributor to any work of ours whom we cannot conscientiously praise. As of all other friends, so of literary auxiliaries, we hold nothing unfit to be spoken which is fit to be thought. And they who, in all cases without exception, regulate their speech by no other rule than that of sincerity and simplicity, are indeed more liable to misconstruction on any single occasion than those who are studious of appearances, but less so in their total career: on that security we rely.

On the present occasion our remarks will relate, not so much to the two books of which we have transcribed the titles, or any of the other writings of the same author, but rather to the qualities of the author himself as therein exhibited. Nor is this, when rightly considered, the least important of the aspects under which a book, be it ever so valuable, (unless it be a book of pure sci-

* The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the Present State of Society, Moral, Political, and Physical, in England. Second Edition, with additions.

A Tale of Tucuman, with Digressions, English and American, &c. &c.

ence,) can be looked at. Let the word be what it may, so it be but spoken with a truthful intent, this one thing *must* be interesting in it, that it has been spoken by man—that it is the authentic record of something which has actually been thought or felt by a human being. Let that be sure, and even though in every other sense the word be false, there is a truth in it greater than that which it affects to communicate: we learn from it to know one human soul. ‘Man is infinitely precious to man,’ not only because where sympathy is not, what we term *to live* is but to *get through* life, but because in all of us, except here and there a *star-like*, self-poised nature, which seems to have attained without a struggle the heights to which others must clamber in some travail and distress, the beginning of all nobleness and strength is the faith that such nobleness and such strength have existed and do exist in others, how few soever and how scattered. A book which gives evidence of any rare kind of moral qualities in its author is a treasure to which all the contents of all other books are as dross. What is there in the writings even of Plato or of Milton so eternally valuable to us as the assurance they give that a Plato and a Milton have been? been in this very world of ours, where, therefore, we also, according to the measure of our opportunities, may, if we will, be the like. The gospel itself is not more a gospel (εὐαγγέλιον) by the doctrines it teaches, than because it is the record of the *life* of Christ.

It is one of the evils of modern periodical writings, that we rarely learn from them to know their author. In those sibylline leaves wherein men scatter abroad their thoughts, or what seem their thoughts, we have little means of identifying the productions of the same sibyl; and no one particular oracle affords by itself sufficient materials for judging whether the prophet be a real *soothsayer*. It is so easy in a single article to pass off *adopted* ideas and feelings for the genuine produce of the writer's mind; it is so difficult on one trial to detect him who, aiming only at the plausible, finds and converts to that meaner purpose the same arguments which occur to him who is earnestly seeking for the true. Would but every person who writes anonymously adopt, like Junius Redivivus, a uniform signature, whereby all the emanations of one individual mind might have their common origin attested, great would be the advantage to upright and truthful writing, and great the increase of difficulties to imposture in all its kinds and degrees. A periodical writer would then have a character to lose or to gain; the unfairness, or ignorance, or presumption which he might manifest in one production, would have their due influence in diminishing the credit of another; a comparison between different writings of the same author would disclose whether his opinions varied according to the point he had to carry, or wavered from the absence of any fixed principles of judgment. A man who pretends to the intellect or the virtue

which he has not, may deceive once, but he will betray himself somewhere : it is easy to keep up a false seeming for the space of an article, but difficult for a whole literary life. If the writer, on the contrary, be wise and honest, the more we read of his writings, knowing them to be his, the more thoroughly we shall trust him, and the better we shall learn to comprehend him. Every one of his opinions or sentiments which comes to our knowledge helps us to a more perfect understanding of all the rest ; and the light they reflect on each other is a protection to the author against having his meaning mistaken, with all precautions taken together. He may then write with directness and freedom, not timidly guarding himself by a running comment of deprecatory explanation, nor encumbering his argument or interrupting the flow of his feelings by qualifications or reserves which may better be supplied from the reader's previous acquaintance with the writer. The importance of this consideration will be most apparent to those who are most sensible how intimately all truths are connected : to those who know, that only by the general cast of an author's opinions and sentiments, and not by any sufficient explanation which he usually has it in his power to give on that particular occasion, can we with certainty determine the sense in which he understands, and means us to understand, his own propositions.

The foregoing remarks cannot be better illustrated than by the example of the writer who furnished the occasion on which they are made. We prize the writings of Junius Redivivus for the many valuable truths which are embodied and diffused in them, truths often, as we cheerfully acknowledge, new to us, almost always newly illustrated, and to have arrived at which required, if not a subtle and profound, a penetrating, sagacious, and enlarged understanding. But this, which is so much, is the least part of what we owe to Junius Redivivus, nor are his writings chiefly precious for what *they* are, but for what they show *him* to be : in so far as is possible for inanimate letter-press, they give to the world, once more, assurance of a *man*. It is *men* the world lacks now, much more than books ; or if it wants books, wants them principally for lack of men : of old mankind were often so far superior to their ideas ; *now* their ideas are so far superior to *them*. There are truths spread abroad in the world in ample measure, were there but the intellect to grasp them, and the strength to act up to them. But how often does it happen that when he is most wanted, we know where to look for the man who is *possessed* by the truth—whose mind has *absorbed* it, and, better still, of whose desires and affections it has become the paramount ruler ! We do not mean by the truth, this or that little bit of truth here and there, but the *all* of truth which a conscientious man *needs* in order to shape his path through the world, much more to be a light and a protection to others :—the *all*, or but barely so *much*

of it as is necessary for doing any *one* important thing well and thoroughly.

We are grateful, then, to Junius Redivivus, that he has put the mark of common parentage upon his mind's offspring,—that he has not cut up his literary identity into separate and small fragments, each of which might have belonged to an entire being so far inferior to what (it is impossible not to believe) *HE* is. For if any writings of the present age bespeak a strong, healthy, and well-proportioned mental fame, his do. If he had told us his name, his birth, parentage, station, profession, all these particulars the knowledge of which is usually termed knowledge of the man, *that* were probably nothing: of all that in any way concerns us, his moral and intellectual being, we have assurance sufficient. With all the freshness of youthful feelings, he unites an extent of practical experience and knowledge of life, impossible in one very young, and affording the happiest earnest that the fountains of emotion at which others drink and pass on, will flow beside his path, refreshing and inspiring the whole of his earthly journey. One-sided men commonly enforce their partial views with a vehemence and an air of strong conviction which persons of more comprehensive minds are often without, being unable to throw their whole souls into a part only of the truth which lies before them: but the advantage for which others are indebted to their narrowness, Junius Redivivus derives from the excitability and ardour of his temperament: the idea or feeling required by the immediate purpose, seems to possess him as entirely as if that were the only purpose he had in life: but the other idea or feeling which ought to accompany and qualify the first, is there in reality, though appearing not, unless called for: look somewhere else and you will find the remainder of the truth supplied, and what seemed partial in the feeling, corrected by tokens that all other feelings proper to the occasion, are equally strong and equally habitual. There is an evidence of hearty conviction and energetic will in all the writings of this author which compels the persuasion that he would be as ready to act upon all he professes as to profess it: being, as we may gather from the particulars he lets fall of his own life, inured to self-reliance, and not unaccustomed to difficulties or even to emergencies. He writes as one in whom there still survived something of the spirit of the ancient heroes, along with the superior humanity and the superior refinement of modern times.

It is seldom, indeed, that a wise man's praise can be unqualified; yet of the *man* Junius Redivivus, as shown in his writings, there is little or nothing to be said on the disparaging side; of the works themselves somewhat. He is *not* a *great* writer: will he ever be? Possibly not: yet only perhaps because he does not desire it: he has never shown the capacity, but then he has never shown the wish, to produce a *finished* performance. Is this to be

regretted? we hesitate to answer yes: great writers write for posterity, but *frequent* writers are those who do good in their generation; and no great writer, whom we remember, was a frequent writer, except Voltaire. Junius Redivivus writes far more powerfully than could be expected, from one who has written in two years as much as would amount to many volumes, and every word of it with thought. Writing of a very high order is thrown away when it is buried in periodicals, which are mostly read but once, and that hastily: yet the only access now to the general public, is through periodicals. An article in a newspaper or a magazine, is to the public mind no more than a drop of water on a stone; and like that, it produces its effect by *repetition*.

The peculiar 'mission' of this age, (if we may be allowed to borrow from the new French school of philosophers a term which they have abused,) is to popularize among the many, the more immediately practical results of the thought and experience of the few. This is marked out as the fittest employment for the present epoch, partly because now for the first time it *can* be done, partly because anything of a still higher description *cannot*; unless writers are willing to forego immediate usefulness, and take their chance, that what is neglected by their own age will reach posterity. In this, then, which is the great intellectual business of our time, Junius Redivivus is better qualified to render eminent service, than a more eminent writer. It is true, that all he has written, perhaps all he will ever have the inclination or the patience to write, will be ephemeral: but if each production only lasts its day or year, each new day or year produces a successor: and though his works shall perish, it will not be until they have planted in many minds, truths which shall survive them, and awakened in many hearts a spirit which will not die.

The staple of all popular writing in the present crumbling condition of the social fabric, must be politics: and politics predominate in the writings of Junius Redivivus. But he writes not as one to whom politics are all in all: he knows the limits of what laws and institutions can do: he never expresses himself, as if any form of polity could give to mankind even the outward requisites of happiness, much less render them actually happy, in spite of themselves, or as if a people individually ignorant and selfish, could as a community by any legerdemain of checks and balances conjure up a government better than the men by whom it is carried on. Politics with our author are important, but not all-important. The great concern with him is, the improvement of the human beings themselves: of which the improvement of their institutions will be a certain *effect*, may be in some degree a *cause*, and is so far even a necessary condition, that until it is accomplished, none of the other causes of improvement can have fair play. The individual man must after all work out his own destiny, not have it worked out for him by a king, or a House of

Commons; but he can hardly be in a suitable frame of mind for seeing and feeling this, while he is smarting under the sense of hardship and wrong from other men. Nor is this the worst; for the laws of a country, to a great degree, make its morals. Power, and whatever confers power, have been in all ages the great objects of the admiration of mankind: the most obvious kind of power to common apprehension, is power in the state; and according as that is obtained by rank, court favour, riches, talents, or virtues, the favourable sentiments of mankind will attach themselves, and their ambition will be directed to one or another of these attributes. Plato expected no great improvement in the lot of humanity, until philosophers were kings, or kings philosophers: without indulging so romantic a wish, we believe that in the many there will be little of the requisite culture of the internal nature, and therefore little increase even of outward enjoyments, until institutions are so framed, that the ascendancy over the minds of men, which naturally accompanies the supreme direction of their worldly affairs, shall be exercised, we do not say by philosophers, but at the least by honest men, and men who with adequate practical talents combine the highest appreciation of speculative wisdom.

In politics, Junius Redivivus is a radical. But since there are various kinds of radicals, it is fitting to state to which variety of the species our author belongs. Some men (it has been well said) are radicals, only because they are not lords: this will not suit our author; who, it is evident, would scorn equally to accept or to submit to, irresponsible or unearned superiority. Others are radicals, because they are of a fretful and complaining disposition, and accustomed to think present evils worse than any future contingent ones: such men in the United States would be aristocrats: be the order of things what it may, it must have some faults peculiarly its own, and those faults in the estimation of such people ensure its condemnation: neither is our author one of these. He is full of that spirit of love, which suffers little besides loveliness to be visible where loveliness is, and which boils up, and explodes in indignation only when heated by the contact of evil unmixed or predominant. Even in a semi-barbarous people, like those of Spanish America, he finds ample food for admiration and sympathy; in the 'Tale of Tucuman,' and elsewhere, he dwells with peculiar complacency upon whatever those nations afford of beautiful or noble. Others again are radicals, merely because the taxes are too high: they can conceive of no evil except poverty, and finding themselves poor, or seeing that their neighbours are so, think it is the fault of the Government for hindering them from being rich; not so our author: *he* sees that there is a cause independent of Government, which makes the majority poor, and keeps them so, where it is not counteracted either by natural or artificial checks; this is, the tendency of population to a more rapid increase than is compatible with high

wages. No person has inculcated this truth with greater earnestness and perseverance, or in a manner more likely to impress it upon the minds of those who are most directly interested in it, than Junius Redivivus. And there is nothing by which he is more honourably distinguished, both from the demagogue, and from the more ignorant or narrow-minded of the radicals. This is one of the most striking instances of the remark we made, that his truths are seldom half-truths. A perception of the abuses of existing Governments without a sense of the dependence of wages on a limitation of the number of labourers, has led many into grievous errors : so has a perception of the latter half-truth without the former : but let a man once openly perceive and understand *both*, and his aberrations in political opinion are by that sole fact restrained within comparatively narrow limits.

Our author is a radical, because he is convinced both from principle and from history, that is both from the experience of men and of nations, that power, without accountability to those over whom, and for whose benefit it is to be exercised, is for the most part a source of oppression to them, and of moral corruption to those in whom the power resides. On the same principle *we* are radicals also : not that we consider the above proposition to be true without exception : nor do we in any case look upon it as embracing the *whole* of what ought to be taken into consideration in forming our practical conclusions : but we hold it to contain as much of the truth, as is amply sufficient to prove all institutions worthless, which like most of those which now exist, are constructed in utter defiance, or entire negligence of it.

For the details of our author's political opinions, and his applications of them to the existing state of society in England, we refer our readers to 'The Producing Man's Companion,' which has been revised and greatly enlarged in this second edition. We shall make no extracts, because, to convey any but a most partial view of the contents of the volume, would require more copious citations than our space admits of, and because so interesting, and so cheap, and portable a work, should be in the hands of every one whom words of ours can influence. A connected or systematic treatise we cannot call it : the wonder is, how with so little apparent order or concatenation in his ideas, the author has contrived always to think consistently with himself. The book is like those kinds of living creatures which have joints, but no limbs : no reason can be given why the animals, or why the book, should not be twice as long ; why the writer stopped when he did, or why he did not stop sooner. But all his opinions are so nicely adjusted to one another ; they seem mutually to receive and give so exactly the proper, and none but the proper modifications ; that in his own mind it is clear his ideas are in their right places, though when poured out upon paper they defy the very notion of arrangement, and lie one upon another in a kind of heap. This would be disagreeable if the book were very long, but being short, and

made up of parts so good in themselves, it scarcely needs that they should be more artfully put together.

Our author is a most minute observer, both of things and men ; the extent of his miscellaneous information is truly surprising : and most of it has evidently been acquired by himself, not derived from books. He appears to be well versed in experimental physics, and familiar with the processes of very many branches of practical industry. His sagacity and ingenuity display themselves here also in numerous contrivances, and a still greater number of prophecies of contrivances, which will probably some time or other be fulfilled. But these belong neither to the works we are reviewing, nor to the general scope of this article.

One of the most delightful qualities of this author, his lively admiration and keen enjoyment of the beautiful in all its kinds, both spiritual and physical, has been nowhere more exemplified than in his contributions to our work ; and our readers do not require from us any assurance of it. Besides the value of this quality in itself, it has saved him from an error which many, and they not the most narrow-minded of our social reformers, habitually fall into ; the error of expecting that the regeneration of mankind, if practicable at all, is to be brought about exclusively by the cultivation of what they somewhat loosely term the *reasoning* faculty ; forgetting that reasoning must be supplied with *premises*, complete as well as correct, if it is to arrive at any conclusions, and that it cannot furnish any test of the principles or facts from which it sets out ; forgetting too that, even supposing perfect knowledge to be attained, no good will come of it, unless the *ends*, to which the means have been pointed out, are first *desired*. But of this, perhaps, on another occasion, and at greater length. Our object in introducing the topic was to observe, that this error demonstrates of those who hold it either a deficiency in themselves, of all mental faculties, except the calculating understanding, or else that the other powers are so uncultivated, or so ill-cultivated, as to be at habitual variance with that faculty. It is otherwise with Junius Redivivus : his sensibility to beauty has contributed largely to quicken his intellect and expand his views ; and in nothing more so than in opening his eyes to the importance of poetry and art, as instruments of human improvement on the largest scale. Where the sense of beauty is wanting, or but faint, the understanding must be contracted : there is so much which a person, unfurnished with that sense, will never have observed, to which he will never have had his attention awakened : there is so much, of the value of which to the human mind he will be an incompetent and will be apt to be a prejudiced judge ; so many of the most important means of human culture which he will not know the use of, which he is almost sure to undervalue, and of which he is at least unable to avail himself in his own efforts, whether for his own good or for that of the world. It is true of this as of all the other sensibilities, that without intellect they run wild ; but with-

out them, intellect is stunted. A time will come, when the education of both will proceed hand in hand ; let us rather say, when the aid of culture will be more particularly invoked to strengthen the part which is relatively deficient : or at lowest, to bestow the power of *appreciation*, when the quality to be appreciated is one which only nature can give.

Our author is as much of a poet as intense sensibility and vigorous intellect can make him, with the assistance of a memory richly stored with accurate pictures of things seen, and *well* seen, and keenly enjoyed, by himself. We do not think he has much fancy : his descriptions are extremely literal, and indeed profess to be so. The 'Tale of Tucuman,' his longest poem, was avowedly composed, not to body forth the ideal, but to delineate the actual : 'To convey,' he says in the preface, 'in as agreeable a form as may be, a knowledge of the manners and customs of the Southern Americans : the descriptions,' he adds, 'of scenery, costume, manners, and customs, are as accurate as though it were a prose work. Most of the incidents are of actual occurrence ; and living beings have sat for the portraits of the actors.' Having thus an object in view, altogether distinct from that of the poet and artist, the wonder is not great if he have not succeeded equally well in both. He had in reality a third purpose in addition ; the inculcation of his opinions, concerning things in general, not excepting persons, in digressions, after the manner of Don Juan, of which he has likewise imitated the versification. The work is interesting, though most readers will, we are afraid, skip a great part of the descriptive passages, for the sake of which all the rest would appear to have been written. The claim of this publication to the character of poetry rests, we think, upon the strong human sympathies which unfold themselves in some passages of the rather meagre story. In several of our author's shorter poems, we think there is more poetry ; though still of the same grade of excellence : no high order of imagination ; little beyond memory and strong feeling ; both of these, however, of the best kind, and quite sufficient to ensure his being always read with pleasure. The versification is often rugged, evidently from haste : when our author writes in verse, he should write more carefully, and alter more freely ; otherwise it is not worth while : the only reason for preferring verse to prose, being the music of its sound.

EPIGRAM TO JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

'Stat nominis umbra.'

Behold ! how new and strange to mortal sight
Where'er 'tis seen, a shadow beaming light ;
Shine on—thy name will own no deeper shade
Than that which is by its own brightness made.

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 9, and last.

VOL. 37 is devoted to two of Goethe's distinguished countrymen and contemporaries—*Winkelmann*, the great historian of ancient art, and *Philip Hackert*, the landscape painter. We know not whether it be a sufficient excuse for the fact, that our language is still without a translation of the 'History of the Arts of Design among the Ancients,' which for more than half a century has enjoyed the highest celebrity on the continent, that that voluminous and expensive work exists in the Italian and French, as well as in German; and that perhaps not a man is to be found to whom that very curious subject is an object of interest, who is not familiar with one of those languages. We cannot, however, digress into so wide a field, and shall merely take occasion to extract a few piquant passages in which Goethe exhibits himself rather than his subject. We merely remind our readers that Winkelmann was a poor scholar, born in Prussia in 1717; that having devoted himself to the study of classical antiquity and the fine arts, being without any provision, and feeling an intense desire to pursue his studies in Italy, the only country where his learning and attainments could be rendered available, he yielded to the suggestion of the Pope's nuncio at Dresden; and in order to obtain the means of travelling into, what was to him, the land of promise, and of there employing his talents to advantage, he submitted to the painful sacrifice of his integrity, and became a nominal convert to the church of Rome; we say nominal, for it does not appear that any even of his new Italian friends, affected to consider his conversion sincere. It was treated as the subscription to articles of faith has been in other churches. He acquired immediate fame, and became the *custode* of the Vatican museum of antiquities, the noblest in the world; he was highly esteemed by Pope Benedict XIV. but his more especial personal patron was Cardinal Albani, the riches of whose villa he made known to the world in the *Monumenti inediti*. His career was as short as it was distinguished; he was murdered at Trieste in 1768 by an Italian to whom he had indiscreetly shown some medals. In 1805, Goethe, having obtained possession of a number of his (Winkelmann's) unpublished letters, joined his friend Meyer in the publication of 'Winkelmann and his Age,' a biographical, critical, and epistolary miscellany; his own original matter is here collected and preserved.*

The characteristic is divided and classed under heads such as the Antique, Catholicism, Rome, &c. Having previously described Winkelmann as a heathen from his birth, *i. e.* as one having those

* Goethe's 'Winkelmann' was his first publication, in 1805, after the death of Schiller, and his own alarming illness. If this were doubtful, I could prove the fact by the following incident:—The book, you know, is dedicated to the Duchess Dowager of Weimar. Taking it up as it lay on the Duchess's drawing-room table, there fell out a slip of paper, on which was written a distich in Goethe's hand. It was as follows—

peculiarities of taste and feeling which Goethe thinks distinguish the heathen from the christian, such, for instance, as a stronger predisposition to friendship than to love; and also made an apologetic statement of his utterly destitute condition, he thus proceeds under the rubric '*Catholicism*.' 'Winkelman could not but feel, that in order to be a Roman in Rome, and become intimately incorporated with the mode of existence that there prevailed, and enjoy confidential intercourse, he must become a member of their community, adopt their usages, and acknowledge their creed; and the result showed that without this early resolution he could never have completely attained his object. But to himself the Catholic religion had no attractions. He saw in it merely a masquerade dress which he put on, and he expressed himself bitterly on the subject. Later in life he does not appear to have sufficiently adhered to their practices, and perhaps by free speech made himself an object of suspicion to strict and zealous believers—at least we here and there remark some slight fear of the inquisition.' And Goethe thus remarks on the state of public opinion upon conversions of every kind: 'Whoever changes his religion contracts, as it were, a stain from which it seems impossible to be purified. Men esteem above all things a constant will, more especially on those points on which they divide into parties, and are anxious concerning their safety and their permanence. Neither feeling nor conviction are allowed to be conclusive. Men are expected to remain where fate rather than choice placed them. Hence unshaken attachment to a native town, a prince, a friend, a wife—for these to labour, and for these to endure privation; this it is which brings high honour, while apostasy is odious, and vacillation contemptible.' On occasion of Winkelman's connexion with Rome, the promised land of his aspirations, and the spot where his labours were executed, Goethe avails himself of the opportunity to give expression to his own ideas excited by that *unique* city; aware that they would be deemed strange if not offensive, he thinks proper to ascribe them to another:—

'ROME: A friend has ingeniously developed the strong impression which the actual state of Rome is calculated to excite. Rome is the place in which, according to our view, all antiquity concentrates itself—and what we feel on reading the ancient poets, or studying the ancient political constitutions, all this we more than feel, we immediately behold, in Rome. As Homer cannot be compared with any other poet, so Rome and its environs will not admit of a comparison with any other city or any other environs.

Freundlich empfangt das Wort laut ausgesprochener Verehrung.
Das die Parcæ mir fast schnitt von den Lippen hinweg.

Kindly accept the word of loudly spoken veneration
That the Parcæ had nearly cut from my lips.

I please myself with thinking that I may perhaps have thus preserved though but an atom of the great poet's '*nobili sensu in simpliciter parole*.'—*Note communicated.*

Unquestionably the greater part of this impression belongs to ourselves, not to the object; but it is not the mere thought of a sentimentalist that he is actually standing where this or that great man stood before him: it is that we are violently thrust, as it were, upon a by-gone state of things which, whether an illusion or not, we cannot help considering as noble and sublime; and this violence we cannot resist if we would, because the barrenness in which the present occupiers leave the land, and an incredible mass of ruins, force it even upon the very eye-sight; and because this past state assumes to the inner sense a greatness that shuts out all envy, which we feel too happy to sympathize with merely in imagination, and with which no other sympathy is comparable. In the mean while the external sense is also filled by the vastness and the simplicity of the forms of nature, by richness of vegetation, still not so rank as in a more southern climate, and the distinctness of outline, brought out by the clear atmosphere, as well as beauty of colour in full brightness. Nature is enjoyed as if it were art. All impressions of poverty or of necessity are removed; and yet ideas of contrast are every where suggested. Our contemplation becomes elegiac or satirical. But this is *our* feeling only: Horace found Tibur more modern than we do Tivoli—his *beatus ille qui procul negotiis* proves that. But it is only an illusion when we wish to be inhabitants of Athens or Rome. Antiquity must be presented to us as at a distance, removed from every thing that is vulgar, and as entirely passed away; hence I feel, with a friend of mine, as to the ruins—one is always vexed when a half buried fragment is dug out. It can at the best be only an acquisition for mere scholarship, at the cost of the imagination. For myself I know only two equally horrid things, the cultivation of the *Campagna di Roma*, and the giving a good police to Rome, in which no man could use a dagger. Should there ever arise a Pope who is a man of business, (may the seventy-two Cardinals protect us from him!) I shall depart. It is only while there remains in Rome so divine an anarchy, and around Rome so divine a desert, that there is space for the shades, one of whom is worth more than a whole generation.'!!!*

Of Winkelmann's early death, our author writes thus strikingly. 'It was from the highest point of happiness which he could dare to wish for, that he departed from the world. His country was expecting him, his friends were stretching their arms towards him, all the manifestations of love, which he so much needed, all the testimonies of public esteem, which he valued so highly, were awaiting his appearance, in order to be poured upon him. And

* Goethe's fears, if they were his, have proved not altogether idle. We believe, though the Campagna is as much a desert as ever, that assassinations at Rome have greatly declined. As to anarchy indeed in the Roman States, he must be hard to please, who is not satisfied with the present state of things. This remark we venture to print as a note only. We confess it to be very *philister-mässig*, (philistine-like,) as our friend the Edinburgh reviewer would say.

in this we may deem him happy, that from the pinnacle of earthly felicity he ascended to the blessed—that a brief terror, a momentary pain sufficed to bear him from the living. The infirmities of age, the decline of his intellectual powers he did not feel. The dispersion of the treasures of art (which he prophesied in a different sense) he did not survive to witness. He lived as a man, and as a *complete man* he departed from us. And now he enjoys in the memory of posterity, the advantage of appearing ever active and powerful; for in the shape in which man leaves the earth, he wanders in the shades below. And thus Achilles remains present with us still, as ever young and vigorous. That Winkelmann departed early is our gain; from his grave we are invigorated by the breath of his power, which excites in us the lively impulse to go on pursuing, with love and zeal, what he left unfinished.'

Philip Hackert. This book hardly merits a place among the works of Goethe, since he is rather the editor than the author of it: though it is not without marks of his peculiar taste and opinions. Hackert was a Prussian landscape painter, who, like many of his countrymen, going early into Italy, the second home of all artists, fixed his abode there, and never returned to the land of his birth. He entered into the service of the King of Naples; and when driven away by the invasion of the French, which followed those atrocious proceedings that have so deeply disgraced the otherwise glorious name of Lord Nelson, he never retreated further from that delicious country, the Neapolitan territory, than North-Italy, and died in Tuscany in 1807, in his seventieth year. On his death, his papers were sent to his friend Goethe, from which he compiled the present biographical work. Hackert has not, like Winkelmann, a European reputation, nor do we read of any English patron, except Lord Exeter. We shall not, therefore, further enlarge on this book, but merely mention, that it contains, besides a short biographical memoir, a critical account of his works, and brief notices on kindred topics. The longest article is a translation from the journal of a tour in Sicily, by Hackert's companion, Mr. Payne Knight. The journey was made in 1775, when Mr. Knight was still a young man, but this journal shows that he had already well prepared himself for the journey, by his studies of the classics—ancient history and archeology. Though a collection of mere notes, the journal may still be read with profit. The translation appears to have been made from the manuscript, but whether by Hackert himself, or the editor, is not stated; nor does it appear whether it was published with the approbation or knowledge of Mr. Knight, who was living in 1811, when the book was first published.

Goethe has also introduced a short memoir of Mr. Gore, the other travelling companion of Hackert, an English gentleman, whose house at Weimar was for many years hospitably open to all foreigners, till his death in 1807. Mr. Gore was a Yorkshire

gentleman of handsome fortune. He was an amateur of ship-building, which brought him in connexion with the Marine Society, and possessed great mechanical talent. He also cultivated the fine arts with great zeal, which taste occasioned his long residence on the continent.*

Vol. 38 consists of critical writings which originally appeared in Goethe's periodical work devoted to the fine arts, the 'Propylaën,' published in 1798; we can barely select for observation the articles:

On Laocoon. This little essay reminds us that Lessing's admirable book, with the same title, on the relation of poetry to the plastic arts, was translated into English some forty or fifty years ago, and fell dead-born from the press: we believe it would be otherwise now.

Der Sammler und die Seinigen, literally, 'The Collector and his.' An excellent little tract, in which the collector relates how his gallery was formed by his ancestors. The narrative is made at the same time to indicate the advance of art, from the first coarse imitation of the real, to the higher refinements of taste and philosophy; and a sprightly account of the visitors to the gallery completes the exposure of all one-sided (*einseitige*) tastes. The Germans imitate the Italians in their formation of words, by adding a contemptuous *rei*, which pretty well answers the place of the Italian *accio*: and the name of *Engländerei* is given to that ultra-delicacy and squeamishness which clothes antique statues with fig-leaves. But we can testify personally that there is less of this spurious modesty in the museum of Montague House than in the Vatican.

Fragments on Italy, are gleanings supplemental to the travels. Of these deserve particular attention the beautiful description of St. Rosalia's hermitage, on the glorious mountain that overlooks Palermo; the cursory analysis of a religious ballad in Italian, a dialogue between Jesus and the woman of Samaria; and various articles on the elder painters of Italy. In his account of the latest Italian writers, he eulogizes Manzoni, and defends him against an article in our Quarterly Review for December, 1820, but he qualifies his censure of the Reviewer by one of his usual tolerant apologies: 'But we more particularly forgive an Englishman when he is hard and unjust towards foreigners; for he who reckons Shakespeare among his ancestors, may be easily misled by family pride.' Whether Goethe was led to the subject by the mere association of ideas, we do not know, but in the same article, he suggests as a fine subject for the drama, which posterity will not neglect, 'The Evacuation of Parga;' it will hardly be chosen by an

* The recent death of his last surviving daughter at Leghorn, has deprived our countrywomen of the advantage of being represented abroad by one of the most perfect specimens of the English gentlewoman that it was ever our good fortune to meet on the Continent. The affectionate memorial which Goethe has left of Mr. and Miss Gore, will secure to their name a duration gratifying in anticipation to all who had the honour of their acquaintance.

English poet. An account of Manzoni's *Adelchi* concludes the volume. These latter articles are reprinted from the *Kunst und Alterthum*, a periodical work undertaken for the illustration of art and antiquity at the close of the poet's life.

Vol. 39 contains fifteen essays on subjects appertaining to fine art. In our brief notice of these, we must be directed less by their internal importance, than by the bearings they may have on our own literature and taste ; and the useful hints which even our summary may suggest.

1. *The pictures of Philostratus*. Among the practical means adopted by Goethe to promote fine art, was the formation of the 'Weimar Society of the Friends of Art,' *Gesellschaft der Kunstfreunde*, in the name of which prizes were offered, and annual exhibitions of paintings &c., established. From this body proceeded the Propylæen, already spoken of. Pursuing a hint thrown out by Winkelman, he suggested to young artists subjects painted by Polygnotus, and the society proposed publishing engravings, from drawings to be made from descriptions of Philostrates, of which this is an arranged catalogue, illustrated by critical remarks, extended to modern works and artists. It gives us pleasure to remark, that the seed struck root, having, since we wrote the above remark, found, in an Italian journal, an account of a splendid work lately published at Rome of engravings after designs by the two *Riepenhäuser*, after the paintings of Polygnotus.

2. *Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper at Milan*. Raphael Morgen's famous plate has spread among the untraveller the knowledge of this glorious painting, by Goethe elaborately criticised. This tract was translated by the late Dr. Noehden in 1821 to which work we refer our readers.

3. *The Triumphal procession (Triumpfzug) of Julius Cæsar, by Mantegna*. This article treats of one of the most valuable treasures of art contained at Hampton court—rescued happily from the dispersion of the rich collection of King Charles the Fifth, consequent on the civil wars of the 17th century. The historic dissertation gives an account of the labours of our earlier monarchs to supply our country with works of art 'in the absence of indigenous talent ;' the accompanying description of the painting was supplied by Dr. Noehden.

5. *Tischbein's Idyls*. Tischbein was an eminent artist the friend of Goethe. Like our own far greater Flaxman he laboured to regenerate the love and spirit of Greek art ; he composed historic or heroic landscapes, which Goethe supplied with the verses here reprinted, and accompanied by an account of the original pictorial Idyls.

6. *Handzeichnungen von Goethe*. An account of his own drawings, of which etchings were published in 1821. 'Conscious of their insufficiency,' he says, 'I have added small poems to excite the inner sense, and laudably deceive the beholder, as if

he saw with his external organ, what he only internally feels and thinks.'

7. *Sketches to Casti's Animali Parlanti*, of which he remarks with his usual refinement, that Casti's poem supplies fewer materials to the artist, than the old Reynard, the fox, as its action is more internal than external.—That it is with all its merits rather directly satirical, than poetically ironical.—That these are not animals who act like men, but real men, and moderns too, masked as animals.

9. *Gerard's Historical Portraits*: A critical notice of the first two numbers of a collection of engravings, published at Paris, 1826. Our author lauds the artist for his skill in giving to each person the becoming individuality. The remarks on the portraits of twelve eminent characters of the age, are so written as to apply equally to the person and the image. They all deserve attention, from the Emperor *Alexander of Russia*, the first, to *Madame Recamier*, the last. We give this one as a specimen: '*Louis Napoleon*, King of Holland, painted 1806.—We take up this picture reluctantly; yet it affords us still some pleasure, because we have before us the man whom we have so strong a personal motive to esteem very highly,—there he is an object of pity. We behold indeed here, his well-formed, upright, and frank countenance, but in such a masquerade as this (*verkleidung*) we never saw him, nor wished to see him. In a sort of Spanish costume,—waistcoat, scarf, cloak and ruff, tastefully adorned with lace, tassels, and orders,—he sits in quiet meditation, dressed in white, a dark bright cap with feathers in his right hand, in the left holding a short sword, resting on a cushion; behind, a helmet—all excellently composed. It may be to the eye a beautifully harmonious picture, but to our mind it gives nothing, perhaps because we became acquainted with this excellent (*herrlich*) man, just after he had renounced these external trappings, and was striving to cultivate in private life, his delicate moral sense, and his love for works of taste.' 'I have been often tempted to write upon his very elegant poems and his tragedy *Lucretia*, but the fear of betraying the confidence so obligingly put in me, has restrained and still restrains me.'

10. *Ruysdael als Dichter*, i. e. 'Ruysdael as poet.'—The author expatiates on three works of this eminent landscape painter, and especially on those qualities in them, which, being addressed to the inner sense, he considers as poetical. The mechanical excellences of this artist, Goethe remarks, are acknowledged by those who have never penetrated the meaning of his landscapes. The originals are in the gallery at Dresden.

11. *Account of some Treasures of Ancient German Art discovered at Leipzig*. Of late years the attention of the public has been drawn to the oldest German school of painting, which even preceded those of the Italians, which eventually eclipsed

those of all other nations. But in the earliest German masters are found all the deeper and more intellectual qualities of art, the importance of which is now universally felt in Germany; and which is become an object of study to the antiquaries and men of taste in that country.—This article gives an account of a number of paintings discovered in 1815, at Leipzig, by the elder and young Cranach, and by other painters unknown, of the 16th and 15th centuries.

12. *Sculpture*. We can notice only *Myron's Cow*. Goethe compares the well-known epigrams of the Greek anthology with some bas-reliefs on coins of *Dyrrhachium*—he enlarges on the grace which lies on the animal function of sucking; and on the beauty of the Roman legend of the she-wolf and the royal twins.—‘Compared with this great thought, how weak appears an *Augusta puerpera* The sense and the efforts of the Greeks were to deify man, not to humanize the divinity. Here is no anthropomorphism, but a theomorphism. Further, the animal in man was not ennobled, but the human in the animal was brought forward, that we might with a higher sense of art rejoice in it as we already, from an irresistible natural impulse, delight in living animals, choosing them for our servants and companions.’

The preceding articles, as well as those we have been constrained entirely to pass over, are of a late date. The volume concludes with a reprint of a composition so far back as 1773, on *German architecture*, first excited by a sight of Strasburg cathedral. And half a century afterwards, in 1823, he returns with revived pleasure to the subject. By *German architecture*, he means what was first called *Gothic* in reproach, and which our antiquaries have begun to entitle *English*. It is worthy of remark that Goethe does not appear to think that Strasburg cathedral has ceased to be a work of *German* art because the soil on which it stands is now a part of France. There is a cosmopolitanism in this feeling which we can cordially sympathize with, except at moments when the cause of national independence requires that feelings of nationality should supersede all others. This was peculiarly the case in the period, between the years 1805—1813. It is eminently not the case now. Genuine patriotism ought to be but *applied* philanthropy and is not to shift with the changes of a boundary treaty. In this article Goethe gives an interesting account of a then recent discovery of the original plans of the cathedral of Cologne, of which only the choir was executed, and which would have surpassed every religious structure in England, France, or Spain, had it ever been completed. Messrs. Boisseree have since published these designs and plans in a very splendid work. In conclusion, our author calls on the Germans to raise, by voluntary contributions, a sum sufficient for the restoration of the cathedral of Strasburg, and the preservation at least of the Cologne

cathedral. The termination indeed, is, we fear, in these uncongenial days, to be left only to the imagining of our own poet Wordsworth.

‘ But that inspiring heat

Hath failed : And now, ye powers ! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, t’were an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony.’

The 40th and concluding Volume opens with a work which though in its original form it fills an important place in the literary history of Europe at the revival of letters, nevertheless under our author's hands has become an interesting feature in the development of his character. For as he has more than once intimated that poetry was to him a relief against the evils of life, so he particularly informs us, (vol. 31, p. 22,) that it was at that lamentable period, 1793, when the triumphant French made their first *onslaught* in Germany, that half in despair submitting to inevitable realities, and under the influence of the sad (*widerwärtig*) habit of scorning everything sentimental, *Reinecke Fuchs*, that *unholy bible of the world*, became to him a desirable object for a mode of treatment which vacillated between translation and (*umarbeitung*) paraphrase.* It was a consolation to him both at home and abroad. He has rendered the work his own by all the graces of his peculiar style—softening down the cynicisms natural to a semi-barbarous age, and mitigating the asperities of polemical purposes. It retains no traces of personal satire, it has all the gaiety and freedom of a comic or familiar epos, as that word is presently to be explained.

We pass over altogether the antiquarian and historical controversies which have been carried on concerning its origin. We have never seen the French *Roman du Renard*, published by M. Meon, and which the learned editor declares to be a work of the 13th century ; nor are we competent to compare, nor would this be the place if we were, the ‘ Hystorye of Reynart the Foxe which was in Dutche,’ translated and printed by William Caxton, 1481, with the low-German *Rynke de Vos* of a somewhat earlier date, which professes to be from the French. The most material fact is this, that the work never ceased to live among the people in Germany, where it has now again become a classic ; while both in France and England it has been nearly extinct. In 1684 there did indeed appear in London a new edition, ‘ purged from all grossness in phrase and matter ;’ and we have heard of a modern version in heroic rhyme, which we have never seen. We know, too, that *Soltan*, the author of a clever version in German

* More than twenty years ago we compared Goethe's work with Caxton's translation and found them so much alike that we were surprised by this passage in Goethe's *hefte*. Our examination must have been hasty and imperfect.

knittel verse, had the boldness to print a translation in English eight feet couplets, but it did not attract notice enough to be laughed at : and we have some faint recollection of having seen, more than forty years ago, a sixpenny child's book of the story in prose. Nevertheless so little is the poem known that we do not think it superfluous to add, that the subject of it is the history of the successful villanies of the subtle Reynard the fox, who, impeached at the parliament of Nobel the lion, by Isegrim the wolf, and Bruin the bear, of divers treasons and felonies, is convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The rope is round his neck, when he demands a confessor, and being overheard by the King and Queen to speak of certain hidden jewels of which he had defrauded them, he is released from jeopardy on condition of producing the treasure. He is sent away in custody, contrives to get rid of all his guards, comes back empty, but by the inexhaustible resources of his knavish wit, discomfits his adversaries, who are banished the court and he is proclaimed prime minister. Thus, concludes the pious author, pretty much in the tone of *Pulci* : 'Highly honoured is Reynard now ; to wisdom let every man convert himself, eschew evil, and honour virtue. This is the meaning of the song, in which the poet has mixed fable and truth that ye may learn to know good from evil, and also that the purchaser may inform himself concerning the ways of the world ; for so it is formed, and so it will remain for ever. . . . Amen.'

The poem is so full of fancy and gaiety, that we know no work of imagination in any language that offers so many inducements to the competent translator. Goethe's work is in hexameters, in conformity with the epic tone which he has preserved throughout. The translator, who ought to recur to the original in the Low German, would find half his rhymes ready made to his hand. The verse should be that in which Prior excelled, and who, of our classics of a by-gone age, would best have performed the task. Swift would have done it *con amore*, but he would have enhanced its grossnesses. One advantage a translation might have in the present age beyond that of any other—the co-operation of Landseer, an artist eminently qualified to do justice to the graphical illustrations of which the work is susceptible. He might do well, however, to consult Jost Ammon's wood-cuts, which belong to the 16th century.*

Hermann und Dorothea. Under this same title is inserted among our author's elegies a personal poem, from which we have already extracted an apologetic passage, vol. 6, p. 367. He proceeds, in allusion to the well-known theory of his friend Wolf,

* I was informed by my friend Ku. that he was present when Herder first directed Goethe's attention to 'Reinecke Fuchs.' 'Are you aware,' said he, 'that we have an epic poem in German, as wise and as original as the *Odyssey*?' Goethe confessed, when the epic was named, that hearing of it only as modernized by Gotschedt he had hitherto neglected it. The book was produced. Goethe carried it away with him, and almost immediately began his work.—*Note communicated.*

who, in his prolegomena to Homer, maintains that the Iliad and Odyssey are compilations from a collection of ancient national songs, written at the distance of centuries from each other, to which by the compiler that sort of unity is given which we now find in them, just as an epic poem might be formed of Robin Hood, if all the ballads collected by Ritson were melted down into one mass. 'First, the health of the man, who at last boldly delivering us from the name of Homer, invites us to the nobler course. For who would contend with gods? Who with the single one? But to be one of the Homeridæ, though only as the last, is beautiful. Therefore hearken to the latest poem.' The poem thus announced is the epic tale in this volume. It is one of the most original and characteristic of our author's poems. One of the most universally approved by the few, as well as admired by the many. Yet after all it is one of those which it will be most difficult to render popular out of Germany. Bitaubé, the author of 'Joseph,' translated it into French prose; and Holcroft, a talented man, who failed in nothing so eminently as in his metrical writings, rendered it into execrable blank verse. Neither in English nor French could it attract attention, nor will it for a season. Wordsworth has remarked, that in matters of taste our preconceptions are bitter enemies to our enjoyments. And the very epic character claimed for it would be sufficient to rouse every adverse feeling against it, until the real import of such claim is understood. Our readers may perhaps have heard that among the most remarkable of the corollaries that have arisen out of the modern German metaphysics, is an entirely new system of *Poetics*, which indeed has become current where the philosophy from which it arose has not been received. It shall be our object briefly to state a few of the first elementary principles. The two chief writers of the school are the Schlegels; and two of their works have been translated.* According to this theory, all poetry is to be brought under the three great classes of the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. The epic is marked by this character of style,—that the poet presents his *object* immediately and directly, with a total disregard of his own personality. He is, as it were, an indifferent and unimpassioned narrator or chronicler; he relates his tale in one uniform tone; he never hurries and never stops; dwells as long on the description of a warrior's dress or of a meal, as in the statement of the most momentous incident. This, it must be owned, characterises equally the style of Homer and many of our old English and Scotch ballads—Chevy Chase, for instance. This our philosophical critics consider to be the primitive and antique poetry; and Herodotus was in like manner an epic historian. The op-

* A. W. Schlegel's 'Lectures on the Drama,' which contains the most admirable development that has ever appeared of the excellences of Shakespeare. F. Schlegel's 'Lectures on the History of Literature,' a work more highly esteemed in Germany, but more metaphysical and less popular than the book of his brother.

posite class of poetry is the *lyric*, in which the poet gives mainly objects as they are reflected in the mirror of his own individuality. And this certainly is the essential character of odes, elegies, songs, &c. These same classes, designated generally as the *objective* and *subjective*, were called by Schiller the naïve and the sentimental, and they have also been named the real and the ideal. In general, modern poets belong to the subjective class; and our own Wordsworth, just before the publication of the German theory, with a correct feeling of his own nature and powers, entitled his first work 'Lyrical Ballads.' We add, for the sake of completeness, that the dramatic poet must unite the powers of both in an equal degree. In the plan of his drama, in the relation of the characters to each other, all in subordination to the purpose of the work, he must have the epic impartiality; but in the execution, he is lyric. Each individual develops his own personality with equal subjective truth. In Shakespeare's plays, for instance, are a myriad of individuals, in every one of which it would seem as if the author had exhausted its particular character; and yet there is not one of all Shakespeare's characters which can be said to represent himself. On the contrary, what are 'Childe Harold,' 'Don Juan,' 'The Corsair,' 'The Giaour,' *et id omne genus*? They are only the noble lord in different masquerade dresses, with the mask thrown away. It will of course be understood that in the *concrete* the objective and subjective elements are found blended. The name is given to the kind that is predominant.

To return from this digression: A. W. Schlegel, in a memorable review in the 'Athenæum,' loudly proclaimed 'Hermann and Dorothea' to be a German-epos. He thus concludes: 'It is in a high degree a moral poem, not on account of any precise moral purpose, but because morality is the element of beautiful form. Passion is far outweighed by a moral individuality of feeling. The great and dignified in human nature is developed with no narrow-minded partiality. The clearness of a well-weighed self-government is blended with a genial warmth of benevolence, and claims the same rights. Human concerns are raised above all considerations of a national and political partiality. Its main impression is pathos, but one that, neither effeminate nor weak, excites to beneficent activity. "Hermann and Dorothea" is a perfect work of art in the great style, and at the same time comprehensible, cordial, patriotic, popular—a book full of golden lessons of wisdom and virtue.' We gladly avail ourselves of the authority of so eminent a critic in repeating a eulogy, every syllable of which we assent to, but which from ourselves might have been thought the exaggeration of a partisan. The subject of the epic tale is briefly this: Dorothea is the heroic leader of a band of fugitives, who escape with a drove of cattle over the Rhine, on the advance to the left bank of the triumphant French republicans. She is relieved by Hermann, the son of our

host of the Golden Lion, who, though of humble station, is nevertheless well worthy of his name. The action lies in a village, and the actors suit the place; they are Hermann's father and mother, the clergyman, and the apothecary. The intrigue is to obtain the consent of the prudent father to the marriage of his son with the fair fugitive. The means are poetic developements of character, and conversations of sterling wisdom, which hardly leave a topic of domestic morality untouched. Alike cosmopolitical and patriotic is the view taken of the French revolution, and its apprehended influence on the future well-being of mankind. The close is idyllic (not romantic) and happy. All who derive their notions of epic poetry from *Monsieur Bossu*, whose shallow frivolities obtained great currency from the adoption of Pope in the preface to his Homer, will be scandalized that such a work should be entitled an epic poem.

The same persons will be still more offended by the presumption of Goethe's concluding epic essay, which is neither more nor less than a *continuation of the Iliad*, under the title of 'Achillëis.' The more liberal and curious scholar will be pleased to know how the modern rhapsodist purposed to connect his own with the work of his predecessors. Diverted from the execution of his plan (formed in 1798) by his attention to fine art, he executed only a single canto of about 700 lines. Achilles, from his tent at night, beholds the light proceeding from the funeral obsequies of Hector; and with the mournful anticipation of his own early death, accompanies his friend Antilochus to the spot where his myrmidons are raising a monument to Patroclus, but which he foresees is also to be his own. Hence the poet soon transports the reader to the council of the gods, where a wordy war is carried on with the same adherence to anthropomorphistic nature, for which the gods of the other Homers are so deservedly famous. Thetis deplores the fate of her son with heart-rending pathos. Juno is the same fierce and unrelenting virago which she ever was. And Jupiter holds the same ambiguous language which has for ever rendered him a model for the imitation of all diplomatists. A more temperate dialogue succeeds between Juno and Minerva. It is at last agreed, that 'Pallas Athene' shall administer the last consolations to the hero in the shape of his friend Antilochus. He is found still at the spot whence his fame is to be perpetuated to all ages. A dialogue of deep feeling and lofty wisdom takes place, in which our author repeats a sentiment we have above extracted. And Achilles is reminded, that he, dying young, will live for ever young in the memory and lamentations of all future ages, while Nestor, dying old, will scarcely be mourned by his own children. The arrival of a fleet with provisions is descried. And the supposed Antilochus is dispatched to secure provisions for the hungry myrmidons. The epic style is preserved in its equable movement and sustained simplicity and propriety; though the hexameters want the magniloquence of Voss's incomparable translation. The Homeric

tone is in this respect alone departed from, that a more earnest and pure philosophy tempers the participation of the gods in the incidents that are about to take place below. Of all Goethe's unexecuted works, the loss of this we regret the most. It appears from the correspondence between him and Schiller, of which six volumes have appeared, that a very favourite subject of speculation in Goethe's mind was the relative fitness of any given subject for the epos or the drama. Schlegel judiciously applies to the epic poem, what Goethe, in his 'Wilhelm Meister,' so significantly says of the romance in comparison with the tragedy,—the romance having a close analogy with the epos. 'In the romance sentiments and incidents (*gesinnungen und begebenheiten*) are to be represented, in the drama, *characters* and *actions*. In the romance accident (*zufall*) may take part: on the other hand, it is only in the drama that *fate* (*schicksal*) is to interpose.' These few words throw light on the modern German poetics, of which the Schlegels have been the legislators, while Goethe has supplied the models.

The collection closes, with what probably by some accident had been mislaid. It is the commencement of one of those metaphysical or allegorical dramas for which the most ancient Greek Mythos furnishes an appropriate field. It is entitled '*Pandora*,' and the sons of Japetus, and other mystic personages, are put in action, but the drama does not proceed far enough to render the drift apparent.*

* Though we have purposely abstained from saying any thing of Goethe's scientific writings, yet we might be justly reproached did we not add a list of them. They are not included in the collection of his works—

Essay on the Metamorphoses of Plants, 1790.

Contributions to Optics, 1791-2, two vols. 8vo.

Ideas on Organic Structure, [*bildung*,] 1807.

On the Mountains of Carlsbad, 1807.

Zur farbenlehre, (On Chromatics,) 2 vols. 1810, with plates.

The Heights of the Ancient and Modern World, 1813.

On Natural Philosophy in general, especially on Morphology, &c. 2 vols.

P. S. Since the above note was in the Press, we have received the publisher's advertisement concerning Goethe's posthumous works, which we abridge to render our catalogue complete. They are to form fifteen volumes, of which we believe the first five have just appeared.

Vol. 1. The second part of *Faust*, in five acts.

2. Gottfried v. Berlichingen and Gotz v. Berlichingen, adapted to the stage.

3. Swiss Journey, 1797, and Journey by the Rhine and Main, 1814.

4. Miscellaneous Essays on Art.

5. Dramatic and German Literature.

6. Poems.

7. From my Life, Fiction and Truth, 4th part, comprehending 1774, 1775.

8. Ancient Grecian, and Modern English and French and Foreign *Volk's Poesie*, (Poetry for the People.)

9. Maxims and Reflections on the World, the State, and Literature.

10. Essays on Natural Philosophy in general.

11. The earlier and latest on Botany and Osteology.

12. Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology.

13. } Chromatics { Theoretical part }
 14. } { Historical part } recomposed and completed.
 15. } { Polemical part }

HOW TO PLAY A LOSING GAME.

EXULT, ye High Tory lords ! leap for joy, ye High Church bishops ! for is it not *your* work the Whigs are now doing ? Theirs, indeed, may be the present discredit of this Irish-pacification-bill ; but yours assuredly will be the future gain. They, indeed, have all the dishonour of beginning ; but you will have all the profit of completing this present delectable policy.

Oh ! Sir Robert Peel ! how must you have sneered all last Session in your right honourable sleeve, as you beheld, night after night, the then humble O'Connell courting the proud Whigs, and the then proud Whigs, (blessed be their pride for ever,) night after night, mortifying and rejecting the humble O'Connell. How must the civil Tory trimmer have smiled bitterly, as he whispered to his wily heart, ' O ! well done Whigs, thus to *throw away* the very best trump in the whole pack ! Here is the King of all Ireland, the prime Pat of them all, offering himself to you, and you, who might accept him without sacrificing the name even of that political principle which has been so long my pride and punishment, *you* will not avail yourselves of his powerful aid. Blessings on your high Whig stomachs for disgusting and irritating the great Irish agitator—yea, blessings on your pride and prejudice for pettishly plucking, like Prince John of happy memory, this Irish Chieftain by the beard till he roars again—yea the blessing of blessings on your blindness for relying on the self-sufficient palaver of Master Stanley, that undoubtedly *clever* young gentleman, for the great work, the pacification of Ireland. Verily, pride goeth before destruction !

And oh ! your Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, how sweetly you must have smiled your best ' angel smile,' when, at the close of the last Session, you beheld, day after day, the great Whig lords turning themselves into tithe proctors for the benefit of that Church establishment they love so dearly ! Did not your right reverend Grace return humble thanks when you beheld that Church militant, the Whig tithe-proctors, enforcing the claims of some Protestant-parson-of-ten, against a Catholic-priest-of-ten-thousands ; though haply you had soon to lament your army of martyrs, knocked on the head by legions of Irish rebels, irritated to madness by seeing their priest's solitary cow driven for tithe into the parson's well-filled fold. The blessings of the only true apostolical Church, videlicet, the Church of England, as by law established, must have been pronounced by his Grace the right reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury on his orthodox children the Whigs, as he beheld them pouring the Sodom and Gomorrah of proctors and policemen on a whole Catholic parish, tho' peradventure there were found there only ten Protestants, even for

that ten's sake. How must his right reverend metropolitan lordship have whispered, putting on one of his sweetest smiles, to his right reverend lordship, the primate of all Ireland, 'Oh, my brother, well done the Whigs! Here *was* the Irish Catholic Church offering itself to them, and *they* might have accepted it without doing violence to any of those religious prejudices which 'Tories have bound themselves to profess; yes, and they might have provided for our Protestant-parsons-of-ten, when ejected from Catholic-parishes-of-ten-thousands, by the very sweepings of the Church they are pledged to purify; but, verily, *they* would not deign to be wise after the wisdom of the children of this world. Blessings on their honourable pride and good old prejudices for having preferred the tithe of a chance of a vote of one of the least of the bishops of the bench to the offered attachment of all Irish Catholics. Verily, pride goeth before destruction.'

But, oh! your Grace the Duke of Wellington, how YOU must have laughed outright, when, at the beginning of this present Session, you listened with eager ears, night after night, to these warlike Whigs, as they demanded military execution on the whole of Ireland, videlicet, to put down the irritations of those very Catholic parishes their own tithe-proctors had succeeded in provoking! How must the Great Captain have chuckled in his martial breast, when he witnessed this glorious consummation, videlicet, the old Tory game played by the infatuated Whigs! How triumphantly must he have shouted to his mighty heart,—Oh well done Whigs! thus to call for the best trump in the pack when you know it is in our hands! Was it not sufficient that in your fire-new dislike of all agitators *you* should have thrown the very king of hearts, the O'Connell himself, out of your hands, and allowed *us* to win your best tricks with the trump you had discarded? Was it not enough that in your fire-new dislike of all heterodoxy, *you* should have allowed the whole Catholic Church, the very queen of hearts, to fall out of your hands? Is it not enough and to spare, that you have made all these blunders in the game, but must *you* now lead up, without a trump left in your hands, to that ace of clubs which you know to be *our* strongest suit? But if policy be a game, (still *loquitur* the Duke) war is not less a hunt; and now that hunt is up, changing my metaphor, I will show you the *hugeness* of your folly. The pack you pretend to hunt, as you ought to know, will, under your management, hunt counter. It will leave the fox to worry the sheep. Rustics with their pitch-forks, and towns-people with their spits, will run out to resist its worryings. Nay, the very gentlemen, who in their spick span new scarlet jackets are in the field now for the first time, will presently laugh at the blunders of your wooden legged huntsman. And then, my good friends, when you have had *all* the honour of beating for, and starting the game, you will find to your dismay, that you *cannot* hunt the pack. And, at last, when men and dogs, game

and snobs, are all at fault, or running pell-mell over each other, there will, or I am much mistaken, be a general cry for the master of the pack. Then shall I, having first courteously thanked you for having unkenneled a game *I* was not allowed to beat for, and having also civilly troubled you to dismount and to give *me* the saddle,—then shall I, gallantly backing *your* horse, cheer the old dogs on to the old game. Think only of the picture of the field at that moment. *Your* friend his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, booted and spurred for the chase, riding in full canonicals, and wearing one of his most angelic smiles, will, I dare say, give you,—not his vote, but his blessing, as you lie on the ground, and then ride by, smiling on the other side. Then also, my old whipper in, by the field called Sir Robert, but nicknamed by the snobs red-headed-Bob, will, with one of his most civil sneers, kindly advise you—‘never again to start this Catholic game, till, like him, *you* are prepared to HUNT IT TO THE DEATH.’

We are at least as much struck by the truth of the above *jeu d'esprit*, as by its humour. The moral of the fable is this, that unless the Whigs can make it *plain* to the public, not by assertions, but by facts, that the obvious power all think they might have gained towards the pacification of Ireland, by admitting Mr. O'Connell into office, was for some hidden reason altogether impracticable, the public will never cease feeling that, *not Whig principle, but Whig pride*, has, to use our Correspondent's illustration, ‘thrown the best trump out of their hands;’ and that the consequences, which must result from the hunt which soon will be *up*, might have been averted by a *less haughty policy*.

For the blundering game the Whigs have been playing ever since the last Session of parliament, namely by alternately irritating and soothing the Irish Catholics, irritating them by the present injustice of tithe persecutions, and soothing them by promises of future benefits,—this game has been so much the more *childish*, because those whom our Correspondent calls, ‘parsons-of-ten,’ might have been far better provided for by the resources which the Irish Church reform will put into the hands of government, and this without provoking the ‘Catholic-parishes-of-ten-thousands.’ And, lastly, for this stupid wicked measure, *the dragging of all Ireland* for the pacification of the parishes which Whig impolicy has provoked, it is so double-dipped Tory both in principle and in consequence,—it *is* so tyrannical, and it *will* prove to have been so foolish, that it seems explicable only on one supposition—*quos vult perdere prius dementat*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Piozziana, or Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi, with remarks.
By a Friend. 7s.

The Cabinet Annual Register. 8s.

The Exile of Idria, a German Tale, in three Cantos. 3s. 6d.

Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the
Naval History of England. By Robert Southey. Vol. 1. (Lardner's
Cyclopædia, Vol. 40.) 6s.

Lectures and Sermons. By J. S. Hyndman.

Daily Bread. A Prayer for Knowledge, Gratitude, and Principle.

The Book of Reform. Part I. By Wentworth Holworthy.

Sermons on various Subjects, chiefly Practical. By R. Aspland.

Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Priestley, LL.D. to the year 1795.
Written by himself. Centenary Edition. Birmingham.

Illustrations of Political Economy. Berkeley the Banker, Parts I.
and II. (March and April.)

The Cottage Muse. By T. Noel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Bristol parcel, and Amicus, have been sent to the Unitarian Chronicle.

The Article on "Fallacies regarding Ireland" is excluded with regret; but we think the writer will, on consideration, see reason for not differing much from the statement in p. 249.

We have again to crave the indulgence of our Correspondents for some unavoidable postponements.

The Rev. J. S. Porter's request shall be attended to.

ERRATA.

Corrections in the Articles on Dr. Priestley. Nos. I. and II.

Page 20, line 25, for *just*, read *gratest*.

Page 21, line 8, for *fate*, read *faith*.

Page 21, line 41, for *physician*, read *physicien*.

Page 24, line 26, for *preceding*, read *presiding*.

Page 24, line 27, for *Lindsay*, read *Lindsey*.

Page 27, line 24, for *were within*, read *were from within*.

Page 27, line 43, for *are*, read *is*.

Page 85, line 8, for *thinking*, read *thinker*.

Page 86, line 9, for *analysis*, read *analyses*.

Page 87, line 15, for *history*, read *histories*.

Page 87, line 26, for *passed*, read *paced*.

Page 87, line 38, for *of*, read *in*.

Page 88, line 28, for *piety*, read *poetry*.

It is but just to our printer to observe, that in most (we believe) of these the MS. was followed.

PURCELL'S SACRED MUSIC.

EDITED BY VINCENT NOVELLO.

THE musical world was already deeply indebted to Mr. Novello for the many valuable and beautiful specimens of vocal excellence, both of native and foreign talent, which he has from time to time presented to its notice, arranged with a skill and judgment rarely to be equalled, as his editions of the delightful or sublime masses of Haydn and Mozart, and his selections of Motetts, &c. from these and other great masters, both of the German and Italian schools, with that of our own country, will amply testify.

The 'Fitzwilliam Music,' in which we are presented with some of the most admirable compositions of Palestrina, Carissimi, Clari, Steffani, Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolesi, Padre Martini, &c., was a vast and arduous undertaking, and splendidly accomplished. But with pride and delight have we perused the volumes before us, unfolding a rich mine of inestimable wealth, in the ecclesiastical writings of our boasted countryman Henry Purcell,—the sublime, the profound, the original and highly-gifted Purcell, the pride of his country, the Mozart of his age, the Shakspeare of his art. The church writings of this great master have been regarded by the best judges as standing unrivalled for dignity, pathos, originality, and expression; though it has been justly observed, with reference also to his secular writings, that the wide range of his imagination rendered him capable of applying his talents with equal facility to the stage and the chamber; of which we have sufficient proof in the many admirable productions of this class which he has achieved. But with the exception of a few that have been snatched, as it were, from the abyss of oblivion, by a more modern arrangement, with some of which Bartleman and Mara were wont occasionally to delight admiring hundreds, the world at large know comparatively little of this great author's writings. For the sake of all real lovers of the excellent and beautiful, in the divine art of musical composition, we wish to see, if possible, the whole of Purcell's works brought out under the same master-hand; for we have perceived throughout the arrangement of the work before us, so nice a discernment of what might be imagined the author's meaning, with a due regard to facility and effect in the arrangement of the accompaniment, that we can with confidence, knowing the pleasure that will result, recommend to the perusal and possession of every real lover of the art these volumes, in which will be found some of the very finest specimens of musical composition. The work extends to five large and handsomely printed volumes, compiled from many rare and valuable MSS. and private collections. The vocal score and organ accompaniment are in a larger note than the

original instrumental score ; under which latter, Mr. Novello has added the signatures of the harmony. The vocal score is intelligible and bold, and the accompaniment for the organ is at once effective, and most conveniently arranged. The work is, indeed, from first to last, most admirably executed, both as to the arrangement and printing, affording facilities and completeness in the performance, that it would be difficult to imagine could be exceeded ; advantages with which this author's works have never before been presented to the musical world, or they would have been more known, better understood, and, as a consequence, more generally admired.

Our object in noticing this work is not, however, to attempt any criticism on Purcell's music, whether sacred or secular. A noble and a useful task would it be to analyze the compositions of that extraordinary man, and resolve into its elements his wonderful combination of the profoundest science with the most varied and fervent expressions of feeling. That task is left to those who are better able to grapple with it than the writer of this article. But there are thoughts on other matters suggested by this publication, which belong to the critical department in which he is accustomed to labour, and which he hopes will not be unworthily pressed on the reader's attention, seeing that they relate to the promotion of human improvement and enjoyment. Mr. Novello appears before us not only as the editor but as the biographer of Purcell : he has brought into the latter character the good taste and feeling, the judgment, industry, and skill, which distinguish him in the former ; and his pen, like other instruments to which his fingers are more accustomed, not only 'discourses eloquent music,' but is exciting and suggestive, striking the keynote of many strains of mental melody, and awakening by the power of association, thoughts and feelings which may often flow far remote from their original source.

Purcell was a fortunate man. There was the rare felicity of a correspondence between his nature and his early circumstances. They harmonized like one of his own melodies with its rich and varied accompaniment. He came of a musical family. He inherited those peculiarities of organization which alone confer the highest degree of susceptibility to the effect of musical sounds. His frame was tuned, and ready to vibrate sweetly and powerfully as soon as the winds of heaven should breathe upon it. And the first winds that blew were propitious ones. His father and uncle were both attached, as musicians, to the chapel royal of Charles II. At a very early age he became one of the children of the chapel. He lisped in music. He was the companion and pupil of Blow, that 'fine old church writer,' who outlived and succeeded him, and caused it to be engraven on his tomb, that he was 'master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell.' Pelham Humphrey and Michael Wise were also his associates ; and they all gained renown

as juvenile composers. They must have made a glorious quartett, these gifted and aspiring youths. No wonder that 'Purcell became an early proficient in the science of musical composition, and was even able to write correct harmony and counterpoint at an age, when to be qualified for the performance of choral service is, in general, all that can be expected.' There was the further stimulus of successful ambition. At the age of eighteen (1676) he was appointed organist of Westminster abbey, 'probably the only instance known of so young a man being appointed to an organist's situation of such high honour and importance.' Six years afterwards, he became one of the organists of the Chapel Royal. The biographer discredits the tradition of Purcell's love for Italian music having originated in his intercourse with the band brought over by Mary D'Este, of Modena, the wife of James II.; and he probably had, at an earlier period, devoted himself to the study of Carissini and Stradella. Whatever led him to that study, it was an additional circumstance to the favourable combination of influences under which his genius was developed. Seldom is it that the links of a golden chain can be so distinctly traced at so great a distance. Seldom is it that there is so happy a concurrence of external agencies operating harmoniously upon a nature so admirably prepared for them. In and about him, all things were fitly framed together. He was amongst the few people in the world who are 'placed according to their capacity,' and richly has the world reaped the advantage. We are often disposed, in our simplicity, to wonder that the consequences of these rare coincidences do not dispose society to aim systematically at their production. What has made that well-known verse in Gray's *Elegy*, 'Full many a gem,' &c.—what has made that beautiful common-place, as common-place as it is beautiful? What, but universal conviction of the truth which it conveys; a conviction made universal by personal observation. And yet how little is done in obedience to the practical lesson which is contained in that conviction! Generation after generation leaves the living pearl to shine only in its darkling cave, and the living flower to breathe its unscented fragrance in the wilderness. It is but a chance that the right person gets into the right position. Society is slow to learn the first lesson of Joseph Lancaster; and that inscription which has so often gladdened our eyes as a precious fragment of wisdom, those long black letters on a large white ground, announcing 'a place for everything, and everything in its place,' should be fixed, aloft yet legible, in our palaces and workshops, in churches and theatres, in exchanges and courts of law. What events did for Purcell it were well that social wisdom should do, as far as possible, for all. An impartial and comprehensive plan of national education might be devised and established, in the earlier stages of which peculiarities of talent and character might be developed and observed; and in its later

stages, any peculiar powers of benefiting society which the individual possessed, cultivated to their highest vigour, and prepared to do their utmost for their possessor and for mankind. This would prevent the good gifts of God from running to waste, as they now do so shamefully. All professions are overlaid with members whose souls are not in their work, while those who would do it with their intellectual and moral might, are elsewhere bound and tasked, toiling like galley slaves at an oar they hate.

The Rev. E. Irving, before he went quite mad, described hell as a place where porters would be compelled to make verses and poets to carry burdens. If the world be not quite so bad as this, it is not far short of it. If a good scheme of universal education, nationally provided and enforced, would not at once remedy the whole evil, it would yet, in many cases, show the absurdity so strikingly, as to insure correction to a considerable extent. This is too great a subject to treat incidentally. We can only observe *en passant*, that our notion of national education is, that it should be the same, and the best, for all classes; and that the extent and direction of its higher branches should be contingent on the demonstrations of peculiar aptitude in the pupils. In such a matter, sufficient liberty of action would be left to parents and guardians, if they had their proportionate influence in the appointment of the teachers of their district. There would be then some chance of knowing what children really were. The seeds of genius would not be trampled under foot and perish in the sterility of poverty, ignorance, and ceaseless toil; nor springing up, be trained to artificial and fruitless uniformity, by the blind mechanism of conventional teaching. It might still happen, that an excellent actor would be condemned to become a very miserable and mischievous parish priest; that he whom education had shown nature to have made a clever engineer, would deface the world instead of adorning it, by working as a legislator; and that another Purcell—should there ever be another—would carry a musket without even getting into the band of his regiment, or sit at a desk ten hours per diem, copying the number of notes (not his own) in a ledger. But at any rate, nature would have a better chance of fair play than at present. All men come into the world with some capacity to serve their fellows; and by such a plan it would better be known what that capacity was. We could still, if we pleased, uphold our ancient institutions and forms of society, and rights of property and parentage, by acting in despite of nature. But we should, at least, see more clearly what we were doing. That would be much towards our ceasing to do it. The most progressive and the happiest condition of society, must undoubtedly be that in which every man does the work for which he is best qualified. Purcell did this. But what if Purcell had been the son of a lord, or of a tinker? The spirit within him might still have been strong; but as in the one case he must have gone to Oxford or Cambridge,

hunted, gamed, intrigued, and debated; and in the other, must have spent some years in soldering spoons and hammering kettles, the probability is, that we should have had but little, and that little late, of musical composition from him. He might have struggled so successfully with the difficulties as to have just begun when death compelled him to leave off. There is a buoyancy in genius which will rise even from the lowest depth of ocean to its native sphere. It were better not for society to cause the waste of so much power, by heaping upon it an ocean of difficulties.—To reap all the advantages of social union, the nature of a youth's intellect and character should be tested like that of a metal, to be employed afterwards according to its worth and strength. Such combinations as those of Purcell's youth, show what humanity may be made capable of in one particular art: we may reason by analogy to all arts and pursuits. Abundance of bright, and lovely, and glorious beings may be produced in every generation, if communities think the result worth producing. Providence shows us, from time to time, what may be done by bringing to bear upon the appropriate organization, even such circumstances as it is in our power to arrange. Shall we ever take the hint?

One circumstance of his maturer life (of mature life he had but little, he died in his 37th year) must be added to the propitious influences of his youth. He was led by rapid gradations to the expansion of his genius in every direction. While the duties of his situation, as well as his own taste, conducted him to perfection, in those solemn and lofty strains which belong to the music of devotion, he was also led to, and immediately excelled in dramatic composition, nor were there wanting inducements to distinguish himself in those lighter lays that ladies loved, or the noisier expression of Bacchanalian merriment. 'A great number of songs and airs, rounds and catches, and even dance tunes, set by him, are a proof of Purcell's extensive genius.' But all real musical genius, not enslaved by habit to some particular form, is universal. Music is the inarticulate expression of emotion, whether with or without the words which render that emotion definite, and gives it 'a local habitation and a name.' Now the organization which is capable of strong emotion at all, is capable of it in all its varieties; and may easily be excited to almost any of its varieties. The psalm and the jig may be the same tune in different time. The capacity of strong feeling, and the capacity also of expressing that strong feeling by musical composition, is one and indivisible. When the highest talent for any particular species exists separately, it is an indication that the original power of the composer has been restricted by unfavourable circumstances. And few circumstances can be more unfavourable than those which make up the present state of the musical world. It is no wonder that we have no Purcells. Every department is a monopoly, teachers of schools and families are compelled to

êke out their scanty and precarious remuneration by the sale to their pupils of music, specially adapted for that purpose, in the same way as the surgeon puts his skill and time into his bill under the form of unnecessary medicine. Cathedrals stick to the old established anthems, as an integral portion of the old established faith; and Dissenters must have only what is bald enough and bad enough for the whole congregation to sing with their 'most sweet voices,' and most exquisite skill. Concerts borrow the *stars* from the Opera, and they will sing nothing new, while money is to be had for the old. O the everlasting *Di tanti palpiti* and all the rest, which make one say with Falstaff, 'I know ye as well as he that made ye.' And as to music, the theatres are a monopoly within a monopoly. 'In the lowest deep a lower still.' Happily, at this worst point, we seem on the eve of reformation. Success to Lytton Bulwer and his Drama Bills. Should they pass, we may expect a speedy improvement, as well as a more general enjoyment, of every species of theatrical entertainment. We may then look forward to the creation of a national taste and a musical public. A stimulus, such as has never yet been applied in this country, will be given to musical composition. The impulse will be felt in every department of the art. The talent which now is pining and sterile, seeking in vain not merely the recompense, but an occasion for its exertions, will feel the lightened pressure of the atmosphere, look up to a bright and open sky, and, like the lark, mount, singing.

The influences under which Purcell's genius attained to such a rich and ripe maturity, were in many respects favourable to his character, which was, altogether, a fine and noble one. But we must not forget that it had two great defects. Of each we may trace the cause, while we deplore the result. He was a time-server in politics. 'In James the Second's time, he sung down the Whigs; and in that of William, the Tories.' To produce this prostitution of art, is the natural tendency of depending upon patronage rather than upon the public. We shall never know what can be done by music, poetry, painting, or any of their beautiful combinations, until we have a people educated up to the enjoyment of art. Nor ever till then, save in some rare instances, will the *artiste* be any other than a degraded character. Then, indeed, he may feel the true nobility of his vocation, and though he will still 'live to please,' and therefore 'must please to live,' yet the gratification will be incompatible with those unworthy arts which the reign of patronage has generally required of him for its production. Subservience, in the exercise of his powers, to the views of patronizing individuals, was, in some degree, the misfortune of Purcell; it will soon, we trust, become the fault, the inexpressible fault, as well as the despicable folly, of any like gifted men.

Our other complaint is of the words, the gross and licentious

words, to which he married some of his immortal melodies. This too, was no doubt partly owing to the same corrupting influence, patronage. But there must have been the appropriate weakness in himself, or no imaginable inducement could have bowed his genius to the foul degradation. Events had not been such as to generate political principle in him, and so he ministered in turn to the aims and pleasures of either faction or dynasty. And events had failed to inspire his heart with that surest safeguard for refined and delicate taste—a pure love for a worthy object; and so he debased himself to attune the vilest strains of physical licentiousness. ‘Man that is born of a woman’ never ought to have enwreathed such foulnesses with melody; and man that really loved a woman never *could* have done it. But heaven, that showered down other gifts so liberally on Purcell, denied him this inspiration. He had the common lot to which those of his temperament, of either sex, seem destined by some perverse fatality. He was linked with a ‘low-minded termagant,’ who, after harassing his life and degrading his tastes, cut short his existence by the ingenious process of locking him out of his own house because he came home after midnight. The inclemency of the night brought on fever, his death soon followed, and his afflicted widow found some consolation in the profits of the ‘Orpheus Britannicus,’ which she forthwith published, with a lachrymose dedication concerning ‘her dear lamented husband.’ This posthumous affection in print was a bad way of balancing the account. She did not die of it, widows never die of their ‘dear lamented husbands,’ ‘they are the silent griefs that cut the heartstrings.’ For mourners who cant after death over those whom they plagued though life, we would have Sheridan’s ballad

I have a silent sorrow here
A grief I’ll ne’er impart—

manufactured (in the same way as many other soliloquies have been pluralized by the exquisite taste of mechanical composers) into a duet and chorus, with full accompaniment, and executed over the grave. It would be an excellent and appropriate funeral anthem.

And now, after what we said at the outset of the editing of this noble work, what does the reader think of the encouragement which the editor has received? There is a list,—we can scarcely write the fact for burning shame,—there is a list of subscribers, amounting to *Sixty-six*! Most of them are organists; two or three professional singers; about as many music sellers; and one member of the aristocracy, Lord Darnley. This is bad enough, but there is something worse behind. This is bad enough; but it seems not to have been heeded by the single-hearted Editor whose pure enthusiasm for his art will carry him through almost anything; even he, however, could not but mark what the Church did, and it is to be marked, and *re-marked*, and

it is the mark of the beast upon the establishment, if ever there was a mark of the beast in this world. Attend :

‘The Editor of this work has endeavoured to contribute his share towards these efforts, (for reviving and rendering popular the highest kind of sacred music,) by bringing forward this collection of sterling compositions for the church service. Hitherto his endeavours have been but very little assisted or encouraged by the clergy, who have the control in choirs, where these anthems would be found most useful:—for out of the forty-two cathedral and collegiate establishments in England, which were endowed with funds for the support of no fewer than three hundred and sixty-eight choristers, only *three* choirs have come forward to give the least support to this collection of Purcell’s Sacred Music: viz. St. Paul’s Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and Durham, which have each subscribed to the work, but for *one* copy only.’—p.43.

Positively, ‘this is too bad.’ Are the public never to have anything for their money when it goes church-ward? The extortion which locks up the cathedral doors, except in service-time, when the law forbids the exaction of entrance money, is fitly paired with the meanness which reduces that service to the cheapest and poorest performance that can be got up. And these are the people who affect to despise the simplicity of Presbyterian worship. Verily their own worship is the simple adoration of mammon. However little heaven might care about the difference, mankind would be the better for the substitution of such music as this for the meagre and insipid compositions which are everlastingly repeated in the amply endowed choirs of our cathedrals. If there be propriety and beauty, a devotional and purifying influence in sacred music, let the public have it, not only at festivals where they have to pay for it at an enormous rate, but in cathedral services where it has already been paid for at an enormous rate.’ If not, if the clergy be really become puritans on this point, let them resign the funds which they have so long ceased to make available for their professed object, and let those funds be made conducive in some other way to the enjoyment and improvement of the people.

We have often thought that, without destroying its popular character, dissenting worship might bear a larger infusion of ‘harmony divine.’ We never could understand the immense distinction which Nonconformists make between supplication and thanksgiving, the prayer and the psalm. In the latter, everybody must sing every word, in the former nobody but the minister must say one syllable. If there be music at all in worship, why should it not be good music, why not the best? Why should the congregation be incapable of benefiting by the one unless they only listen, but equally incapable of benefiting by the other unless they hear themselves? Why should not listening to an anthem be as devout as listening to a prayer? The fact is, that

the Dissenters, like the Church, follow their fathers in these matters, and with about as much reason. Mrs. Barbauld, some forty years ago, sketched a rational plan of public worship, and it is yet a vision. Why might not sacred music be so adapted and arranged as to allow that combination of its highest strains with the frequent burst of choral voices, which would produce the finest of all effects? But we fear it is only lost labour to write on this subject. At any rate let all, Churchmen and Dissenters, Catholics and Protestants, who hold art valuable, and music the language of heaven; who have taste to appreciate and means to encourage the labours of genius, patronize this undertaking, and strengthen the Editor for more. Something ought to be done for music; for its rank as an art and its influence on public taste and manners; while, besides all that is mechanically excellent, we have those higher attributes of mind connected with it, which belong to the correct science and large attainment of Edward Taylor, the sound judgment and poetical feeling of Vincent Novello, and the philosophical intelligence of William Ayrton. They should head a movement party in harmonics, and stop short of nothing but thorough reformation, or glorious revolution.

THE LITURGY.

IF any one were to visit the grand and splendid ruins of abbeys, castles, and cathedrals gracing Bolton, Kirkstall, Melrose, and other spots in the United Kingdom, he would be pronounced, without hesitation, destitute of all taste, dead to all romantic associations, and totally insensible of the beauty and the picturesque effect which these ruins give to the sequestered scenes where they are religiously preserved, if he regretted that they were left in their ruined grandeur merely to grace a scene, where some snug habitation or some useful manufactory might be constructed of the materials. But if the Duke of Devonshire, or any other noble proprietor, were to get an Act of Parliament passed to compel the gentleman to reside in one of these ruins, or the tradesman to carry on his handicraft within their shattered walls, or even the poor to congregate and dwell within their ample space, then it would be no impeachment of their taste, if they were not satisfied that here and there a creature appeared in the freize or the entablature like to nothing in heaven or earth, that the well-proportioned arches and columns united symmetry and grace, that the shattered and ivy-mantled walls and the mouldering heaps within and without, read an impressive lesson on the frailty of man's works, or told a tale of other times, or even gave a bewitching enchantment to the solitude which they adorned. It would not remove their discontent, and no man could think of blaming the dissatisfaction they felt, if the same noble personage, in the plenitude of his influence, should get a

commission appointed, which should be handsomely remunerated, to see that no alteration was made; that what was tottering should not be removed or propped, that what was vacant should not be supplied, that what was roofless should not be covered with a slate or tile, that what was unfit for the habitation and use of man should undergo no innovating change. However these commissioners might be enamoured of antiquity, and disposed to eulogize the stately relics of former times, the man who was condemned to use them as a home would pine for comforts and bewail a lot which excluded him from the advantages that almost all his countrymen enjoyed in their unpretending but convenient abodes.

Religion is the home, the tower, the refuge of the human soul. Man is a wanderer, an exile, an outcast from his native soil, till he finds himself settled within its sacred precincts. Unchanging like its great Author, it is the same in every age. It is made for man, and it fits man for heaven. It lingers on the earth while there is a soul to be saved, a lost and wandering sinner to be reclaimed, or a care-worn pilgrim to be guided to his everlasting home; but it descended from heaven, and to its natal soil it constantly aspires, and thither in the consummation of all things it will ascend to *Him* from whom in mercy it came forth.

While religion itself is one, entirely unique, altogether unchangeable and not to be improved, the means of spreading, teaching, and confirming it, are or should be various as the minds and conditions of those beings who are to be made subject to its influence. What will in this respect suit one age, will be totally unfit for another. What will move the barbarian, will excite the smile or the contempt of the philosopher. What will benefit the child, will not touch the man. Make any form of religious worship, let it be as well adapted as human ingenuity can shape it, to this century; the human mind must stagnate, or that form must become obsolete in the next. And any form devised before the light of science rose, before the metaphysics of mind were explored, before liberty walked our streets and dwelt in our cottages, can no more be adapted for the present day to excite true devotion, to feed holy purpose, to aid our heaven-ward march, than the gothic relics of that ignorant and leisure age can be fit for the present habitation and accommodation of mankind.

And yet how strong is the propensity in the human mind to confound the means with the end to look upon the instruments as if they were the work, to regard accidental forms as essences, to tremble when any one sets fire to 'the wood, hay, and stubble,' and to raise the outcry that the edifice which is erected upon a rock, and built of massy living stones, will be burnt down.

When the Scottish nation rose *en masse* against the errors and corruptions of the Roman Catholic church, they, strong-minded men, untampering souls, threw the missal and the breviary into

the fire which consumed the tawdry and the more tasteful ornaments of that corrupt worship. They assumed the presbyterian form. They prayed as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, by a mind sanctified in the love of truth, aware of the circumstances of the time, enlightened by the knowledge of the scriptures. They adapted their prayers to the state of their church ; and they have as a body been exemplary for 'their gift,' and have had to bless God for its quickening effect on the souls of men.

In England the glorious work was effected more cautiously, more timidly. The many were less hearty in the cause, and more unwilling to adopt a thorough change. There was the politic retention of much that had been. They satisfied themselves with omissions, and the people were allured to the new worship, by making it cunningly resemble the old. Saint-worship was discarded, but saints days were kept. The virgin mother was stripped of her adoration, but her miraculous history was prominently put forth. The sacraments were reduced, but more were retained than Christianity prescribes. Hence we have a mottled combination of Popery and Protestantism, of the old leaven and the new meal, and reason, which effected the reformation, is effectually checked in its noble progress by the temporizing timidity which forbade all further change.

The expediency of using one form of devotional service, has always appeared to us more than doubtful. We know how much mankind are prone to become mere formalists ; how much the reading of the scriptures, especially favourite parts, takes place, without one glimmering of its genuine meaning ever arresting the mind. And when language is very familiar it is too common for the mere words to satisfy those who use them ; the sense and the spirit attract no share of attention and thought. Something of vanity appears necessary to quicken intellect ; and he must be sadly ignorant of the power and natural bent of the mind, even when it has not enjoyed the advantages of great mental culture, who is not aware that such novelty of thought and expression as a judicious minister will adopt, so far from distracting attention, powerfully aids the true effect of devotion.

Should any infelicity of expression occur in a form which is constantly repeated, it is only by this mere formal use which we deprecate, that it can escape detection ; and if it be observed, it will always be a painful interruption to that singleness of thought which in devotion should prevail. Should any petitions unsuited to the circumstances of an audience occur, they can feel no interest in offering them as their own, and here again they are drawn to present prayers apparently devout, but in reality the mere language of the lips.

We are aware of the general admiration which has prevailed and been expressed of the liturgy of the Church of England ; and if we are not prepared to join in this indiscriminate eulogy,

we are ready to assign the reasons why we think it is scarcely in any respect a model of pure devotional composition. Passages here and there occur of unrivalled beauty in the simplicity and purity of their style; some of the collects are truly models of unaffected and affecting devotion. But as a whole, in our esteem, it contains blemishes which good taste would fain reject, inappropriate petitions and confessions which sincerity must mourn to be compelled to utter, redundancy and repetition which devotion would wish to escape, and inconsistencies which piety would willingly cast out. And yet if we can defend these charges, what must we think of bishops seated on their thrones, richly beneficed vicars and rectors reclining in their pews, and intelligent and pious curates reading all this with no emendation, with no thought of the necessity of a change, with no effort to adapt a service, which the church must repeat for ever, to the taste, the wants, the circumstances of the people who have no other public means of rising to the devotion which religion requires from all who are sincerely attached to its sacred duties?

I. That which is of the least importance and yet far from being insignificant, especially in these times of general improvement, the bad taste which occasionally offends, we shall here exhibit. In addresses to the Deity good taste selects such names, epithets, titles, or descriptions, as are appropriate; or their effect is bad and weak, and there is danger of its being ludicrous,—the most unhappy consequence that on such a sacred occasion could occur. The second collect for peace begins ‘O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord,’ and then invokes this holy being to fight for his supplicants,—‘defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies.’ So also the priest says, ‘Give peace in our time, O Lord.’ Answer—‘Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God.’ In the prayer for the clergy we read, ‘Almighty and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels’—Work what? Why this: ‘Send down upon our bishops and curates the healthful spirit of thy grace.’ We are not so uncharitable as to think that this reflection on the clergy is universally deserved. The collect for St. Thomas is equally inconsequential in the preamble and the petition: ‘Almighty and everlasting God, who, for the more confirmation of the faith, didst suffer thy holy Apostle Thomas to be doubtful—grant us so perfectly and without all doubt to believe.’ In the Litany, which is intended for a general supplication, in which part of prayer the greatest simplicity is certainly most consonant to pure taste, the artificial structure of the whole displeases us much. The consecutive forms ‘from all’ this and all that—‘Good Lord deliver us;’ then by this and by that—‘Good Lord deliver us;’ then to the close ‘That it may please thee’—and the response, ‘We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord;’ and the concluding passages which one could scarcely expect to find uttered any

where except in the extravagant ravings of a conventicle, are certainly no fit subjects for admiration ; and we have heard many churchmen regret that the latter remained so indecorous a part of their sacred service. Now if these be blemishes, which we maintain, calculated to disturb the placid, or the more elevated feelings of devotion, it should be recollected that in each year they amount to between three and four hundred passages, read with no thought of the sense, which is the only salvo against their being regarded nearly as nonsense in every parish church in the kingdom.

II. We come next to inappropriate petitions and confessions, which sincerity must mourn to be compelled to utter. We know how much imperfection attaches to the best of mankind ; but we know also how powerful is the operation of religion. And with this knowledge, can it be believed that the upright and pious Christian should, every Sunday for his whole life, spite of his growth in grace, with feelings in accordance with the state of his mind and character, charge himself with ‘ manifold sins and wickednesses ;’ and then join in a general confession which acknowledges himself ‘ a strayed and lost sheep ;’ ‘ a follower of the devices and desires of his own heart ;’ i. e. a slave to his passions ; ‘ an offender against God’s laws,’ and ‘ destitute of health,’ viz. that spiritual health which the means of grace give ; ‘ miserable offenders ?’ In the Litany, again, from the beginning to the close of life, they are ‘ miserable sinners ;’ they are in the depths of apprehension, if not of despair, and cry, ‘ Spare us, good Lord.’ They pray, ‘ Good Lord deliver us’ from sins into which none but the most unprincipled are likely to fall ; and from natural calamities which true piety leaves more willingly in his hands who ordains all things ; and amongst these evils they implore deliverance from ‘ sudden death,’ the most enviable death the Christian can die. The same tone runs through every part. So, when it rains very much, ‘ We for our iniquities have worthily deserved this great plague of rain and waters.’ So, when there is a defective harvest, it is, ‘ The scarcity and dearth which we do most justly suffer for our iniquity ;’ or they refer to Samaria, and say, ‘ We are now for our sins punished with like adversity.’ So, in any ‘ common plague or sickness,’ they are ‘ Miserable sinners, visited with great sickness and mortality.’ They have, however, ‘ A most religious and gracious king,’ be he who he may * ;—Charles the Second, or George the Fourth. But will sincerity, if not beclouded with ignorance, calmly join in this solemn mockery ?

Deep and unaffected humility before God, is certainly the frame

* In our own copy, which belonged to our grandmother in the reign of George III. this king is Charles, and she is directed to pray for James Duke of York. In a copy we have borrowed, and which in the present reign has been given to its possessor by our worthy vicar, it is George.

of mind in which we should always appear. But either Christianity produces no effect, or this indiscriminate language of self-reproach and condemnation cannot be consistent with the piety that is reaching towards heaven.

III. We have now to notice redundancies and repetitions which devotion would gladly escape. And upon reading over the Form of Common Prayer, one is forcibly struck with the admonition—‘Use not vain repetitions as the heathens do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.’ Churchmen are not heathens, but the endless repetitions of their service, show that they have not regarded the caution which their Master gave. We find that the Lord’s Prayer may have to be repeated occasionally thirteen times in the day; that it is always repeated six or seven times; for what? except to divest it of its brevity, to make it wearisome by tautology, and to oppress with the letter which profiteth not, and to evaporate the spirit which beautifully exhales from every one of its short but impressive petitions. Throughout the service they keep asking for the same thing over and over again. The same confessions are made to weariness, till they must, in the majority, become mere matter of course. The perpetual renewal of addresses to Deity, owing to the prayers being broken down into separate short petitions, many of them of exactly the same import, is more fatiguing than exciting; and the frequent recurrence of benedictions and ascriptions of praise in the same language, certainly weakens their natural effect. Even the *Amens*, that sententious Hebrew form of assent and approbation, delegated to the clerk, keep him upon the alert to far less effect than if they were more rare, in which case they would certainly be more impressive.

IV. We come now to the most important defect, those inconsistencies which enlightened piety would willingly cast out. These arise almost unavoidably from the scheme of theology, in conformity to which the church service has been constructed. But they exaggerate all its defects, and present them in the most glaring light. The creed of St. Athanasius, or as it is styled, ‘commonly called’ so, everybody, but the bishops and both houses of parliament, knows St. Athanasius did not compose. This however is the base of their theory of the *nature* of God, and it prescribes that they ‘shall not confound the persons nor divide the substance;’ an excellent provision where all appears ‘confusion worse confounded.’ But this prescription it is impossible to follow. Most of the prayers are justly addressed to God the Father, and entreat blessings through ‘Jesus Christ our Lord, our mediator and advocate with the Father; his only Son and our Saviour.’ In this Trinity, says this famous creed, ‘there is none afore nor after other.’ But the prayers give the priority to the Father, with only one precaution, which let the thinking and astonished world deeply ponder. In the communion service the priest is to say, ‘It is

very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto thee, O Lord, *Holy Father*, Almighty Everlasting God.' But this caution is subjoined in an official note, '*These words, "Holy Father," must be omitted on Trinity Sunday.*' There can be no reason for this extraordinary caution, except an unusual care on Trinity Sunday, not to put 'one person afore or after another.' After this ill-omened day is past, the good old form is adopted, and blessings are implored of God through Jesus Christ.

But all this caution is of no avail. We have got into the region of mystery, and we find ourselves entangled in the mazes of inconsistency and contradiction. The Litany commences with separate addresses from these 'miserable sinners,' to all the persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; then to the Trinity as one God. Luckily this præ-position is unavoidable, for it would not be seemly to put the Son before the Father, nor the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from both, before either of the others. Well then, the Trinity 'good Lord' is invoked by 'the mystery of its incarnation, by its agony and bloody sweat,' &c.; things that could belong only to a body of flesh, that pertain not to an uncreated spirit; and thus we find ourselves praying to a God who is flesh and blood, who has suffered and died, who, though everywhere present, has been buried and is risen and ascended. Now this is a most entire confounding of the persons, and while this confusion remains—worse than Stygian darkness—what instruction can such language give? The mind that will submit to use such a form as this must be penetrating indeed, if it can discern one ray of comfort, truth, and light. All this arises from fixing a form in days of comparative ignorance, a form of human composition, and retaining it with religious scrupulosity in a period when men's eyes are opened to see its weakness and absurdity. Dissenters unfettered by such trammels, though still professing to believe this strange doctrine, yet shape their prayers more in accordance with scripture. The service of the Church of England puts all that is mysterious conspicuously forward, and by using technical and unscriptural language, and by misapplying much of the scriptures which it does quote, it is ill adapted for the purposes of piety, and would be best applied as a running commentary on that absurdest of all creeds—the Athanasian Creed, which is the grossest imposition on the human understanding, and the veriest libel upon the scriptures, which the folly and impudence of man ever put forth.

Another striking feature of this religious service we shall now notice, and then our thankless and unwilling task is done. The whole is far more Jewish than Christian; more constructed upon the prevailing notions of the Mosaic code, than upon the pure and spiritual law of Christ. Our 'outward estate' is too uniformly represented as an indication of our inward frame. Events are placed in

union with principles and actions, with which, since those better views have been established that Jesus taught, we know they have no necessary connexion. There is much about enemies, not merely the devil (with whom their godfathers promised they should have nothing to do) and all wicked propensities, but our fellow-creatures, with whom it is mostly our own fault if we are at variance. Then no doubt occurs that God is on our side: that we are his people, and they are to be beaten, and we are to conquer: and yet we are never to have any peace, if we may judge by the constant prayers we are to put up against our foes. To keep up this Jewish spirit, almost the whole of the Old Testament furnishes lessons, many of them unedifying in the extreme, many of them containing instruction that has been superseded by the more perfect teaching of Christ. The constant use of the book of Psalms with no omission and selection incurs the same charge of a Jewish and antichristian bearing in their devotion. For beautiful as many of them are, adapted to exalt the mind and the affections, yet there are sentiments of hostility to enemies, of pressing importunity for worldly prosperity, of false construction of the dispensations of providence, at least as they take place since Christianity was established, which sentiments those who are taught by the great Teacher should abhor. Great as was the sweet singer in Israel, the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he. A brighter light illumines his mind, a kinder spirit directs his views and thoughts, a milder atmosphere surrounds him, and he breathes the air of charity and good will to all mankind. He seeks peace and enjoys it; and if he have enemies he prays *for* them, and labours to overcome evil with good. In all his intercourse with others, be it grateful or grievous, this solemn obligation dwells in his mind, 'Love ye your enemies, bless them that curse you: do good to them that despitefully use you, that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven.'

Would we have a liturgy adapted to the pure and spiritual worship Christ requires, it must be a work of a far different texture from that with which our national church is furnished. Whatever the creed of the worshippers, it must in the present day be divested of scholastic jargon, and all phraseology found only in antiquated bodies of divinity, furnished in no degree by the language of Christ and his apostles. Several forms would be far better than one, giving the worshippers the chance of being less superstitious about the words, and more devoutly fixed on the thoughts and sentiments they were adapted to raise. It should have greater variety to correspond with the rich store of knowledge and principle treasured in the Christian mind; and it should be entirely Christian, mixing up nothing Jewish, but to show how far more pure the new and everlasting law of love is, than the old and limited and temporary law of ceremonies and works. And it should let our enemies alone, or pray *for* them, or pray that we

may never lose the Christian spirit, whatever their unkind and unjust conduct to us. And such a service, with all the means to make it impressive which a rich establishment possesses, Dissenters as we are, we would often stroll to hear.

Then let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

Norton.

ON THE MORALITY OF AUTHORS.

LOOKING round upon the whole race of human beings, whether male or female, it would be scarcely possible to find a single one altogether devoid of ambition; and but for this principle, it is probable that the progressive improvement of the mass of mankind, which has been going on from the earliest ages, would be entirely put a stop to. We see this evidenced in the case of many savage tribes, as the Greenlanders and the Hottentots, and also amongst more civilized people, as the agricultural Hollanders, the peasantry of Spain and Portugal, and the German descendants in the back parts of Pennsylvania. Amongst all these people, the passion of ambition is of a very low species, being principally confined to securing a supply of material food, and some few coarse sensual enjoyments. Therefore, their pursuits and enjoyments remain precisely the same which have been handed down to them from ancient times, and they feel no disposition to alter them. The Spaniards and Portuguese use at this day the same kind of agricultural implements which were invented for them by their old Roman masters, and if you remonstrate with a Dutchman, or a German Pennsylvanian, on the awkwardness of his farm-gear, he will reply, 'My father found it answer, and why should I change?' But when nations, by whatever cause, acquire a love of distinction, a better kind of ambition arises. This ambition, whether well or ill guided, and in whatever way it may show itself, is neither more nor less than the love of power. If a man acquires the highest talent in making flutes or fiddles, or playing upon them, he does so, much more in consideration of the influence he thereby acquires over the minds and purses of his fellows, than on account of any individual gratification he may receive, apart from the participation of others. In the state of almost universal commerce at present existing in the world, money has become an exchangeable commodity for almost all things which can be made articles of traffic, and therefore, money is in reality synonymous with power. It is an engine of command, and therefore all ambi-

tious people, whose ambition is not of the most noble kind, pursue it with intense energy. The petty retailer, who hoards his small gains, is animated by the same passion as the merchant, whose revenue is like that of a prince. They seek for what is termed independence, which is still only a name for power, the power of obliging their fellow-creatures to labour for them, while they rest in idleness. The word *independence* in the sense which is attached to it, is in fact a misnomer. Those who possess 'an independence,' as it is called, are the most dependent of all people, for they rely upon others for the supply of all their wants. The peculiar constitution of civilized society, has, it is true, given them a certain amount of power over others, but a change in the construction of society would entirely destroy their power, and exhibit them in the most helpless state of dependence. Nay, let them only try the experiment, by visiting rude countries. Let them sojourn in the back-woods of Canada, or the United States, or the Southern Pampas, and they will find that money is shorn of half its strength; that there are numberless things which money cannot purchase. The only really independent man, if there be such a being, is the solitary savage, who runs down and devours his prey like a wild beast. Even Daniel Boon, the patriarch of Kentucky, who lived the latter years of his life in absolute solitude, was not independent; for though the skins of the wild animals he shot supplied him with clothing, and their flesh with food; though the fallen leaves supplied his couch; though he might even dig his own lead, and cast his own bullets; though the rifle he used might never need repairs, beyond what he himself could bestow on it; still, his supply of powder was of necessity furnished by his fellow-men, and he was dependent on them for it. The only example we know of, of entire self-dependence in a civilized man, is the case of Alexander Selkirk, on Juan Fernandez, and a wretched state of existence he found it; he was content enough to exchange it for the dependence of civilization, so soon as an opportunity offered. The fact is, amongst civilized nations, all the members of the community are dependent on each other, and this necessity is of the highest utility, as it draws the links of kindness, and all good feelings, closer. The time may possibly arrive, when increased knowledge may diminish this dependence, by enabling each to depend upon the resources of his own head and hands; but it is probable that by that time wisdom also will be much on the increase, and the mass of mankind will have discovered, that true happiness consists more in bestowing, than in receiving services, and that the greatest amount of happiness is to be found in the interchange of mutual kindness. Selfish interest is too much the bond of union in the present order of things, but we can conceive a time, when actual physical misery shall have ceased by the operation of better arrangements, when human beings will be animated by higher views than at present take their attention.

In all conditions of man, the love of distinction and the power it bestows will probably be a ruling passion. As the intellect of the mass expands, mere riches, unaccompanied by other advantages, will decline in influence. A change is even now fast working. But it is a monstrous anomaly, that a class of beings who are certainly far from devoid of ambition, should be found willing to barter away the giant power they might possess, and make of themselves abject and contented slaves and parasites, to a race infinitely below them in intellectual attainments,—I allude to literary authors, and their noble and wealthy patrons. It is most strange that the former will not see, that, even in a pecuniary point of view, their true interest lies in awakening the dormant mind of the public, and promoting the interests of the great mass of the community. Is it forgotten, that, in the space of four years, the profits of Mr. Cobbett's Register were twenty-eight thousand pounds? Even if men of genius are bent on debasing themselves by becoming hirelings, where is the aristocratic caste which will thus reward their dereliction from honesty? The whole system of authorship, as at present conducted, with very rare exceptions, is a mere matter of trade. A man, often, does not write a book, because he believes what he writes, but because he believes it will flatter prejudices, which will procure it a sale, or because it will procure him a patron, or set of patrons. He does not reflect, that if he writes truth, and writes that truth in agreeable language, and with the object of improving the condition of the people, he will sooner or later be appreciated. Not so. Too many a modern author is essentially a sycophant, more so even than those who in the last century wrote long dedications. He writes a book which contains something vastly witty, in order to set the fashionable world on the inquiry after him. Dinner invitations pour in, and with parasitic eagerness he falls down in base worship of the rich and great, who need him as a jack-pudding. He dreams that he is respected, and made a friend of, and is woefully deceived. He is but the successor of the motley fool who was expected to say witty things to make his patron laugh in past ages. He is as necessary to the feast as the epergne or the liveried lackey, and perchance, if possessed of the full 'lion' power, may rate as the equal of the hired singer, with the disadvantage of not being paid for his labours. The singer gets his payment as well as his dinner; the author must say his witty things for his food and wine only. He leads the life of a base parasite, scorned by those who endure him for the sake of the advertisement his name will give to the entertainment, and he dreams in his folly, that his power is on the increase. But this is not the worst. His mental faculties become jaded with over-excitement, and his charity-dinners, and rich wines, become matters of necessity from long habit, and when he is not asked out, he must live beyond his income at home. The appetite of an epicure is not to be maintained lightly; his purse becomes empty,

and he runs in debt. His external appearance ceases to be fashionable, and his patrons cut him. Driven by necessity, and ill in health, he takes to writing against time, and publishes an absurd or dull work. Those who have been his readers fall off, and the publishers become shy of him. The purses of those he is known to are drawn upon, till their owners become wearied, and then the public is appealed to on the behalf of an unfortunate man of letters. Stories are trumped up of the wretched payment he has received, and the impossibility of his living upon it. Subscriptions are perchance raised, and he is once more placed beyond difficulties, but it is rare that the bad habits are conquered which first caused the difficulties. Have I overcharged the picture? I believe not. I could have drawn it still more disgusting, without infringing truth, and moreover have cited numerous names in evidence. Shall such men be pitied or condemned? Condemned, will be the reply of rigid justice. If they inflicted evil upon themselves alone, they might perchance be pitied, but they hold high stations, they are before all men's eyes, and the evil of their example is an hundred-fold mischievous. Rigid justice must be executed upon them, for the benefit of the community. They shall not be allowed to plead their talents as an excuse; it shall only be held as an aggravation of punishment. 'Unto whom much is given, from him much shall be required.' It is a matter of importance for the public at large to take up, at least in the case of popular writers. Those who lackey the vices and the footsteps of the great, may be left to the punishment which their own baseness is sure to entail upon them. But in the case of popular writers, great intellect should not be held as a palliation for the want of morality. The possession of intellect gives the power of judgment, and he who aspires to be a teacher should be bound to keep his 'scutcheon blotless. He, whose morality is impeached, should be shorn from the list of the nation's counsellors. Trust him not, even though his intellect be like that of a god; he will use it only the more surely to deceive. Let the public rigidly exact virtue in their leaders, and the leaders will conform to the required standard.

And who are so fitting for the leaders of a nation, as the writers of a nation? Were the writers of talent awake to their true interest, they would join together in a holy bond, for the guidance and instruction of the nation, which might lead it to a state of unexampled prosperity, and the writers might thus acquire a power far beyond that of any government, nay they might at no distant period be themselves the government. While contemplating such a magnificent result, we are lost in wonder at the petty objects upon which their desires are fixed. In the majority of cases it is no matter of surprise, for petty men ever seek petty ends; but there are some, whose intellects are fitted for better things, who yet plunge headlong into degradation, and,

like Esau, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. The power of truth they have sold. The public villain is with them a most honourable gentleman, for his dinner and wine is fresh upon their lips. The stern proud spirit of inflexible honesty has deserted them, and like slaves—base, soulless, craven, reptile slaves—they crouch at their master's bidding. They know no independence of spirit, for they have not learned the lesson, that he who expends twenty shillings out of the weekly guinea is a wealthy man, while he who overruns the amount, is doomed to be the pander of whoever will hire him. The former may be the leader of a nation, for he may follow the dictates of his own unbiassed judgment, the latter cannot even plant his foot firmly on the surface of the round world and say, 'I am a man.' He is not a man; he is a slave, as surely, nay more surely, than though the law had doomed him to bondage. A legal slave may escape, but the slave of his own appetite cannot flee away from the bondage which is of his own creation. Of what avail were all the powers of Sheridan? They served only to make him a table-jester, who was suffered to starve, so soon as his parasitic powers were overstrained, and out of request. Had he united honesty and stern stoicism to his talents, he might have led the reptiles upon whom he fawned, as in a dog-leash, but he chose to live a slave to his appetites, and he died an outcast. Indignation chases away pity, while we think of it.

A new standard of public writers must be set up. The mere possession of wit or intellect must be held an insufficient claim to public attention, when unaccompanied by the moral qualities which can alone render wit and intellect of value. Inflexible honesty, severe study, rigid self-denial, philosophic reasoning, and constant earnestness, are the qualities requisite for those who would change the face of a nation from evil to good. Let those who possess these qualities separate themselves from the herd amidst which they are at present confounded, and, leaving the idol worshippers to their own base pursuits, set themselves up as a band of *men* not to be turned from their purpose by any obstacles which may oppose themselves. Let them gird themselves with courage, with high heroic devotion, and chivalrous ardour, in a cause, compared with which all the pursuits of heroes in the by-gone times are but as dust in the balance,—the great and holy cause, of endowing human matter with improved minds, the end of which shall be, that misery will finally vanish from the earth. Is it nothing, to wield such a power as this? Is it nothing, to crush all petty artificial distinctions of society, which are not founded on reason and virtue? Is it nothing, to beat down the aristocracy of titular rank? Is it nothing, to beat down the more insolent aristocracy of mushroom wealth? Is it nothing, by the mere power of words, to crush the mischievous influence arising from the prestige of irresponsible power, and

make it bow down before the resistless might of mind? Is it nothing, to exercise the noblest of all power, that of originating minds over comprehending minds? It is in the power of writers who possess the qualities before enumerated, to make a public, a constantly increasing public, who would be their true and constant disciples, who would with reasoning energy follow at their leading, as fast as they comprehended them. Such writers might possess the power of the orators of elder Greece, immeasurably increased, in the proportion that the power of the printing-press exceeds that of the amanuensis. Can they resist such a spirit-stirring cause? Can they wantonly abandon so magnificent a power, for the sake of remaining the sybarites of the drawing-room? Are the feast and the wine cup more precious to them than the honest applause of their fellows? Can lisping prettiness tempt the writer's pen, which should give forth masculine energy in piercing words, to raise men's minds to lofty thoughts?—can lisping prettiness tempt such a writer's pen to the base adoration of those things which his judgment condemns? If it can, such a man shall not excel. He shall not be a teacher of the people, but the hireling and despised parasite of those, whose yoke will ere long be shaken off; whose object is alike, whether they assume the name of a bold and unblushing Tory, or of a hypocritic and more mischievous Whig.

It is a difficult thing for any single writer to stand out from the mass, and work with effect. If he would write an article for a review or a magazine, the editor,—who, contrary to what should be the case, is frequently inferior in intellect to his contributors,—the editor exercises his inferior judgment, and mercilessly lops away all that is honest or useful, frequently interposes some matter of his own in direct opposition to the views of the writer, and thus sends it forth to the world, a bald, naked, marrowless thing, only calculated to disgust, and not to instruct. If he would write for a newspaper, he can only be permitted to tread in the steps of the editor, according to the line of politics which has been taken up. Some periodicals will admit no political articles; they profess to be purely literary, and will not allow politics ever to be hinted at. Yet the very prohibition is an absurdity. What book of travels can be written, without politics forming a part? What book of geography is without politics? What novel is without them? What book of law or jurisprudence? In short, do not politics and political economy enter into almost every portion of the whole business of life? Can a man buy a loaf, without thinking of the corn laws? Can he swallow his glass of wine without thinking of how much duty it has paid? Can he talk of trade, without thinking how it is affected by the operations of government? Can he remember without grumbling, that he is debarred from drinking excellent French wines, and from eating foreign fruit at a cheap rate? And must he not ask himself why this

should be; whether there is any result from it, save a small and unjust gain to a robber caste who have arrogated to themselves the right to make laws? It is to all these things that honest writers should constantly turn the attention of the public. It is not a matter of politics for the day, a mere question who the rulers shall be, but whether the measures shall be such, whether the laws shall be so constructed, that they may best conduce to human happiness. There would seem to want a new system of reviewing, in order to make it genuine and availing. At present, the causes before described have reduced it to one dead level of vapid dullness. There is one method which would probably regenerate it. Every writer should be required to put his signature to his article. This would remove all responsibility from the editor, and at the same time govern the moody temper of the writer, and oblige him to adhere to the exact truth in all that he wrote, under the penalty of losing his reputation. If an author at present writes a book which does not square with the existing notions of the literary clique; he is either not noticed, or he is written down, or he is furiously applauded by one side, and as furiously vituperated by the other. A foreigner, unacquainted with the state of parties, who happened to see two opposite reviews of the same book, would be somewhat astonished, for in truth the critics are frequently merely anxious on each side, that their side should win, and care nothing whatever about the intrinsic merit of the work in question. Were their names to appear, they would be somewhat more cautious. To this state of things we must come, for ere a much longer time elapses, anonymous criticisms will altogether cease to be regarded. It is meanwhile somewhat amusing, to observe how the principle of utility has come into play, in the mechanical construction of books. Time was, that it was held disreputable to publish any thing beneath a folio, and the reader was almost in the predicament of Gulliver, needing a scaffold on his desk in order to accomplish its perusal. The inconvenience at last wrought its own cure, and quartos became the aristocratic form. Still they were too large, and for a long period octavos reigned unrivalled, till duodecimos became the favourite size, and there the fashion has stopped, for the purposes of the library; though even they have been reduced to half size, for the convenience of travelling. How one of the aristocratic authors of the elder time would stare, could he come on earth again, and behold such degradation! Yet there is still sufficient room for the exercise of literary aristocracy. Political economists think scorn of the writers of poetry. Rhyming poets disdain to look upon novel writers. Novel writers who sell their three volumes at a guinea and a half, edge away with contemptuous carefulness from him of twenty-four shillings; who in turn, draws himself up to a dignified height as he overlooks the unfortunate wight of eighteen shillings. Periodicals again are excessively dignified. Six shillings

are clearly five twelfths nobler than three and sixpence ; three and sixpence cannot be seen arm in arm with half a crown ; and half a crown considers eighteenpence to be nobody, or a person whom nobody knows, and not to be talked about on the same day with the 'classics' of genteel society. Eighteenpence of course cannot keep 'low company,' and must positively 'cut' all the penny periodicals. How can truth be written for a penny, or if it can, how can it be good truth ? All the world knows that the value of a thing is determined by its selling price. How then can penny truth compare with eighteenpenny truth, and must not the highest of all truth, *i. e.* of periodical truth, be that which is sold at six shillings ! Penny truth ! Why, who places much faith in the mass of sevenpenny truth which is issued daily ; how then is it to be expected that penny truth should make an impression ? There is a notion prevalent amongst some of the good Catholics of Southern America, that that Virgin is the most powerful whose chapel is the richest. I once heard a quarrel between two Gauchos on the subject. 'The Virgin of the stone cross !' cried one, 'what can she do ? Why she has only got tin candlesticks to her shrine, whereas our Lady of the Rosary has silver ones.' 'A fig for our Lady of the Rosary,' replied the other, 'our Lady of the stone cross has a diamond band round her hair, would buy our Lady of the Rosary—chapel, candlesticks, and all !' At this unanswerable argument his opponent remained dumb. It is clear that literature is a commodity to be sold in the market ; can there then be a doubt that that which fetches the highest price must be the best ? Penny truth must doubtless be like a penny whistle, of very inferior quality.

There has been at times a great outcry among authors against the public, as being a blind dull beast of a most ungrateful disposition. This seems to me an unjust charge on the part of those who make it. The fact is, that the highest class of writers, the philosophic writers, are the worst paid for their labours, but they are just the men who complain the least ; they have a higher object than mere gain, and, so they have but a living, they are content. The imaginative writers are principally the complainers, and who, though in many cases they acquire large sums of money, are very improvident like most other people of imagination, such as painters, players, and musicians. They deem that they are persons of the greatest importance to the welfare of society, and they think that society is bound to support them, whatever extravagance they may commit. They think that they belong to a gifted class, and that that fact ought to place them beyond the necessity of the exercise of prudence. The public think otherwise ; they pay them according to what they think their works are worth, and of a surety there must be two parties to all bargains. They are not badly paid, when they possess talent, as the sales of books evidence, but they think they ought to be paid much higher

than they are entitled to, were they to reflect that after all their highest utility is for the most part only the amusement, and not the instruction of their fellows. There is a class of men who are much more entitled to complain. I mean the schoolmasters. The literary author is treated as a gentleman, the schoolmaster is not. Were authors to run down something of their vanity and irritability and to make a society amongst themselves, instead of deeming that a large expenditure and mock grandeur, amidst 'good society,' were equivalent to dignity, the tales of literary distress would become less common.

Byron's poems produced upwards of fifteen thousand pounds. A prudent man would have turned them to still better account. Surely, one thousand pounds per annum produced in the time which the composition occupied can scarcely be called ill usage on the part of the public. How many authors are there of infinitely greater national utility, whose works would not have kept them from starving! Mr. Bentham to wit. The writings of Walter Scott are not of one hundredth part the importance of the writings of Mr. Bentham, yet how highly have they been paid! The public is willing to pay more for amusement than for instruction. The principal value of the works of Scott is, that they have helped, as beautiful pictures, to humanize the people, and have enticed many to read, who otherwise would have shunned books. But of sound morality there is scarce a jot to be found in the whole collection. It was not to be expected. The mind of Scott was warped in early youth, and it could not be expected that wisdom should be the result. But, notwithstanding the large sums of money which were paid for his copyrights, Scott lived in difficulties, and died in debt. Why was this? The sin which besets most authors beset him also. He deemed that ostentation was dignity, and he wasted his means even before he had earned them. The desire to vie with the feudal puppets whom he worshipped, led him into expenses which his means would not warrant, and he paid the penalty, by dying before his natural period, tortured in mind, and overwrought in body. But, let it never be forgotten, that he acted the part of an honest and upright man in striving to redeem his errors, and to accomplish the payment of his debts. The principle of moral honesty was strong within him, and has shed a halo round his memory, which will not lightly pass away. It were well if his fate might prove a beacon to those who may come after him. But it is the part of the public to enforce the penalty, by withholding their countenance from those, who, possessing the talents necessary to elevate the perceptions of their fellows, only hold forth the example of moral degradation.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

ON THE REVIEW ENTITLED, 'MISS MARTINEAU'S MONTHLY NOVELS,' IN THE LAST QUARTERLY.

THE bitter sweet personage in Goldsmith's pleasant comedy, 'The Good-natured Man,' who discovered that 'Croaker rhymed to Joker, and so they laughed,' was probably some ex-official, with constitutional bitterness much exacerbated by retirement from office, and whose sweetness consisted in the smiles he wore as joculator-general of his party. He describes himself, with no little vanity of authorship, as having sent his last letter, 'which will amuse us I promise you,' to a certain 'gazetteer, on the increase and progress of earthquakes;' doubtless some periodical rather on the wane, and inclined to evil forebodings by the dropping off of its subscribers.

Be these points of literary history as they may, it has been an allowed ex-official privilege in all ages, that, in consideration of leaving an exhausted treasury to plague their successors, they shall carry with them, stores of bitterness, and vexation of spirit, to amuse themselves and friends in their retirement. Their other legitimate satisfaction is, to indulge in national predictions of lean kine and blighted ears, though even this keen delight is marred by the thought that themselves caused the evils they now foretell.

In the last number of the 'Quarterly Review,' there is an article entitled 'Miss Martineau's Monthly Novels,' reported to be the work of an ex-official. His future contributions to periodicals will be, we trust, not monthly, nor yet quarterly, nor even annual, but for life; so delighted shall we be to retain him in the situation he at present occupies. Were he restored to his official duties, he might perhaps be worse employed than in offering insults to the womanhood of England. We will not transcribe the peroration of this review, in which he insults a lady whose delightful and instructive volumes have already dispelled much of the ignorance and prejudice in which he breathes most freely. We shall only refer the reader to this precious passage, sure that every man and every woman,—for those who offer and those who countenance such language are not to be reckoned,—will have no doubt on whom the disgrace of this unmanly attempt really falls.

It is as well, perhaps, that the most flagitious attack of this description by which Miss Martineau has been assailed, should be made from such a quarter. It tends to unveil the foul reality of things which have long been gilded over. Talk of the *gentlemen* of England, indeed! where are they to be found? If their own organ is to be credited, less among the Tory Aristocracy and the Church, for these are the parties on whose behalf the 'Quarterly Review' speaks, than in any other class of society whatever. We know not where to look for the mechanic, however uneducated his mind or coarse his habits, who would not shrink in utter disgust from the language and insinuations which

this Reviewer has not scrupled to employ; nay, over which he seems to have gloated as the best arrow in his quiver. And with contemptible hypocrisy this foulest of all passages that have been penned in recent times, is introduced with a profession of unwillingness 'to bring a blush unnecessarily upon the cheek of any woman.' Why this was the very object, and so far it is gained; for man, as well as woman, every individual of the human species, must blush at the paragraph, unless the writer, who has doubtless long lost the capacity even of blushing for himself, however strong the occasion. Having spit his venom, he sinks into the following silliness:—

'Did Miss Martineau sit for the picture? But no;—such a character is nothing to a *female Malthusian*. A *woman* who thinks child-bearing a *crime against society*! An *unmarried woman* who declaims against *marriage*!! A *young woman* who deprecates charity and a provision for the *poor*!!!'

Have we exceeded our warrant in saying that the article in the Quarterly Review, entitled Miss Martineau's Monthly Novels, is an unmanly insult? It remains to show that it is sophistry, and bigoted sophistry to boot; and a single extract from this self-contradictory compound will establish this fact. 'The mass of the inhabitants of Ireland are starving;' so says the Quarterly Reviewer of Miss Martineau's monthly novels, in page 148 of that record of Tory doings. Perhaps the reporter of the above sad truth is not so conversant with 'the increase and progress of earthquakes,' as to have realized to his imagination a single starving family, though thousands of such horrors have, as he has admitted, been realized to the nation by Tory misgovernment. Let us then entreat his serious attention—if it be in his power to quit his falsetto for a moment, to the following plain record of an actual starvation case. 'William Hutton was born in 1723, in the town of Derby, where his father was a working wool-comber, burdened with a large family, for whom his utmost exertions scarcely sufficed to procure subsistence.' 'My poor mother,' says his son, in the interesting account he has left of his life,* 'more than once, one infant on her knee, and a few more hanging about her, have all fasted a whole day; and when food arrived she has suffered them, with a tear, to take her share.' Now, will the Tory sophist, after contemplating this single case of starving, and having multiplied it by his own admission, 'the mass of the inhabitants of Ireland are starving;'—will, we repeat, this Tory sophist tell us that his unmanly attack on Miss Martineau, for affirming the expediency of prudential checks on population, is not sophistical as well as unmanly? It must require an arithmetic equal to his logic to prove, had there been *two* infants instead of one on this poor wretch's knee, and a *double*

* See 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' in 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' page 172.

number of starving children hanging about her, that this *fast* of 'one whole day,' would not have been prolonged, if human nature could endure, to more than two days of starving? And as for that oft-tried Tory remedy for this oft-inflicted Tory malady, that remedy for hunger, not cheaper bread, but a sound opiate, 'food for powder! food for powder! I have led them where they will be soundly peppered,' we trust it will not in future be found by our leaders so easy as it has been found to administer this orthodox specific to a starving people. Away with scientific calculations respecting the proportion between subsistence and population; away with them to the political mysticisms scraped together for the future use of some Whig writer on the benefits of corn laws; and away, we repeat, with cruelly fastidious delicacies about checks on population; away with them to the worn-out common-places of some Tory reviewer of forgotten Sadlerian humbugs. Put the case of a starving family, even though the misery were mitigated to the individual, in order to be increased to the public, by the tender mercies of poor laws, and we would say in good plain English to *that family*, what we will say to the Quarterly Reviewer in good classic Greek:—

Οὐδ' εἰς ἄμυλλαν πολύτεκνον σπουδὴν ἔχων
 Ἀλῆς γὰρ οἱ γεγῶτες οὐδὲ μέμφομαι
 Ἄλλ' ὥς, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, οἰκοῦμεν καλῶς
 Παῖδας δὲ θρέψιμι' ἀξίως δόμων ἐμῶν.*

We retort the sneer of the Quarterly Reviewer as most applicable to himself. 'Poor innocent! *he* has been puzzling over Mr. Malthus's arithmetical and geometrical ratios, for knowledge which he should have obtained by a simple question or two of his mamma.'—(*Quarterly Review*, page 141.)

But it seems that certain religious principles and feelings of delicacy cause the mind of the reviewer to revolt at truths which some time back horrified the piety of the Tory philosopher, Mr. Sadler, as he told us in his celebrated work on the evils and remedies of Ireland, and which appear lately to have shocked the delicacy of writers, whose name alone might be received as a guarantee against bigotry and fastidiousness. Our readers are probably aware that two sons of Mr. Cobbett have commenced a monthly periodical, which, under the title of Cobbett's Magazine, avails itself of the widely celebrated name of their father. In the third number of their work, a review of Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy appeared almost contemporaneously with that Quarterly Article on Miss Martineau's Monthly Novels, of which some of our readers may, perhaps, think we have spoken with too much bitterness. The tone of Messrs. Cobbett's review of Miss Martineau's volumes, entitles it to more gentle treatment at our hands, both as there is an absence of that strong expression

* Euripidis Medea, 557.

by which their father has so often given offence, and as there is throughout their article an attention to feelings of propriety and established principles which will give an additional weight to their opinion. Speaking of the population doctrine, as adopted by Miss Martineau, they make the following remarks:—

‘It is that part of her work which relates to population, and which is to promulgate the idea of there being too many of us, which is the most objectionable part of Miss Martineau’s doctrines, and what is here set forth is too repugnant to nature for us to believe that it was ever put on paper by one of her sex.’—(*Cobbett’s Magazine*, No. 3. p. 215.)

The Quarterly Reviewer will triumph in finding an ally in a quarter from which he probably anticipated no assistance. But there is an idiosyncrasy in minds as well as in bodies, and when we find the leading article in the very number of Messrs. Cobbett’s Magazine, in which they censure the indelicacy of Miss Martineau’s doctrine, bearing this rather questionable title, ‘The Wedding Day and the Wedding Night,’ we are obliged to refer their fastidiousness to that peculiarity of mind which lately induced Mr. Cobbett, Sen. to refuse political rights to the Jews of Whitechapel, on the grounds of their having crucified his (Mr. Cobbett’s, Sen.) Saviour.

We cannot think that delicacy, even though the delicacy of Cobbett’s Magazine be added to the delicacy of the Quarterly Review, forbids a lady noticing truths, on which the science she is allowed to treat is principally based. Miss Martineau could not have illustrated even the leading truths of political economy, without noticing the doctrine of population; nor could she have spoken of that doctrine in terms less calculated to offend real delicacy, than those she has employed. For that over-delicacy, which is plainly in this, as in every other case, under-delicacy, we trust she will continue to hold it in deserved contempt, and that she will proceed in her task with the glorious freedom with which science and benevolence have made her free, leaving it to her reviewers—

Arcades ambo

Et cantare pares,

Sweet innocents!

And paired in cant,

to arrange their plain duties with their fine feelings as they can or will.

We sympathize in the indignation expressed against those country-gentlemen politicians who have made England a country of paupers. But the deed is done and cannot be undone, and we are unable to extend our sympathy to the rejection of sound alleviations. Let not the agitator be alarmed. When emigration has done its best to mitigate misery, there will remain sufficient cause of and for discontent at home. In the mean time the fine feelings which would encourage population and

check emigration in a country already over peopled, may be classed with the superlative wisdom of heating our tea-kettles above the boiling point, and then closing every vent through which the dangerous steam we have caused to be generated might escape. But when we turn from those who in the language of the day have been called Destructives to those who have called themselves Conservatives, we look in vain for a satisfactory explanation of their pertinacious rejection of checks to population. When the circumstances of the case forbid our referring their opinions, or at least their professions, to superstition, the superstition of the Spanish monk, who forbid the embanking and turning of a river, on the ground that if God had wished it to flow in that direction he would doubtless have so ordered it,—when, we repeat, we cannot attribute the opinions of conservatives to superstition, we are forced to ascribe them to that *bigotry of party* which perseveres in error, because that party and its accredited organ once professed it. Some persons, indeed, call this perseverance in ill-doing consistency, and others even honour it by the name of principle, but to our poor apprehension it appears the unworthy bigotry of party, and though it may put on the priestly black, or the virgin white, its true colour is *blood-red*; for when in an already over peopled country there is no sufficient prudential restraint on population, or adequate outlet by an organized emigration which ought to include a proportion of all classes of society, the elements of destruction will soon be at work. The plain truth about population is necessary to be known by the inhabitants of an over-peopled country. From whom are they to learn it? From one who boldly teaches downright falsehood? who bids them to cease their doubts about checks to population, for that amongst the poorest there shall be no check? who tells them to leave their delays about emigration, for that not a poor man shall quit the country? This will never do. There is but one plain principle—that it was wise—that it is wise—that it will be wise, to adhere to truth, for this reason only, even if there were no higher, that the effects of truth are most suited to the wants of the time, and that the effects of falsehood are the reverse of the objects proposed by the false. We now proceed to track the Quarterly sophist through many doublings to his earth, a den from which sophistries, and deceptions, and misery have long been emanating. We will begin with his last double, save the one through which we have already hunted him.

‘We hardly think it worth while,’ says the Quarterly Reviewer, in his notice of the tale entitled the ‘Charmed Sea,’ ‘to remark upon another story, in which this lady (Miss Martineau) is good enough to exemplify the phenomena of money, by supposing a Siberian market carried on very briskly for a whole day upon *five mouse skins*, as the sole circulating medium! And this trash is to bring political economy within the comprehension of babes and sucklings.’—(*Quarterly Review*, p. 150.)

Was then this Quarterly Reviewer so dull, as not to discern the bitterness of that satire, which he, honest man, objects to as a puerile illustration? When our country-gentlemen-politicians played at paper currency, was not that paper money the 'five mouse skins?' and were not they, our country-gentlemen-politicians, grave and reverend seigniors though they be, the very 'babes and sucklings' who stood in need of the simplest illustrations 'to bring political economy within their comprehension?' If they object to be tossed on the more ignoble horn of that popular dilemma which assumes this world to be divided into rogues and fools, we must recur for another simple illustration to one of the celebrated doings of reynard the fox, videlicet, when he tempted the goat to descend with him into the well, and where, having first quenched his own thirst, he left his cashmere friend, *banked in on every side* to escape as he could. Is *this* an illustration fitted to bring political economy within the comprehension of babes and sucklings?

The profit which a paper currency gave the landholder, namely in calling his moors into cultivation and his tenantless houses into rentage, and the ruin it entailed on the capitalist and borrower, viz. when that day of account, the return to cash payments, arrived, reminds us of another simple illustration: '*Nous n'attaquons, nous n'assassinons personne*; (says the excellent Don Raphael;) *nous ne cherchons seulement qu'à vivre aux dépens d'autrui.*' Even that great politician never invented a means of such quick transfer as a paper currency so largely and so easily effected from the coffer of the capitalist to the farm of the land-owner.

'We are presented,' says the Quarterly Reviewer, namely, in the tale entitled 'For Each and for All,' 'with a titled lady, the wife of a cabinet minister, who, while spending the autumn vacation at a country seat, enters into discussions on the laws which regulate wages and profits with "Nanny White who keeps the little huckster's shop in the village," and "old Joel the sexton." These two worthies enlighten the minds of the great Whig lord and his countess, on the causes of the distress of the country, and dogmatically lecture them on the "operation of the natural laws of distribution," throughout several chapters of dialogue, which our readers will not thank us for extracting—but the burden of which is, that "whenever a farmer takes into cultivation some inferior land," *the profits and wages of his neighbours instantly fall in consequence*, on which account the said neighbours are naturally very angry with him!'—(*Quarterly Review*, p. 150.)

The neighbours were wrong in being angry with him, the farmer, as they ought in common justice rather to have directed their anger about their 'burdens' against the country-gentlemen-politicians who, having contrived to force poor land into cultivation by protecting corn laws, (defend us from such *protection*! we in London call it by a different name,) *instantly* raised their rents *in consequence*; thereby plainly proving *whom* the said corn laws were intended to protect. Just so some country-

clergymen-politicians, having passed a sabbath-protecting, (some indeed, calling it a sabbath-spoiling law,) viz. to prevent the lieges from air and exercise 'on the sabbath day,' *instantly find* their pew rentage raised *in consequence*; thereby plainly proving *whom* the said sabbath laws are calculated to protect. We wish there were more truth in the Quarterly Reviewer's pleasant sneer:—

'All this is so just, so clear, so self-evident, and so ably "illustrated," that we do not wonder at our actual Ministers having followed the example of "Lord F——," and resorted for lessons on political economy to Miss Martineau, who is evidently quite as capable of governing the nation as Old Joel himself.'—(*Quarterly Review*, p. 150.)

We leave Whigs and Tories to settle between them who is meant by Lord F—— and Old Joel, being ourselves doubtful whether *aristocratic* stickers to their order, or *aristocratic* stickers to their rent are intended, but quite certain, that it signifies not a feather or a straw to *us* whether we are to be plundered by Norman knights or English squires.

We come next to unhappy Ireland, respecting which country, and Miss Martineau's deeply interesting tale entitled *Ireland*, the Quarterly Reviewer says:—

'Professor M'Culloch and his disciples, male and female, forget wholly one very simple fact, namely—that the distress of Ireland arises from *a want of food*.'—(*Quarterly Review*, p. 148.)

If in the term food were intended to be included food for the mind, as well as food for the body, the Reviewer's assertion would be a melancholy truth; and it is only to be regretted that it should have occurred to him so late, that there is dread of its being *too late*. But as the term food is intended to be limited to food for the body, it is palpably false to assert that '*the distress of Ireland arises from a want of food*.' But indeed, this false antecedent is merely supposed, in order to found upon it that false consequent—Poor Laws for Ireland. On this subject it may be sufficient to quote the following passage from Miss Martineau's '*Ireland*,' with the Quarterly Reviewer's remarks upon it.

'If the law could rectify these evils, Henry, I would cry out with as loud a voice as you. It is because I am convinced that a legal charity would only aggravate them, that I advocate other methods of rectification. The principle of growth is inherent in that system, whether that growth be rapid or slow; and the destruction of the country in which it is established, becomes merely a question of time. The only way to get the better of it is to annihilate it in time; and this being the case, it is mere folly to call it in for the relief of temporary evils.'

Now for the Quarterly Reviewer's exulting comment on this sound text.

'And all this vague assumption is to be a sufficient answer to the strong cry of the hungry, the destitute, the desperate cottier—his cry

for a legal protection from the sentence of death which his landlord passes on him and his children when he ejects them from their little holding !—(*Quarterly Review*, p. 146.)

Was the Reviewer forgetful of all his cunning when he wrote such palpable sophistry ? In telling us that it is the *landlord* who passes ‘a sentence of death’ on the cottier and on his children, namely, when he ‘ejects them from their little holding,’ does he not plainly point out the person from whom alone reparation of the wrong and injury he alone has done and committed ought to be expected ? Ay, and exacted too.

But the parting boon Tory English landlords propose to bestow on Ireland, viz. poor laws, is that *every rated householder* shall pay for the wrong done, and for the injustice committed by every subletting Protestant Irish landlord. The parochial system which has degraded the English peasant into a pensioner, and aggravated him into a rebel, which has exhibited the wisdom of English statesmen, viz. as offering a bonus for a population for which they cannot find employment, and has evinced their justice, in making the English householder pay the landholder’s labourers ; this wasting parochial system is to be fastened, a growing evil, upon Ireland *for ever*, in order to give her stimulus for an hour to bear those other evils, for which not the householder but the landowner has been criminal, but not answerable, for ages.

The last boon, we repeat, which the English Protestant Tory landlord would bestow on Ireland is—poor laws !! doubtless recommended to him by their known effects in England. These effects have been thus summed up by a writer of the latest and one of the most comprehensive summaries of the evils and cure of our parochial system.

‘So injurious has it been, as to have actually changed the face of society in England. The cheerful countenance has well nigh disappeared from the rustic dwelling of the husbandman ; the manufacturing classes are worn down with the anxieties of life ; and the middle orders, upon whom the expense of maintaining the poor is made to fall, have already so much to struggle with in the altered condition of the times, the heavy pressure of the public taxes, the depression of trade, and other causes, that they are themselves, the greatest part of them, fast sinking into that class which require relief, instead of being able, as formerly, to impart it.’*

Yet the Quarterly Reviewer, in his attack upon Miss Martineau and Mr. Malthus, has something to say in behalf even of the poor laws ; videlicet :

‘In another story, “Cousin Marshall,” Miss Martineau follows up her grand “principle” to its legitimate inference, the grievous abomina-

* See a Letter to the Rate Payers of Great Britain on the Repeal of the Poor Laws ; to which is subjoined, the Outline of a Plan for the Abolition of the Poor Rates at the end of Three Years. By J. Sedgwick, Barrister-at-Law, late Chairman of the Board of Stamps. Page 167.

tion of poor laws ; and not of poor laws only, but of charity in every shape—of anything, in short, which can stand for an instant of time (mark that, *for an instant of time!*) between the poor and that utter destitution, which this gentle philosopher expects to teach them,* (and will it not teach them? or, are *they* not to be taught?) ‘to keep their numbers within the demand for their labour, and which, at all events, would’ (say rather *will*) ‘kill them off down to the desirable limit.’ (*Quarterly Review*, page 144.)

It is the Quarterly Reviewer that fixes the *ne plus ultra* limit of the poor laws, ‘utter destitution,’ as the *desirable limit* of population; and it is the follower of Malthus, and not the Quarterly Reviewer, that desires a limit of population very far short of the utter destitution which is the *certi denique fines*, the sure and unavoidable limit of poor laws. We are weary of following up the sophist through all his doublings, and will go at once straight to his earth. ‘Charity in every shape,’ forsooth! Yes—the charity of taking from the capitalist, of taking from the farmer,* of taking from the manufacturer, of taking from the labourer, of taking, indeed, from every body ; and *for what purpose?* This question leads us from Political Economy, to what another Tory reviewer has denominated ‘Politics Proper;’ and the answer, in few and plain words, is—to *put down free institutions*, i. e. the responsibility of the few to the many *in every part of the world*, most obviously indeed in France, but *principally in England*. When our country-gentlemen politicians betrayed this nation into a murderous and wasting war with a gallant people *driven to extremities*† by a treacherous aristocracy and a threatening enemy, they forced us into a gratuitous contest, from which we have come forth with all the honours of war, but at the loss of almost all the blessings of peace. One thing indeed worth winning we won in that protracted struggle—*bitter experience*. Aided by a large knowledge of the records of this experience, *a woman*, it must be confessed of no ordinary talents, is able in these latter days to write political lessons, full of the most important truths, set forth in a very striking manner, for the reverend seigniors, who, as appears by the bitterness of the Quarterly Review, are still not only

* We expect Miss Martineau’s Illustrations of Free Trade and the Corn Laws with deep interest, not only in the subject, but in the writer’s mode of treating it.

† In reading the history of the French Revolution, the attention is too often diverted from great political principles to mere diplomatical questions. The real question about the French Revolution, is, ‘Had the French people great political evils to reform? was the French aristocracy opposed to an effectual reform? and were the aristocracies of England, Prussia, and Austria resolved to resist reform?’ These are the real questions to be considered by the reader, and not ‘Whether the French people committed errors? whether the French aristocracy suffered punishments? whether the aristocracies of England, Prussia, and Austria diplomatized so as to make out a case?’ Readers of history *de facto*, and not *de jure*, often attach huge importance to the latter trifling question. But he must be a wretched advocate who cannot make up a case for *any* client, he must be a still more wretched judge, who allows himself to be deceived by such a made-up case.

too bigoted in principle and too sophistical in reasoning to profit by these pearls of precious price, but will turn again and rend the hand which offers them. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Let Miss Martineau be assured that no testimony we could bear to the ability of the writer, or the importance of the writings should be half as flattering to her feelings, or would be half as useful to her interests,* identified as these have been, and we feel confident ever will be, with *the cause of truth*, as the testimony which has been borne to her talents and principles by the unmanly and sophistical article in the Quarterly Review.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER I.

‘I’ll break a custom.’

‘WRITE and publish it: you are not bound to tell the world it is a true story. Leave your readers to suppose the “life and adventures” to be a work of imagination. The facts are too surprising, too uncommon to obtain belief: let the work appear, therefore, as mainly an invention, or a life of singular vicissitudes, &c. told with the embellishments of fiction.’

Thus I was advised in the twenty-fifth year of my age. Sixteen years have since been added to my account, full of vicissitude and adventure, much more extraordinary than any through which I had previously passed. If sixteen years ago my story would have been regarded as a fiction, what opinions can I expect will be formed of it now, with such additions and multiplications of strangeness? That it is a tissue of impudent falsehoods; or, at best, a specimen of my faculty of invention. ‘Facts are stranger than fiction.’ I was led into reflection on the course and incidents of my life, by the expressions of surprise which have followed the relation of some of the numerous adventures in which I have been engaged. At times a smile, not of incredulity exactly, but in kind acceptance of the matter as a clever invention, or a jest, has rewarded me for narrating and describing those things, which were as true to the letter, as that I was then the speaker, and the smilers the hearers. I was not aware that there was any thing so very unbelievable in the circumstances: nor, while they were passing, and I participating, or acting in them, did I consider they were particularly surprising, or outrageously eventful. I met many of them, most of the most extraordinary, as common occurrences; however strongly they might have grappled my individual feelings at the moment, I never expressly marked them with a note of admira-

* In a note affixed to this Quarterly article we find an advertisement, rather too much à la George Robins for our taste, of *certain tales* already written by Miss Edgeworth, and presently to be published by Mr. John Murray. Had this bibliopolical *fact* been made known to us in time, we might perhaps have spared ourselves the trouble of reviewing this Quarterly article; for though we have a wicked delight in exposing unmanly sophistries, we never wish to interfere with the labours of the General Advertiser.

tion in my memory, as something which would tell well in a book. I sought them not—I was thrown into them. Certainly I should never have thought of them as ‘ink and paper’ matter, if I had not been so repeatedly told they were ‘passing strange.’ Strange or not, they are true. And though ‘I have promised a few kind friends,’ and threatened ink and paper for years, I could not ‘screw my courage to *that* sticking place,’ the first sentence of my eventful history.

I now sit down to write, resolutely—as I glance through the retrospect. My feelings, I expect, will be kindled as the facts are revived, and by the ideal creation of persons and scenes. And from these feelings my language will, consequently, take its tone. Excursive and discursive I know I shall be ; for echoes, contrasts, and reflections, in my early pages, will force themselves upon my attention—and I may be gentle, mirthful, perhaps splenetic, perhaps sarcastic and bitter, denunciative—perhaps I may seem venomous, while I am really innocuous. Sometimes I shall belie my name, and at others give proof that no other could fit me so exactly. Yet I will not exaggerate facts ; I shall ‘nothing extenuate’ of that which I relate of myself. I may be a little merciful to others. Memory will be my guide—I can rely on its direction—I need no tables of reference—I have wandered through twenty-two years in various parts of the globe—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—and, by a concatenation of circumstances, I can in a few moments say where I was, almost to a day, certainly never with the error of one week, any time during that twenty-two years. A journal I never had method nor perseverance to keep ; all my attempts at such regularity have but led me into confusion. I have brooded and meditated over my past life in many an hour, week, and month of solitude. I had an eager desire to be a skilful moral anatomist ; I have applied my scalpel and probe to many subjects. Myself I have dissected a thousand times. No, no, I shall not be at a loss because my data are not written on *paper*.

I have acquaintances in either ‘half of the world.’ From Australia to Hudson’s Bay, from Ceylon to the Carribee Islands are scattered those who think they know me. If they read these memoirs they will be astonished at their error. I have deceived them by concealing from them those truths which I am now about to avow to the world—I did not by falsehoods or insinuations attempt to mislead them—I was silent.

Autobiography will be imperfect if birth and parentage be not set forth. My parents were of the humblest class—the poorest of the poor : my father’s weekly earnings being all he ever possessed, with them he struggled to provide sustenance for himself and his family. Here is a stigma, a foul stain to adhere to me through life, and to posterity ; should ever fame throw a brilliance round my head, living or in death, the light will serve to exhibit the stain. Should fortune enable me to descend from my garret to a first-floor lodging, this blot upon my reputation will remain : this brand of the worst of criminalities will grin on my front—deep, ineradicable, and everlasting. A mountain split in two by an earthquake shall have its sides drawn together by a diachylon plaster as easily as this brand shall be effaced. I did not choose my parents : but will ask, what has exalted

man to noble distinction? In the majority of names, oppression, fraud, blood, rapine, murder. No matter what have been the means, if success crown a toil (toil!) with wealth or titles, the means are forgotten in the worship which is ever paid to the successful. I appeal to the actual practice of society, not to the fictions in which society is educated, for there morality *is* fiction. One thing is *told* but its opposite is *taught*. Lessons of disinterestedness and natural integrity, are verbalized to every child, but examples teach, and the lessons of example are '*make money—advance yourself in appearances—get on in the world*'. What I have said to you about riches being the source of all evil, gold only dross in comparison with virtue and integrity, and all that, is very pretty; you'll be thought amiable and upright if you have the sentences at command, and utter them occasionally, and they will assist you amazingly on the other road.' This is never said—no, none but a 'madman' would say it, for he would be scouted from society for holding such sentiments—I mean for talking them; but it is shown—it is acted upon—it is felt—it is in the blood—it is done. Where is the morality—who so virtuous in England—if there be such a man, depend on it he is in the lazaretto of society—as to refuse the call or card of the millionaire who has sweated his wealth by every cunning he could devise, by every legalized rascality—base chicanery, all on the safe side of the law,—though from the tears, the groans, the vitals, and heart's blood of hundreds, who have shrunk and withered to death under his grasp? 'They are not aware that he has done any of these things.' They are—they do know it—the fact, that he is merely reported, or suspected, himself, in his own life, to have accumulated such masses of wealth, is *proof* that some of these practices have been employed in the accumulation. Somebody's ruin has been effected by it, and perhaps designedly. Not known! Print the tale in fire, and it will be remembered as a yesterday's advertisement for a lost lapdog. None but the loser and finder are much affected by that. Who among this fictitiously moral nation would not wish their friends and acquaintances might call while *his* card was opportunely and conspicuously visible on the table?

But, to return; I was not consulted in the choice of my parents, but I prefer my father to any man whom political cunning or soldierly daring has ever exalted to wealth, titles, and honours. The soldier is fired by the hope of victory's laudations—the reward of glory. The blaze of reputation for courage; the prospects of spoil; the fear of disgrace arms him; the electric fluid strikes him through thousands who are linked together by one chain; he is whirled along by a temporary insanity; he calls it enthusiasm in the cause; it is the wild and ungovernable excitement of the moment; he would as often flee with the coward, as plunge into destruction, and bound along with the madly rash and impetuous. The warrior perils his life, to destroy life; he confronts dangers in seeking victims; he wades to triumph through blood. But there is an intrepidity superior to any and all of these; there is a courage and magnanimity, compared with which all that the soldier or martial chief ever displayed is but paste to the purest diamond, an agitated duck-pond to a continuous stream of rippling brightness. It is that which generous humanity inspires; the isolated intrepidity, which, of its own innate and noble impulses,

ventures through apparently inevitable death to save life—with no further, not an atom of interest in that life, beyond simple and gracious feelings towards a fellow-creature; no stimulant of reward; no prospect of fame; no hope of recompensing admiration: it is ungarlanded, private, and silent; so it lives and so it dies. Yes, I am prouder of him than if he had planned those fields of strife, on which his country's enemies were swept down in masses, than if he had led millions to victory, or mowed Europe over with a conqueror's scythe. But he was a poor man, one who gained a livelihood by earning some twenty shillings per week. Little probability was there of his rising to honour, if he had outaged Methuselah, instead of dying in the vigour of years, a young man; for to the crime of poverty he added a yet sorer and equally dangerous moral turpitude—intellectual daring. The words were not upon his lips, but, '*fiat justitia ruat cælum*' regulated his heart's pulsations. Yes, I am proud of my poor father! I have more disgraces to heap upon myself, which will gain for me the 'cut direct,' where I have been hailed with 'How are you, Pel.?' for years. The hall or passage will limit my footsteps in those dwellings in which the drawing-room has hitherto been my place of reception or audience. In one or two I shall yet be ushered stealthily into the library. —I am proud of my father—and I am content to be exiled from society. My dog will wag his tail in spite of all the contumely which may be cast upon me. Had his (not my dog's) grandfather possessed a larger portion of common sense, *anglice*, wordly-mindedness, attention to money getting, for that is the verity of the English meaning, self-interest and its economies, I might perhaps have written 'Gent.' at the end of my name, or something bigger before it—Sir Peregrine Verjuice! How it would have swung along a hall, and through the corridors, under and around and over the lamps and chandeliers, hissing at its tail end, into the ears of the assembly. How many or which of my forefathers were hanged I could never learn, such was the family pride! There is a rumour that two were 'made shorter by the head,' for the reason that those heads contained stuff which would not cut to the fashion of the party which happened then to be strong enough to exercise this process of diminishing a man's stature. In truth, the direct line has been somewhat obstinate, seldom sailing with the currents of opinion, merely because they *were* the currents of opinion; they had a curiosity to look into the why and wherefore. This is all my inheritance from them; and it came to me without the usual luck of entails, for I received it in all its vigour on attaining my majority, or rather, like our poverty, it has increased by descent. Oh, I had ancestors! and as for my poor mother,—talk of family antiquity, indeed—there is not one of her kindred, her son excepted, who will not spin for centuries beyond the oldest family in the English peerage; and though I truly value the matter as a wisp of rotten straw, she could do so without straining her wits to poetry. On this theme she would talk with enthusiasm to the bedevilment of the hog's puddings which it was her business to fry for my father's dinner. When her blood was on the carpet (our sanded floor) what a race it ran! 'There had been princes in her family,' so there had been, and one of their descendants was then skimming a pot of mutton broth, or darning my father's hose. Into the patrimonial acres (into her share of them, at least) a claw, which never relaxes its grasp,

had been digged—Law! law! law! The right was clearly hers, she gained the victory, and it is superfluous to tell the reader what became of the acres. She preyed on the loss—on such food, how could she live? but she was not a creature of sadness, she used to laugh, and laugh well, and such a laugh! so clear and keen—no, not keen, that is sharp-edgy: you could not hear a jar upon her laugh so harsh as a gossamer thread. It was a succession of beads of sound leaping up from her larynx; diminishing, and diminishing, and diminishing (these words are too long) to an invisible point, and all, to the perceptible last, so clear! you have heard a smooth pebble as it danced along the glaze ice? I never heard such a laugh but once since. A few week's ago, I was walking in Piccadilly at one o'clock in the morning, that is to say, in the west-end vocabulary, *evening*; to prevent mistakes, I mean it was one hour past midnight. I heard such a laugh (on the opposite side of the way, note ye) from one of the merry miserales who parade London streets at that hour, perhaps shelterless. It was my mother's laugh! and she had been dead thirty-five years. She died young—in her youth.

I was born within some hundred yards of the termination of a wooded hill, the slope of which abruptly closed in the precipitous banks of a rugged and roaring stream, well characterised by its name, which, in the language of the country, is Stone, or Rock-breaker. Perhaps I imbibed the froth and impetuosity of my character from a sympathy with that stream. There stood, and yet stands—but oh, how changed!—a little white-washed cottage, trelliced with honeysuckles and roses; the perfume from which, even across this gulf of time and distance, I can inhale in imagination. A small garden, the ground of which was stolen from the domains of the woody hill, looked laughingly down on the cottage, and was circumscribed by a wall of rough, unhewn fragments from the neighbouring rocks. This wall was my father's handywork: for a gate, a gap had been left in the building, which was reached by ascending three larger fragments embedded—mud, I suppose, was the cement used—in the lower part of the wall,—three jutting stones. I remember, well, what an achievement it was considered for me to climb up them, while my father stood by encouraging the little cragsman. To meet the calls of necessity, not for ornament nor for recreation, did my poor father till that garden. Cabbages, of course, were more abundant than carnations. Leeks, I'll warrant, were there; and I remember the only things I cared about, were the borders of double daisies. Single or double I always loved them; better, though, the little wild thing that lifts up its beautiful face in the fields and asks a kiss from your feet. I never could crush them by treading on them. In front of the cottage was a smooth patch of green sward, preserving the form in which nature had laid it there; it was not snipped and scissored, and squared or rounded, nor hemmed with a border of gravel. At a short distance from the house, in a valley between our hill and the next to it, was a broad sheet of water, gathered, by some artificial process into which I never inquired, from Stone-breaker's territories. This was used for working a 'forge,' from the wheels of which it threw itself down into the channel of the aforesaid Stone-breaker; returning, as it were, the borrowed water, which here was crossed by a venerable looking greystone

bridge: this bridge had looked on the scene for centuries. Thence the torrent leaped, and spinned, and whizzed, and rattled, and grumbled through a glen of crags, brambles, bushes, and moss-coated trees, till it suddenly calmed by expanding into a stream ten times its breadth hitherto, and glistened smoothly on between two gentle slopes, one of which was treeless turf, the other a rich and vary-tinted wood; and continued in this gentle course through the fertile vale of U—, till it emptied its tributes into the liquid amber of the river which gives the name to the vale. The whole scene combined every beauty of landscape. There was the craggy, wild, romantic, reposing, solitary, picturesque, gentle and undulating, verdant and cultivated, and the many hues of scantiness, just living on sterility—all that a lover of scenery could wish, except an expansive *coup-d'œil*. I have been thus tediously particular in attempting to describe the reflections of memory, to paint impressions which I took when a child, (for I was but four years old when I quitted this my first home,) because the change was, to me, so horrible when, after an absence of thirty-three years, I visited the scenes of my infancy, I came and found all *civilized*.

It was on a glorious day in the glorious month of June, 1828, (I hate winter in England—all slop and shiver during the dingy five months, except for some half hour which merely serves to jog the traveller's memory of the magnificent winter he has luxuriated through in Cabotea,) that I set off from A—, not sad, for there is too much beauty in the scenery in that vicinity to allow of sadness, but anxious; there was a foreboding of something unpleasant in my mind. I never spoke to any one on the subject, I made no inquiries, but I had read in the Directory that the small town of P— had, within the late few years, increased in size and population in consequence of the works which were established in the neighbourhood by the enterprising,—somebodies—and was prepared to expect the 'improvement,'—that's the phrase, the expressive phrase,—had produced some change in its appearance; yet there was a hope that my mind would revel in delight. Road-posts were my guides through all that my memory knew not; till, on rounding a hill that made itself known to me through the tongue of the outspread vale below, which being, luckily for it, too worthless for the improver's experiments, was as beautiful as ever, I looked at once on what had been the scene on which for so many years I had turned my eye with a sad pleasure and affection. I gasped with horror!—ay, with horror!—on beholding it. Ranges of dark and mystical architecture, demon temples, frowned in every direction; flames hissed and roared from a hundred yawning gulfs. Ponderous black blocks of smoke pushed themselves upwards into frightful columns, and then densely spread out against the face of the insulted sky. Here and there, mingled in the gloom, were seen still more disgusting masses of dirty white vapours, heavily and sluggishly attempting to rise, and, as they rose, turning into that threatening sickly, reddish yellow, which looks an impersonation of pestilence and destruction, palpable and living. The tornado of Africa, and the typhon of the China sea, seemed embowelled in them, and ready to burst forth. In the typhon and tornado atmospheres, you have grandeur, magnificence, sublimity; but these were stink:

they disgusted, they did not terrify. I despised them, while I shuddered; I scorned them when I fled from them. What I gazed on had all the ugliness of Hell, but none of its terrors. On every eminence, a band of furies danced amid the flames and smoke, on every crag was scooped a wizard's caldron, round which the ghastly monsters moved with wild and irregular action, as they poured in the ingredients of their 'hell-broth.' Strings of demons issued from the temples, mowing, and mocking, and leaping, and throwing up into the murky canopy above their heads sounds, neither scream nor bellow—a compound of both. *Lasciar ogni speranza* glared in red letters on my dilated eyes. I turned from them to search if any thing of nature was visible—nothing! There was a sleepy canal stretched in dull length along the glen, just sufficiently twisted out of a right line to exhibit its uneasy rest and cramped deformity; and a bridge fashionably cut, a coxcomb, impudently presented himself to my view; and I knew I was on earth yet. But *she* had fled entirely, not a scattered feather of her wing, not a pressure of her foot, not a dint of her finger was left! The woods were cut down, not a skeleton stump remained: the turf was torn up, and mountains of black cinders and scoria had crushed every blade of grass to death. The very air and the sky contained nothing in them of their former composition. An aeronaut must have carried axes and shovels up with him to dig and delve his way. No—'twere safer to lay his mattress in the *Grotto del Cane*. Earth—water—sky—all was *civilized*.

In spite, however, of the fiery lettered bidding, I could not abandon hope. I had been often disappointed, defeated; blows increase my strength, and those which the spectators thought had 'knocked the breath out of my body,' and 'taken the conceit out of me,' have constantly produced an exactly opposite effect. In spite of the command to 'let go,' I determined to 'hold on,' to see further, and found my way without disturbing my tongue, and unerringly too, to the old grey bridge, across Stone-breaker. The bridge was not changed in the least, he was not a minute older, but Stone-breaker—strong limbed, leaping, uproarious Stone-breaker—was withered, haggard, dull, dying in his coffin: with scarcely a drop of blood left to trickle through his scurfed and ragged veins. Poor old fellow! there he lay, what remained of him, sad, silent, abandoned; I bent down to discover if yet he breathed, and a small faint sound, but clear as if a crystal had whispered, answered my solicitude. 'The canal had drained him of his life,' he said. Is it in sadness or in mirth that I have written this? Let the ontologists decide. Where are they to be found? Has the world yet learned to understand Hamlet? Is there more than one in a thousand of those who settle as readily and as self-satisfiedly their opinions of his intellectual constitution, as they would tell the order of the three first letters of their alphabet? Is there more than one of such thousand, whose acquaintance with the currents, causes, and effects of Hamlet's thoughts and actions is not as limited as their knowledge of the state of the markets in Georgium Sidus? Think it over.

Proceeding directly onward from the bridge, I rose on the acclivity toward my native cottage. All other disappointments and disgusts of my perambulation were nothing compared to what overwhelmed me

now. Not a leaf, not a stem, not a root was on that beloved hill ; its bowels were torn out, and strewn in rough and ragged heaps on its mangled face and breast ! Geologists lay it down, that where metallic ores are to be found, all is sterility on the surface—there is little, or no vegetation ; it may be so, but a greater certainty is, that *that was* not an article in the creed of the improvers and civilizers when they set to work here. The site of the cottage as to latitude and longitude, and its bearings by the compass, was as of old, and steering from its south-west gable, to look for the patch of garden, a rascally furnace belched his blaze and smoke directly into my face, drove me back ; and, willy-nilly, my burnt and bleared eyes were turned upon the—cottage ? Cottage ! Whitewashed it was. They'd whitewash a lump of coal that lay in a cart rut there. The walls, to half their height, were spattered with mud. By what dexterous process this was effected, and in such weather too, was at first a mystery, but it was soon unravelled ; the artist was then at work, but out of sight for the moment. The shattered windows were mended by filthy rags, and one mass of breakage was stopped up by a discarded, dingy felt hat : and in the place of that smooth, velvety turf, which *was*, a hillock of cinders reared itself so high, that the cottage grinned forth its wretchedness in a valley at its foot. Between the hillock and the door, a low rough wall, white-washed—yes to be sure—stretched from end to end of the domicile, erected to prevent the cinders from rolling—into the door ? No, into the pig-stye before the door. It seems I had disturbed the mud-splattering artist, for a grunt came upon my ears, and a lean, hungry pig leaned his nose on the wall for support, while he examined me ; and grunted again, not angrily ; it was a sort of congratulation, a ' how d'y'e do ? ' grunt. The bridge and Stone-breaker excepted, this was the only thing, animate or inanimate, which held sympathy with me. That pig ! he could not know me ! why, his great-great-grandmother must have been an infant at the breast when I last looked at that door, somewhere in the neighbourhood perhaps, assuredly not there. There was neither cabbage-leaf nor root visible, so I walked into the town, purchased two penny loaves, returned, and gave them to him. This was all the communion I had with the inhabitants of my native place. I hastened from it. I would not remain to take a whiff of tobacco, till then my never-failing solace in misery—the composer of my contentious and afflicting thoughts ; I love to see its curls of light blue smoke rising and circling from the bowl of my pipe ; they are, in motion—indeed, they always remind me of her—like Taglioni ; she herself, a fleecy cloud ribboned and edged with livelier tints, as it dances to a bridal of the stars. No, not a whiff could I, or would I take. My lachrymal ducts were scorched, and the one compelled bead of a tear which expanded over each ball of sight, scalded my lids ; my breath was fire, and the pulsations of my heart were the throbs of mingling agony and maledictions. You may laugh at this extravagance, if you will, Mr. Reader, I am not asking your sympathy : I am writing a tale of confessions and facts ; not spinning apologies for my life and character. I had thought of this home of my childhood through thirty-three years of absence from it, with such sacredness of emotion, that I believe I never once alluded to it, even to my intimate friend. I had roamed more than a hundred

thousand leagues in foreign lands, and over distant seas ; I had meditated in wildernesses of myrtle ; I had walked in regions of the vine, and groves of oranges and woods of olives ; I had been alone in the jungles of Asia ; the solitude of the entangled mazes of Guiana, I had enjoyed without a disturbing companion ; and I had thought myself out of misery into happiness, as I stepped through sun-impervious forests in the valley of Mississippi. I had gazed on nature in her terrific grandeur, and in her richest beauty, and they all taught me to look back with deeper affection on that spot. In the danger of battles, storm, and shipwreck, I had participated : death had waylaid me, and I had evaded him. He had placed himself in a hundred attitudes to strike me, and I was drawn aside from the falling blow. He had repeatedly invited me to his embrace, and alluring was the invitation, but I was enabled to resist. A motive for resistance flashed across me, and I was strong again. What was that motive ? Turn over every human cause for human action which you can find in the metaphysician's catalogue, and guess beyond it : you are still at a loss. I shall not in direct words inform you what has been, and is the motive ; this binding to resolute endurance : read—watch, and you may trace it in the meanderings of my story. Let me go on, hear more ; I had been borne along on a torrent of prosperity, and suddenly dashed back upon utter worldly ruin. I had been astonished at my own success, where efforts seemed to many powerless, and the bare entertainment of the design was ridiculed by others as insanity. This is rigid truth. While lifting my foot to take the loftiest point of earthly bliss, I have been hurled down to a gulf of misery ; I had fled on hope's wings to within a hair's breadth of my goal, triumph—to be blown away into distance, doubled by failure ; it was not strength that I lacked, there was manœuvring necessary in laying hold, and I *would not* take a circuit. Without a friend to recommend, or patronage to encourage him, a poor boy, with no more than a pauper's education, has been the acquaintance, sometimes the companion, perhaps not the despised one—true, they did not know his origin—of intelligence, wealth, and station, how superior to his ! But through all, he never ceased to groan in secret, at his beggarly origin, the stings which poverty thrust into his heart. He was stabbed hourly, without the stabbers dreaming that he was their victim. He saw, he felt, he knew he should be despised, scorned ; soothed with words, but sneered and scoffed at in practice. Gay equipages have drawn up in the streets, and sparkling eyes, smiling lips, and music voices have echoed and reflected the delicate touch of the hand, which was held out in congratulation of my ' success.' Success I was sure it was not, but never so spoke. I have stood trembling with weakness from hunger as I heard this, and bowed acceptance as those voices have given me invitation to dinner. Frequently the only food I had tasted for the day has been crude peas, gathered by me in the fields, while during that day twenty tongues have drummed into my ears eulogies on my ' talents.' And I was at that time boarding shillings by literally starving myself to pay debts which I had incurred, not in supporting existence, but in labours by which only I could hope to obtain bread ; and this too was accompanied by the blissful conviction, that I was all the while considered by my creditor, and not *him* only, as an unprincipled ' individual,' for not paying my debts honour-

ably. It was just that he and they should think so, for I had concealed the real cause of non-payment. I have quitted gay and festive scenes in this metropolis, and walked the streets all night in my dinner dress; I had not sixpence to procure shelter; for access to my own it was too late. I was compelled to accept the invitation, because I dared not shock a friend by the truth; a false excuse I trembled under; I am improved in this latterly, and could tell a lie unblushingly, but occasion never comes, thank heaven! I have been sneered at as a very silly fellow, by persons whose intellects were, really I speak it without spleen or vexation, too diminutive, too despicable for contempt, and I felt just as angry as the ocean would be, were they to spit in it. I would not touch them, for they had no armour, or they might have found more pleasant amusement in putting their fingers into a scorpion's nest—more rest by laying their heads on a coiled rattle-snake, than in my retaliation. I have been piteously smiled at, and I remain unseen, by the clever and richly mental, whose notice and approbation I have laboured so hard, and endured so much to win, from the mere fact of their lending credence to the reports of these blockheads respecting me. There is, unfortunately for me and for thousands of others, a proneness, even in the wisest, to hear fault-finding, as discriminating truth. In me there are abundance of mental weeds, and in all I may write or say; but many of those things would be called flowers, if they were not looked at through other people's spectacles, which are now regarded as weeds. Through all the moral mountains and gulfs of my existence, these vicissitudes of happiness and sorrow, these laudations and ridicule, I am sure I never designed injury, or meditated ill will to human being; I loved the whole family of nature. Verjuice was a *lucus non lucendo*—the name was a libel on my moral and physical constitution; every throb of my heart threw it back as a lie. I looked upon these changes of my native place, and from crown to heel became VERJUICE! Mark, if I contradict this, as I travel along.

Of these thirty-three years of my life, or, rather, that greater part of them which was spent in roaming in foreign lands—

‘To read mankind—not laws, but hearts,’

I have at length gathered resolution to speak—say I have been driven to it. But the beginning of my life is not yet ended. I have a dim and shadowy recollection of things which must have made their mark on my memory, ere I was *two* years of age. My christening is not among them, though there is a faint impression of cold water dropping on my face, and my hand petulantly rubbing it off. This is not strange, for the affair was likely to be delayed between the *yes* and *no* of my parents; and my mother had it. The name was my father's choice, at all events, and he had prescience in calling me Peregrine: it was forethought in him, that however I might contradict my patronymic, my ‘sponsorial appellation’ should ‘denote me truly.’ With my mother its diminutive was ‘Perry’—my father's was shorter, and stouter—‘Pel,’ and as he outlived her by some fifteen years, Pel continued to be my note of call: for no one was so tender towards me as to adopt that which my mother had used. By what means we clambered over the hills and crags from my native place, I have no remem-

brance ; but I can yet see a clear moonlight frosty night, as I peep through the canvass curtains of a loaded waggon, the broad wheels of which groan and squeak as they slowly revolve, and with their weight crush the crisp earth and young ice, that crackles and jingles beneath the pressure, on a road, which to me seems as smooth as the sanded floor of our home. A sheet of hoar covers an expanse of level country, intersected by hedges and dotted with trees, sparkling with rime, as far as the eye can reach on either side, and in the distance from the tail of the waggon, whence the survey is made—but there are no hills ! and I wept. They were the first tears of thought I ever shed.

In a few days we were settled down at —, how unlike the place I had left ! But my nature, or my disposition, renders change of residence no great evil ; I began early to love variety of place ; still without forgetting *that*. Education was a matter of course ; and I was sent to share the wisdom and learning of a dame at her establishment, on the charges of some three-pence per week. Such was my “ preparatory school for young gentlemen.” Her first efforts were to make me sit still, but there she utterly failed, as has every one of my instructors since, except a yellow fever in Demerara : he mastered me. An easier toil she found in teaching me to forget my native tongue, and substituting something which required all my father’s leisure moments to unteach me. This unravelling every evening the web which had been spun during the day, did not hit his views of education, so I was packed off to M—, in W—shire, where I had a glorious common to scamper over, trees to climb on its borders, orchards to rob, and birds’ nests to hunt. And, what was a strange amusement for a child, wasps’ nests to demolish in many a bank, but the rascals made me pay dearly for the fun ;—served me right, why did I meddle with them ? At eight years of age, I possessed ten times as much physical daring as is my whole stock of either kind now. In vain was I sent home with blinded eyes and swollen nostrils, and every part of my face and neck, hands and wrists festering under the stings of the enraged yellow jackets ; I was sure to be up in the morning, and away to the field of strife, alone too, that is to say, *I* had no one to help *me* in this amusement ; I chose to go alone, and preferred doing so to having company, yet I was not averse to associates on other occasions. *Now*, if I see a wasp colony, I take a ‘ broad sheer ’ of some twenty or forty yards out of my course to avoid them. Then I knew the habits of every one of the feathered tribe in the country, from the kite to the wren, and could find you the best growth of apples, nuts, and blackberries, within a circuit of six miles. I have lost my ornithology entirely. Orchards I dare not rob, it is not now aailable offence. But the common !—I saw it three years ago, (I am writing in 1832,) and, God be praised ! it is not *civilized*. There is nothing in the whole range of English scenery, no beauty nor ornament, neither natural nor artificial glory among all its delicious and enchanting variety, that glads my eyes and heart so fully, and so instantaneously, as a common of gorse bush and fern ! Turn Blenheim into a potatoe garden, make brick-fields of the bed of Windermere, throw the fragments of Spitalfields, White-chapel, the Tower, and the Horse Guards, into the Wye, but do not touch the gorse bush and fern commons. Sheep were on this common, descendants in the tenth generation, perhaps, of my old friends,

bobbing their noses into, and nibbling the short soft grass; soft and slippery is that grass on a sunny day, as my lady's velvet pelisse, or the tip of her ear. There, too, stood yet the circle of aged firs, a vegetated Druidical temple; *firs* they were, none of your prim, straight, smirking looking things that you see 'stuck in a modern shrubbery,' like a string of boarding-school misses, ranged at question and answer, but stout, hearty, jolly old fellows; sturdy in the chest and waist, and such muscular and sinewy arms, thrown out as if they would knock the wind down. You may see something like them at Guy's cliff, in the avenue which they form; but oh they are babies compared to these on my common. Well, so they stood, solemnly waving their dark garments in the breeze, or motionless in their silent and deep worship of nature. Magnificence dreaming! Nothing there was touched by the hand of civilization, thank God. Yes, one change had been made, and I felt that the milk of human kindness was not all soured within me. This was a fanciful and beautifying improvement. An extensive old gravel-pit had been spread with productive earth and mould, without diminishing its depths perceptibly, or changing its outlines in the least; all the abruptnesses, hillocks, undulations, hollows, and projections, were carefully preserved, then turfed and planted with trees, shrubs, roots, and mosses; which when I saw them, were flourishing with seventeen years of glory; making one of the most perfect specimens of romantic solitude I ever enjoyed. Who did it? Take nine-tenths of the saints out of the calendar to make room for him.

But to return from this ramble; this so far is a tale of leap years. Pardon me! I did not seek the pun. It lay in my way, and I could not leap over it. Again? Excision is the remedy in such cases; you have a penknife, sir, or madam: cut as deep as you please—I shall not wink an eye-lash. In my ninth year I was *taken off the common*, some friendly or benevolent assistant of my poor father having procured admission for me to a school, in which some thirty boys, all equally with myself the children of indigent parents, were fed, clothed, flogged, and taught, gratis. Luckily there was a very clever man, a strong-thinking man, at the head of this affair: and though my portion of the third class of the gratuities was as great as that which any two of my companions claimed or received, I think all was pretty fairly and impartially dealt; for I was never scrapeless—each day infringing the laws—on the forbidden wall—over it—away into the adjacent fields—on the roof of the house—through the windows—restless for ever, and for ever idle, except by leaps and impulses. Yet I was a prime favourite, and though I did nothing for it, I was usually at the head of my class. Every word of Robinson Crusoe I could repeat from my heart at ten; and how I longed for a desolate island and a man Friday! Philip Quarle and Robin Hood were my mythology; and I had swallowed every book of travels in our 'juvenile library' at eleven. But maps, latitudes, and longitudes, and descriptions of far countries were my heaven. On these I was more accurately informed at thirteen than at thirty-five, after seeing and walking over them. I believe it was not stupidity, but stubbornness for which I was so frequently punished; I was idle over my tasks, but had a rapidity in mastering them, which frequently turned the threatening frown into a smile of approbation. I must be permitted

to speak as freely on this subject as upon others. I am confessing myself; and, be it remembered, that if I speak those truths, which sicken by their egotism and self-conceit, (the egotism ought not to sicken, I profess it,) I have as freely told those things which brand me with infamy; and I shall continue to give myself the whip, and pour the vials of scorn on my own head. I discovered my rapidity of thought very early, by comparison and contention with others. I did those things almost *à l'improvise*, which were to them matters of toil, or, at least, seemed to be so, for hours and sometimes days. I had finished while they were beginning, or, if I began when they were ending, I was ready first. Doubtless they were more correct—but in the matter of theme writing, (as it was called,) for instance, mine was ever the one selected to be read aloud by the master. Yet I was scourged oftener than any other boy; my perceptions were not quickened by that process. This statement surely is no boasting; all was done then as it is now by me, whatever it may be, (except a formal 'how-d'ye-do note,' or any thing ceremonial,) *currente calamo*.

This rapidity is fatal to my hopes of author reputation; the critic will catch me tripping. Of this I am fully conscious; and of the thousand flashes and flushes of thought, with which I have endeavoured to impress paper, I have never yet dared to meet a reader's eye in print, except in a few scraps, which nobody has read, and I have forgotten. I have burnt manuscript 'poetry'—bless the mark! fragments, essays, &c. which would have made twenty octavo volumes, of three or four hundred pages each. And now should not have ventured, but from an imperative cause, and in the reliance that the many remarkable adventures and extraordinary facts of which I shall speak, will keep the reader's eye in dilation.

At this school I remained till my fifteenth year. Reading, writing, and arithmetic limited the aspirings of my education. The words of Lindley Murray I had been compelled to commit to memory, and with as much advantage as words which we do not understand commonly yield. I could score a few lines, curves, and angles, without knowing how to apply them to any purpose of utility. I was naturally practical at tangents; skeleton maps I carried engraved in my brain; I knew that William Rufus succeeded conquering William; that a man named Virgil had written one book of poetry, and Homer another, and of their contents I was quite innocent, both in translation and original; that Milton had written *Paradise Lost*, which I tried to read, but could not; I was tired at the end of every six lines; I was ignorant that anybody had written plays, though I spouted some lines occasionally, which rattled well, and I liked them; I learnt from my father afterwards, that they were composed by one William Shakespeare, who was born and buried at Stratford-on-Avon, (I knew where Stratford-on-Avon was,) and had a singular epitaph on his tomb-stone. These, with some private lectures from my father, (to which I may have occasion to allude hereafter, for he was anything but conventional in his philosophy,) were all the properties of education which poverty would permit me to acquire in due form; but I had stolen much more than either my natural tutor or my intellectual trimmer was aware. I had poached on grounds which the latter would have flogged me, I dare say, for looking at; while the former would

have clapped his hands with joyful approbation of my leap into them. He would have rejoiced to see me tear up every blade and root which grew there; though he knew beggary, and scorn, and hate would inevitably be my lot through life, if I ventured to touch them in check of their growth; for he believed they poisoned nature. And what was this which I had learnt by stealth? That it was prudent to say *yes* by implication, and do *no* directly—all in an honourable way, note ye. That one man's kick of another down stairs, should be accompanied by a drowsy voice, and a sleepy eye; all in an honourable way:—or, he might deliberately and gradually blight his soul and burn his heart, while he looked at, and spoke to him as blandly as if he were fitting him with wings for a flight to Paradise; still in an honourable way! How did that book creep into the juvenile library of such a school as ours? It was a volume of instructions for the attainment of the elegances and refinements of common sense; this of course was not its title. Surely it must have been placed there by one of the patrons of the school in sarcastic bitterness! I read it over and over, and through and through, and never forgot its precepts. They were struck deep into the malleable iron of my memory. I scorned, loathed, and abhorred them! Their design never succeeded with me, they could not touch me, they never could chill my affections. Hence, probably, I gradually imbibed an opposition to myself, my tongue of asperity and bitterness, while every untongued thought was so contrary in its tendency. By that book I was taught to avoid society, while I yearned to mingle in it every hour; I feared myself. Hence, perhaps, my affection for young children, my preference of a dog's congratulatory wag of his tail, to a man's 'how d'ye do?' Hence my love of every individual and my aversion of men in masses. I shrink from, because I am unfit for, the sympathies of society, its components cannot, or will not understand me, and they have driven me to the extremity of thinking, that, to become a sensible man in their opinion, I must be first a scoundrel in my own.

Thus I have exhibited my sources of education up to my fifteenth year, and, except in the article to which my last paragraph alludes, they were poor indeed. That single article I did not believe, at the time, would be of import in my future destiny. It has swoln into a broad and deep stream since. But there was a warm fountain of inexhaustible knowledge within me, then—feelings—so please you, and whatever else I learnt afterwards, was drawn from that fountain. '*C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie*,' if I may presume to think I have arrived at any philosophy.

With such head, or rather heart, stores, did I go forth from school to earn salt to my porridge. I shall improve in my phraseology as I advance: when I arrive at the academy in which I made my acquisitions of elegant colloquy, viz., the 'tween decks of a frigate, and the cock-pit and gun-room of a seventy-four, my readers will be repaid for their present indulgence, by the ornaments of diction, flowers of rhetoric, and rounded periods, which will be scattered in every page, but that will be two years from this 'salt to my porridge' seeking: till then let it be salt to my porridge, or any thing else which my pen takes it into its nose to express my meaning by. This salt to my por-

ridge I was set to earn, for I am sure my labours did not pay for the porridge, and the balance against me must have been enormous for beef and batter pudding, mutton and mince pies, tarts and trifle, which gladdened, and often grieved, my viscera.* I was bound apprentice to an uncle to assist in putting his warehouse in disorder, with the hope of advancing to a desk in his counting-house; the apex of my soaring in life, was that to be. Chain me in a counting-house! Nail me to a desk! The most wretched of God's creatures held an existence of undimmed bliss compared with my life. Life! place a frog on a mountain cliff, and he'll be as much in his element as I was. I was a chamois in a rat-hole; a bonita in a bucket; an eagle in a cellar. I desired Mont Blanc for a breakfast-parlour, a sea for a washing basin; a sky for my drawing-room. I became a breathing cabbage stump, a talking turnip. Did I not struggle against this failing? I did struggle. Day and night I struggled, in solitude, in my occupations, and in my holidays; it was all struggle with me, and none knew that I struggled. Could no one see it? no? why, the marks which I bear now, so deeply cut, were indelibly impressed on me before I was seventeen. There were hundreds who would vouch for my being forty, at least, when I was not twenty-six years of age. I might have passed as the grandfather of my own child at that age. What were these marks? Ardour, scorching and shrivelling the surface on which it was forbidden to blaze, the cicatrizing lacerations of wounded and insulted nature, the dry rents and fissures which were left by the streams of passion when they were violently thrown back from their course; still they ran, they must run. They should have been permitted to flow in their channel: a finger touch would have calmed their impetuosity; a breath would have smoothed their roughness into bright and smiling ripples: but the effort was to dam them up. The consequence may be foreseen; for the freshening verdure and beautiful flowers that would then have adorned the whole soil through which they rolled, we have the cataract and the marsh: the undermined banks crumbling in upon the waters, and engendering pestilence. My father's would have been that finger, his would have been that breath, if I had spoken freely to him. The reflections which I have made since on his never forgotten lessons, show me that that was exactly the point at which he was aiming; but others, with whom I was more frequently in contact, told me 'they were sinful, they were injurious,' &c.; they were not! they were good, beautiful, and just! But was I, even then, without happiness? No; I communed with myself in the unfrequented green lanes, in the woods and coppices, by retired pools of water; and often lost sight of all things which corroded my feelings: and my spirit floated buoyant and delighted then. I have there laughed and sang, and talked with my nature aloud, and, unchecked by fear or doubt, the joyous tones of the bliss, for it was bliss, which was then and there kindled, rose from my heart, and leaped through the surrounding atmosphere with as much luxuriance of freedom as the skylark's song in æther. Yet I was compelled to go back to reality.

* A man learns much by accident. I discovered that I was certainly a man of superlative genius by casting my eye over a penny publication called the *Doctor*, because I was so subject to the, 'belly-ache.'

My uncle never 'thrashed' me: though, according to rules, I deserved such punishment every day. But therein he happened to be a philosopher of a different school. He seldom scolded me, though the provocations I gave him would have turned the voice, mellow as a flute's, into the teeth edging and ear grinding of a saw under the file. There was a sort of jesting in his mode of punishing me. He once wrote on my little mahogany desk (it was polished and glistening, not long to continue so, when he first pointed to it as mine,) in the accumulated dust on its surface, the word 'sloven,' with the feather end of a quill. I understood that much better than I should have done thrashing and scolding. He often frowned at me, as darkly as his kind features could be twisted into a frown; and the strings of his kinder heart drew all the muscles back into placidity again. He was order embodied, method personified, neatness to a grain of dust upon a hair, regular as the sun—(not up so early)—business-like as a clock; what an anomaly of heart and habit was he! and I—I have said what I was—what anomalies were he and I together! An iceberg jostling against Etna! He must have thought me an irredeemable soul, a worthless booby. He was a most kind, unostentatiously benevolent, and warmly-affectioned man. But he was my master, and had a right to expect, and to exact from me, a devotion to that which was really drawing my life-blood from my veins. True, true! he did not see it. He could not know it, a sapling to him was a sapling, and whether a cinnamon or a fir, in the one soil and climate, it was to flourish at the owner's bidding. Was he singular in this? no! the singularity, the eccentricity is in consulting nature's appropriateness, in cultivating humanity. 'Educate each child to his future station in life,' that is, his rank, as it respects the size of the house in which he is to live, the clothes he may wear, and the money he may be able to spend. Ha ha, ha, ha, ha! such is the wisdom of education! good, frightfully good! and this is to be continued, though its consequences are a hundred withering and breaking hearts added daily to the number which it has already broken. It is frightfully good; whether educated in expectance or certainty of riches, or of poverty, the consequences are the same: though, God knows! there is a majority of victims of the former class. Oh, I have seen their writhings through all the veils of concealment. I writhed in sympathy which they could not see. I could and did sympathize, but had no power to balm. I had studied *man*, their only books had been 'the world.' I have been the object of their pity and bounty, while my thankfulness towards them, my true gratitude was mingled with yearnings of sorrow and compassion.*

The reader will be good enough to remember that I warned him before I set foot on this road of my life, that I should frequently pause to look at something by the way; that I should stray out of the path and from the present bound to the future, to gaze back on the past; that I should be discursive and digressive, but yet return to the spot from which I had abruptly broken and widely roamed. So do I now return to my uncle's counting-house, and I believe hence-

* In the course of my narrative I shall offer some '*daring*' opinions, and boldly state facts, in a few words on this 'education' affair. To crush it, it must be shown to be ridiculous, absurd; not seriously contested.

forward, I shall take much fewer rambling excursions from the main road, although I may leap over hills and dales, rivers and seas in my course. There I did not, I could not continue long: of my abstraction of myself, and some character-fixing incidents previous to it, I shall speak in the next chapter.

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. 6.

[From the Commonplace-Book of an Invalid.]

FRENCH LAWS OF SUCCESSION—General objections thereto considered—Vain attempts of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. materially to alter them—Present state of the laws of succession—Different in America and England—Objection to the French laws stated—How answered—Striking testimonies to the effects of the laws of succession—Civil and religious liberty, with universal education, the palladium of states.

IN England, where, as has been forcibly and too truly said, ‘aristocracy has but *one* child,’ the laws of succession in France have been generally and indiscriminately condemned. ‘By these laws,’ it is objected ‘a man is unjustly prevented from disposing of his property as he chooses,’ and yet, say the French in reply, ‘it is only when he chooses to dispose of it in violation of the ties of natural affection and common justice, that the laws of France would interfere to prevent him.’ ‘Is it just,’ demand the advocates for these laws, ‘that the eldest son should be splendidly provided for, and be enabled to live and riot in luxury and wealth, whilst his brothers and sisters are reduced to comparative beggary? Up to the period of the parent’s decease, all are alike inmates of the paternal mansion, all partake of, and are familiarized with, a style of living and expense proportioned to the income of their father. At his death, all but the eldest child become intruders in the house of their ancestors, are maintained by their brother there in a state of dependence, or, banished thence, are forced to seek the means of a scanty and precarious livelihood, where, and how they can. If there is a living in the family, one of the brothers is destined for the Church; this may prove a provision for a younger child, but may it not be asked, is it such a provision as the laws of God and the genuine principles of the Christian religion approve? Should the *motive* for entering on the holy task of teaching the religion of him, who pointedly reproved the worldly-mindedness and ambition of some of his disciples, be or partake of any thing worldly? In addition to the Church, provision for younger children is usually looked for in the army, the navy, and in the public offices of the state; but besides the questionable lawfulness of professing Christians, undertaking *war* and *bloodshed as a trade*, and the at least doubtful justifiableness, of one man killing another, who has never personally offended him, at the command of a third person,’ say the defenders of the French laws, ‘promotion in either comes but tardily, the lower grades in the two first are more expensive than remunerating, and

in *all*, the independent feelings of suitors, whoever may be included under that name, *must* be sacrificed. If the younger brothers of a man of landed property, for instance, are to be provided for, in either of the foregoing ways, patronage is indispensably necessary to their making any considerable progress, and patronage must be bought, or repaid by services rendered in return, which are neither consistent with the respectability of the suitor, or good of the country. In the quarter from which favours are granted, subserviency in return will be expected; and thus, by degrees, the government of a country, instead of being a government *for all* who *pay for it*, becomes in time a government for the comparatively *few*. So that, while political influence and services are bartered for place or promotion, abuses spring up and multiply on all hands; the reforms, which would cut off the sources of this unrighteous traffic, are, of course, objected to by both parties—patrons and satellites; and reform resisted and obstinately protracted must, sooner or later, terminate in revolution. What an example and warning of this kind,' say the French apologists, 'do not our own country furnish! This description of abuses,' add they, 'can be adopted only on a limited scale, whilst the present laws of descent remain inviolate;' but they are ready to admit that they form so material a check to the exercise of undue and corrupt influence, as must necessarily expose them to the hatred and hostility of arbitrary power. Accordingly it afforded no feeling of surprise, that these laws were tampered with, and would have been totally set aside, both by Louis XVIII. and the ex-king, but that the sensation created by the apprehension of the attempt was too strong, the resistance too certain, and the consequences too threatening to be encountered. Whether this reasoning be correct or not, it must be allowed, that if the law in France usurps a portion of the authority which, some persons contend, every man should have, over the disposal of his property after his decease, it does not do so for the sake of *depriving his family* of any part thereof, and of *appropriating it to the uses of government*. And it has been accordingly significantly asked, whether Englishmen who are accustomed, on the decease of their friends, to see the property of their families plundered, first, under the denomination of probate and administration duties, and the same property again a second time still more severely curtailed by the operation of a legacy tax, are quite consistent in exclaiming against the interference of a law which *takes nothing from the family of the deceased*, whilst it merely regulates the division of its property amongst the members of it! By some persons, also, the morality of the right which a man assumes of disposing arbitrarily, whimsically, or unjustly, of what he calls his property, after he has done with it, is at least doubted. And after all, it might perhaps be difficult to distinguish the difference, *in principle*, between the English law which

prohibits individuals from leaving their property away from their families to the Church, as in days of yore, and the French law, which, besides preventing the same enormity, enacts also that they should make provision for each and every member of it. On the same principle also, the French law provides a remedy against a man ruining himself, and bringing his family to want, by gambling and other pernicious vices, in all cases where his family and friends may be fortunate enough to detect the practice in time to anticipate such a catastrophe. This may perhaps also, by some, be deemed an unjust interference with a man's property, but it is nothing more than the English law practises in other cases of insanity, only it is a far less expensive process. It should also not escape notice, when it is so bitterly complained of, that a man under the French laws of succession, 'cannot do what he will with his own,' that the laws interfere much less than the English laws do, with the disposition of a man's property in his life-time, when unquestionably *it is his own*, and that after his death it can scarcely be called *his*.*

Property is an appurtenant not of the dead but of the living, and this is one of the grounds on which the French law of succession rests. It may be called its moral, relative, and social principle. Its political basis and economy are of a very different nature. The effect of the system on the interests of society at large, must be judged of on broader principles. Family affection, family duties, and moral accountableness, attach to the one set of considerations peculiarly, excepting in as far as it may be justly pronounced that in all possible cases what is morally *wrong* cannot be politically *right*.

By the present French laws of succession, on his decease a man's property, whatever it may be, is to be divided into as many portions as he has children, *and one more*, this last share amounting at the least to one fourth of the whole; which the father may add at will to the equal portion of either child, or divide amongst any or all of them as he pleases: so that if a man has one child, he may either in his life-time, or at his decease, dispose of one half of his property at his pleasure; the other half belonging *by law* to the child. If he has two children he is entitled to the free disposition of one-third, each of his children taking a third of right, so that he may in this case make the share of his eldest son equal to two-thirds of his whole property. If a man dies leaving three children, he has

* The illustrious Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Eppes, dated 24 June, 1813, says, 'The earth belongs to the living not to the dead. The will and the power of man expire with his life, by nature's law. Some societies give it an artificial continuance for the encouragement of industry; some refuse it, as our aboriginal neighbours, whom we call barbarians. Each generation has the usufruct of the earth during the period of its continuance. When it ceases to exist the usufruct passes on to the succeeding generation, free and unincumbered, and so on successively from one generation to another for ever.' *Memoirs, &c. of Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America*, vol. iv. p. 200.

a fourth at his free disposal, each child taking his fourth of right; and if the family consist of more than three children, still the fourth of his property is legally at the disposal of the father. Should any child have received in the life-time of the father a marriage portion or gift, this is to be accounted for and considered as part of what he would be legally entitled to on the division of the property; or if found to exceed the legal proportion of the child, the overplus is to be refunded; but if such child renounce all claim to any further share, then, notwithstanding what he may thus have received exceed a child's proportion, he may retain the same.* Males and females being alike entitled in the eye of the law, the marriage portion or inheritance of a man's wife not unfrequently makes him as rich a man as his father; thus, in the best possible, because in the most equitable way, preventing the eldest son of a family from losing his place in society, even in the estimation of those with whom wealth is every thing, and talents and virtue nothing. This does not at first sight appear a very unrighteous disposition of a man's property, or one very different from what natural affection and justice might dictate; but it must be confessed, it is not calculated to gratify the ambition of making or continuing a great, that is to say, a rich man in the family at the expense of its younger branches. It therefore finds little favour in the sight of those who pride themselves on the recollection of the courtly servility of ancestors, and is anathematized in particular by '*les frères de la doctrine Chrétienne*,'† who, it would seem, are *not* of the opinion that a good father ought to allow of no preference in his affection for his children but what arises from good or bad conduct on their parts. It must also be admitted that these laws stand grievously in the way of the revival of those 'pious frauds,' which in England as well as in France beggared whole families to enrich the Church. On the other hand, many persons contend that nothing can justify the desertion of a child by its parent; and they consider the doubling of the share of any one child to be sufficient reward for greater devotedness, personal attachment, or superior good conduct on the part of that child; and that it is as unjust as it is opposed to the dictates of paternal affection to make one child affluent at the expense of half a dozen others. The Americans say, no man left to the operation of natural feeling would do so cruel an act. In America the law of primogeniture has been long abolished; but the American may leave to his eldest son the whole of his fortune, if he be so evil-minded. '*Still no man does it*,' says Cooper in his '*Notions of the Americans*.'‡ 'It is true,' adds he, 'that the father of an only son might create a sort of short entail, that would work injustice to descendants he could

* Code Civile, chap. iii. s. 1.

† Charles the Tenth's Jesuits, who had the modesty to assume that designation.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 447.

not know, or a father who was educated under an artificial system might do the same thing; but we have proof in the United States that he *will not do it*, under the operation of natural causes.' In France the case is very different; the effects of artificial and unnatural systems are not yet worn out; and in a certain degree under Bonaparte's government, but in a much greater degree under those of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. alarming inroads were made in the new order of things. It should be recollected that France had an enormous evil to contend with in the monopoly of wealth and power in the hands of a few—the genuine offspring of gross misgovernment—and its direful consequences, manifested in the oppression and impoverishment of the great body of the people, to remedy and guard against; while in America great wealth was the portion only of a few, and its influence comparatively small.* In England also, where the extremes of enormous wealth and squalid poverty have been so long the effects, if not the object, of radically faulty principles in the administration of the Government, which, notwithstanding, have fostered hosts of inveterate prejudices, it cannot be hoped that the evils of undue accumulation would be overcome without the strong and wise restrictive interference of the Legislature, until its injustice and impolicy become generally recognised. The leading *political* objection to the French laws of succession is, *That they promote and encourage increase of population beyond the means of adequate support.* To this objection the following reply is offered.

How essentially and influentially the deplorable state of the great mass of the people contributed to that necessary and glorious event, the French Revolution, cannot be doubted. Such events never happen until all hope of the reformation of public abuses, and of bettering the condition of the people by peaceable means, has vanished. The sufferings of the people became intolerable; they had been endured with surprising patience for centuries; but accumulated wrongs, like the mighty waters of an obstructed deluge, will have their way at length, and if havock and destruction mark their course, it ought to be no matter for wonder. If, in attempting to remedy the evils which had occasioned the Revolution, wisdom and prudence, moderation and discretion, did not invariably govern the measures of the actors in this, the grandest effort recorded in the page of history, to restore to man his rights and his happiness, it is no more, under the circumstances of concealed

* Curious and highly interesting is the involuntary testimony of certain prejudiced and therefore hostile persons, in favour of the very truth they are seeking to conceal or invalidate. Thus Captain Basil Hall, in his voyage in the steam-boat from New York up the Hudson river, is full of lamentation on the deplorable effects of the division of property in America—*instancing the Livingstone manor, which formerly, he says, had only one great mansion on it, and included all the land for many miles on the shores of the Hudson. then almost exclusively covered with forests, but which now, having been sold in parcels by its former proprietor, is converted into fifty well-cultivated farms, with handsome houses on them.*

and open hostility, with which the French Revolution was assailed more especially, than was to have been expected. After years of deliberation, the laws of succession, as they are now called, were adopted by the legislature, as the means of remedying and preventing in future, without confiscation or injustice, the evils of enormous accumulation of wealth on one hand, and of extreme poverty on the other, and of giving security to both. After an experience of twenty years, these laws were again brought under the consideration of the legislature, by a government more implacably hostile to freedom than it dared to avow, in the hope of influencing it to revise and to alter them. No means, however base or arbitrary, were left untried to effect this darling object of the despot and the bigot; the laws, however, had worked too well to admit of their alteration; too well for the liberticide projects of the Court; too well for the freedom and happiness of the people. And it remains to this day a striking proof of the improvement they have wrought in the condition of the people, that complaints against the laws of succession are, in France, confined to those who pant for a counter revolution, and for the restoration of the old order of things; while all France would become a Paris of July 1830, if they were attempted to be repealed.*

Whether the French laws of succession are calculated to promote the increase of population in an extraordinary degree, is a question which cannot at present, perhaps, be fully resolved. Unquestionably the population of France has increased since the revolution of 1789, in a proportion exceeding that of any former period, notwithstanding the dreadful loss of life occasioned by foreign wars, and consequent on the repeated attempts to restore

* It is grievous to think that so enlightened and delightful a writer as the authoress of 'Brooke and Brooke Farm,' should have been misled in regard to the effects of the laws of succession in France. That love of truth, and regard for the best interests of humanity, which characterise the [perhaps of the kind] unequalled literary productions of this lady, will doubtless induce her to review what she has written on a subject which must speedily come under the serious consideration of the English people. That these laws should excite the suspicion and hatred of certain classes in England, where prejudice and habit are all on the side of the rich and great, and where a jealous aristocracy trembles for privileges, which, if not further abused, may yet be tolerated for another half century, is not to be wondered at. Nothing can be more characteristic of these classes, than the answer of a great English aristocrat to a friend who was pointing his attention, on the spot, to certain beautiful districts in Switzerland, where all seemed happiness and comfort. 'Yes,' said he, with true aristocratic feeling, 'but this is not a country for a gentleman to live in.' The objection mostly urged against an experiment for bettering the condition of the labouring poor, attempted by the writer of these 'Notices,' on his estate, in Monmouthshire, in the year 1818, was to the encouragement it held out to such a description of persons to congregate not more than half a mile from a gentleman's residence; and then, and since, down to the period of the late registration of votes for the county, every species of difficulty which pride, prejudice, and calumny could devise, has been opposed to the success of the undertaking, it need hardly be said *in van*, when it is added, that out of three experimental villages, after overcoming a two days' most malicious opposition, before the registering barristers, the claim of every cottage-freeholder [possessing, individually, from one to four dwelling-houses and gardens, of the annual value of from five to seven pounds each,] amounting in number to nearly 100, was admitted.

the old order of things. That the conscription laws have contributed to this result, by affording a stimulus to early marriages, there seems to be no reason to doubt. It is not, however, in general the most industrious persons, and such as are in the enjoyment, and know the value of property, who are most prone to engage in early marriages, and to involve themselves in the expenses and embarrassments of a family. Large families are rarely to be met with in France. In what are called the higher classes, four children are reckoned a great family; and unless there be much misapprehension on the subject, it is by no means certain that the check and preventive system insisted upon by certain political economists, is not pretty extensively practised in France. Amongst the labouring poor in England and Ireland, it is commonly those who have nothing to lose, who heedlessly and prematurely marry; whilst on the other hand, the fortunate few who have comfortable dwellings and good gardens, *especially if these are their own*, calculate long before they run the risk of endangering their comforts and independence. Why the increase of population in France, since the year 1789, should be so pertinaciously attributed, *and as a crime*, to the multiplication of landowners, whilst during the same period in England (where the contrary practice of absorption of small farms into large, and in every respect an opposite system, has prevailed) the population has increased in a considerably greater ratio,* it is difficult to conjecture, unless done in ignorance, or in the exercise of the still more disgraceful imputation of wilful deceit.† The average duration of human life has, however, been greatly prolonged since the Revolution; and that this is chiefly owing, as Mr. Bakewell and other good authorities say, to a large proportion of the population being enabled, by the more equal distribution of land, to live in a state of greater comfort and security than formerly, there is little doubt.‡ That undue and premature increase of population is to be best prevented by raising the moral and intellectual character of the industrious classes few persons will deny; but this cannot be done while masses of the people are occasionally in want, and consequently wretched, despairing, miserable. The neglected, if not despised, but golden maxim, of the late Count Romford, that *to make the poor better you must first make them happier*, will be found, sooner or later, of greater practical value than all the specious acts of professed statesmen, or the vague speculations of political economists put together. In France, as everywhere else, people will obey the dictates of nature, and ‘increase and multiply,’

* Supplement to the Encyclo. Brit.

† It appears that the population of France does not double itself in less than 150 years, and that of Great Britain in about *half that time*. Hist. and Typog. of the United States of America, vol. ii. p. 300.

‡ Will this also be cited as an objection to the laws of succession?

but it is only where the people are free, happy, and enlightened, that they will do this with discretion. In France, as elsewhere, there is, and has been, and will be, occasional distress, and people, who have never thought on the subject but superficially, or who are interested in assigning any but the true cause, readily ascribe it to over population, and that over population (where it suits their selfish purposes) to a division of landed property sufficiently extensive to shock the prejudices and alarm the fears of a cold-blooded monopolizing aristocracy; whilst in fact it is to be attributed more truly to misgovernment with its incubus of over taxation, and its never-failing goule-like attendants of multitudes of *idle gentlemen*, who in secret devour the substance and neutralize the labours of the industrious. As to the idea of France being at present over populous, nothing can be more absurd. If the noble energies and astonishing activity of the French people are not again misdirected and their confidence abused; if the lands of France capable of bearing food for man be brought gradually into cultivation; and if a great proportion of those lands now under cultivation be improved in any degree approaching to their capabilities, France may double her population without fear of its exceeding the means of comfortable subsistence; and provided also THAT subsistence be but reasonably and equitably distributed.*

In the department of the Indre and Loire, certainly one of the finest districts of France, there are still nearly 200,000 English acres of totally uncultivated land, besides extensive half-stocked forests, and thousands of acres of swamps and lakes (*étangs*) capable of being drained to great advantage; together, nearly equal to one third part of the cultivated land, '*terre labourable*,' of the department. In France, and in all other countries, provided the government be in *deed* and in *truth*, a government for the *many*, and not a government for the *few* only, administered on the firm basis of civil and religious liberty, in the simple but genuine spirit of unsophisticated political economy, the time is so remote when the means of subsistence *need* inconveniently press on the population, that the most timid may dismiss all apprehension on that score, and safely leave the contingency, whatever it may be, and whenever it may arrive, in the hands of that Providence, 'who heareth the ravens when they cry for food,' and without whom 'a sparrow falleth not to the ground.' We cannot for one moment believe that He who formed the earth and hath 'given it to the children of men,' has established laws of human procreation incompatible with the dimensions and capabilities of the physical world; and entertaining no doubt that the earth is calculated to maintain a vastly greater population than has ever yet existed upon it, we can with the utmost confidence leave the ultimate result to the disposal of

* In England we have a law to compel the poor to maintain their relations when in want, but this is practically applied to the lower classes *only*.

Almighty power and infinite wisdom, without attempting to contravene the laws of nature by the impotent arm of human legislation.*

That the French laws of succession afford to the weaker classes of society assurance of protection in the enjoyment of their property in an eminent degree, and therefore hold out encouragement to acquire it, cannot be doubted; and Mr. Malthus himself says, in a late edition of his work on population, 'Of all the causes which tend to encourage prudential habits among the lower classes of society, the most essential is unquestionably *civil liberty*. No people can be much accustomed to form plans for the future, who do not feel assured that their industrious exertions, while fair and honourable, will be allowed to have free scope; and that the property which they possess, or may acquire, will be secured to them by a known code of just laws impartially administered. But it has been found by experience, that civil liberty cannot be permanently secured without political liberty. Consequently political liberty becomes almost equally essential; and, in addition to its being necessary in this point of view, its obvious tendency is to teach the lower classes of society to respect themselves, by obliging the higher classes to respect them, must contribute greatly to all the good effects of civil liberty.'† If to civil, political, and religious liberty, be added a wise and liberal system of universal education, society will have discharged some of the duties it has so long neglected, and mankind will be no longer wantonly or wickedly defrauded of the enjoyment of that portion of rational happiness and means of further improvement in knowledge and virtue, which the benevolent Author of our being in his infinite wisdom and goodness, unquestionably intended for man in this stage of his existence. The fallacy of the exclamations against the over-population of the present day will then be practically proved; all mankind will be convinced from experience, that in the vocabulary of nations *population* ought to stand for *wealth*, and the paramount object of every sane person in society will be *the promotion of the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number*.

M.

A LETTER TO THE REV. — —, UNITARIAN MINISTER OF — —,
FROM THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

MY DEAR SIR,—There has certainly been, as you state, a withdrawal of support, by Unitarians, from the *Monthly Repository*, which, though its tendency be amply counteracted by the rapid growth of public encouragement, yet requires some notice from me on account of the circumstances under which it has occurred.

* History and Topography of the United States, chap. on population, vol. ii. p. 307.

† Principles of Political Economy, c. iv. sec. 2.

You know my opinions, and that I have never shrunk from any name, however unpopular, by which they might be fairly designated.

If not to perceive evidence of the doctrine of the Trinity, constitute an Unitarian, assuredly I am one as much as I have ever been; but if the appellation be construed to imply approval of qualities and conduct which cripple, for most useful purposes, the power of a body of intelligent, wealthy, and influential persons; and tend to degrade into a dwindling sect those who might, in conjunction with like-minded men of other classes, take the lead of public opinion; then I disclaim the term. I will not believe that things are yet come to such a pass; although I cannot but perceive that the hostility manifested towards the *Monthly Repository*, is of the same species with that, which attempted to neutralize my opposition to infidel prosecutions, which embarrassed my advocacy of the East India missions, which for so long a time postponed the establishment of a City mission or ministry for the poor of large towns, and which has baffled various attempts that I have made, at different times, to render the Association more efficient. There are too many Unitarians who are lagging behind the age; and if they can hold back the body itself, it may lie down and die by the roadside, when it might be advancing, full of vitality, and rendering the noblest services to the community.

No religionists are so feeble as Unitarians for any little, narrow, mean, sectarian purposes; none so strong as they, did they but feel their strength, for general good. Their faith, taken controversially, is chiefly a string of negations; taken positively, it consists of the great and universally allowed principles of religion and morality. Of these principles, therefore, they are the natural advocates; of these principles in all their boundless and beneficent application to the concerns of public and private life, of national and individual conduct, of politics, literature, art, philosophy, and the condition of society. This advocacy is their mission, and I verily believe that they will flourish or fall, as they ought, in proportion as it is discharged or neglected.

To this work I devoted the *Monthly Repository*; giving my name as editor and freely taking all the inconveniences of such publicity, that there might be no annoyances to others on account of my individual opinions; ridding the Magazine of technical theology, and petty details, and uninteresting, critical discussions, that its general usefulness might not be impeded; and sparing no time, toil, or sacrifice, to render it an useful auxiliary in the great struggle for improvement, moral, mental, and physical. Every question which affects human enjoyments and hopes, I have considered as within its scope, and have procured, if I could, the aid of the appropriate talent for its discussion. And the offence which I have given appears to be that in so doing, I am considered to have made the work *less Unitarian*!

I have patience with me while I briefly comment on such reasons as have been assigned for this unexpected hostility. I shall begin with the minor offences, and proceed to the heavier charges, only premising that, paltry as the former may appear, the opposition had attained its full vigour, and put forth its strongest demonstrations, while these were all that could be alleged. In fact, an opposition Magazine was talked of within three months after the sale to me of the *Monthly Repository*.

The first great complaint was of an alteration in the *title*. I omitted

the words *Theology* and *General Literature*, because I thought they conveyed either too much, or too little. Fully to express my purpose, I must have added to them *Philanthropy, Politics, &c. &c.* *Omission* seemed better; especially as *Monthly Repository* had always been the whole title used in common parlance, or (mostly) in printed reference. It has been said that this indicated the future exclusion of theology; it might as well have been construed to portend the exclusion of general literature. It has also been confidently represented as a violation of the written contract of sale between the original proprietor and the Unitarian Association, (under which contract the work was sold to me,) by which he is bound not to raise the price of the *Christian Reformer*, and thus bring it into competition with the *Monthly Repository*; and by which the proprietor of the *Monthly Repository* was bound not to render useless the property of the back numbers of the old series. But besides that this change was less than that made by the Unitarian Association, (they having commenced a new series; I merely omitted two superfluous words,) I previously ascertained of the former proprietor, that the back numbers were no longer of the slightest account, and that I was, therefore, at perfect liberty.

Much was also said, and many copies discontinued on account of the relegation of the *Congregational Intelligence*, Obituary, &c. to the *Unitarian Chronicle*. To give that Intelligence, as it should be given, must occupy much space; abridgement displeases the parties; many Unitarian readers had expressed their non-interest in it, and wish to see the space otherways occupied; even without it, the *Monthly Repository* was small for my purpose; and it was an obvious impediment to the efficiency of the work. I at first thought that the best place for it would be the *Christian Reformer* or the *Pioneer*. But I had bought it, and it was in a pecuniary view, in the then condition of the work, the best part of my purchase. I therefore offered, in succession, to treat with the proprietors of those works; they both declined (not my terms,) but to treat at all; not being disposed to sell their property, any more than I could afford to give mine. The *Unitarian Chronicle* was therefore instituted; a measure simply equivalent to raising the price of the *Monthly Repository*, (which I had a right to do, and which the Unitarian Association Committee had once discussed the expediency of doing,) but raising it with this advantage, that the rise was optional with the buyer, and to those who only cared about the Intelligence it was a large reduction.

A correspondent remarks, that, 'as the year 1832 advanced,' the *Monthly Repository* 'was losing those peculiar characteristics by which it was the bond of union, and the medium of communication among Unitarians.' I must take these two things separately; and first of the last: as a 'medium of communication' the *Monthly Repository* had long ago ceased to be used to much purpose or extent. When I took the editorship, in 1828, I did all I possibly could to vivify and enlarge the *Miscellaneous Correspondence*, but to little or no purpose. The habit had passed away. The want had ceased to be felt to any extent; but so far as it might still exist, there was ample provision for it in the *Unitarian Chronicle*. And now as to the 'bond of union.' Is there no fitness for this in the purpose which I have described?

Will nothing unite us but the dry, ceaseless, and reiterated assertion of two or three points of controverted doctrine, with the arguments and criticisms thereunto appertaining? Is theology never to be clothed with flesh and blood, and breathe the breath of life, and walk forth amongst men, and speak of all things pertaining to humanity, that by its sympathies, conjoined with its superiority, it may raise humanity towards heaven? If not, why then it seems to me that the 'union' must be of little worth and brief duration. Moreover Unitarians had themselves pronounced a verdict which could not be mistaken on those 'peculiar characteristics' which, if there be any ground for it, are the object of my Correspondent's regret. Besides that under the original proprietorship of the *Monthly Repository* the cry of 'help' was repeatedly heard, it must not be forgotten that the Unitarian Association, in the short space of five years, sunk upon it, in vain, the sum of *six hundred and seventy pounds*. This was warning to the present proprietor not to tread exactly in their steps, had there not been higher inducements (for the sake of which he purchased the work) to pursue a better course.

In consequence of this allegation, the contents of the volume for 1832 have been analyzed, and the result shows that nearly one half of the original articles, and of the books reviewed or noticed, relate directly to the truth of Christianity, devotion, theology, or some form of the higher and spiritual concerns of man, while the remaining portion includes all other topics whatever; and that so far from any gradual change, the last three months yield a larger proportion of the former class of topics than the preceding three months. But had the result of this analysis been ever so different, I should have protested against its being evidence that the *Repository* was losing any characteristic essentially connected with its title to Unitarian support. I should have thought that as the editor had neither asked nor received (what had been afforded in former times) pecuniary aid towards the expenditure, and the occasional payment of contributors; and as he was known not to have capital himself for that purpose, some allowance would have been made by all considerate persons, for the unavoidable fluctuations of a work depending on voluntary contributors, where each will write on the subject that he himself selects, and not on that which may best accord with the editor's notions of the proportion and completeness of his forthcoming number. I should also have thought that some allowance would have been made for a larger admixture of miscellaneous matter, as thereby the *Monthly Repository* was gaining a character it never possessed before of being generally readable. I must also mention, with whatever pain and regret, that as to articles of the first class, I suffered many disappointments. On purchasing the work, I applied in most Unitarian quarters where I had reason to expect both *ability* and *will* to assist me; previous experience had taught me, that the latter was not quite coextensive with the former; and I received, together with some rebuffs, many promises, of which some were only partially fulfilled, and others not redeemed at all. Still I chiefly looked to Unitarian writers, and they were the sole recipients of what resources I could apply on behalf of contributors. Moreover, besides all these fair deductions and allowances, it should be remembered that there was the *Unitarian Chronicle*; established

by myself at a considerable expense ; cheaper than any thing perhaps ever seen before the publications of the Diffusion Society ; the first number presented gratuitously to all the subscribers ; the additional expense very trifling ; the intelligence collected with a pains and completeness heretofore unknown amongst us ; and that, in this, together with the *Repository*, there was an ampler provision made for the kind of want to which my correspondnet refers, and I must say, of much of it, superior in quality, as well as larger in quantity than had ever before been presented.

Would it not have been more generous conduct in the leaders of the Unitarian body, if, on becoming dissatisfied with the work, they had made overtures for its repurchase, rather than have pursued a course of desertion, hostility, and threatened opposition, the obvious tendency of which was totally to ruin the publication, for which their Association had just received the purchase-money ?

Some complain of the work on account of its political articles. They object to its politics, *i. e.* they object to *my* politics ; as I should object to theirs, were they editors. For a publication to attain general interest and influence, as a vehicle of moral truth, and yet be silent or neutral on the stirring political questions of the times, is not possible, nor is it desirable. And if the work be the sole property of an individual, whose name also is given to the world as its editor, whose politics but his should be inculcated in its pages ? Esteeming the power of the work to consist mainly in its frank and earnest spirit, I have been as little disposed to reservation on this point as on any other. And I should have thought that the benefit to society of introducing such a frank and earnest spirit into our literature, might have been put in the balance against an occasional difference on a political question with a subscriber.

The gravamen of the political offence appears to be, that the *Monthly Repository* does not enforce confidence in his Majesty's Ministers. It *did*, (and that upon the strength of the personal characters of some of them, their previous professions, the principles on which they avowedly took the government, their introduction of the Reform Bill, and their appeal to the nation's reliance,) until after the memorable restoration in May last. From that time, their whole conduct seems to the editor to be a warning to the people to do that, which it is commonly best and wisest for a people to do, rely solely upon themselves. And never can the people be largely and permanently benefited by any party, however well intentioned, until they do learn to rely upon themselves, and qualify themselves by intelligence for self-reliance. Their only true friends are those, who strive to advance this process ; those who put knowledge within their reach, political knowledge ; not those who limit the means of its attainment for considerations of revenue, which if correct are paltry, and of the incorrectness of which the proof has been repeatedly tendered. We shall never have confidence in any political men with whom the instruction of the people is not a paramount consideration. Lord Althorp has lowered the duty on advertisements : that is a boon to the great newspaper monopoly, which he had in his hands the means of breaking up, and giving fair play to the national intellect.

The remaining objection is to those articles which relate to the condition of women and the marriage question.

That any of these should have been thought to be written 'in a style adapted to awaken the conceptions of the sensualist,' for so a reverend correspondent expresses himself, is to me marvellous. It was evidently not only remote from, but totally inconsistent with the purpose of the writer. Of the various public journals which have favourably noticed that number, not one has hinted such a charge, though many have quoted, and some largely, from the article particularly alluded to. Language cannot always be nice when great evils are to be exposed and corrected. But that is not the true and 'virtuous delicacy,' either in man or woman, which therefore veils the evil. It is the situation in which society too often places woman that is itself the indelicacy, and not the roughness of the hand that is held out to raise her from it. No consideration would induce me to let pass a paragraph which I saw had a vicious tendency, but I am not over critical in language, when a vigorous mind is striving for a great good. As to the topic itself, I will briefly re-state my notion of the evil and of its remedy. The fearful number of unhappy and outcast women in this country, the miseries which render their lives, at least so it has been estimated in London, when reduced to that condition, of only about three years average duration; the ceaseless supply of this fearful vacuity by the nefarious arts of seduction; the wide-spreading demoralization of youth and manhood; the low and trifling objects to which what is called female *education*, is commonly directed; the extensive failure of the marriage institution, as at present existing in this country, as to the accomplishment of the higher purposes which it should realize; the anomalies, grievances, and offences, which arise out of this failure; and the wretched defectiveness of that early influence which should form the rising generation to purity and excellence; these are a mass of evil which, if their removal do not constitute an exclusively Unitarian object, assuredly present one which ought deeply to move the heart of every good man and Christian. The remedy or alleviation which has been suggested, in conjunction with a thorough reform of female education and the increase of facilities for the independent support of women, is one derived, not from untried speculation, but simply from the combination of a principle in the Jewish code, with one which obtains in many modern states. The first, connecting seduction inseparably with marriage, and by giving every deceived or ill-used woman legal rights, tending to eradicate the crime; and the other, the adoption of which would be a needful consequence from the former, rendering the contract properly civil; dissoluble by constituted authorities; for causes legally defined; and with due care for offspring, whose situation almost any provision would render better than that in which they are placed by discordant influences involuntarily held together. Now if others can indicate a more effectual remedy, I am very ready to promote their views. Until they do, I must, of course, retain my own unaltered, whether or not uncensured.

Some Unitarians profess not to be able to reconcile these views with, not merely their interpretations of the language of Christ but even 'with the reception of his divine authority.' This novel test of Christianity does, I confess, somewhat surprise me. The first

of my two remedial principles was the law, the divine law of the land, in which Christians lived; and in any land it would be a noble protection for woman, and a powerful restraint on licentiousness. The second principle restricts the facility of divorce allowed to the Jews, even more than it was restricted by the words to which my Correspondent referred. (Matt. xix. 5—9.) For I must observe, that our Lord is not here speaking of divorce by mutual *agreement*, or by *adjudication*; neither one nor the other; but simply of *divorce by the arbitrary and individual will of the husband*. He restricts *that to one case*. But as I do not perceive that he meant to *enjoin* it in the single case to which he restricted it, I am against its existence at all. I think that in no case should a man be allowed to *put away* his wife, without the intervention of the proper authorities, although unhappily thousands of men in this country do put away those who (in my view) are their wives in a *moral*, as they should be in a *legal* sense.

Having already made the reference in the *Monthly Repository*, I need not repeat that this is the exposition of the highest authority on such a subject, *Michaëlis on the Laws of Moses*.

My venerable Correspondent says, he is 'an advocate for making marriage, as respects the law of the land, simply a civil contract, leaving it to the parties engaging in it to connect with it whatever religious service they think proper, and of course not making it compulsory to connect any.' Very just; and herein is contained all that has been affirmed in the *Monthly Repository*. A simple civil contract cannot be independent of civil regulation. Civil authority can cease to enforce, or interpose to annul it, when so required by adequate considerations of public or private good. The necessity of enforcing a contract where no party concerned objects to a release, and the parties most concerned desire it, is a notion too incongruous to endure in the world but as upheld by the misapplication of that religious sanction which has upheld so many incongruities in human credence. I agree that 'this opinion has no relation to the wisdom and consistency with Christianity, of making its duration depend on taste and temper,' except this relation, that it leaves that, with other considerations, for civil regulation. He continues: 'One among the greatest moral advantages of the conjugal relation, is the discipline it gives to the principles and the character; and this would be greatly impeded, if divorce were easy in law and free from dishonour.' Why, so we might say of sickness, but it would surely be an unsound philosophy to deprecate an increased facility of cure. Or, shall we try the argument upon the condition of slavery, which has, no doubt, some moral discipline in it. The simple substitution of the word will suffice. The proof will stand thus: 'One among the greatest advantages of the "Jugal relation," is the discipline it gives to the principles and the character; and this would be greatly impeded if emancipation were easy in law and free from dishonour.' It is said, that if divorce were legal, it would be disreputable. So much the better. It is, no doubt, in itself a great evil, and the seldomer it occurs the better. The tendency of all that has been said in the *Monthly Repository* is to make divorce (a legal separation) much rarer than separation (an illegal divorce) is now. This point was particularly argued by 'Junius Redivivus,' p. 228—230, and yet there has been talk of a tendency to throw down

the barriers of profligacy ! Are the Americans profligate ? The Protestant States of Germany, both Lutheran and Calvinistic, are they profligate ? They have only the half, and the more offensive half, of the remedy suggested. They do allow divorce, but they do not make seduction marriage, without which the manners of modern Europe will never be purified. But I mean not to argue this question at length ; it is only one amongst many, on which great differences of opinion may reasonably be expected. ‘ Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.’ And of all people in the world, let not those be intolerant in such a matter, or make it a test of Christianity, whose faith is regarded by the great majority as a denial of the Gospel and a passport to eternal torment. I will not believe that the spirit I have exposed is cherished by any very large portion, and especially will I not believe it of the rising generation of Unitarians. They cannot be so insensible of the moral and social power which ought to reside in the simple beauty of their faith, blending it with the cause of mental freedom, of political right, of expanding intelligence, and of human improvement. They will never consent to hold the most unsectarian religion in the most sectarian spirit ; and, I trust, will rouse themselves in time to prevent the denomination from being dry-nursed to death, upon the husks of a worn-out verbal controversy. Unless they do, all is over. But if they feel the importance of their vocation, and the worth of their position, and act accordingly, their principles—the principles of truth, love, freedom, and progressiveness—the principles of the soundest philosophy, the purest religion, the most useful morality, and the most inspiring hope, are about to achieve wide and glorious triumphs. And if not a ‘ bond of union,’ they will, at least, ever find a faithful ally in *The Monthly Repository*, which appeals to them, as it does to all good men and true, for support against sectarian hostility, and for renewed encouragement to persevere in its course of sparing no public wrong, neglecting the assertion of no public right, and promoting in every direction that which tends to the perfection of human character, and the increase of human enjoyment.

THE EDITOR.

THE WHITEFOOT OATH.

IN the *Times* of March 20th, under the head of *Kilkenny Assizes*, is to be found the following copy of the oath said to be administered by the Whitefeet to every new member of that confederation or conspiracy :—

‘ 1. I hereby swear to keep counsel of all this united business or ribandism. 2. I hereby swear to suffer the right arm to be cut from the left, and the left from the right, and the right to be nailed to the metropolis of Armagh gaol door, before ever I’ll waylay or betray a brother, or go on a green cloth to swear against him. 3. I hereby swear never to have carnal pleasure with a brother’s wife, sister, aunt, or first cousin, only by lawful permission. 4. I hereby swear never to rob a man, or keep company with a robber, unless in gaol or at work, where it cannot be helped. 5. I hereby swear to give money to the

repair of arms or of ammunition, when called upon by a brother, if I have it. 6. I hereby swear never to have a shilling, and a brother to want sixpence, without giving it to him. 7. I hereby swear never to pity the moans or groans of dying children, but always to wade knee-deep in Orange blood, and to keep down land-jobbers and tithe-jobbers. 8. I hereby swear never to see a brother in danger of transportation or the gallows, if I am able to make up money for him. 9. I hereby swear never to have two coats, two shirts, two pair of stockings, or anything belonging to the body, but will give a brother one, if he requires it. 10. I hereby swear never to sit in company, and hear a brother spoken ill of. If I am not able to fight or resist, I will walk out and tell the next brother I meet what was said, who said it, and in what company. 11. I hereby swear to go fifteen miles on foot, and twenty-one on horseback, when called upon by a brother, upon a lawful occasion, or unlawful, for fear it might be unlawful before we could come back. 12. I hereby swear never to give the secret to bishop, priest, or minister, or any other body, only to a friar, and to never tell the man who made me a Whitefoot, and keep up to the Knight of St. Patrick.'

As I purpose making a short analysis of this oath, I would wish the reader to be divested as far as possible of all prejudice, either for or against. Let him think of the Irish people, not in the light in which the late Lord Castlereagh caused them as far as possible to be regarded, but simply as human beings, just as the Greeks or Poles are regarded. There can be little doubt that both amongst the Greeks and Poles there exists much ignorance, and that there also exist many evils, arising from bad passions, yet there is no one who pretends to be an advocate for human improvement, who would therefore argue, that they should still remain under a system of tyrannical misrule. That would only serve to perpetuate the evil. The fact is, that the Irish people have been suffered to remain in a state of deplorable ignorance, by the sins of omission, both of their landlords and the Government, and the usual results have been produced. Yet the Irish Whitefeet, ought not to be classed with the thieves and murderers who commit outrages in England. This is not the character of the Irish malecontents at present. The only articles they plunder are weapons. The poor Irish are accustomed to regard the law only as an instrument of oppression. They have never found it otherwise. Legal justice in Ireland has been a synonymous expression with the strong triumphing over the weak. The law has afforded the poor no redress for grievances, and consequently, they regard the law, and all who enforce it, only as oppressors, whom they have a moral right to resist by every means in their power. The law gives no quarter to them, and they give no quarter to the law or its agents. I am far from defending the acts of outrage which are committed,—no man can deplore them more than I do—but, in estimating crimes, it is necessary to take into consideration, motives as well as facts. We pity a bigot while we condemn his bigotry; and even a child would point out the distinction between the crime of the robber Turpin, who broiled alive an elderly female, in order to make her discover her money, and the crimes of 'Bloody Mary,' who broiled people alive, because she believed it necessary for the eternal salvation of human souls. *The Whitefeet*

are ignorant men, who cannot see that the proximate cause of their misery is the disproportion between the population and the means of subsistence ; they believe that tithes and bad landlords are the sources of all their evils, and they wage a partisan warfare, in the hope of ameliorating them. This cannot help them, but will, on the contrary, make the evil worse, by diminishing the production of food.

That however there is much hope for the Irish nation, I will endeavour to show, from the very document which is put forth as an evidence of their utter atrocity. We must bear in mind, that the impression of the Whitefeet is, that they are making war upon tyrants, that their cause is just, though held illegal.

I shall take the oath by clauses.

1. This clause is both good and evil. It shows both short-sightedness and wisdom. A secret union must necessarily be a conspiracy, and a conspiracy is a *prima facie* evidence of bad design. But, without secrecy, they would be destroyed piecemeal.

2. This clause indicates that species of stoic firmness, which has ever been held to be an attribute of heroism. It has been admired again and again, in the red Indian suffering at the stake. Suppose it to be that of a Pole, swearing to suffer torture rather than suffer his brother patriot to be betrayed ; and where is the voice will cry shame ? The Whitefoot, then, has one attribute of heroism ; and the shame must rest with the Government, which, by neglecting his instruction, has failed to provide a proper object for the heroism.

3. The Whitefeet only swear to be chaste so far as regards 'the female relatives of 'brothers' of the *clique*. It is clear that the Whitefeet have consciences, and considerable shrewdness in avoiding causes of quarrel. There are several anecdotes of the English aristocracy of the present day, which countenance the practice of 'lawful permission.'

4. This is a moral clause, which clearly shows that a Whitefoot is not a leveller, that he respects the rights of property, and moreover that he has a regard for his character and worldly respectability. Can the 'noblemen and gentlemen,' who have been the associates of the Thurtells and Weares, and other blacklegs, assert that their conduct has been so praiseworthy as that of the poor Whitefoot ? Can the hosts of younger sons and younger brothers, who are accustomed to 'victimize' tradesmen, and then to laugh at them, compare with the Whitefoot for honesty ?

5. The Roman ladies gave their jewels, and the Polish ladies have given their jewels to the cause of their country, and why should not the Whitefoot give his money to purvey effective arms ? One can scarcely avoid smiling at the reservation tacked to the promise to give money—'if I have it.' It is a melancholy evidence of the prevalent poverty, but it is naively brought in at the conclusion of the clause, as if it were only an extreme case. It reminds me of a story told of a *loyal* Irishman, Heaven help him ! who on the occasion of the visit of the Fourth Guelph to Ireland, got into ecstasies with his wondrous condescension in shaking hands with him, and, enlarging upon it to a turnpike-man, the latter remarked, that he should have been better pleased if his Majesty had paid the pike when he went through. Pure loyalty in consequence got so indig-

nant, that he paid the pike himself. Walter Scott, when he heard the story, quietly remarked, 'It is a good story, but the only difficulty I find is, in accounting for the circumstance of an Irishman possessing so much spare coin as would clear a turnpike.'

6. This clause is cooperation *versus* competition, which latter quality has by necessity been forced upon human beings, in order to self-preservation, while human understanding has been suffering an eclipse, from which it is slowly emerging. Cooperation is badly understood at present, and perhaps it is least understood by those who make the greatest use of the name, but the time is coming, when people will wonder at the darkness in which they have been so long dwelling, while the valley of light was close at hand.

7. This, taken literally, is a most horrible clause, and dreadful indeed must have been the exasperating causes, which could have given rise to such atrocious words. In the words, 'land-jobbers and tithe-jobbers,' the cause may be found. The people are starving, and they believe that the removal of the above-named agents will give them bread. The words can scarcely be intended literally; all human beings, save entire savages, must pity pain, when inflicted on young children. The phrase must be held to mean, that the oath-takers will not be turned back from their purpose, even though the pursuit of that purpose should involve the death of the children of their adversaries; and this is precisely what kings and conquerors threaten, and put in practice, when they declare war, and march their troops, and go through the usual routine of the tender mercies of fire and sword. Nothing but the misery and ignorance under which the Irish labour, could prevent them from seeing that the cause of their misery is not in the tithe-jobber or land-jobber, but in the disproportionate increase of their own numbers, which leads them to compete with each other, and to offer enormous prices for land. The land-jobber assuredly does not force them to take the land; that is entirely their own doing. Were their numbers fewer, their necessities would be less, and, instead of tenants outbidding each other for land, landlords would underlet each other, for the sake of procuring tenants.

8. This surely is a clause which does honour to the Whitefeet. They will sacrifice their property to save their brother, to 'make up money for him.' This also carries a sting with it; for it is assumed, as a matter past question, that law in Ireland is so venal, that a man with money may, as a matter of certainty, be respited from that punishment, which he must undergo, if without money. It may be presumed, as a matter of course, that no personal exertions are spared. Now, how many societies can be found in England, meeting together for various purposes, whose members would be thus faithful to each other? How many amongst the 'nobility and gentry?' Colonel Napier has made a proverb of the 'cold shade of aristocracy.'

9. Is not this self-denial, the hardest of all virtues, carried to extremity to relieve a brother's wants? Yet see how the national poverty still shows through all. A man with 'two coats, two shirts, and two pairs of stockings,' is held to be comparatively rich, and able to bestow charity on his poorer neighbours. 'To have a shirt to change, is a luxury. I once heard an English labourer, who got

wetted through by the engines at a fire, one Monday, exclaim, 'I must go home, and put on my dirty shirt.' But poor Pat knows no such luxury; he may say by his shirt, as is said of the lady in the song,

'I know no change in thee.'

What a condition of life must it be, where two shirts are held to be a luxury!

10. The military officer is bound to challenge any one who may speak ill of his regiment; but the Whitefoot will do yet more. If unable to punish the maligner in his own person, he will seek out his brother to bring it about, and omit no opportunity of wiping away the disgrace. I do not advocate the wisdom of the thing. I merely wish to show that the Whitefeet are not behind the officers of the army in their chivalrous notions of honour, and that their principle may be a good one, though a mistaken one.

11. This seems to be their rule of military service; and when it is considered that they serve without pay, and that, unlike the feudal retainers of old, who

'Each at his back, a scanty store,
His forty days' provision bore,'

they are unhappily a provisionless race, at best living only upon potatoes, which Mr. Cobbett says are but a so-so field provision to eat cold; the distance they are willing to go from home, would seem to a feather-bed (or feather-head) volunteer, quite sufficient at any rate for a night march. They have also another disadvantage: they are volunteers, who not only fight without pay, but also with a rope around their necks.

12. By this clause it would seem that the priests, who have been so much abused as the abettors of the Whitefeet, have in reality but little influence over them; and that the holy friars only are considered orthodox. It is much to be regretted that the Government does not see the very great utility there would be in acknowledging by law that the Catholic priests are gentlemen, and thus making them so; giving them salaries, and making it incumbent on them to attend to the moral training of the people, and to instruct them in the very great evil resulting from putting twelve people to live on a potatoe patch, only calculated to support eight in comfort. If the tithe were applied to such a purpose, to support schoolmasters, there would be no clamours for its suppression.

Having gone through the oath of the Whitefeet, I will now give the military oath of allegiance, also copied from the 'leading journal,' in order that the reader may compare them together.

'Oath to be taken by a recruit, enlisting for unlimited or limited service.

'I do also make oath, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty, his heirs, and successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, his heirs, and successors, in person, crown, and dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, his heirs, and successors, and of the generals and officers set over me.

'So help me God.

'Witness my hand,

(Signature of Recruit.)'

Now, is it possible to compare these two oaths, without seeing at once, that the oath of the Whitefoot is that of a freeman binding himself only to the fulfilment of certain obligations which he believes to be for the benefit of himself and his fellows, while that of the soldier is the ignorant and unlimited submission of a bondsman, bound to cut throats for hire, at the will of his master. All present kings are of course the most praiseworthy of human beings, but even if they be like Charles Capet, the oath of unreasoning submission is exacted just the same. There is no stipulation what the services are to be, or for what purposes exerted, 'save the will of 'His Majesty, his heirs and successors, and the generals and officers set over the recruit.' Whether the orders given be good or evil—whether to put down brutal rioters or to massacre peaceable citizens—whether to carry on an atrocious civil war in his native land, or a war as atrocious in a foreign land—the only duty of a hired soldier, according to his oath, is to obey the orders which are given him; in short, to cease to be a man, and to become an animate machine, never questioning the morality of his own deeds, but if he be a willing servant, only anxious to shed blood enough. The Whitefoot may be ferocious, but he is at any rate a reasoning being, so far as his passions and his ignorance will allow him. The soldier, on the contrary, whatever may be his acquirements, whatever may be his feelings, whatever may be his intellect, must learn to forget all, and be a voiceless, passionless slave; or, what is still worse, he must inflict cruelty, even while he loathes it, or submit to the infliction in his own person. Is not the case of Somerville in point? And are there not many others which have been hushed up, and never brought forth to the public gaze? But what must be the crime of the Government, which neglects turning such high moral qualities as they display the capacity for, to no better account. How utterly debased by ignorance must a Government be, which cannot see the obvious truth, that such a people might be led by kind treatment into all the measures which wise and beneficent men would desire, while brutal and tyrannical coercion can at best only serve to convert them into ferocious animals, such as the Greeks have been under the sway of the Turks. We can only console ourselves with the reflection, that Whig misrule was one more of the phases which it is necessary to pass through, ere human nature can get into the prepared but untrodden track of the decided onward march of human improvement. Yet awhile, and the track will be discovered, when compound speed, engendered by certainty, will make up for our former slow progress.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Genius of Judaism. 7s. 6d. (1.)

The Voice of Humanity. No. 11. (Quarterly.) 1s. (2.)

A Grammar of Elocution. By the Rev. S. Wood, B. A. (3.)

What is He? By the Author of Vivian Grey. 6d. (4.)

Address to the Proprietors of the University of London. By J. M. Morgan, Esq. Longman. (5.)

Sunday in London. Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts, by George Cruikshank, and a Few Words by a Friend of his. 5s. (6.)

(1.) Evidently the work of a well-informed, benevolent, and philosophical mind.

(2.) The disinterested, humane, and persevering conductors of this publication deserve more cooperation than they have hitherto received. We had purposed to show our sympathy with them more at large this month, but the Influenza makes man think only of himself, and leave the inferior creation to its fate. One great object aimed at in this work is to procure the removal of that monstrous abomination, and mother of abominations, Smithfield Market, and prevent the disgusting scenes of brutality which continually occur, by the construction of abattoirs in the outskirts of the metropolis. We heartily wish success to this endeavour.

(3.) Mr. Wood has luminously condensed, and in some respects improved upon, Walker's Elements of Elocution. Excellent practice on his rules, and a fund of entertainment besides, may be found in 'Select Pieces for reading and recitation,' published a few years ago by Rev. G. Harris.

(4.) A brief but luminous view of the present political condition of the Empire, which, according to the author, is in a state of transition from the ascendancy of the aristocratic to that of the democratic principle. Reversion to the former he regards as utterly impracticable, and his mind is too strong and clear not to perceive that the vacillation and trimming expedients of the Juste Milieu system can only serve to make us approach the latter by the very worst path. He is for its prompt and hearty adoption; and for procuring, by the repeal of the Septennial Act, the institution of vote by ballot, and an immediate dissolution of Parliament, a House of Commons in better accordance with the people than the present, so that the machine of the State may be able to proceed. The ability and principles of this pamphlet will probably facilitate Mr. Disraeli's entrance upon that arena where his great powers can best promote the cause he has espoused.

(5.) This pamphlet deserves the careful attention of all who are anxious for the intellectual and moral training of the rising generation. The proposed professorship of the science of education would, could the right individual be secured for the chair, confer inestimable blessings on the country.

(6.) The talent with which only that of Hogarth can be put in competition is here exerted to portray the strange doings, high and low, of a London Sunday. The literary accompaniment is humorous, and, though repudiating the monstrosities of Sir A. Agnew's bill, pleads for order and regulation. But the cuts are the charm; they are as full of truth and character as of wit and skill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have complied with M.'s wishes as far as we could; the MS. was sent according to his direction. Part of our List of Publications is postponed, and Asmodeus excluded, for want of space.

POOR LAWS AND PAUPERS.*

THIS is the most painfully interesting of all Miss Martineau's productions. Many of her tales, as 'Ireland' and the 'Manchester Strike' for instance, leave a deep and melancholy impression ; but none are so thoroughly sad as this, in the scenery, the characters, the events, and the whole conduct and tendency of the story. This would be a fault in a work of pure fiction ; in the present case it necessarily arises from the nature of the story, and the purpose of the writer. The dreariness of it seems to have pressed upon her own mind ; and disposed as we are ever to hold fast our faith in human progressiveness, we yet cannot but feel, that as to any immediate counteraction of the tendency of her story, it is rather cold consolation which she administers in the brief preface to this work, when we remember how little disposition or ability has yet been shown by our rulers, to strike at the heart of any of the great evils of the political and social condition of the country. Nevertheless, those evils must be exposed ; the more thoroughly they are exposed, the more shall we abridge the season of palliatives, temporizing, and quackery ; the more shall we hasten the time when the real intellect and energy of the country shall look the mischief full in the face, and apply the remedy with an unflinching though a gentle hand. Meanwhile, let us comfort ourselves as we can with the author's prefatory suggestions.

'The pleasantest office of philanthropy, is, doubtless, to set forth persuasively whatever is pure in human nature, and lofty in social character ; but there is a satisfaction amidst the pain of exhibiting the reverse of the picture, when vice and misery can be indisputably referred to the errors of a system rather than to the depravity of individuals. All social systems being remediable, the task of exposing the unhappy results of any involves a definite hope of the amelioration which must sooner or later follow the exposure. The more clearly evils can be referred to an institution, the more cheering are the expectations of what may be effected by its amendment. Let these rational hopes console the readers, as they have supported the writer of this tale.'

And need of support must the benevolent writer have felt while tracing the wretched and disgusting influences of the poor law system, as at present administered in agricultural districts. The demoralizing scenes of the workhouse and the beer-shop ; the breaking up of the respectable farmer, after his hard, vain struggle against the crushing pressure on his little property of parish pauperism ; the gradual hardening of indigent ignorance into impudence, vice, and the grossest profligacy ; the wild misleadings of the village demagogue, and the fearful excitement of poaching and rick-burning ; the tempting superiority of pauperism,

* Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Poor Laws and Paupers illustrated. No. 1, the Parish, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau No. 78.

idleness, and deception, over integrity and humble independence in their uncheered and desperate struggle; the magisterial humanity, alike busy and blundering, that heaps one aggravation upon another of the evils which it strives to counteract; and above all, the moral bankruptcy and pauperism, the gradual weakening and wearing out of industry and principle from the labourer's mind, until, as by a sort of Manichæan providence, he is transformed into one of the beings whom once he loathed to look upon; these are materials which could not have been combined without many a pang, but which the author has judiciously left to make their own impression on the reader's mind. Whatever the delineation might cost her, she has not shrunk from it. Her humanity has too much nerve to do so, where a great good is to be obtained. The expressions cited from the preface, are the chief indication of how her own mind must have been wrought upon, and of its participation in the reader's melancholy. The bright spot in the story is the little cottage at 'Thorpe Corner,' with poor Ashly its tenant, who holds fast his integrity while his pittance of a hoard is wasting, and he cannot obtain 'leave to toil,' because the idle and drunken pauper must first be accommodated, and starvation stares him and his orphans in the face; and we *do* feel grateful to the author that he too is not finally broken down, that the desolation and degradation which overflow the place yet leave him standing; nor do we know of any thing much more touching than his parting words to the brother of his counsels and of his heart, who had fallen into the snare, had become polluted by the pestilence, and had pointed towards him the gibes and jeers of his profligate associates.

"If we were alone," was Ashly's reply to his gesture, "I would take your arm and never think of the matter again. But how can I be friends with you in a moment, when you have set me up alone to be scoffed at for holding principles which I know to be right. I would have walked with you to the workhouse gate and set your children within it with my own hands for friendship's sake, but I cannot in the face of these paupers so appear to give up my principles." Goodman would have allured him on, but he stood firm, saying—

"Remember, neighbour, you now belong to the many, and I stand alone. When you were on my side, you might have done any thing with me, but you have chosen to leave me alone, and I shall act for myself. I will not quarrel with you, as I said before, but not a step further will I move on this path. Farewell, Goodman; if ever you wish to come and see me, you will always be welcome, and only let me know when you are in distress; but you will not expect me to visit you in the workhouse, unless you were one of the impotent people for whom the workhouse was provided. Farewell, neighbour."—p. 204.

Such a passage as this necessarily suffers very much by being extracted, yet some of its simple beauty must, we think, be perceived. But there is no summary method of putting the reader's

mind into the state produced by the previous history of these two men; of all that they had thought, felt, and done, together and for each other; of privations conjointly endured, and temptations conjointly resisted; and of all that had cemented that lowly friendship which required for its dissolution no less a power than the evil principle of national degradation. To those who have arrived at the scene through the previous narrative, there will seem nothing absurd, in what else might be accounted ludicrous—a comparison of it with the famous farewell of Burke and Fox in the House of Commons, to which, in our minds, it is certainly not inferior in genuine dignity and pathos.

If any thing could lighten the gloom of this story by a laugh, it would be the utterly incredible manner in which Miss Martineau disposes of her country squire, the justice of the peace. By a miracle, such as of old used to cut the gordian knot of romance in the last chapter of the third volume, she has actually completed her catastrophe by enlightening and converting the squire; by making him confess, in the church, that, with his commission and his charities, he had only been doing mischief in the parish, and announce his wise and magnanimous determination, to abstain in future from any intermeddling with the management of the poor. *Credat Judæus aut Athanasius.* Milton by his Areopagitica converted a licenser of the press, but that was a result much less extraordinary. The squire would have made no such speech; nay, we verily believe that if the worthy rector, even after the excellent sermon which he had that morning delivered, had introduced Miss Martineau's name into his lucid statement of the condition of the parish, the squire would most likely have exclaimed,—‘Miss Martineau! — Miss Martineau! as my cousin, the barrister says, let her go home to her mother and make gooseberry pies.’ The whole species is incorrigible. The instructress of a nation can scarcely do better with them, than put them in a corner with a foolscap on their heads. The chancellor might do something more effective.

The materials of this, and of the other three tales which are to follow it and complete the series, are selected from the immense mass of facts which have been accumulated by the agents of the Commission appointed by his Majesty's Government to inquire into the administration and operation of the Poor Laws. A volume of extracts from their reports has already been published by authority, and we believe that more may speedily be expected. This volume, which consists of between four and five hundred octavo pages, and which is sold for four shillings, ought to be in the hands of every man who cares, or pretends to care, about the welfare of the community. It contains matter with which Miss Martineau might indefinitely prolong her series without exhausting it. Even in its original state much of it possesses all the interest of fiction, while bearing indubitable evidence of fact. The con-

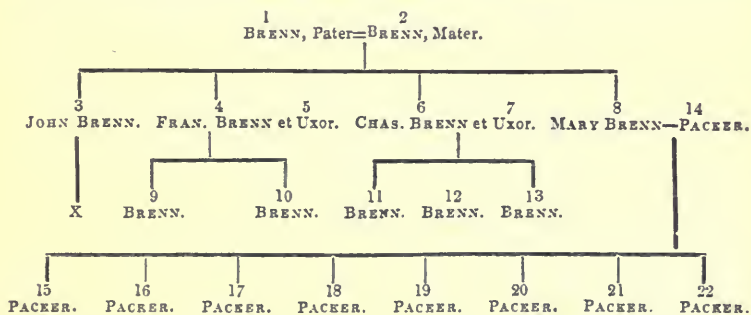
tents of this volume must, to many thousands, be as new and strange as they are grievous. Not the least striking part of them is the similarity which they show between the predatory operations of those who are aloft, and those who are below, in the social fabric. As by means of corrupt institutions and establishments, sinecures, pensions, and taxation for the peculiar advantage of particular classes, we have, on the one hand, a set of idlers preying in splendour on the public; so on the other, by means of workhouses and parish allowances, and public charities, and other pauper privileges, we have another set of idlers preying upon the public in sordidness. The dominion of industry is invaded at both extremities. The honest, independent, and industrious are like an unarmed band between two fires. Our candle is alight at both ends, and it burns away most wastefully. And the tax-eaters of both descriptions pursue a like course towards the tax-payers. These tell us of their vested interests in the public burdens, and those claim their rations as a right. If the lofty idlers fare more sumptuously than do those of the industrious with whom they are more immediately in contact, the same thing may be said of the lowly idlers also. It is demonstrated in this book that there are numbers paying rates who are restricted with their families to a fare which is meagre indeed, compared with theirs, who, in the form of parish allowance and workhouse diet, receive those rates. If the professional man is lured from his straightforward course that he may partake of the wages of corruption, the independent labourer may better his condition by becoming a soldier, yet more by becoming a pauper, and more still by becoming a thief. There is a curious scale (*Extracts, &c.* p. 261,) by which it appears, and the particulars are all given, that the quantity of solid food consumed by different classes rises in the following gradation:—1. The independent agricultural labourer, whose consumption is the smallest of all. 2. The soldier. 3. The able-bodied pauper. 4. The suspected thief. 5. The convicted thief. 6. The transported thief, who is at the top of the scale, and whose condition is to that of the labourer as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, or a weekly consumption of solid food of 330 oz. to one of 122 oz. To increase the disparity of the higher and lower ranks in this scale, it must also be remembered that prison-work is only ten hours a day; the agricultural labourer works on an average twelve hours a day. But to return to our comparison. The ‘Poor Law Reports’ and the ‘Black Book’ have a wonderful resemblance; the names and sums constitute the widest difference. The analogy especially holds in one very amiable feature, viz., that family fondness by which, as soon as an individual finds himself comfortably quartered upon the public, he puts forth a helping hand to draw all his consanguinities after him into the same gracious condition. Everybody must have remarked this in the pension list. There, each greater name, with its thousands, sheds

lustre upon kindred satellites with their hundreds. There, if one may represent many, the

Lady, with her daughters and her nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

The leaders come down upon us like the fathers of the Jewish tribes into Goshen, followed by uncles, sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, and all the long train of genealogical affinities. And so arise the pauper tribes to take possession of their Goshen. The Scotch say 'Blood is nearer than water,' so it is, and pauper-blood is dearer too; it costs the public, beef and vegetables, soup and pudding, beer and gin, or at least sundry things which into gin can readily be, and ever and anon are, transmuted. Some people are born and bred to poor-houses, as others are to peerages, by hereditary right. There are families which seem to multiply to that end. We give below a specimen from the evidence concerning the Reading Workhouse.* It is from Mr. Chadwick's

* 'I made inquiry into the case of the persons of the same name first presented on opening the book, when I found them to consist of a pauper family of three generations, the whole of whom received upwards of 100*l.* per annum from the parish. The parents of the pauper stock were described as remarkably hale old people in the workhouse, who had lived on the parish upwards of 40 years. The father was the man who had been pointed out to me, as an instance of the care taken of the inmates, he having lived so long and so well on the parish. I took down their names in the order which exhibits the genealogy of the *living* pauper family:



'I asked the governor how this last and most widely-spreading branch arose? "That," said he, "was one of our overseer's doings. I warned him against it, but he would do it. Brenn's daughter became pregnant by a weaver, named Packer, and the overseer made him marry her; and see what the parish has got by it!—eight more mouths to feed already, and eight more backs to find clothes for."

'How many more paupers do you consider the parish may receive from this said stock?'—"Two or three score, perhaps."

'The progenitors lived in the workhouse at an expense of not less than 10*s.* per week, (the average expense of the inmates, children included, being about 5*s.* per week each,) Charles Brenn, who was an out-parishioner, received 7*s.* 6*d.* per week, besides shoes and stockings; Francis Brenn received 6*s.* 6*d.* a week; John Brenn is a mechanic, I believe a weaver, at present resident in London, and had 3*s.* a week sent to him,—on what ground, except as a patrimonial claim, on what evidence except his own statement that he wanted it, and must return to the parish if it were not sent to him, I was unable to ascertain. Packer, for himself and family, received 13*s.* a-week of the parish, and "various other advantages." I inquired with respect to the out-door paupers in general, as well as with respect to this pauper family in particular, whether they got no

Report, and he has sketched the family tree in a very lawyer-like manner. It is inconceivable, to any not practically concerned in the management of the poor, and to many that are, but who have not all their wits about them, the frauds which this volume shows to be practised for the sake of obtaining parish money. Many claim and get it while in full work, and receiving more, independently of the allowance, than others who, though sore pressed, yet manage to pay their rates. Three or four lodgings are sometimes tenanted by as many persons in common, that each may claim on three or four different parishes. Children are let out, that travelling paupers may obtain the allowance upon them. Parish officers are frequently under the influence of intimidation. Gross jobbery prevails abundantly. In short, the real distress of the poor is made the pretext for a most extensive and nefarious system of plunder and idleness. And the demoralizing effects which inevitably ensue, are powerfully aided by the charitable institutions which everywhere abound. The full growth of mistaken benevolence, and the kind of fruit which it bears, are best exhibited in the Spitalfields charities. The rector of the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, states himself to have been accessory to a distribution of above 8000*l.* within one year. The whole of his evidence is important. One part of it, though inconveniently long for our limits, we must give. It is the exemplification, in an individual case, of the operation of the various local charities, and is certified by his '*own personal observation.*'

'A young weaver of twenty-two marries a servant girl of nineteen—and the consequence is the prospect of a family. We should presume, under ordinary circumstances, that they would regard such a prospect with some anxiety; that they would calculate upon the expenses of an *acconchement*, and prepare for them in the interval by strict economy and unremitting industry. No such thing.—It is the good fortune of *our* couple to live in the district of Spitalfields, and it is impossible to live there without witnessing the exertions of many charitable associations. To these, therefore, they naturally look for assistance on every occasion.

'They are visited periodically by a member of the "District Visiting Society." It is the object of this society to inquire into the condition of the poor, to give them religious advice and occasional temporal relief, and to *put them in the way of obtaining the assistance of other charitable institutions.* To the visitor of this institution the

additional "relief" from charitable foundations and benevolent people?—"Yes," said the governor, "we have a great many benevolent people in this town, and they help. There is always something or other given; a great deal of coal is given away, and the churchwardens give away linen." He admitted, in answer to further inquiries, that the greatest impositions were practised on the most humane people. One of the paupers had declared to him, that he had as many as six shirts at a time given to him by different benevolent people. It was intimated that, as a matter of course, these things went to the pawn-shop for drink. He expressed an opinion that coals were the best commodity to give away—"as coals cannot be pawned!"'

wife makes known her situation, and states her inability to meet the expense of an accoucheur. The consequence is, that *from him*, through *his recommendation* or *under his directions*, she obtains a ticket either for the "Lying-in Hospital," or for "the Royal Maternity Society." By the former of these charities, she is provided with gratuitous board, lodging, medical attendance, churching, registry of her child's baptism, &c. &c. By the latter she is accommodated with the gratuitous services of a midwife to deliver her at her own home.

'Delivered of her child at the cost of the "Royal Maternity Society," she is left by the midwife—but *then* she requires a nurse, and for a nurse, of course, she is unable to pay herself;—a little exertion, however, gets over this difficulty—she sends to the *district visitor*, to the *minister*, or to some other *charitable parishioner*, and by their interest with the *parish officers*, she has, at last, a nurse sent to her from *the workhouse*. But still she has many wants—and these too she is unable to supply at her own expense. She requires blankets, bed and body linen for herself, and baby-linen for her infant. With these is she furnished by *another charitable institution*. Soon after her marriage she had heard one of her neighbours say, that she had been favoured in no less than *five* successive confinements with the loan of the "*box of linen*" from the "Benevolent Society." She had, accordingly, taken care to secure the "*box of linen*" for herself, and during her confinement she receives occasional visits and pecuniary relief from a female visitor of the charity. By her she is kindly attended to, and *through her* or the "*district visitor*," she is provided, in case of fever or other illness, with the gratuitous services of the *parish apothecary*, or of some other *charitable medical practitioner* in the district.

'At the end of the month, she goes, *pro forma*, to be churchied; and though, perhaps, the best-dressed female of the party, she claims exemption from any pecuniary offering by virtue of a *printed ticket* to that effect put into her hands by the midwife of the "Royal Maternity Society."

'The child thus introduced into the world is not worse provided for than his parents. Of course he requires *vaccination*, or in case of neglect he takes the *small-pox*. In either case he is sent to the "Hospital for Casual Small-pox and for Vaccination," and by this means costs his parents nothing.

'He has the *measles*, the *whooping-cough*, and other morbid affections peculiar to childhood. In all these instances he has the benefit of the "City Institution for Diseases of Children."

'Indeed, from his birth to his death, he may command *any medical treatment*. If his father is a Welshman, he applies to the "Welsh Dispensary,"—if not, or he prefers another, he has the "Tower Hamlets Universal Dispensary," "The London Dispensary," and the "City of London Dispensary." In case of *fever*, he is sent to the "Fever Hospital." For a *broken limb*, or any *sudden or acute disorder*, he is admitted into the "London" or other "Public Hospital." For a *rash*, or any specific disease of the *skin* or *ear*, he is cured at the "London Dispensary." And for all morbid affections of the *eye*, he goes either to the same charity or to the "London Ophthalmic Infirmary." In case of

rupture, he has a ticket for the "Rupture Society" or for the "City of London Truss Society." For a *pulmonary* complaint, he attends the "Infirmary for Asthma, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Lungs." And for *scrophula*, or any other disease which may require *sea-bathing*, he is sent to the "Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary" at Margate. In some of these medical institutions, too, he has the extra advantage of board, lodging, and other accommodations.

'By the time the child is eighteen months or two years old, it becomes convenient to his mother to "*get him out of the way*;" for this purpose he is sent to the "Infant School," and in this seminary, enters upon another wide field of eleemosynary immunities.

"By the age of six he quits the "Infant School," and has before him an ample choice of schools of a higher class. He may attend the Lancasterian School for 2d. a week, and the National for 1d. or *for nothing*. His parents naturally enough prefer the latter school,—it may be less liberal in principle, but it is lower in price. In some instances, too, it is connected with a *cheap clothing society*; in others *it provides clothing* itself to a limited number of children. And in others, again, it recommends its scholars to the governors of a more richly endowed *clothing charity school*. To be sure, these are only *collateral* advantages. But it is perhaps excusable in a parent delivered by the "Royal Maternity Society," to value these above any of the more obvious and legitimate benefits to be derived from a system of education.

'A parent of this kind, however, has hardly done justice to herself, or to her child, till she has succeeded in getting him admitted into a school where he will be *immediately* and *permanently* clothed. This advantage is to be found in the "Protestant Dissenters"—in the "Parochial," or in "the Ward Charity School;" and she secures him a presentation to one of these, either by a recommendation from "the National School"—by the spontaneous offer of her husband's employer—or by her own importunate applications at the door of some other *subscriber*. It is true, some few industrious and careful parents in the neighbourhood *object* to putting their children into these charity schools. With more independence than wisdom, they revolt at the idea of seeing their children walk the streets for several years in a *livery* which degrades them, by marking them out like the *parish paupers* of former days, as the objects of *common charity*. But the parent in question has no such scruples—she has tasted the *sweets*, and, therefore, never feels the *degradation* of charity. She is saved the expense of clothing her own child herself; and she observes that almost all her poor neighbours, like the dog in the fable, have come to think what is really *disreputable* to be a *badge of distinction*. She knows, too, that most of the "*gentlefolks*" who support these charities openly proclaim (Oh monstrous absurdity!) that they were more especially designed for "*an aristocracy among the poor*."

'It is possible that she may not *succeed* in getting her child into a *clothing charity school*—it is more than possible, too, that she may find a more *profitable* employment for him than attendance at the "National;" she may keep him at home all the week to help her nurse her fourth and fifth babies, or she may earn a few pence by sending

him out as an errand boy. Yet even under these circumstances she does not necessarily forego the means of getting him an education, or a suit of clothes for nothing: *even then* she can send him to one of the innumerable "Sunday Schools" in the neighbourhood; and for clothing, she can apply to the "Educational Clothing Society." "The object of this society is the lending of clothing to enable distressed children to attend Sunday schools." *Only*, then, let *her* child be "*a distressed one*," and he is provided by the "Educational Clothing Society" with a suit of clothes which he wears *all the Sundays* of one year, and, in case of 'past regular attendance at school, all the *week-days* of the next. The *Sundays* of the second year, he begins with a new suit of clothes as before.

'The probability, however, is, that, by the time the boy is eight or nine years old, his mother *does* succeed in procuring his admission into the "Clothing Charity School;" and there is the same probability that she will *continue* him in it. She has strong reasons for so doing—for she knows that he will not only be clothed and educated at the expense of the *charity*, but that, when he is fourteen, that is, when he has remained five or six years in the school, he will be apprenticed by it to some tradesman, with a *fee* varying in the different schools from 2*l.* to 5*l.*

'At fourteen, accordingly, the boy is put apprentice by the charity to a weaver, and at the expiration of the usual term he begins work as a journeyman. He has hardly done so, before he proposes to marry a girl about his own age. He is aware, indeed, that there are difficulties in the way of their union; and that, even on the most favourable supposition, their prospects in life cannot be considered flattering.—He has saved no money himself, and his intended is equally unprepared for the expenses of an establishment. He knows that, working early and late, he can earn no more than 10*s.* a week—that, in case of sickness or the failure of employment, he may frequently be deprived even of these—and that his own father, with a wife and seven children, was in this very predicament but the winter before; nevertheless, "*nature intended every one to marry*;" and, in the case of himself and his beloved, "*it is their lot to come together*." On these *unanswerable* grounds he takes a room at 2*s.* a week, and thus utterly unprepared, as he appears, either for the *ordinary* or *contingent* expenses of a family, he marries.

'We may suspect, however, from the result, that he is not so rash and improvident in this conduct, as, *upon an ordinary calculation*, he must appear to be.

'Within a few months she has the prospect of a child—and a child brings with it *many expenses*,—but no matter, *he* need not pay them—for in *his* neighbourhood he may fairly calculate upon having them paid by *charity*. Charity never failed his *mother* in her difficulties—and why, *in precisely the same difficulties*, should it be withheld from *him*? In the case of his wife, therefore, as in that of his mother, the "Lying-in Hospital," or the "Lying-in Dispensary," or the "Royal Maternity Society," provides the *midwifery*, &c. The "work-house," the nurse. The "Benevolent Society," blankets, linen, pecuniary relief, &c. The "parish doctor"—the "dispensary doctor,"

or some other "charitable doctor" extra drugs and medical attendance. By a little management, he may avail himself at the same time of *several* obstetric charities—and be visited successively by Churchmen, Quakers, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists, Calvinistic Methodists, Huntingtonians,—in fact, by the *charitable associations* connected with every church and chapel in the neighbourhood.

'He now finds that his earnings are precarious—and that, even at their utmost amount, they are inadequate to the support of his increasing family. But his father's family was for years in the same circumstances—and was always saved by *charity*. To charity, then, he again has recourse.

'He hears, that twice a year there is a *parish gift of bread*. From some vestryman, or from some other respectable parishioner, he obtains a ticket for a quartern loaf at Midsummer and at Christmas. There is also a *parish gift of coals*. By the same means he every Christmas gets a sack of coals. Indeed, by importuning *several* parishioners, and by giving to each of them a different address, or the same address with different names, he is sometimes so fortunate as to secure *three* sacks instead of one. On these periodical distributions he *can confidently depend*; for most of the parishioners dispose of their annual tickets to the same poor persons from year to year, *as a matter of course*; and others, who are more discriminate, invariably find, upon renewed inquiry, that their petitioners are in the same state of apparent indigence or destitution. Under these circumstances, our applicant soon comes to look upon his share of the *parochial bounty* as a legitimate and certain item in his yearly receipts.

'But this is only a slight periodical relief. He wants *more loaves* and *more coals*, and he has the means of obtaining them. If the weather is severe, the "Spitalfields Association" is at work, and for months together distributes *bread, coals, and potatoes*. The "Soup Society," also, is in operation, and provides him regularly with several quarts of excellent meat soup at a penny, or, sometimes, even at a halfpenny a quart. At *all* times several "Benevolent Societies" and "Pension Societies" are acting in the district; and from these he receives food or pecuniary relief. He may apply, too, during the temporary cessation of any of these charities, to the charitable associations of the different religious denominations—to the "District Visiting Society," to the Independents' "Visiting Society," to the "Friend in Need Society," to the "Stranger's Friend Society," to "Zion's Good Will Society." He may even be lucky enough to get something from all of them.

'If his bedding is bad, he gets the loan of a blanket from the "Benevolent Society," or from the "Blanket Association;" or he gets a blanket, a rug, and a pair of sheets from the "Spitalfields Association." The last of these charities supplies him with a *flannel waistcoat* for himself, and a *flannel petticoat* for his wife. In one instance, it furnishes his wife and children with *shoes and stockings*.

'Thus he proceeds from year to year with a *charity* to meet every exigency of health and sickness. The time at length arrives, when, either from the number of children born to him, under the kind superintendence of the "Lying-in," the "Royal Maternity," or the "Be-

nevolent Society;" or from a desire to add a legal and permanent provision to the more precarious supplies of voluntary charity, he solicits *parish relief*; he *begs* an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement by the *charity-school indenture of apprenticeship*, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of five shillings a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence.

'Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been *born for nothing*—he has been *nursed for nothing*—he has been *clothed for nothing*—he has been *educated for nothing*—he has been *put out in the world for nothing*—he has had *medicine and medical attendance for nothing*; he has had his children also *born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked for nothing*.

'There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society, and *that* is his burial. He dies a parish pauper, and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground; a party of paupers from the workhouse bear his body to the grave, and a party of paupers are his mourners.

'I wish it to be particularly understood, that, in thus describing the operation of charity in my district, I have been giving an *ordinary*, and not an *extraordinary*, instance. I might have included many other details; some of them of a far more aggravated and offensive nature. I have contented myself, however, with describing the state of the district as regards charitable relief, and the extent to which that relief, *may be*, and actually *is* made to minister to *improvidence and dependence*.'

Now is it not high time for people to think what they are doing, both with their spontaneous and their legal alms? As to the frightful amount of suffering among the poorer classes, there can be no question. As to the imperative duty of meliorating the condition of those classes, there can be no question either. But why persist in plans which only aggravate the evil, and while they extend the physical suffering, generate from it a noxious mass of moral degradation? We are evidently on a wrong track. There can be no charity in blindly promoting vice and misery. What is the remedy? We must endeavour, like a physician when the patient has been wrongly dealt with, first to correct the mischiefs of our own fallacious remedy, and then attack the disease itself by the means best adapted to assuage its virulence. As to individual donations the course is clear. Let them be withdrawn from the institutions which tend to keep the poor dependent, and make them improvident, and transferred to those true charities which have an opposite tendency. Let the patronage which upholds soup and blanket distributions be applied to increase the utility and attractiveness of schools and saving-banks. And in relation to the legal mischief, the first step should be to abolish the encouragement which is now given to idleness, at the expense of industry. None should have gratuitous aid except those who are physically or mentally unable to render any service

in return. Whenever money is bestowed, useful service of some kind or other should be required. If there be no profitable employment in the vicinity, the pauper should be located elsewhere. The law of settlement should be very much simplified, if not swept away altogether; so as to avoid the heavy expenses of removals and litigation. A total stop should be put to the inducements, in some cases amounting to compulsion, by which parochial authorities have so largely and blindly multiplied improvident marriages. And all this done, as far as law can do it, we should be at the threshold of the great work of bettering the condition of the poor. This is only staying the hand from mischief, before stretching it out for good. The great evils of the condition of the poor would still remain, though we should have ceased to aggravate them by our pernicious nostrums. Those evils would require a series of strong measures, promptly adopted, and vigorously executed. We will specify those which, in our apprehension, are the most essential.

1. The abolition of the Corn Laws. A starving population with a bread-tax of eight millions per annum, besides its indirect pressure, is as monstrous and as cruel an anomaly as the world has ever seen. This weight should be heaved off forthwith. Let the labourer have food at the cheapest rate at which it can be purchased.

2. All taxation bearing upon the necessities and common conveniences of life should be remitted. Taxation is chiefly a premium of insurance upon property, and by property should the premium be paid. The remission should extend not only to articles of clothing, shelter, &c., but to whatever presses upon the honest recompense and simple enjoyments of the industrious classes.

3. All restrictions upon the freedom of labour should be removed, and every facility afforded for its transference from one department to another. There is no such art or mystery about most handicraft operations, but that a man may easily master many others besides that to which he was trained in his boyhood. There will always be something to which an industrious man may turn his hand. The fluctuations which occur in a great manufacturing and commercial country would be comparatively innocuous, were it not for the requirement of apprenticeship, the interference of corporations, and the combinations of the workmen. Such fluctuations would do much towards their own rectification. Labour, like water, would find its level. The men thrown out of one occupation would take to others. True, their competition might deteriorate the condition of those previously employed in other departments; but this would only tend to equalize the pressure. The total amount of changes affecting the condition of the labouring classes would be minimized.

4. An efficient plan of national instruction is essential. By

this we intend both the means of education for the young, and facilities of information for adults on whatever affects their interests. The revenues and machinery of the Church might be properly applied to the former purpose, and in some measure to the latter. The Church might become the place, and the Clergyman the agent for the communication of scientific, historical, and other useful knowledge, both to the young and the mature. And if the clergy wanted will or capacity for such a duty, fairly and legally imposed upon them, they could scarcely be regarded as fit for the work for which at present they are paid, or as having any claim for the continuance of that payment. They are efficient spiritual instructors of the population, or they are public plunderers; and if the former, they cannot be indisposed towards the obligation of giving their instruction a wider range than heretofore. No Church Reform will much benefit the nation unless it render what is called Ecclesiastical property (*i. e.* property devoted to the purpose of spiritual improvement) subservient to the relief of the mental and moral wants of the people. Information on political and temporary matters should be facilitated by the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. It would then be brought home almost to every man's door, and with an immense quantity of incidental benefit, tending to enlarge the mind, quicken the perceptions, purify the taste and manners, and thus improve generally the character and condition. The result of this combination of measures for at once acting upon the minds and circumstances of the poor would be that the perceptible amelioration of their condition would not be followed by a sudden and rapid increase of their numbers. They would understand their position. They would have a horror of falling back into the gulf from which they had just been extricated. Conveniences would become necessities. Their standard of tolerable existence would be raised. The plan must also include,

5. The extension of political rights. We believe that these ought to be extended forthwith. The basis of the constitutional pyramid is much too narrow. The constituency is scarcely more than two-thirds of what it was calculated the Reform Bill would have made it, and that was only about half a million of voters. Thousands are excluded who are already not less fitted for the right employment of the elective franchise than the majority of those by whom it is possessed. The consequence is a discontent which nothing but a further reform can allay. Nor can any great amelioration of the condition of the lower classes proceed without the corresponding recognition of their political existence. They will be, they ought to be, and they must be, principally, the agents of their own improvement. Neither more food nor more knowledge will be accepted as substitutes for their portion of influence as members of a community. On the contrary, they will only become the more determined on having a voice in appointing

the framers of the laws which they are to obey, and the more able to carry that determination into effect, whatever may be the misguided and vain opposition of the aristocracy.

For the people generally to have a thorough confidence in the direction of the workings of the state machine to their benefit, a revision of the system of local authority and magistracy is indispensable. Popular election might, to a large extent, be advantageously substituted for arbitrary appointment. The choice would assuredly not fall on men who would do more mischief than have the holders of his Majesty's commission. And there would be the prospect of better feelings than the suspicion and hostility, the endeavour to circumvent, on the one side, and on the other to bribe or terrify, which now prevail.

6. An organized plan, a permanent provision for emigration, is the final measure of our enumeration. A portion of the resources of the community should be devoted to this purpose. There is no reason why emigration should be the solitary, irregular, painful, and perilous expatriation which it now is. It should be more like the colonization of the republics of antiquity. It should be considered as the locating of a portion of the nation elsewhere, for the common benefit of those who go and those who stay; and be provided for accordingly from the common stock. Care should be taken to secure as far as possible to the colony, all the advantages of the mother country. The aversion with which emigration is now regarded might thus be very much mitigated, probably obliterated altogether. There would be no need to seek the means of subsistence, beyond the outposts of civilized life. There would simply be a removal from a part of the country filled to its limits, to another part (the same in almost all that endears country) with limits so ample, as to allow indefinite expansion. Organized colonization is as the natural process in the growth of the tree, shooting afar its spreading boughs; and if now and then they strike an independent root in the soil, no matter, or rather so much the better; while isolated emigration is but the blowing about of broken twigs, and leaves, and blossoms, mostly to perish, though sometimes there may be a seed which after all its tossing finds a propitious rest, and germinates.

Were such a process as this adopted, the principle of the Poor Laws might be left untouched; as we would have it left, for it is as noble a principle, as ever legislation consecrated. It is, in our opinion, good, that the law should recognise that every man who comes into the world has a right to his share of the world, so far at least as the means of subsistence go. The best mode of sustaining and administering that right, is another matter. We are not speaking of churchwardens and overseers, of parish rates and acts of parliament, but of principles. Society has a claim on the services of its members, and its members have a claim for support, so long as the common stock holds out. If one class of mankind

may say to another, 'We do not want your labour,' that other class may retort, 'We do not want your idleness.' An exclusive right of inheritance in the food-producing earth, and a right to the means of sustaining life; that is to say, private property and a poor law, are correlative principles. The one involves the other. It is as unjust as it is heartless, to tell starving men that there is no cover for them at Nature's table. It frees them from the obligation of respecting covers or seats, and legitimates a scramble. It is true that 'property must be protected from plunder;' it is not less true that humanity must be protected from starvation. The last *must* is quite as potent as the first. Happily the same means tend to the accomplishment of both purposes. If the wealthy keep the principle of the poor laws always in view, there will be little occasion for it ever to come into practical operation.

It has been long understood that Ministers were concocting some measure of Poor Law Reform. They will probably lop off the grosser abuses, and nibble at the principle. That they will have wisdom and vigour enough to go to the root of the evil is beyond all hope. In fact they have already manifested their hostility to much of what we deem essential. A revision of the Corn Laws is got rid of, for the present session. They have declared themselves ready to resign sooner than remove the pressure of taxation from trade and industry to property. For free trade they may do something; for the freedom of labour they have yet achieved, and apparently meditated little. In Church Reform, their great points seem to be the commutation of tithes, and the abolition of pluralities. Probably they will allow dissenting ministers to marry their people in their own chapels, and bury them in the parish church-yard, by way of propitiating the denominations. But all this will do little towards rendering the Church a great national good. The taxes on knowledge they have resolved to retain. The Reform Bill is their god *Terminus*. The magistracy they could amend if they would. And on the only remaining topic, Emigration, we see no reason to expect more than the timid, compromising, inefficient procedure, by which their whole policy is characterised.

What hope, then, is there for the poor, and through them, for Society? None, save that which Miss Martineau has indicated in the passage quoted from her preface, that the amelioration must sooner or later follow the exposure of the evil. There we rest; not on Whig patriotism, but on public opinion. And our gratitude, and that of the public, is due to Miss Martineau, for the ability and benevolence with which she has co-operated in making the exposure. We look forward with interest to her exposition of the remedy.

It is not, however, with perfect satisfaction that we regard this publication. We regret that Miss Martineau should have allowed her own attention, and that of the public, to be distracted from

her great work, before its completion. Whatever a life, which we hope will be prolonged, and a power of attainment and improvement, which we know to be great, may hereafter enable her to accomplish, it is yet obvious that for many years to come her fame and influence must rest upon the ‘Illustrations of Political Economy.’ Ultimately, no doubt, that work will take its proper rank, without reference to the circumstances of its publication. Its immediate utility cannot but be diminished by this undertaking; as this would have had more effect had it not appeared contemporaneously. The world will, in spite of evidence, rather doubt than admire the ability with which both may be sustained. We regret also, that she has been led to what seems to us, an inappropriate and injudicious application of her peculiar talent of illustrating a truth by fictitious narrative. In her other work, this talent is in its proper sphere. Her tales, true to nature and to history, do illustrate the principles of Political Economy. But in the operation of the Poor Laws, we have to deal with, not an abstract or general proposition, but a practical grievance. *We want to know the facts.* It is inconvenient and unsatisfactory, to have them strung upon a thread of fiction. The writer’s object is defeated; the evil is not exposed; it is veiled: no one knows exactly where the certified mischief ends, and the fictitious adornment begins. What was wanted, was an arrangement of the most striking facts in the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, with a judicious commentary. If, instead of more tales, her engagement will allow Miss Martineau to complete her work on ‘Poor Laws and Paupers,’ in this manner, a much greater service will, we apprehend, be rendered to the public. Nor can we help still further regretting that Miss Martineau has consented to write, on subjects of this class, ‘Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.’ That Society has long been losing the public confidence, which, as an independent writer, Miss Martineau was rapidly gaining. Her influence over those whom it is so important to instruct, the great body of the operative and producing classes, is impaired by the coalition. The circulation of the Society’s books is chiefly amongst the trading classes. The suspicion into which it had previously fallen, has been deeply strengthened since the accession of so many members of its Committee to political office. We believe the general opinion of the intelligent operatives throughout the country to be fairly expressed by the following resolutions, passed at a meeting of the Birmingham Mechanics’ Institution in July last. The discussion which terminated in their adoption had been provoked by an agent of the Society.

‘1. That, whilst this meeting is anxious to bear its testimony to the excellence and utility of many of the publications of the “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,” *abstractedly considered*, yet it cannot withhold its opinion, that viewed in connexion with the times

in which we live, the works are but ill adapted to the *present* and *immediate* wants of the mass of the people—the labouring classes, who have little time or inclination for reading either elaborate treatises on the sciences, or works of a light and entertaining nature, whilst themselves and families are surrounded by poverty and misery, produced by an irrational and vicious system of government.

‘ 2. That it is of the utmost importance, both to individuals and to the community at large, that every man should acquire sound political information, and a knowledge of his rights and duties as a citizen of the state in which he lives; and that, therefore, the Society would have best consulted the interests of *all* classes, *but particularly of the working class*, by either publishing works calculated to supply this desideratum itself, or encouraging others to do so, by using its great power and influence to break down those barriers to political knowledge, which now exist in the shape of oppressive stamp taxes on newspapers, and unjust, odious, and tyrannical laws, prohibiting the publication of cheap political pamphlets.

It would be difficult to disprove the truth and justice of these resolutions. But that is not the question. We adduce them to show the light in which the Diffusion Society is regarded, and the consequent probability that, by her connexion with it, Miss Martineau may become a less efficient, because a less trusted, national instructor. The evil in part is already come upon her. She may arrest its progress; she may, even yet, shake it off, and regain the position which she previously occupied; but it must be by demonstrations which cannot be mistaken of her sympathy with the opinions and feelings, the wants and wishes of the people, as distinguished from, and opposed by, the timid and crooked policy of men who might have been the saviours of their country but for their almost incredible blunders, inconsistencies, and infatuation. Let her seize some early opportunity of doing this, a late one may come too late.

We speak plainly, for there is a great public good at stake. We do not believe that, in political economy or politics, the people will become pupils in the Diffusion School. They dread cajolery in that quarter, and receive lessons from it as they would a moral or religious tract from Bartlett’s Buildings. For Miss Martineau to achieve the redemption of its character she should direct its management, and not merely write under its patronage. There is less hope for it than danger for herself; danger for that influence, so unaidedly and honourably acquired, which is a public trust, and its diminution a public calamity. We are anxious that her well-earned popularity should be unimpaired, for with her powers and principles, the benefits she might, and, we trust, will, confer upon the people are incalculable.

An additional inducement to the suggestions which we have ventured thus frankly but respectfully to offer, may be found in the Article on Miss Martineau’s ‘Illustrations,’ with which the

last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' commences—an article calculated to do her more injury than all the attacks to which she has been exposed. The writer has totally mistaken, or misrepresented, her character. He looks at the wrong side of the tapestry, making shadows of the lights, and lights of the shadows. From his description the public are led to infer that she is *une femme de tête exaltée*, possessed with a riotous and runaway imagination, subject to 'intellectual fever,' full of the 'inspiration of genius,' which, according to the vulgar conception of it, he seems to think implies the lack of common-sense, and somewhat deficient in 'accurate observation, and patient thought.' And on this description are founded certain advices and criticisms, the tendency of which is as injurious as the premises are fallacious. The writer dislikes Miss Martineau's independence, fears her energy, stands aghast at her consistency in following out a principle to its consequences, and, regarding her as a female Samson, would, under this pretext of fever, shear the locks in which lies her strength, take her from, and unfit her for, her high vocation, and send her to grind, blindly and uselessly, in the mill of Conservative Whiggism.

Considerable familiarity with Miss Martineau's productions has impressed us with a completely different notion of her mental character, from that sketched by the reviewer. We have often admired what he desiderates, her 'accurate observation and patient thought,' but we have not seen in her any quality to which such terms as genius, inspiration, or imagination can be properly applied. We use those terms in their genuine and loftiest sense; we mean by them the creative faculty which can 'call spirits from the vasty deep;' which in materials of stone or clay, worthless to an energy less plastic and divine, can mould the image of God and breathe into it the breath of life. Miss Martineau may be poetical, but she is not a poet. She does not create, but combine. And very extraordinary and efficient is her power of combination, as may be shown by a brief mention of the characteristics of her intellect.

That accuracy of observation which has been so hastily denied her, we should be disposed to regard, though not the greatest, yet as the primal faculty of her mind. She has a keen eye, and its notices are preserved in a retentive memory. She never adopted Hamlet's resolution:

'From the book and volume of my brain
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.'

'They are all legible, though mixed with higher matter, and her recollection can 'take in all, and verge enough for more.' If any one will take the trouble to trace her, in her narrative publications especially, they will find, not invention, not creation, no armed

and plumed figure, springing from her own brain where it had been engendered, but materials that have come together, like the righteous into the kingdom of heaven, from the east and the west, from the north and the south. She acts on the old household maxim, 'Keep a thing for seven years, and you will find a use for it.' She turns every thing to account; and herein is her skill. By that faculty of conception, which, some months ago, we described and endeavoured to illustrate as the characteristic of Sir Walter Scott, the great source of that power to charm which his writings possess, she harmonizes all her materials, however incongruous or insignificant they might appear in themselves. By no modern writer except Scott, has this faculty been exhibited in a higher degree. She knows, that

'Mountains rise by grain on grain,
Drops on drops compose the main:'

and she rears and spreads the mountains and oceans of her own fictitious scenery, on the principle which she taught the political unions to celebrate in the glorious chant from which those lines are quoted. Many of her sketches of character, her landscapes, her single scenes of human adventure or emotion, might be adduced as exhibitions, seldom surpassed, of the triumphs of this faculty. With her, and indeed the same thing might be said even of Scott himself, it does not seem to extend to the comprehension which is required for the harmonious and perfect construction of an entire story; the whole is often deficient in that proportion and unity, which may be exemplified in many of the parts taken separately. But we see not why she should stop short of this; it is a power which may be acquired; it is only a higher exercise of that which she possesses. Whatever may be acquired, it seems from her past progress, as if she could acquire.

Miss Martineau's mind is essentially logical, capable of close and continued thought, and animated by singleness of heart in its pursuit of truth. This is the secret of most of the opinions which startled the Edinburgh Reviewer, and which he ascribed to a 'confident imagination,' which 'must occasionally run wild in the paradise of its own conceptions.' He talks of 'rashness of assumption, extravagant enough, unless checked, to proceed to any lengths.' Miss Martineau is not prone to rashness of assumption, but she is what such persons deem 'extravagant' enough when guided by a sound principle, and a chain of undeniable deduction, 'to proceed to any lengths.' Destroy the principle, or refute the logic, and she is ever willing to stop. If neither can be done, why should she stop? or any one else, except those who would stop reason and humanity for their own convenience? It was in the strength of a noble fearlessness, produced by the consciousness of her devotion to truth, and of her mental patience and precision in ascertaining it, that she came forward to expound to the population at large, those doctrines of political economy in which they

are so deeply interested. And the same spirit has stamped the highest worth on other of her productions, especially on her three theological essays, in which the highest powers of her mind are better displayed than in any of her more widely circulated works. The clear perception of a principle, the careful and faithful evolution from it, of all its legitimate consequences, and the arrangement of those consequences, so that truth touches the heart, by its consistency, harmony, and beauty, may be seen in those essays so strikingly, as at once to determine the character of the author's mind. To what we have said, there only remains to add, an improveability which from the time of her first appearance as a writer has been rapid and continuous; and which, with all her present talent and attainment, will, we trust, be long before it pauses or relaxes. These are her faculties, directed to purposes so high and beneficent, that the very circumstance of their direction is almost entitled to be classed as a peculiarity in their construction.

Of course we deprecate the advice, as much as we dispute the description, given by the Edinburgh Reviewer. He would have Miss Martineau 'recede from her monthly contract,' and by breaking the continuity enfeeble the effect of her periodical lessons. We would have her fulfil that mission in unimpaired singleness of purpose and exertion. We know she is equal to that, whatever may be thought of her attempting more. He wants her to pause, and reconsider portions of the science of which she is the professor; that is to say, some of his politico-economical doctrines differ from those of the system which she has adopted. We know that she had diligently learned before she began to teach, and that the extent and accuracy of her information have only been disputed in a few trifling and incidental particulars, and in them not often successfully. He counsels her to 'submit her writings to some dull friend,' before their publication; we beg of her only to let her dull friends see them afterwards, inasmuch as no friendliness can counteract the mischief of the dulness which, first mistaking her character and powers, will also, in all probability, mistake the spirit of the times in which we live, and wish her to deal with a grown-up world, as if it were still in leading-strings. He tells her, that genius 'cannot move by clock-work,' and therefore she ought to publish irregularly; we tell her that her well-trained intellect does move with the precision and punctuality of clock-work, and that she will only disturb it by applying his patent regulator for the springs of genius. Because she occasionally glances from political economy to the higher topics of social morality, and the condition and prospect of humankind, he treats her as an enthusiast, soaring into what he calls a 'visionary empyrean,' and calls for the cancelling of all such passages. 'We should heartily rejoice' in her further developing her opinions on matters of such deep concernment, little doubting that she would express them in 'words of truth and soberness.' The critic, with

a simplicity worthy of Sir Roger de Coverly, plumes himself on being rather latitudinarian, on account of his doubts whether it be expedient to restrain opinion by law (p. 30.) ; we recommend him to quit the character of her critic, for that of her pupil, and he may find that she is as able to expound the rights of conscience as the rights of property, the principles of morality as those of prosperity, and can lecture not less ably on the causes of happiness than on the sources of wealth.

We have said thus much because the public is interested, and strongly too, in the course pursued by those who minister to its entertainment and instruction. According to our own taste, it is somewhat premature at present to submit Miss Martineau's intellectual and moral character to a public analysis, but we cannot quietly witness an attempt to do so, which tends, as appears to us, to mislead both herself and the public. The time will come for assigning her permanent rank amongst the writers of our age and nation ; when not only her native faculties, but the diligence of her cultivation of them, the consistency of her career, the moral qualities of her literary achievements, and the extent of her benefactions to society, must all be strictly scrutinized and impartially estimated ; on that decision the future as well as the past must have its influence, perhaps a preponderating influence. May it be such as her warmest admirers anticipate in their most sanguine moments.

PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL COLLEGE OF LANGUAGE.

It has been said, that one of the severest punishments entailed upon those persons who are addicted to the vice of lying, is not being believed even when they speak the truth. Even thus, the lavish waste of a nation's resources, so recklessly pursued for a long term of years by an interested and improvident faction, who held the reins of government without responsibility, will work still further evil, in the necessary revulsion which must come after it. He who has been a spendthrift in his youth, and has wasted his substance in riotous living, not uncommonly becomes a miser in his age, and denies himself even the necessities of existence. The English nation, having seen that a bad government and profusion have constantly gone together, have gradually acquired the notion, that economy and good government must be synonymous ; that the M.P. who will promise to vote for all that is cheapest, must thereby make sure of all that is wisest. Unfortunately, the disposition to acquire property at the public expense is so prevailing a vice in public men, and one in which they are so often but too successful, that it will keep up the suspicions of the people for a great length of time, and their urgent clamours for economy will degenerate into parsimony in really useful things, upon which the econo-

mical alterations are generally made to operate first, as we have seen in the case of the pensions which were taken away from the members of the Literary Fund, granted by the fourth George, while large annual sums were continued for far less creditable purposes. It is not that the people at large are disposed to be mean, but that they have a disposition to resist chicanery; that they do not like to be imposed upon; and a considerable interval of good and honest government must elapse, before a healthy confidence will be generated, before they will conceive it possible, that taxes may be collected from them, and then applied only to purposes importantly connected with the welfare of the whole nation. They have seen so many promising public works and plans degenerate into mere jobs for the benefit of individuals, that they cannot yet believe in the possibility of such things being executed in good faith, or for the profit of the community. Only through the perfect responsibility of the rulers, can confidence be made to exist between them and the people they rule over. Every wise and benevolent man most earnestly desires that such a conclusion may be brought to bear as speedily as possible, in order to put an end to the tedious and revolting discussions of party politics, by which human advancement is retarded, both in physical comfort, moral worth, and the embellishments of knowledge, which might be made to add so largely to the stock of human happiness.

If the enjoyment of human life were made to consist only in animal sense—eating, drinking, sleeping, and the propagation of the species—such a Sardanapalian system might be arranged with but little difficulty, and without the necessity of very intellectual managers; but the day for such coarse enjoyments is passing away, and in the boundless sources of pleasure, which the intense energy of the human mind is opening to us, the pleasures of sense are regarded rather as matters of necessity, than of enjoyment. The people at large are becoming capable of intellectual pleasures of a high class, and they need intellectual rulers, in order that all external things on which physical comfort depends, shall be made to conform to the altered condition of their minds. It is grievous to think how much money has been unprofitably wasted in wars, which might have been usefully employed to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, in innumerable branches, which might have been eternally profitable to the human race. Instead of the great intellects of the world wasting their energies in desultory labours, in many cases unprofitable, for want of assistance, and in others deprived of the results by the necessity of toiling for the supply of coarse food, necessary for maintaining a bare existence,—instead of this, the united endeavours of many might have been concentrated, to produce a gigantic effect in knowledge and learning, just as artists and men of science have combined to produce changes in the physical world, such as in former days would have been pronounced the work of magic. When the extension of knowledge

amongst the mass of the community, shall have rendered the constant and abundant supply of food and necessities for all, a matter of mathematical certainty, there will no longer exist any nervous wincing under the pressure of taxes. All contributions will be cheerfully paid, when the payers shall be satisfied, that they will be usefully appropriated for the public benefit. The mere accumulation of property is not its own reward, and in proportion as people shall become more intelligent, they will be inclined to promote useful and beautiful public works, rather than private ostentation. The Greeks of old did so, and neither physically nor mentally will the modern Anglo-Saxons be found inferior to them, when their hidden talents shall be efficiently drawn forth.

When that day shall arrive, and it may, perchance, be nearer than we deem, we may hope to see glorious learning assume the place and the estimation which is fitted for it; we may hope to see it pursued for its own sake, and not as a mere vehicle of traffic for the sake of what it may produce in the market; we may hope to see men who tread the paths of useful learning and science, provided for at the public expense, instead of the drones and sluggards who at present cumber and render worthless to so great an extent all our public institutions; we may hope that many a noble head and heart fitted for great undertakings, will be relieved from the drudgery of unprofitable toiling for a bare existence, and be left in leisure and comfort, to pursue those studies which tend to promote the welfare of mankind. Each man has his vocation which secures him a living, save only the student. The misery of this has been well depicted of late by a self-taught mechanic, whose mental powers have burst the bonds of poverty.* ‘Oh! how he feels the depth, the keenness of his curse! Who shall portray a want like his? Come, ye poets, with your vivid personifications, depict me the poor student’s want! Want of interest, want of purse, want of friend, want of hope—to want which is to starve.’ The *writer* who seeks only to please the taste of the public for the time being, without regarding their welfare, is sure of an abundant compensation. The *student*, the result of whose labours forms an important item in the welfare of mankind, is left to endure the gnawing pangs of want, because he understands not the process of turning his fellow-creatures to his own account. Many men might be pointed out, who, after contributing largely to the advance of physical science, have been reduced to a state of beggary, not owing to vice, but to that peculiar constitution of mind, which left no room for the exercise of selfishness.

One of the wants of literature, which is as yet unsupplied, is a history of the world from the time that written language was first used; for, beyond that time it would be profitless to travel into the dim chaos of tradition. An universal dictionary of language

* Samuel Downing, Cabinet-maker. *Mechanics’ Magazine*.

would be the history of the world, and a history free from all the fictions and misrepresentations in which history has ever yet been clothed by designing partisan writers. Scarce a history exists, in which internal evidence may not be found of wilful falsehood from interested motives; and it would be unreasonable to expect any thing else, for few writers are calm philosophers, and if they were, it is no easy matter to procure correct information as to the acts of human beings, even on the spot where they occur. If we take up six newspapers published yesterday, we shall probably find six different versions of the same fact, as for example, that a carriage and horses were upset at the turning of a street corner, and a shop-window dashed in, whereby several persons were killed. The names of the persons, and the number of them, and the injuries of which they died, may probably be misstated; but that is of little consequence; we know, and those who come after us will know, that carriages, and horses, and shop-windows, and streets, were things in use at the period of the accident. In reading the account of the battle of Pavia, it is of little importance whether Francis surrendered to Pescara, or Pescara to Francis; but it is of importance to know what kind of armour, and weapons, and tents, and clothing were in use, and what kind of food was eaten, for thereby we can form an accurate estimate how far human art, and to some extent how far human civilization, had advanced. Sir Robert Walpole was accustomed to consider history as romance, and he was perhaps not very far from the truth, as history has hitherto been written; but the history of words must be true history, for names would never have been given to things, unless the things had previously existed; names would as little have been given to the qualities of the human mind, unless those qualities had existed, and had been discovered. The history of language is the history of moral and physical science, it is the history of every source of consciousness of all that we know, of all upon which we can communicate our thoughts to each other. By the analysis of language, we can ascertain the probability of facts, as well as their possibility; we can detect interpolations in history, as the forgery of a document was proved by the posterior date in the wire-mark of the paper. We can get absolutely at the moral and physical condition of any human beings, at any given period, by studying the language they used at that period. By possessing a list of the furniture of an ancient house, and a list of the furniture of a modern house, we can ascertain the exact progress which has been made in personal comforts. In an ancient house, andirons or dogs were the furniture of a fire-place. In a modern one, a register stove with a poker, tongs, and shovel, is in use. This, even if we knew no other fact thereto pertaining, would be sufficient for a careful analyzer to trace the change from wood fuel to coal, and the immense train of new inventions consequent

upon the working of coal-mines.* The words of a language, which indicate things, excite the ideas as to what purposes those things were used, for and go through the whole range of circumstances which influence human character—climate, locality, government, and all their results. If people wear garments of cotton or silk, as national materials, it is an evidence of a mild climate; if they wear garments of wool, it is an evidence of a cold one. From the similarity of many words, in most languages, it seems highly probable, that all languages had one common origin, and by tracing each one upwards, something like a result might probably be attained, with certainty in written language, and with much satisfactory collateral evidence, in oral language. Let us imagine the case of two tribes of wild men placed in separate portions of a fine country, with the same animals, the same natural productions, the same scenery; and, in short, with all surrounding physical objects of a similar class, in each locality. Let us suppose each tribe to commence without a language, and gradually to form one as they advanced in life, each tribe without the knowledge of its neighbour's existence. Is it not probable, that the words they would invent would be nearly alike in both cases, as well as the construction of the language? It is more than probable! Throughout Europe the infantine language for mother is 'Mamma.' At the time of the discovery of Peru, the natives there used the same word for the same thing. In fact, it is the earliest sound an infant uses, and the simplest, the different inflections of it serving to express either pain or pleasure. The names given to natural sounds usually resemble the sounds

* Few persons would suppose that the following words were all cognates; yet they would seem so. *Pen*, a fold or enclosure. *Pound*, for cattle. *Pen*, a quill. *Pen*, a rocky headland. *Paen*, a trennel or tree-nail, i. e. a wooden nail. *Penna*, the Latin word for wing. *Pent-house*. *Vane*, a weathercock. *Fan*, a lady's toy. *Pane*, of glass. *Fane*, a temple. *Pin*, for clothes. *Penetrate*. *Penetralia*.

The whole of these words, and many others from the same root have reference to penning up or enclosing. *Pen*, a fold, is an enclosure. *Pound* is an enclosure. *Pen*, a quill, is equivalent to the Latin word *penna*, a wing, which *pens* up or encloses a portion of atmospheric air, during the flight of a bird. *Pen*, a rocky headland, encloses a portion of water like a wall or fence. *Pentland*, means land *pent* up by water. *Paen*, a trennel or tree-nail for a ship, is used to *pin* or *pen* up the planks, i. e. *enclose*. In the olden time, the word *tree* was used to express wood. Thus, in the ballad of 'Auld Maitland,' occurs the line—

'And on his briest-bane brak a tree;'

i. e. shivered a lance. *Pent-house* is a house *pent* or *penned* up, i. e. enclosed:

'Fitz-Eustace heart was closely *pent*.'

Vane encloses or partitions a portion of air. *Fan* does the same. *Wind*, *ventus*, is that which *encloses* or enfolds or turns round the earth. To *wind* thread, is to *enclose* something within it. *Wind* (the atmosphere) is *wound* about us, and is most probably the etymon of the whole family. A *pane* of glass *encloses* an apartment. A *fane* is an enclosed temple. *Pin* seems to fasten, i. e. it encloses or closes. To *penetrate* is to enter an enclosure. *Penetralia* are enclosed recesses. It may be necessary to mention that *p*, *v*, and *f* are convertible letters. It would be a more practicable matter than is generally suspected, to trace language up to a common origin.

themselves. The sound caused by the combustion of gases in the atmosphere, is called *tonitru*, *donner*, *trueno*, *tonnerre*, *thunder*, by different nations, and each word has a resemblance to the actual sound. *Tone*, and *tongue*, are probably cognates of the same root. The sound emitted by a snake, we call a *hiss*. This is merely an imitative name. In Spanish, the word is *silbo*, but the hissing sound is therein kept up. The Latin *mugire*, and the *moo-cow* of children and nursery-maids, both resemble in sound the lowing of black cattle. The sheep *bleats*, the pigeon *coos*, the dog *barks*, the wolf *howls*, the cat *mews*, the bird *whistles*, the lion *roars*. Are not the words *bleating*, *cooing*, *barking*, *howling*, *mewing*, *whistling*, and *roaring*, all key-notes to the different sounds the various animals give forth? These examples might be multiplied if needful, as the *whir* of a partridge, the *crow* of a cock, &c.

The word *bucanier* is now synonymous with pirate or sea-robber. We know the origin of the term historically; but if we had not known it, the word itself affords the means of getting at the fact. The original *bucaniers* were hunters of swine, the flesh of which they dried by heat, and being cruelly oppressed by the Spaniards, they sallied forth from the island of Tortuga, and took to sea-robbing for a livelihood. But if we had lost the history of the origin of these men, we might have traced it by the analysis of the name, which in the root, *bucan*, is synonymous with the Anglo-Saxon *bacan*, signifying, *to dry by heat*, that is, to smoke, which is the process of preparing *bacon*, so that *bucaniers* are, in reality, *baconeers*, or bacon makers.

In the Spanish language, a hat, or covering for the head, is called a *sombrero*, literally a *shader*. In German, a hat is called a *hut*, which is equivalent to our *hood* or *hut*, signifying a *cover*. Does not this distinctly mark the difference of climate, when in one case only a *shade* is required, and in the other a *roof*?

The word *road* signifies a portion of ground *ridden* over. A *path* signifies a portion of ground *passed* over by foot-passengers. Therefore, in whatever language a word equivalent to *road* may be found, it is a proof that those who used it possessed beasts of burden, and most probably beasts and vehicles of draught. The Spaniards say *Camino de rodaje*, meaning *wheel-road*. In the German language, *rad* signifies a *wheel*, and is evidently equivalent to the Latin *radius*. *Rayed* signifies starting from a centre, as the *rays* of the sun, or the spokes of a wheel. In countries where there are no wheel-carriages, there are no *roads* properly so called, but merely bridle paths or foot-paths.

The word *wedding* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wad* or *wed*, signifying a pledge, namely, the ring. A Scotch mortgage, i. e. *death pledge*, is called a *wadset*, i. e. a pledge given. Therefore, parliamentary candidates are wrong in supposing *pledges* to be new things. They are somewhat older than the practice of applicants

for office being clothed in white robes to signify their purity ; which practice, if used in the present day, would perchance be esteemed hypocritical.

The names of localities, at least old localities, for the most part indicate the nature. Thus, wherever the name of a place ends in *wick*, or *wich*, there will always be found a *stream*, or *spring*, close at hand. *Northwich* has salt springs. *Namptwich*, *Droitwich*, *Middlewich*, *Greenwich*, *Hampton-wick*, *Wike-ham*, and various others, will be found near streams or springs. Whenever the names of localities end in *ham*, it means *village*, or *town*, i. e. a collection of dwellings, probably equivalent to the word *home*. The etymology of *Birmingham* has puzzled many people. I think it may be thus explained. A few miles from it there is a town called *West Bromwich*, i. e. *West Broom Wick*, a *spring*, or *stream*, *westward*, where *broom* grew. *Birmingham*, therefore, is in reality, *Broom Wick Ham* ; so that the vulgar pronunciation, *Brummagem*, is, in truth, the most correct. Many names of individuals are of territorial derivation. Thus Bentham is Bent-Ham, i. e. a village near the *bent*, or constructed of *bent*, a word signifying *rushes*, which were possibly so named, from the fact that the stems of that plant usually *bend* downwards. One of the characters in Old Mortality, is a field-preacher, named *Bide-the-bent*, i. e. *bide in the bent*, or dwell in the *rushes*, like

Bessie Bell and Marie Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses ;
They built a house in yon bourne brae,
And covered it o'er wi rushes.

Rushes usually grow near *burns* or *bournes*, i. e. *brooks*. In the old ballad of Otterbourne, i. e. the *Otter's brook*, there is a stanza to the purpose—

They lighted down on Otterbourne
Among the *bent* sae brown ;

That is to say, they alighted at the *Otter stream*, amongst the *ripe rushes*. The word *Beer*, in Hebrew, signifies *water* or *stream*, as *Beer-sheba*, the *water* of *Sheba*. It is probably connected with the English words *beer* and *burn* or *bourne*.

The word *hurst*, which is common in many parts of England, means a spot of ground ornamented with trees, as *Lyndhurst*, i. e. the plantation of linden or lime-trees. *Chester* and *cester*, wherever they may be found, indicate a Roman *castrum* or *camp*. *Ton* or *Town* means a *house*, or number of *houses*, enclosed by a wall or fence. The *fords* all speak for themselves, as places or towns situated on rivers or streams. *Steud*, means *place*, as *Hampstead*, i. e. the site of the ham, or village. Keep *steady* ! means, keep in one place. *Combe* means *corn-market*. *Well* speaks for itself. *Ley* or *lea*, or *leigh*, i. e. *lye*,

means *plain*. *Field* is a cleared space where the timber has been *felled*. *Worth* most probably means *property*, or *possession*. *Bury*, *borough*, and *burgh*, are synonymes with *burrow*,* i. e. a place of security. *Burn* and *brook* are synonymes. *Stowe* means *store*, as *Chepstow*,† i. e. *market-store*. *Mond* is *mound*, or *mount*. *Hithe* means *quay*. *Stoke* probably means *stock*, a market-cross or pillar set up as a mark. *Den* indicates a spot which has been the resort of robbers or wild beasts. *Del* and *dale* are synonymes. *Stone bridge*, *mouth*, *wood*, *heath*, *wall*, *castle*, are sufficiently familiar terms. *Font* is either *fountain*, or place of baptism. *Wade* is equivalent to *ford*. *Lowe* signifies a *fire*, as a smith's forge. *Beuch* is the converse of *cliff*, as a boundary for water. *Ness*, i. e. *nose*, means a point projecting into the water. *Try* and *tree* are synonymes. *Ridge*, *moor*, *grove*, *stairs*, *yard*, *wash*, *fold*, *end*, *port*, *stable*, *church*, *cot*, all explain themselves. *Sey* and *mere* are synonymes, indicating a *lake*, or pool of water. *Creech* seems to be the synonyme of *creek*. *Holl* means a knoll covered with trees. *Lake*, *mill*, *head*, *grave*, *gate*, need no explanation. *Coln*, or *colne*, as *Lincoln*, *Colney-Hatch*, the river *Colne*, are probably equivalent to the German *cologne*, meaning *colony*, i. e. settlement or patch of dwellings. These examples comprise nearly the whole of the terminations of English localities, of Saxon and Roman origin. They have been cited to show how much historic knowledge lies in mere names. Where the meanings are difficult of attainment, the simple process is, to take a number of places whose termination is similar, and then compare the localities; a result will then be got at, just as Napoleon succeeded in striking a required object, by bringing many pieces of cannon to bear on it at once.

In most countries, the ancient local names will be found indicative of the localities. In Spain and Spanish America it is so. In Germany it is so. In England it has been so. In Greece it was so, witness Thermopylæ. But amongst the modern Anglo-Saxons the practice has been disused. We are accustomed to laugh at the Americans, but if we look at the strange names given to country residences, especially in the neighbourhood of London; if we look at the strange names given to rows of houses, fantastically called groves and terraces, we shall find that the Americans may easily retort upon us. In settling new towns over the surface of a level, and for the most part wooded country, where there is little variety of natural objects, the Americans have, to distinguish one from another, been accustomed to give them names formed by adding the French word *ville* to the surname of the founder.

* *Burrow* is, it is true, a place of security underground. The original *burgus*, a *tower*, was also a place of security. In this case it is the purpose, not the locality which gives the name.

† *Chep* is synonymous with *cheap*, or market. Thus we have East *Cheap*, *Cheap* side. Sir John Falstaff went to East *Cheap* to buy a saddle. To *chcapen* is to market. A *chapman* is a marketer or buyer or seller.

Thus, the Southern and Western territories are overrun with *Villes*. But in the Western part of the State of New York there is a great variety in the nomenclature. Some few of the remarkable and noble-sounding Indian names, indicative of localities, have been preserved, but for the most part they have been exterminated, to make room for others, which in the opinion of gentlemen like Mr. Zerobbabel L. Hoskins, ‘sounded more sweetly in the mouth, like volcano;’ and which might moreover look well on the outside of a letter. On taking up the map of York State, we are somewhat surprised to find the names of classic cities and countries thickly planted. Troy, and Utica, and Rome, and Syracuse, and Skaneateles, and Schenectady, and Canajoharie, and Peru, and Geneva, and Homer, and Ovid, are all to be found in strange contiguity with Rochester and a minor family of *Villes*. I once asked how the swarm of classic names happened to be collected, and was informed that the surveyor who laid out the lots for sale, understood the science of land-measuring remarkably well, but, not being otherwise endowed, found himself at a loss for names for his localities. A classical dictionary happened to be at hand, and he christened them out of it. Had a Bible been at home they would all have been Christian or Hebrew names. A book of geography came in, towards the close, and helped out. The *villes* all indicate individual settlements, whose owners were anxious to immortalize their names, not always studying how ‘sweet they might sound in the mouth.’ Troy is the most appropriately christened, for it is situated on a level spot of land, with a river in front, and a mount Ida at a short distance, on the top of which there is a kind of wind-mill looking building, for tea-drinking. The Spaniards, in Southern America, have rarely fallen into these absurdities. Almost all their names are indicative of localities, and they have mostly preserved the Indian names. There is to be sure a town of Asia, and a London, and a Bethlehem, and a Guadalupe, and a Portugal, but such things are scarce. Even in the Pampas, where from the sameness of the locality there has been a difficulty of naming, they have given as few personal or accidental names as possible. The most absurd are, ‘Tiger’s Head, Three Crosses, Cane Cross, and Dead Friar. Most others indicate localities. Let it be not supposed that in the foregoing etymologies I profess any thing approaching to perfect accuracy. I am quite conscious that the process whereby I have arrived at such conclusions, requires to be verified in many ways, after a fashion, which profound learning only could accomplish. I am doubtless wrong in many derivations; but my object is, to endeavour to make clear to the general reader, that there is high utility in etymology, a study which has been too commonly scoffed at. Professing no learning, I can yet see the value of learning, and would wish, so far as possible, to awake in my readers the same

conviction. I shall be rejoiced, if any one will take the trouble to correct my errors. My life hitherto has been one of more action than study.

Some of those persons who consider ‘meat, clothes, and fire,’ to be the end of human existence, will perhaps ask, what all this has to do with human happiness. I will not endeavour to answer those whom it is hopeless to expect to convince, for, like the caliph Omar, they would be burners of libraries, but I speak to those who recognise in all knowledge a constant tendency to make human beings ‘show likest gods.’ I call on all those who love glorious learning for its own sake, and not for its value in the market, to aid in promoting those arrangements, which may give to learning the same impulse, the same facilities, that have been given to the production of physical enjoyments. On the latter, the joint aid of large capital and extensive cooperation has been brought to bear, but learning has been left to struggle on, frequently in want, and mostly in a state of isolation. The knowledge of what has gone by, is most useful for the purposes of comparison. Experience makes fools wise. We still need to trace back the track by which human beings have gained their present elevation. We have still to learn their actual progress, and it is only by becoming acquainted with the history of all languages, that we can get at facts, stripped of prejudice. It is time that the work were commenced upon a systematic method. It is time to remove the disgrace from “merry England,” that, with all her immense resources, she has yet done less *public* service to the advancement of human knowledge than an obscure German court. Existing means are in abundance misapplied, and devoted to unworthy purposes; but even if they did not exist, they should be produced by the sacrifice of less useful things. The property which is wasted in one year by the corporations of a single city, in feasting only, might serve for the endowment of a college of universal language, in which the professors of all languages might meet together, and work in concert, beginning at the beginning. No single man can acquire a knowledge of all languages, and even if he could, the very fact would possibly be a proof of a deficiency of reasoning powers. Many of the greatest linguists have been little more than a species of interpreters. The fair-haired and blue-eyed natives of Ham-burgh have this quality in perfection. They are constantly met with, speaking and writing with fluency six or seven languages; and they are the best possible material out of which merchants’ corresponding clerks are formed; but I have never remarked in them the higher qualities of acuteness and judgment. But professors, who study a single language, usually apply themselves to it from liking, and are acquainted with all the minutiae. They work *con amore*. In addition to one or two professors of each language, there should be several men of sound judgment in the quality of supervisors

and comparers, who would not be swayed by the enthusiasm which has carried many etymologists away from the truth in their exclusive admiration for their favourite language. With such an arrangement of labourers and directors, classification and beneficial result would be certain. The process would probably be as follows. For example, the whole of the qualities and properties of the human body would be set down in a list in English, and each professor would set to work to give the corresponding words in other languages, with all their cognates, and as far as could be ascertained from books, or in other methods, the dates at which they first occurred. The names of physical bodies in a natural state might follow after the same method, and then the objects of human invention, with their descriptions; after that the qualities of the human mind. It is clear that such a work would be the history of the world, and an unerring comparison of the progress of all nations. It would be a most glorious thing for a nation to pride itself upon. But it should not be merely a sedentary plan; travellers and men of science ought also to be attached to it; the world has been ransacked for the objects of physical science, why should not mental science have the same chance? Mental Humboldts should go forth, and a British public would be found, when rightly directed, far more efficient patrons of knowledge than a king of Prussia. Dr. Bowring has been sent forth, at the public expense, to ascertain how foreigners keep their accounts. France has penetrated into Egyptian mysteries by means of her learned men; why should England be last in the race? Shall it be said that Englishmen have been wholly occupied with the science of money getting and money saving, and have taken no thought for the mental improvement of mankind? Shall it be said that they jeopardised men's lives in the pursuit of a passage by the North Pole for the purposes of traffic, and grudged opening their purses to achieve the discovery of the origin of the first dawning of mind?

'A job, a job, I smell a job!' some zealous disciple of economy will cry out. Not so fast, good economist! I, as well as yourself, am a hater of jobs, and by way of security, we will adopt a system of perfect responsibility for the new college. In the first place, men of real learning are no worshippers of the 'golden calf.' All they require is, decent subsistence, and when very enthusiastic, only a bare subsistence. Three to four hundred pounds per annum would probably be all that would be required for each person, and they might be attached to such an establishment as the British Museum. It is certain that the greater portion would be industrious, enthusiastic labourers, and if some were appointed by interest, if they were not efficient, they would soon be discovered, by the fact of all being obliged to work in concert. The whole would be stopped, and it would be the interest of the industrious to get them expelled. There could be no dozing over the work, or enjoy-

ment of the salary, without giving an equivalent. The results of their labours would be published annually, and would be open to public criticism, the best guardian against imposition. To those who object to the utility of such an establishment, I beg to remark, that whoever attempts to enter upon the study of moral or physical science, is immediately obliged to resort to the meaning and origin of words. I would remind them also, that many of the sanguinary struggles which have at times impeded the progress of human knowledge, have been founded in names and words, the import of which has not been even understood by the disputants. *Liberty* and *rights*, and the endless variety of *sects* in religion, have given rise to endless quarrels almost entirely for want of being defined. *Dictionary* is a word which implies a knowledge of the use and meaning of language. Let any man take up Johnson's English, or Webster's American Dictionary, and ask himself if either be what it professes to be. The first got its fame by being a book-selling scheme. The last was the work of a man who had not heeded the advice of the eastern dervish, 'Begin nothing, of which thou hast not considered the end!' For a single man to profess to give a history of human language, is about as absurd as the declaration of the German student mentioned by Goethe, who declared at eighteen, that his mind was perfect, and that he should forthwith set about the task of enlightening the whole world.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER II.

Grapnel. If you approve him, lock within your thoughts
The knowledge : venture not to speak at what
You hold him ;—that will warrant him to slip
The curb ; and like a frolic colt he'll fling
His heels at random : in his wanton sport
He'll kick his master—naught like whip and bit
To teach a boy his paces.

Schoolmaster. You are wise.

Grapnel. By such a training, he'll be likewise wise,
Such was my schooling—What am I ? ha, ha !

OLD PLAY, (not in Sir. W. Scott's Collection.)

'The child is father of the man!' Is he so? When the poet set this down, I deem he lacked a little of the true inspiration. He was 'suining his action to the word.' He found the man, but made the child himself; or he found the child, and made the man accordingly; or else his man was a rare creature, and had passed through a very unusual process in childhood and boyhood up to manhood.

'The child the father of the man!' Is the fawn the father of the wolf or fox? Is the snow-drop the father of the thorn? the mimosa father of the holly? Is the muscadel the father of the crab? Neither morally nor physically do I retain a resemblance to my original self. Would any one who looks on my external animality believe that this

rough, jagged, and engrained visage; this kinked, knotted, ridged, and corrugated forehead; these shrivelled, parchment-covered cheeks; this skin, which hangs pendulously loose and indented, like a collapsed pudding-bag; this coarse neck, of pounded brick-dust colour and texture; this mass which starts a million confused points out of my head, an untwisted and entangled hayband, are transformations of a thing so girlishly complexioned, and mawkishly delicate; so effeminately milk-soppy, that it was a subject of scoff for his playmates, of contemptuous jest to his elders, and a source of counselling punishment in the hands of the guides of his boyhood? Yes, yes, it is true, my effeminate appearance I was taught to regard as criminal, or a 'visitation'—bless the word! Oh! but this was to humble me; was I not humble enough, then? Why, I was a beggar, and something occurred each day to fix the knowledge that I was a beggar in my memory. What more did they require? Yes, I endeavoured to give the smooth, glossy ringlets which hung over my brow and down my neck the appearance of a ragged thrum mop, for they were matters of bitter mockery, and of a suspicion, a charge of conceit and young lady attention to their ornamental culture. My whole person was a fountain of keen grief to me, and I shunned a looking-glass, lest it should show a reflection which I hated. Oh, faith, I may doat and gloat on a mirror now. Why, I was transparent; you might look through me, and see all the workings of my thoughts and feelings, as you see a hive of bees under a glass case; my thoughts and feelings were equally busy, and ever at work. I withered under a repulse—I writhe under one still; for what difficulty I have in prevailing on myself to make an advance God knows, and no one else dreams that it is any thing but a very easy matter to me. I shrank even in anticipation of a frown. I know well that I am exposing myself to ridicule by this confession. Be it so. I once should have fled into the covert of darkness or solitude, to conceal the shame with which I burned when a scoff dropped upon my ears. I return it now with fiery scorn. You have seen the passing clouds, reflected in shadows, float along the green fields and undulating corn? So did my young emotions pass across my brow, and left no hollow, rent, or streak, till cloud after cloud was compelled violently back into the heaven of thought, and so changed that heaven to hell. It was nature's healthy breeze that rolled the clouds as they floated over the verdure, and as they sailed along they let fall their freshening rain upon it; but now they were dashed back to accumulate in dense, black, and heavy masses, till, with a pestilential change, they had collected and grown into the hurricane's strength and fury, and down they rushed to devastate. Ah! I know what I felt in my boy days will be despised as excess of morbid sensitiveness, but I think all are naturally so sensitive till corrupted into '*manliness*.' I remember once laughing and sobbing hysterically with joy, on seeing my father after an interval of separation, and I received an open-handed blow on the cheek (not from him) to teach me to be 'more of a man.' I was seven years of age then. This is the process by which boys are taught that intractable, sulky doggedness which distinguishes the 'manly English boy' from all others on the civilized globe's surface; a kindness and gentleness, an affectionateness of disposition in a boy

at school, are invariably the butts of ridicule to his companions, and his days and minutes would be all misery but for his own self-sustaining kindness; however, his companions commonly succeed in teaching him a little of their 'manliness.' These things are results of the system, which, in its profound wisdom, crushes the affections and passions instead of guiding them. Why, I should have become 'an incarnate fiend by this time if I had not turned myself out of 'the world,' or I should have mounted one of the many, the thousands of gibbets it has erected, by way of finger-posts. But 'I carry up and down a discontented and repining spirit.' Do I, indeed! Hark, sir reader; I have had no dinner to-day, I had none yesterday, I shall fare as sumptuously to-morrow, although I shall walk twenty-two miles for the poor chance of earning one for the next day, and if the weather of this day continue, a sweltering walk I shall have; (this is 'Tuesday, May 7, 1833, and a blazing day it is;') yet I shall be as cheerful as if I drove to an inn with carriage and four, and landlord, landlady, and a troop of waiters, &c. ran out bobbing and curtsying in their best bibs and tuckers, to show their *servility*. Against my dining there is a persuasive argument—I am positively too poor to pay for a dinner; a good jest this, reader, is it not? And don't you think I am a base and contemptible fellow? I have no money to pay for a dinner! Yet I am as contented, and I think much happier, (as far as that matter affects me,) as is the owner of the great house and park which I see across the valley from the back parlour window of the Griffin at Danbury, in Essex, at this present writing. I have perilled the charges of a crust of bread and cheese; my pipe is in my mouth, my pen is in my hand, and I am much more contented than he is, for at this moment he, probably, is perplexed as he endeavours to trim his conscience into the shape that shall fit the 'ay' or 'no' which he has determined to give at the close of this evening's battle of the tongues in St. Stephen's chapel. Conscience is as 'aisy as an ould glove' to some of the battlers; it will twist into any shape. It is the mansion of Sir John Tyrrel which I see yonder; hitherwards, in the valley, is another hugeous house, the residence or property of one of his kith or kin. Danbury Park lies a point on my larboard bow; ahead of me, at the extremity of the beautiful vale which is robed in green and silver, and looks love and fertility, distant about four miles, is a town famous for piety, petty sessions, prisons, and paupers. What are they at with the common on my starboard bow? I espy symptoms of a disposition to squeeze it into narrower limits. There is on its upper, northern boundary, a young wood or copse, which looks at it with a greedy eye. Keep off, sir; no swallowing up; no demolition of the russet moss, brown heath, and blossomed furze. The blades of grass in the meadow before the window, the daisies and the cowslips, the trunks, branches, and foliage of the trees, are objects of my affection. The chirrupings of the birds which dance on my tympanum, are voices that sympathize with and reciprocate my love of creation. There is no *humbug* in them, and I need not falsify my feelings; my tongue is not twisted into the necessity of belying my thoughts, when I say I love them all, and they delight me. We do not pause on ceremonial forms, nor exchange hollow compliments from the vocabulary of politeness. I can gaze on them in

earnest admiration, and they do not frown back upon me, nor call my gaze rude, intrusive impertinence. Such might be the interchanges between man and man, with the added and immeasurable happiness of thoughts' and speech communion, if man had not, from generation to generation, plotted to thwart the beauteous design, while the moral abortions of each generation contributed to clog the benevolent scheme; and man again bands his fellows into masses armed against the labours of the few who would put forth their strength in the toil of uprooting conventional poisons, and planting social happiness. Ay, ay, such men must be spurned, and scorned, and scoffed into martyrdom. 'Yours, sir, is an Utopian creed, Mr. Pel. Verjuice.' And you have an easy way of settling the affair. It saves a world of thinking. I may be uncivil, good reader, but I think I am not unkind to you. That the labour would be great I admit; the change to this state cannot be instantaneous, but it would not require half as many generations to purify humanity as have been engaged in corrupting it, if the attempt were made with half the diligence and half the earnestness.

One of my original weaknesses remains with me still in full force. It is the instant pain and flush of blood of which I am sensible whenever any person has attracted the supercilious smile, titter, sneer, or a ridiculing whisper, by an accidental awkwardness or embarrassment, or by any mistake in the 'proprieties' of life. I remember this weakness from as early a period as I can remember having eyes; I can neither titter, sneer, nor whisper on such occasions. I have now before my remembrance a young lady coming late into church; as she walks down the aisle, many eyes are turned upon her; she shrinks from the gaze, and so do I. I am sitting at the end of a bench in one of the cross aisles, one of the poor children of a Sunday school. I was at my 'larning' six days in the week by my father's order; on the seventh I was driven, not by him. Hurrying into her pew, a part of her dress is entangled in the doorway. The whole congregation suspends the response of 'Lord have mercy on us, &c.' to look, some to laugh, others to whisper and exchange a mirth-kindled glance; and all remorseless of the deep blush, and fever of exquisite sensitiveness disturbed, which are visible in the victim of their notice. I tremble, and feel the shame which I am sure she feels. I feel as if I were myself the object. Her pew, it is necessary—very necessary, to say, is lined with no velvet, no green baize and brass nailed, or a dozen 'gentlemanly' men would have sprang forward to release the entangled gown. This is before I had completed my eighth year. Yes, this weakness remains with me still. I saw, a few evenings since, a lecturer, in adjusting his apparatus, draw part of it down on his head; a laugh among the auditory showed that this was considered good fun. He might have been hurt severely; no matter; the first impression taken was the fun of the thing. On hearing the laugh, he turned round, and said, 'such things did not abash him.' His saying so was mere bravado, for he was embarrassed, and so was I; but whether his embarrassment were occasioned by the accident, or the mirth which it excited, I know not. Go to a concert, or any other public assembly, you may note the cold look, or supercilious sneer, or the smile of ridicule at any little defect; while the conscious timidity, the feverish sense of abashedness in the object, increases the

sport. The sport is paid for, it is a purchased right. But, by your hope of an invitation to the next ball or dinner, do not let the patron or patroness see you sneer. I visit the theatre: when the machinery is awkwardly moved, or an actor is at fault, there will be a hiss or a laugh of jeering. I am so silly that I can neither laugh nor hiss. I feel the distress of the actor, or the dilemma of the scene shifter; for I know they are distressed, that they are suffering acutely; but this is morbid sensitiveness.

‘But,’ says the conventional reader, ‘this callousness, this indifference to the feelings of others, Mr. Pel. Verjuice, prevails only among the lower orders.’ I will not dispute that, sir; first settle which are the lower orders; in those whose education has cost most money, I have marked the induration fifty times as frequently as I have seen it in others; and it showed itself without any desire on my part to find it. Mark me, sir; I limit my declaration to my observation of congregated masses. I speak another truth as freely; it is among such, individually, that I, individually, have had my feelings most carefully and benignly consulted. There are different teachers of the same rules, as far as regards the words thereof, and they produce opposite results. This, too, I can avouch from experience.

Memory impregnates reflection, and gives birth to a thousand thoughts, as I look back on my boyhood and compare my then state of feeling with the experience of a life of constant struggle and opposing vicissitude. I was poor, I was humbly cast, I was struck with poverty’s stamp; and I was dealt with as if my only possible means of respiring through life, if I would escape the pangs of absolute want, were to be found in a severe attention, a changeless application to the records of a day-book and ledger, invoices and half-yearly accounts, despatching of wares and examinations of parcels; dexterity and industry, method and correctness, in these affairs were to limit my endeavours, and be the sum of all my mind’s and body’s attainments. I was shown that all wisdom was comprised in these. I was taught that nothing was so sure an induction to virtuous and respectable life, so certain of a certificate of talent and good character, as skill in drawing up an account without any erasure, and arriving at a sum total without an error. The genius which invented numbers and letters was nobody; and he that would reap pecuniary profit from their use, was an angel of light. There was coming on me, spite of my elasticity and buoyancy of imagination, a dryness of heart; it was all duty and no love, all obedience and no affection, which was to drag me on through boyhood and youth up to manhood; and a pretty thing I should have been if I could have lived up to manhood through such a dead, uphill tugging of the body, against the repugnant and recoiling mind. I should have been an ass in a mill-wheel, and like him worn into blindness by keeping my eyes on the same flitting spot; yet I had advantages which are seldom mingled in the lot of one so humbly cast. There was a weekly reaction when I conversed with my father; he was a thinking man, though subdued out of himself by dependence; he possessed a mind which soared more widely, and swayed more influentially than is permitted or believed to exist in men of his rank; and his brother, my master, had a reverence for his superior understanding and penetra-

tion ; besides the tie of relationship made my condition less physically harsh, and slackened some of the severe and cutting bonds between the poor apprentice and his comparatively wealthy master. But I had mortifications and endurances which were unknown to him, and I then thought complaint to him would have procured no redress, his manner to me forbade hope of relief ; though I now believe otherwise ; and I was frequently miserable, very, very miserable—so miserable that I feel now a yearning of pity towards any boy who may be so circumstanced ; it would be sufficient punishment for any misconduct, even crime, of which a boy can be guilty, for it was a whipping and lashing of the heart. And little did any one think I was miserable ; for every freedom from the suffering made my spirit leap with joy, and my mirth was exuberant even to a wildness of character. So I dare say they supposed I was silent only because I was fatigued with merriment, they never dreamt that my stillness was most frequently a return to heart-consuming sadness ; no, they could not understand me. Could I have trod in my master's steps, could I have made business, as it was called, my delight, perhaps no boy's life would have been happier than mine with him. But this was against the grain, it was most nauseous, it was like crunching particles of sand between the teeth ; a delicious sensation that ! I could not chain my faculties to it. ' Why ? ' I could not. ' Why ? ' I could not. ' Why, why ? ' I could not, I could not ; I did strive, but I could not ; and the way to lead me into liking it was never tried, and the means which I do believe my uncle thought would most safely direct and fix me, only increased my hatred of it. He seemed to be afraid of trusting me with looks or words of kindness, as if their consequence would be an assumption of privilege or idleness on my part : mistaken wisdom ! spectaclled perception ! It makes duty hateful, and obedience a pang. True, indeed, to his eye I was hopeless, valueless, worthless ; but he began by standing aloof, and I felt myself isolated from the hour my novelty of position, the boy emancipated from school, had worn away its charm. The gratuities of sixpences, shillings, and half crowns, though I am now sure they were given in a kind and indulgent spirit, were never graced by any expressions of goodwill, there was a manner of compulsion in the giving, they were dispensed with the suppressed, dry, matter-of-fact look, with which a farmer gives hay to his team, or his wife barley to the chickens. Would the horses return a pat of the neck with a bite or a kick ? or the chickens peck the hand if the barley were accompanied by tones of endearment ? How differently were my father's less frequent donations of shillings put into my hand ! Yet many considered him a man of austere and harsh character, though all children loved him. There was a playful beauty in the preface ; and a confident rest in the loose which he gave to my self-guidance in the conclusion ; that multiplied the gratuity a hundred times, and bade me regard it, not as money, but as a token of his affection.

I was ever dreaming, basking as it were in the sunshiny visions of worlds which were not, of hazy creations which floated before my eyes and twisted the figures of pounds, shillings, and pence into fantastic shapes : for six dozen of any thing at 12s. 8d. per dozen, I made a product in cocoa-nut trees, sailing ships, and strange shores,

erected a magnificent temple and sapphire colonnades fit for the residence of the genii, who reposed in, or floated along its halls, or delved an incantatory cell for the phantasmagorical creations of witches or magi. The book of orders was any thing but an orderly book under my hands. I marshalled in it the actions and ceremonies of nations buried three thousand years ago. This was all wrong, all this was criminal; I will not offer a defence, I state the fact. I was placed in a situation which, to be duteously, and, let me say, honestly filled, made the entertainment of such fancies wrongful to my employer. It occasioned errors and mistakes which might have resulted in serious injury and loss, had they not been rectified by a diligence and watchfulness, which, but for my carelessness, had been more profitably engaged. My time was passed in committing blunders, that of others in repairing the ill consequent upon them. Let the reader carry this reflection in his mind, and he will understand what little claim I had on the kindness and indulgence of one who considered correctness in accounts the greatest of virtues, and an aptitude for business in a boy, the best promise of future wisdom in the man. How many pangs did this unconquerable dreaming cost me ! It made me less trustworthy than a convicted cheat or a thief, for it was possible, nay it was easy to frustrate the tricks of either of these ; but there was no defence against my moral absence, and I endured all the ignominy of a thief detected, with the additional torture that I had betrayed a trust, while my heart told me I had not turned from honesty the breadth of a hair. I thought, when I sat down to write these Memoirs, to laugh at all these things; I intended to run along so far, on a rail-road of light-hearted retrospection, to draw mirth out of my boyish foibles—to be merry with my own follies, to make the reader laugh with me, at myself: but as I plunge my mind into the subject, the subject seems to swell into a combat with destiny. The reader will throw down the book if I do not get out of this rainy weather and muddy road. Well, stay, or rather go on awhile. You shall have sunshine and hurricane, battles and billows, groans and laughter, by and by.

No I could not be trusted. Once I was despatched with a 'one pound note' to purchase stamps, which were to cost six shillings and eight-pence, my change, of course, was thirteen and four-pence. To the stamp shop I went, told my wants—my mind's eye was probably in Japan or in an Asiatic jungle. I counted the money (perhaps) six and eight-pence change, and returned home. Not till I reached the door, did I reflect that the stamp-seller had given me the sum he should have retained, and retained that which he ought to have given to me. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer, for he was never angry—I could always brave anger in any of the stations, climes, conditions, or circumstances in which I have been thrown, from that time to this. Anger always arms me; but a cutting silence, a cold sneer, or a grumble of reproach, I could never strive with; they strip me of confidence and strength, and lay me bare in nakedness. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer threw me into a perspiration, and embarrassed my manner, as I said to him, 'Sir, I have made a mistake.' 'I do not doubt that,' he replied; my faltering explanation was met by, 'Umph, go back immediately and set it right, make haste.' The order

to make haste was uncalled for, every foot of ground was a mile as I panted over it. On stating my case, which I did with a confused, palpitating, and half-strangled utterance, the man of the shop first grinned at me in derision. I looked at him bewilderedly; he told me to 'be off,' but I remained staring at him, rivetted to the spot, while he advanced to the desk and resumed his writing; presently he turned his sneering visage, on me and said, without discontinuing his labour, 'You have discovered a nice way of pocketing six and eight-pence;' this unchained my tongue. I called him 'cheat, villain, rogue!' and he coolly reached down a horsewhip, and cracked it across the counter, with 'Come, sir, be off, or I'll flog you out of my shop.' Flog me! flog me! I would not have stirred from the place if my flesh had been cut in strips from my bones! But my uncle had followed me, and he came in during the flourishes of the whip. 'What's this? what's this?' My uncle was a respectable man, so was the stamp-seller, and the courtesy of dialogue between two respectable men ensued, without reference to the feelings of the poor boy. He had no right to feelings. The respectable stamp-seller asked my uncle, 'if the boy were honest?' On this I uttered a shriek of rage and agony, which suspended the talk for a moment. My uncle laid his hand on my shoulder, and bade me go home. 'I will not go;' and I stamped with fury, 'till that fellow has done me right!' 'Go home, I'll see to this.' 'Does that look like honesty or guilt, sir?' said the respectable stamp-seller. I spat up into his face as he stood behind the counter, and my uncle put me forcibly out of the shop.

I reeled blindly and mechanically through the streets, for there was a thick mist before my eyes, and arrived at the counting-house. My uncle returned soon, and, without casting a look at me, sat down to his books. I stood staring at him for some minutes, gasping with pain and grief; then rushed up to him, and looked within an inch of his face, as I said, in a tone of deep, swelling, and intense energy, 'Do you think I am a cheat, sir?' Without a wink of the eye, or a disturbed muscle on his face, he replied, 'Go to your business;' and my heart became a ball of ashes. The word, 'No,'—for it was 'no' he thought—might have changed my destiny, and saved me from years of misery. Were he now living he, perhaps, would have no recollection of this circumstance, except, possibly, that I showed some audacity at that time. To him it was a trifle, and to all who were then aware of the fact it was a trifle. Perhaps not one of them remembers it. To me it was of moment, it was a life-indexing event, it burst open the channels in which my future rugged, precipitous, alternately impetuous and leaping, or dull and stagnant streams of existence were to flow. That same evening the stamp-seller came to my uncle to say he had discovered his mistake, and he paid the six and eight-pence; he did not think it necessary to speak to me; or to make the smallest comment in reference to such an humble nobody as I was. It was a matter which concerned none but him and my master. I learned it from other sources, my uncle never spoke to me on the subject. He might have chained me to him in affection and love. I should have striven to anticipate every wish of his; duty and obedience would have become indulgences of pleasure and delight, if he had condescended to explanatory consolation; but I was nothing, nobody; and from that hour

I resolved to be nothing, nobody, any longer. No, no, he could not understand me. In his creed of jurisprudence, kindness and explanation, instead of the dear comfort and happiness it would have brought me, would lead me into presumption and greater laxity; or, had he alluded at all to the matter, he would merely have told me to 'be more careful for the future.' Mistaken wisdom! erroneous judgment! but it is the cold error of thousands—it is the hood-winked perception of millions! Yet I repeat it, and let it never be forgotten in the estimate of causes and construction of character, he was a man of kind and affectionate nature, of clear sunlight probity, a most favourable specimen of father, merchant, and master. There is something in this which, at first glance, appears inexplicable; there is a seemingly irreconcilable discrepancy in the motives which direct the actions, that had I not experienced the scorching truth in my own history, I should have questioned its existence; but the watchfulness of perplexed and pained sensibilities which it occasions, will quicken the intellectual vision, and enable us to disentangle some of the mysterious webs in which worldly morality is woven, and raise a smile of contempt, or a sigh of pity at the misapplication of the skill which has been employed on the work. I, in this discernment, have been greatly assisted by contrasts of character, for after this circumstance, which I have above related, while yet a youth—a boy, I was placed in a much more important trust, one of public service, in which the interests of thousands were involved; under a man of 'birth and station' who took me out of the lowest state of degradation, if I may so speak of my condition, uninfluenced by any claims on his notice, and in all his confidence bound me to him by the kindness and graciousness of manner in which he informed me of the trust he reposed in me; so that the very breath of temptation to swerve from my faith to him never fanned me, even in a dream. I loved him, I revered him as a superior being. Of him and these circumstances I have to speak hereafter; my recollections of him are pregnant with gratitude, a solemn affection, which may, in the minds of some whose knowledge of him was more limited, or based on other grounds than mine, colour my sketches with tints too deep and warm. Let those who knew him as well as I did, and if there can be one so deeply and largely indebted to his kindness as I am, let him judge if I overstep the truth. I shall speak of him hereafter. There are thousands of instances in this commercial nation, in which sums to any amount, and documents in which the speculations and hazards of 'the firm' are involved, are freely intrusted into the hands of persons employed by the 'heads;' persons who have no claim on, or union with them, beyond the periodical stipend; who could, by swerving from the path on which they have been so intrusted, bring down ruin on their employers. The employer will take merit on the freedom of his confidence, and laud himself for unlimited trust; yet with all this, he will never admit him to a communion of kindness, to a freedom of thought, or scarcely even to a cold conversation, beyond the doors of his counting-house. Why is this? The employed is thus instructed to be indifferent to every thing but those interests on which his own safety depends. He can have no anxiety for the 'heads;' they may be squeezed into bankruptcy to-morrow for all it

concerns him if he see a good chance elsewhere. In England there is seldom any love between master and servant ; there is no affection, no reciprocity. A short time ago I saw a servant of Earl D—, uncovered, bowing submissively as he attended his master, and assisted him to his carriage. He was regarded as a faithful and attached dependent. I heard his lordship so speak of him; and I heard the man, the moment after the carriage drove from the door, say to one of his comrades, ‘ There’s a fellow for a lord, he may do for a broom,’ and saying this, he pantomimed the street-scamper, ‘ but he’s not good enough for the scoop.’ There was a liveried thing seen some months ago, riding about and carrying a lap-dog wrapped up in flannel, for an airing ; he was directed to go into none of the close and filthy streets among the residences of the *canaille*, lest he (the dog) should inhale the atmosphere of poverty, and the effluvia of gin, onions, and tobacco, and not to go out of a gentle walk. Which of the two was the more foul, contemptible, degraded wretch, —the owner of the dog, or the *man* who submitted to the order ? The sick, flannelled lap-dog was a *god* compared to either of them. Yet, no doubt, this was ‘ a faithful and attached servant.’ I say there is no affection existing between employer and employed, between truster and trusted, master and servant. But ‘ they are very faithful,’ oh, very ! ‘ They will stand up for their masters and defend them on emergencies,’ ay, if the guinea shine behind the emergency. And such faith is merited and won, no other. ‘ Firm is my faith if bought by gold,’ may be stamped on the foreheads of them all. The master is afraid of being seen in any shape that shall not exhibit him as the master ; he thinks he shall slacken the chains of ‘ respectful subordination,’ if he oil the links by speaking to the wearer as if he were a fellow-being ; or, more foolish and more cowardly still, he dreads the opinion of his neighbours, who will say he does not keep his servant in subjection, if he be not in his tones imperative, and in his looks austere.

It is singularly strange, that the gentleman or lady who will unhesitatingly confide the keys of wardrobe, cash, or jewels to a servant, and if occasion require, go into a court of law to vouch, on oath, a belief in said servant’s trustworthiness—to speak, still on oath, instances in proof of the servant’s impeccable integrity ; it is singular, I say, that there is one point on which the ready voucher would be struck into blank silence. If the court should put the question ‘ Did you trust this servant with the key of your tea-caddy ? ’ After the dumbfoundering consequent on this interrogatory, something would be emitted like ‘ What a question ! nobody ever does ; it is contrary to custom ? ’ Are you puzzled, reader, for the ‘ cause of this effect defective.’

Tell me, ye who cavil at my sourness, does any other principle guide you or yours, your copartners or acquaintances ? Do you trust because the trusted is faithful ? because the trusted is of spotless integrity ? Not you ; you know your security is not there. You know your own remedy, and revenge too, in the event of betrayal and turpitude ; you know that rascality is merely frightened away. On every village green, companion to the church, you have erected a pair of stocks. All your honesty, your morality, and much of your religion, is as two current coins jingled against

each other. You dare not; your muddled souls, bandaged together by custom's swathe; your mechanical-motioned hearts, swinging in the monotonous uniformity of the clock's pendulum, would be terrified 'out of their propriety' if a breath of genuine and generous philanthropy fanned upon them. Oh! how I scorn, loathe, detest, sicken at that 'trust and confidence,' which are environed by law; limited by the facility of detection, and secured and preserved by the dread of detection's consequences! *Generous* reader! regret, grieve with me, that these things are so! and do not cast anger or reproach on me for declaring the truth.

So it grows and expands into a ceaseless contention of mistrust and deception. One side is engaged in tricking, the other in watchfulness against the trickster: each changing sides alternately, the trickster of this hour takes the station of suspicious watcher in the next; so it has ripened into that conduct in the 'business of the world,' which justifies, and unscrupulously secures itself at any expense or sacrifice of the interests of others. This it is which has made 'humbug' a practical science in all bargainings, in all professions, in all pursuits; it is indispensable to success and prosperity; it is the centre and essence of all social, commercial, political, and literary communion, from the prince to the street-sweeper; from the huckster of a penny-worth of butter, to the holder of bonded millions; from the sale of a lordly domain, to the purchase of a pound of cat's meat; from the building of a palace, to the paving of a pigstye; from a missionary or bible meeting, to a game at skittles; from the hawker of sixty ballads for a penny, to the professional 'critic' on the most glorious illuminations of mind, the gushings from the deepest and most intense pulsations of the heart, or the veriest trash which ever stagnated on paper; from the placarded notice of a breakfast for threepence, to the columns of the 'leading journal,' (inclusive,) from the spouting of an ale-house club, to the speechifying of those who sway the destinies of nations, arbitrate in the disputes of millions, and cater for the salvation of empires: all is '*humbug*;' and it is a necessary part of the humbug to disclaim humbug. This is competition, competition of self-interests displayed in an union of hypocrisy and cunning, and all are honourable men. All this used to be peculiar to England, it is still indigenous, but there is a sprinkling and growing up of it in France. Among the multitudes whom the peace and steam-boats have helped across the Channel, some skilful hands have been engaged in inoculating the French with this most prominent and formidable trait of Englishism. John Bull is ever complaining of imposition on his good-nature and justifying his caution and suspicion of all new comers, all (unpuffed) fresh approaches to him, and he is more cautious and suspicious than any other man on earth. Is it not so? And is it not true, also, that he will tell you, all this is rendered necessary—imperative, by the multiplied acts of swindling and deception, of which he, poor fellow, has been the victim? Is John then so blind, that he cannot perceive that this proves, beyond dispute, that suspicion and gullibility are the offspring and parent of each other? Good, easy man! none are so full of suspicion and caution; none pride themselves so much on their acuteness as the English, and none are so frequently the dupes of imposture. John is too practical a man to understand signs of thought, except the arithmetical, two-and-two-make-

four logic of them ; he thinks otherwise of his perception, and in nine cases out of ten, casts his leer of suspicion on that which is a note of innocence, and trusts to that, yieldingly and implicitly, which if he possessed the penetration of which he boasts, he would know was a manœuvre for deception. His caution dims his sight, his suspicion is a pair of dirty spectacles.

SILVIO PELLICO.*

OF Silvio Pellico we knew nothing, until we opened this book, except what common report had told us, that he was one of the victims on whom the wrath or suspicion of the emperor of Austria had alighted, and who had endured the horrors of a ten years' imprisonment, chiefly in the fortress of Spielberg. Of his political history, we know no more than before. He disavows all intention of making his readers wise upon this point, but gives us the simple biography of his heart, mind, and bodily estate during the term of his suffering, including also some beautiful records of those who were either the sharers of his captivity, or its guardians. They therefore who take up the volume, expecting to find a political work, or even to learn the history of a patriot mind burning with indignation at its own and its country's wrongs, will be disappointed. It is not these, but it is something more singular, and to our minds, more affecting. The truths it sets forth are universal, the manner of treating them noble, simple, quiet, feeling, and manly. One of its main objects the author avows to be that of attesting that, in the midst of suffering and degradation, he found human nature a better and a nobler thing than it is too often believed to be ; another, and a kind one, is to comfort the afflicted by the account of his own supports ; a third, and the noblest, is to invite the high and lofty of heart to the love, and not the hatred, of all their fellow-creatures ; to indulge hatred only, evermore and irreconcilably, against all low ends, all cowardice, perfidy, and every sort of moral degradation. There is not a trace in the book of irritated, selfish feeling. It beams from beginning to end with love to God and goodwill to man, treasures up every good trait of human nature, delights in recording the kindnesses which had softened captivity, and bears a joyful testimony to the blessed consolations of Christianity. It has little to say of suffering, except as a necessary part of human discipline, the gift (a blessed gift) of a father's love. The book may be a little un-English in the tone of its expressions here and there, both with respect to religion, and brotherly and filial affection. Better, perhaps, that it should be so, or, waving that doubt, better, at all events, for us that we should receive it in a universal rather than a national spirit. We may not be desirous of going to school to foreigners in either the exercise or expressions of the sweet

* *Le Mie Prigioni, memorie di Silvio Pellico da Salluzzo. 1833, Londra, Rolandi.*

charities of life ; but there is nothing in our habitual reserve, in our national shame of being thought as good and kind as, at heart, we are, which can warrant our wishing to train *them* to our standard.

The narrative commences with the arrest of the author at Milan, on the 13th of October, 1820, on suspicion of connexion with those engaged in treasonable practices, doubtless, but not being informed of the nature of these, or the character of his different examinations, we can only follow him to the prison of Santa Margherita, which he was destined to inhabit until Feb. 1821.

‘ To awaken,’ says he, ‘ the first night in prison is a fearful thing. Is it possible, (I said, remembering where I was,) is it possible ? I here ! Is it no dream ! Did they arrest me yesterday ? Did they subject me yesterday to that long examination which will be renewed to-morrow, and who knows how often again ? Last night before I slept, did I weep so much when I thought of my parents ? The quiet, the silence, the short sleep that had restored my mental powers, seemed to have multiplied my sorrows an hundred fold. In the total absence of all distraction, the grief of my cherished ones, more than all of my father and mother when they should hear of my arrest, was painted in my fancy with incredible power. “ Now,” said I, “ they are yet sleeping in peace ; or, if awake, they are thinking perhaps with pleasure of me, little dreaming of their son’s present abode. Oh happy, if God were to take them hence, before the news reaches Turin. Who will give them strength to sustain such a stroke ? ”

‘ A voice within seemed to reply, “ He whom all the afflicted invoke, He whom they love and feel to be with them—*He* who gave strength to a mother to follow her son to Golgotha, and stand beneath his cross, the friend of the unhappy, the friend of men ! ” This was the first moment that religion triumphed in my heart ; and to filial love I owe the blessing.’

A cheerful tone of thought, and readiness to make the most of every little resource is the next amiable trait developed in the narrative :—

‘ And here,’ says he, ‘ I made it my study to complain of nothing, and to give my mind every enjoyment possible ; my favourite pleasure was in renewing my enumeration of the blessings which had gladdened my days. A good father and mother, excellent brothers and sisters, different friends, a good education, the love of letters, &c. Was there ever any one more largely blessed than I had been ? Why not thank my God, although I might now be tried by misfortune ? While enumerating these things I was softened, and wept for a moment ; but courage and joy returned. In a few days I had made a friend. It was not the keeper nor any of the assistants, nor any one of my prosecutors, and yet I am speaking of a human being, of a deaf and dumb boy, five or six years old. His father and mother were thieves, and had suffered the punishment of the law. The poor orphan was maintained by the police, together with some other children similarly situated. They occupied a room opposite to my own, and at

stated times the door was opened that they might take the open air in the court. The mute came under my window, smiled upon me, and gesticulated. I threw him a piece of bread. He took it, making a joyful spring, ran to his companions, gave them each a piece, and then came to eat his portion near my window, expressing his gratitude by the smiling looks of his fine eyes. The other boys looked at me from a distance, but dare not come near. The deaf and dumb had great sympathy with me, not merely from an interested motive. Sometimes he knew not what to do with the bread I threw him, and made me signs that he and his companions had eaten enough, and could not take any more. If he saw one of the assistants in my room, he gave him the bread to restore it to me. Although he expected nothing from me, he went on playing before the window with graceful pleasantry, seeming to enjoy my looking at him. Once, one of the guards allowed him to enter my prison. He ran into my arms, uttering a cry of delight. I took him up, and the pleasure with which he overwhelmed me with his caresses I cannot express.

This was not to last. He was removed to another and less pleasant apartment, from whence he could no more see or hear the poor mute. A new source of interest, however, came; he could discern the window of his first lodging-room, and there he beheld his successor, a man engaged in rapidly walking to and fro. Two or three days afterwards he saw him writing constantly; in a short time a more distinct view was afforded. It was Melchiorre Gioja, one of the most profound writers on political economy of our day. Pellico's name was probably announced to him, and, for a day or two, the companions in misfortune had infinite pleasure in making distant signs of recognition and greeting, but the guards interposed, and the indulgence was forbidden. Meanwhile Pellico was frequently called up and examined. He had made up his mind as to the course he should take. He would not buy impunity by the ruin of others, and, therefore, fully expected that either the gallows or a lengthened imprisonment must be his fate. Just at this juncture a visit from his aged father well nigh unhinged him. The old man came full of hope, telling him that he doubted not in a few days he should see him again at Turin, that his room was made ready, and he was only grieved to be obliged to set out before him. Pellico well knew the vanity of these hopes, but he struggled with himself, repressed his grief, and parted with his father with a tranquil countenance. This effort, however, cost him a violent illness, as did, soon after, an interview with Count Luigi Porro, of Milan, who had confided to him the education of his two sons, youths to whom Pellico elsewhere recurs with all the longings of affection. Count Porro himself shortly fell under similar suspicions with the prisoner, and was twice condemned to death, but escaped from the Austrians.

On the 19th of February (1821) Pellico was called up in the middle of the night by men who desired him to dress with all expe-

dition, and prepare to leave his prison. For what new abode? The question was soon answered. They arrived at Venice next day, proceeded to the palace, and there in the burning and stifling region of the *leads*, already familiar to all readers of Cooper's 'Bravo,' was the poor prisoner deposited. It was still spring, but the air was more than commonly warm for the season, and after a few days of wind, in March, hot weather set in.

'It is not to be described; the burning air of the region I inhabited, exposed to the full glare of noon-day, under a leaden roof, the window looking to the roof of St. Mark, also of lead, the reflection of which was tremendous; I was stifled—I never had an idea of a heat so oppressive. To this punishment was added that of a plague of gnats, in such a multitude that however I might agitate and struggle I was covered with them, as were also the bed, the table, chair, and stool, clothes, face, every part covered.'

Here such was his misery, that for the first time some temptations to suicide overtook him, but they did not last, and religion continued his support.

'The Bible, thanks to Heaven,' says he, 'I knew *how* to read. The time was gone by in which I judged it by the bad criticism of Voltaire, despising expressions which are neither laughable nor false, except when, through ignorance or malice, we do not penetrate their meaning. It appeared to me clearly that it was a law of holiness, therefore of truth; how very unphilosophic it was to be offended by certain imperfections of style, as much so as the pride of him who despises every thing which has not an elegant exterior. How absurd it is to imagine that such a collection of books, so religiously venerated, should have an un-authentic beginning: how undeniable was the superiority of such writings above the theology of the Indies.'

While at Venice he underwent repeated examinations, and describes his sufferings at these times as terrible; the fear of committing others, the wearisomeness of answering minute cross-questionings for hours together, at times sent him back to his oven exhausted and trembling, and fit only to die. However, he was permitted to have paper and pens. He wrote incessantly, sometimes meditations and pious exercises, sometimes for amusement only. In Italy he was well known as the author of 'Francisco da Rimini,' a tragedy suggested by the episode in canto v. of Dante's *Inferno*, and now he composed other tragedies, and also lyric poems. It appears, however, that what with the combined excitements of imagination, solitude, together with an agitating correspondence with an atheistical fellow-prisoner, in which Pellico maintained his ground with great fidelity and courage—with all these circumstances put together, and bad management as to diet, he fell into a state of nervous excitement, the description of which is perhaps the most distressing part of the book. He had previously, however, to undergo another change; the beneficent government of Venice, seeing that the summer heats were passing away, deemed it time to remove him. October came; he

was just congratulating himself on the pleasure of having such a *winter* room as this, when one morning the guard announced the intention of giving him another apartment. 'And where?' asked Pellico. 'At a little distance—a more *airy* room.' 'And why not think of that when I was perishing from the heat, and the air was filled with gnats?' 'The order did not come then.' The room in which they placed him was under the leads still, but east and west, with two windows opposite, a region of perpetual cold draughts, and of dreadful severity in the winter months; the eastern window was large, the western small and high. Here it was that he seems first to have experienced the nervous sufferings we mentioned. Sleep deserted him, and horrible and tormenting images came thronging round. He fancied that in this new apartment there was some concealed aperture by which his tormentors espied all he did, and amused themselves with mocking him: he thought when standing in his room that some one pulled him by the coat, or blew the light to make it waste the sooner. Then he strove to ascertain whether it was reality or illusion. The rising sun generally brought refreshment, and for a while dispelled his fancies; but with evening they returned, and every night was a renewal or increase of horrors. In the day, being ashamed that these feelings should be discovered by the guards, he assumed the appearance of the greatest cheerfulness. No one would have believed his sufferings; but happily a violent fit of indisposition, attended by vomitings, wrought a change in his nightly miseries, and he once more slept.

The humanity of Pellico's *immediate* guardians, in all his different places of confinement, is a very pleasing subject of reflection. The keepers of all these different state prisoners appear to have regarded them with absolute affection, and though in general inexorable in adhering to every rule laid down, did not make the bread of captivity more bitter by taunts and harshness. On the kindness and sympathy of these men, on every act indeed of friendliness which he and his comrades in adversity received from human beings, Pellico dwells with almost enthusiastic gratitude. It is impossible not to feel that to *their* wants and weaknesses, had they needed him, he would have ministered with all the ardour of an affectionate nature. Of the priests who at various times were sent to administer spiritual consolation to the prisoners, he also speaks in the highest terms. As *Germans*, they were at first regarded with some jealousy by the captives; it was natural to suspect that they might be in league with their persecutors; but in no instance did they find just ground for these suspicions. They never endeavoured to extract their political secrets; they were uniformly pious, sympathizing, well informed, and mostly able men, and gave him a very high opinion of the character of the German Catholic clergy.

In January, 1822, Pellico was removed to the dungeons of St.

Michel di Murano, where more than a hundred Carbonari were already imprisoned. There he obtained information of some few of his compatriots. Maroncelli, his most intimate friend, and afterwards sharer of his apartment at Spielberg, Rezia, Rossi, and others. On the 21st of February he was at length called up to receive sentence, before the president inquisitors and two assistant judges, and was told by the former in a feeling tone, that the sentence was come; that the judgment had been terrible, but the emperor had mitigated its severity. He had been sentenced to die, the penalty was commuted for fifteen years of rigorous imprisonment in the castle of Spielberg. 'The will of God be done!' was Pellico's reply, and he returned in silence, after being informed, that on the next day the sentence must be *publicly* announced, but that meantime he should be placed with Maroncelli. After an agitating night, in which his thoughts seem chiefly to have turned upon his afflicted parents, he and his friend were conveyed to the palace of the Doge, where, from a scaffold erected in the square, the captives were beheld by an immense assembled multitude, while an officer proclaimed their dole of suffering—to Maroncelli, twenty years' imprisonment, to Pellico fifteen. Another month however passed, before the Commissary from Germany was in readiness to attend them on their journey; but when he did arrive, he brought gracious intelligence, the emperor, out of his abundant mercy, intended to reckon the days of their captivity not by twenty-four hours, but by twelve. If this announcement had any meaning, it might naturally be supposed to signify, that one half of the term of punishment was cut off, and such Pellico concluded was the Emperor's intention.

At last, on the 25th of March, the prisoners set out, *four in number*, Rezia and Canova in one vehicle, Maroncelli and Pellico in another, and arrived at Brunn, the Moravian capital, on the 10th of April. Near the walls of the city, to the West, is a hill, surmounted by the rock and castle of Spielberg, once the palace of the lords of Moravia, now the strongest of the Austrian monarch's prisons. About three hundred prisoners condemned for various crimes here suffer the punishment some of *duro*, some of *durissimo* imprisonment. We must explain. *Duro*, in the Austrian dictionary, means compulsory employment with chains on the feet, sleeping upon bare boards, and eating the poorest food. *Durissimo*, a more annoying method of fettering the captives, an iron ring being placed round the body, and the chain fastened to the wall in such a manner, that it barely reaches the boards which serve for a bed, the food is the same, whatever the law may say, *bread and water*. Their names being first entered in the superintendent's book, Maroncelli and Pellico were conducted to their future abodes, two dark rooms, not contiguous, opening into a subterraneous passage. The separation was unexpected, and proved the bitterest part of the lot.

Pellico looked round his dungeon, and discerned by the glimmering light which descended from a high loop-hole, the naked bench given him for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed in the wall; he seated himself, took up the chain, measured its length, thinking it was, perhaps, after all, destined for him, even though *durissimo* was not in the sentence. The keeper returned at noon, bringing him a pitcher of water, and telling him that the next day he would bring him bread. 'Thanks, my good man;' 'I am *not* good,' was the reply. 'The worse for you then,' said Pellico. But under a harsh and dogged exterior, this individual, whose name was Schiller, concealed a heart full of kindness. Fortunately for Pellico, the air and the hardships of his dungeon soon brought on a crisis, which terminated more favourably for the future. He took a fever, and the surgeon of the prison peremptorily ordered that he should be removed to a higher story in the building, have better food, and a straw bed. Could he but have divided these increased comforts with Maroncelli! The lot, however, was not greatly mitigated; he was still in irons, and the food though something better was so scanty in quantity, that Schiller and some of the other guards repeatedly brought the prisoners fragments of bread at their own expense; but Pellico declined, dreading the greater misery of discovery, and of knowing that these kind-hearted souls had been punished for his sake. They were under the strictest orders to preserve silence in the prison, yet sometimes they permitted a low song to issue from the solitary apartments, and one evening, Pellico heard a voice in the room next his own, murmuring an air, and soon after found himself accosted by the singer. They told each other their names, and exchanged a few words. The stranger was Antonio Oroboni, who henceforth becomes one of the most interesting personages mentioned in the narrative. By dint of constant practice and experiments, these adjoining fellow-sufferers learned to hold occasional communications, with little molestation from the guards. They learned so to modulate and direct their voices, and so to vary the tone on the approach of danger, as to escape observation, or, if their communications were perceived by Schiller and one or two others, they were winked at, provided some less indulgent did not overhear. In this manner they found mutual consolation. The past as concerned each was related, they discussed the deepest and highest themes. Oroboni was a Christian in heart and faith, and they spoke much of religious comforts. The esteem Pellico was led to feel for his new friend increased daily. He seemed to be the very soul of charity: he was perpetually turning his attention to the motives which should make men indulgent towards their enemies. Never did he mention an adversary, but Oroboni strove to mitigate his anger; he seemed to have suffered deeply, but to pardon every one. Alas! this noble spirit soon passed away. Successive fits of illness, on both sides, frequently prevented communication between the friends, but at

length they met again, and their conversation turned more than ever on the eternal future.

‘If by any unhopèd for occurrence, said Oroboni, we *should* return into society, shall we be cowardly enough to be ashamed of the gospel? To admit the suggestion, should any of our friends fancy that confinement has enfeebled our minds, and that through this weakness our faith increased.

‘Oroboni, I replied, the question suggests to me what would be *your* answer, and that is also mine. There can be no viler thing than to be the slave of others’ judgments, when one believes them to be false, and I will not believe such vileness will ever be yours or mine.’

They on one occasion, and only on one, saw each other. It was permitted to each of the prisoners, in turn, to walk for an hour, twice a week, and on one of these walks, Pellico passed the door of his fellow-prisoner, at the moment when it was opened to admit the jailer. The temptation was irresistible, and he rushed into the room; the jailer threatened, and endeavoured to separate them; his assistants came, but the sight of their mutual delight and emotion drew tears from every one of them; for a few moments they were permitted to see one another, face to face: then they were parted, Oroboni saying, ‘We shall never behold one another again on earth;’ and they never did. A few months afterwards, his chamber was empty, and this fine young man was interred in the cemetery opposite Pellico’s window.

‘Poor Oroboni! what a chill ran through my veins, when I heard he was no more! And we heard the voices and the steps of those who came to carry away the corpse! and we saw from the window the car in which he was carried to the cemetery. Two of the common convicts drew it, four guards followed. We accompanied the sad procession with our eyes to the cemetery. It entered the enclosure, stopped in one corner; *there* was the grave. A little while after, the car, the convicts, and guards returned, one of the last was Kubitzky; he said to me, (it was a kind thought, surprising from a rough man,) “I marked distinctly the spot of interment, in order that if any of his relations or friends should one day obtain leave to carry his remains into his own land, we may know where they lie.” Sometimes Oroboni had said to me, looking out from his window on the cemetery, “I must accustom myself to the thought of lying there: yet I must own that the idea is very revolting to me: it seems to me that we cannot lie so quietly in our graves in this land, as in our own dear peninsula.” Afterwards, he laughed and exclaimed, “Childishness! when a vestment is worn out, and one must change it, what signifies where it is thrown!” At another time, he said, “I do prepare for death, but I should be more easily resigned to my condition, could I once more enter the paternal roof, clasp my father’s knees, hear one word of blessing, and then die!” He sighed, and added, “If this cup may not pass away, O my God, thy will be done!” And the last morning of his life, he still repeated, kissing a crucifix, which Kral had brought him, “Thou that wast Divine, hadst yet some dread of death, and didst say, ‘If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ Forgive me, if I too say it. But I also

repeat thy other words, ' Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' ”

Oroboni died on the 13th of June, 1823, his last words being, ' From my heart I forgive my enemies.' We have in some degree anticipated the order of events, in order to bring the notices of this amiable young man to a close. We must now inform the reader, that, in consequence of a severe and dangerous accession of illness, Pellico was permitted, previous to his friend's decease, to have his irons removed, to write to his father, and finally to enjoy the society of his beloved Maroncelli, who henceforth occupied the same cell. A similar mitigation of misery seems to have been afforded to some of the other state prisoners, who were placed in pairs in the different apartments. They were in every respect partners in affliction. Not one of them appears to have escaped severe bodily sufferings, the consequence of bad and scanty food and confinement, and several died. As for Maroncelli, who had been in the flower of youth and health, Pellico scarcely recognised him, when brought from the depths of his dungeon into upper air; and his extreme anxiety for the restoration of his friend's health, diminished the satisfaction of their renewed intercourse. The idea of losing him, of another associate preceding him to the tomb, was unutterably appalling. Every time he was ill he trembled, whenever he was better it was a day of rejoicing. To Maroncelli a like anxiety was awarded. He watched over Pellico as a brother.

' He perceived when conversation did not suit me, and then he was always silent: and he saw when his words would be a comfort to me, and then he found subjects fitted to the state of my mind, sometimes seconding its views, sometimes by degrees moulding them anew. A more noble spirit than his I have never met with; few equal to it; great love of justice, candour, confidence in human virtue, and in the help of Providence, a lively perception of the beautiful in art, a rich poetic fancy, all the most pleasant endowments of heart and mind, conspired to make him dear. I did not forget Oroboni; every day I grieved for his loss, but often my heart rejoiced, imagining that that beloved being, free from all evil, and in the bosom of his God, might still number among his enjoyments that of seeing me with a friend not less affectionate than himself.'

In the beginning of 1824, a more rigorous discipline was adopted. Hitherto they had been allowed to have books; but through the whole of the years 1824, 25, 26, and 27, these, with the exception of a few religious works, were forbidden. The place where they walked was enclosed, so as to hide from their eyes the refreshing sight of surrounding hills, and the city beneath. They had been accustomed sometimes to see the children of the superintendent at play, sometimes to speak a few words to them; this, too, was disallowed; Maroncelli, however, and his companion occupied themselves; they composed poems occasionally, and repeated them. Two of their fellow-prisoners were liberated, but still no kind message of hope was brought to them; and

Pellico, remembering the emperor's words, began to count the days when they might be fulfilled. 'If I live till 1828,' thought he, 'seven and a half years of my imprisonment will be over, equivalent, according to what I was told, to the fifteen announced at first. But if I reckon from the publication of my sentence, and not from the commencement of my imprisonment, the seven and a half years will not expire till 1829.' He was not, in reality, released until August, 1830, together with Maroncelli, each having then been under confinement ten years. But we anticipate: this poor Italian friend had a long course of intense bodily suffering to pass through previous to the day of release. A tumour had formed on the knee, which gradually increased in size, and occasioned great agonies. It was now Pellico's turn to nurse him. The patience and cheerfulness of the sufferer were admirable; he sung, made verses, and talked at intervals, in order to hide his pains from his friend; but he could neither eat nor sleep, became delirious at times, and daily lost strength. It was at last granted him to have additional medical advice. The surgeon, who looked at the knee, said little, and went away; but the usual attendant returned, and told Maroncelli that there was but one course which could save him—amputation; but that such was his weakness, that they hesitated whether to venture on the operation. Maroncelli had no hesitation, however; he earnestly desired the experiment might be tried, but was told they must wait for the emperor's permission before they could venture to take off a prisoner's leg; and it was a week before this arrived. He behaved most heroically, never uttering a cry; but when the amputated limb was removed, said to the surgeon, 'You have delivered me from an enemy, and now I have no means of rewarding you.' On the window stood a glass, in which was a rose. 'Be kind enough to bring me that rose,' said he to Pellico. It was brought, and he gave it to the surgeon, saying, 'It is all I can give in testimony of my gratitude.' The surgeon burst into tears, as he took it.

This brave man recovered at length, and is now, we are informed, in Paris, giving lessons; and as cheerful in heart and looks, as if no such place as the castle of Spielberg had ever existed. What is become of the author of the narrative, since his return home, we know not; but we are deeply indebted to him. He has confirmed to us noble thoughts of human nature; and has made us cry out, with tenfold pity for all persecutors,

‘ Oh! the curse
To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;
And to whole nations, bound in servile straits,
The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic! This to be, nor yet
Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks!’—*Excursion*, book 7.

LOCAL LOGIC.

ALL the world has laughed at the mathematician who began to read Thomson's 'Seasons,' but soon shut the book because he could not perceive what was to be proved thereby. But the world should remember that 'it is good to be merry and wise,' and perhaps in this case its own laugh may deserve to be laughed at. The ridicule has not fallen upon the right point. The mathematician is supposed to have been absurd, not for his want of perception of what the poem proved, but for his expecting that it should prove any thing. Now in regarding it as a principle that a poem should prove nothing, the world is as inconsequential as the mathematician was blind in not seeing the consequences and corollaries of Thomson's 'Seasons.' There has never been a true poem that did not prove more, and more to the purpose, than its equal in quantity of Euclid's 'Elements.' All poetry is probative. There is that in it abundantly which might be thrown into the form of propositions, profound and universal ones, and ticketed with an undeniable Q. E. D. In fact, poetry has the privilege of geometry; it demonstrates. It helps us to truths, not by induction, but by intuition. There is no logic so rapid or so satisfactory. Look at that tower, twenty miles off, on the top of Leith Hill, in the light of the setting sun; how distinct its outline, how beautiful its colouring, how picturesque its position, how true its picture on the eye; that sunlight is poetry. It brings the object within the scope of your vision; it shows the object; it demonstrates. Logical induction, orders a post-chaise, bargains with the landlord for eighteen-pence a mile; asks the boy, as twilight is coming on, whether he knows the road, and bids him look to the direction-posts; stops at the regular stages to change horses; and after several hours' riding, and much packing and unpacking, with a host of minor arrangements, troubles, and carefulnesses, works out its proof to your understanding of the existence and form of the tower on Leith Hill, with little of the facility and less of the beauty than attended the equally satisfactory accomplishment of the same thing by the far-beaming sunshine of poetry. It is thus that poetry darts and glances upon the remotest distances of the mental landscape. It stands upon a height; it sees the world in sunshine; its eye 'glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;' and thus did many a bard of the barbarous olden time behold sights of beauty and grandeur in the soul of man, while the metaphysician, though travelling with the best post-horses with which logic could furnish him, goes jogging on, century after century, without arriving at the verification of them, according to that definition of verification which the world in its wisdom has adopted. Laugh no more at the mathematician. If Thomson proves nothing, he was very right not to read Thomson; but there was his blunder. I have read Euclid and Thomson both,

and I take upon me to affirm that the one proves as much as the other. Of course I mean to the right subjects. A horse cannot draw an inference; there are thousands to whom Euclid proves nothing—to whom he never will prove any thing, save and except this single proposition, that to their minds he cannot prove any thing. Their minds either stand stock still, or move with a hop, step, and jump. Now to travel with Euclid one must walk, step by step, all the steps well measured and rightly counted. In not proving something to every body, poetry is therefore only in the same category with geometry. Each requires what Jeremy Bentham used to call the appropriate intellectual aptitude; and each proves most where that is maximized, and least where that is minimized. Geometry demonstrates to the inductive intellect, and poetry demonstrates to the reflective and introspective soul. And the percipient of poetical demonstration imbibes also the demonstrations of all things, in nature and in art, which are poetical. He will take the mathematician in the fulness of his heart, remembering his own enjoyment, and forgetting his friend's one-sidedness, to look at some beautiful painting or statue, and not laugh at him when he asks the question, what does that prove? Why should he, for he himself knows what it proves. And so it is with scenery, as I was well assured by getting into the country one day last month, when I found every object from morning till night as full of wisdom and demonstration as one of Harriet Martineau's illustrations of political economy; indeed, I might say two at least, for it was both 'Life in the Wilds' and the 'Hill and the Valley;' and so I shall tell the whole story of the day, or rather try to paint the scenes which in succession it presented, and conclude with something of a proof that those scenes of themselves prove something.

Don't be inquisitive about the locality, reader. It is true, that very Venetian, Grecian, French, Canadian, Saxon, Kent and Surreyish nondescript and omne-descript house on the hill top, beyond the common, above the wood, which I slept in on the — ultimo, may sometimes be hired for a summer, and perhaps occasionally even for a winter, by any respectable tenant who is qualified to summer and winter there; but I have no relish for the profession of a gratuitous house-agent. So, no letters of inquiry to 'the able author, &c. care of the editor,' 'private,' on the right-hand corner at the top, and 'to be forwarded—immediate,' on the left-hand corner at the bottom; no, not even though they come with the signatures of Inquirer, Admirer, and, better than both, Constant Reader; no petitions for an answer in the Notices to Correspondents; I will be party to no frauds upon the stamp-office, or on the editor or publisher, whom the Whigs are likely enough to tax, and surcharge, and exchequer, and all that, for any such accommodations. Let it all be done fair and above board. Advertise like a man. The landlord will be sure to see

it. He is a 'constant reader' of the *Repository*, and a constant purchaser too, and an inquirer and admirer besides. So let all these sympathies come together in the proper way by advertisement. Happy be the match thereupon made. And the editor will be very ungrateful if he does not hand over to me, his constant correspondent, the profits, or at least a moiety of the profits, of the inquiring and replying advertisements, to pay travelling expenses to that delicious retreat, and a dinner for all parties, *sub Jove*, on the lawn; and never was lawn more jovial than that would be.

Well, I awoke there very early in the morning, with no recollection where I was, or how I got there, but with a pleasant sensation all over me of being somewhere where to be was very pleasant. How curious is the correspondence, even in the soundest sleep between the external world and the internal. Somehow or other, notifications of change, and of the character and colour of that change, are conveyed by the organs of sense to the brain, and it takes cognizance of them, our not seeing and not thinking notwithstanding. I mean to say, as we lie asleep. Such communications are as correct in spirit, as in substance they are confused and imperfect. They are like the impressions conveyed by reading a newspaper to a very drowsy man with a pipe in his mouth. He gets a general notion, perhaps, that a glorious victory has been gained. And 'His Majesty's arms,' and 'stands of colours,' and 'sprigs of laurel' float about in his brain; but exactly where, or when, or why, or by whom the aforesaid battle was fought, he has no distinct conception. But he feels very rejoiced, and glorious, and old England-ish, and life and fortune-y, and heaven-born ministerial-ish, nevertheless. Or these communications are like the Peruvian pictures, with hands, and swords, and bows, and serpents, and other ocular conundrums; which the last of the Caciques used to send to the last of the Incas because they had neither Moniteurs, nor Gazettes Extraordinary, to report the proceedings of Cortez and Pizarro. Or they are, most of all, like the impression which one musically organized being may convey to another, by extempore play on an instrument. You cannot tell the precise material object or the external event, of which the player is thinking; it may be of a castle in the air at sunset, or of Shelley's poems, or of the revelation of St. John, in one strain; or it may be, in another, of Dominichino's painting of Latona changing the inhabitants of Bœotia into frogs; or of Southwood Smith's lecture on the natural history of death; or of the third act of Othello; or of the strange and entangled situation of our friend —; or of a philosophical and poetical mind, reflecting on the history of the French Revolution. You cannot tell, I say, exactly what definite being, or condition, the melody is associated with, but you may tell infallibly, you may write down in words, the most precise and distinct, the species of emotion, and the character of the train of emotions which are in the soul

of the player, while the fingers are striking those notes. Such is the sort of intelligence which the nerves convey to the brain in sleep. Godwin, when a young man, used to receive it frequently and strongly; although that mighty brain of his, with its stately logic, and broad generalizations, and calm abstractions, might seem so much of an independent world in itself, as to render him little subject to the quick, unconscious vibrations of a more sensitive organization. What a splendid outpouring of eloquence is the dream of St. Leon, in the deep sleep which followed his draught of the elixir of life. I will not, as a critic, answer for it now, but I shall never forget how I read it when a boy, and seemed to grow a god in reading it. But these things change strangely, or we change. I tried to read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ the other day, and could not. It made me melancholy. I feared my heart or my imagination was growing old; but I took up the ‘Arabian Nights,’ and all was right again; glory to ‘the good Haroun Alraschid.’ But to end this dream of the undreaming intelligences of sleep; prepared by their prelibations for the certainty of waking bliss, I opened my eyes, not knowing upon what, only sure that I was not in Paternoster Row, or within ear-shot of the ringing of Bow bells, or the tolling of St. Paul’s. And there were the blue heaven, and the green hill gently kissing,* with bright and dark clouds (*cumulo-cirrus* and *cirrho-stratus*) curling, clustering, and flowing about, like golden and hyacinthine locks. ‘Up with the lark,’ says I to myself, always up with the lark in the country; and then, before the impulse went into action, that everlasting and universal scepticism, which is the bane of all exertion, and the torment of all orthodoxy; to which medical men are so prone, that *religio medici* means no religion at all; which makes our literati write so feebly and skittishly, all for want of faith; which, since the French revolution, has been so rife in the world, extending even to the foundations of our time-hallowed institutions, and the principles of our Constitution, once the wonder and envy of the world; that sceptical spirit, I say, whispered in mine ear, ‘What means *up* with the lark?’ Call you it ‘*up*’ to exchange this easy recumbency, so favourable to meditation, philosophy, and poetry, for the mechanical drudgery of walking, or the stiff and stark conventionalism of sitting on a straight-backed chair? Call you it ‘*up*’ to stop this easy flow of thoughts and images that are gently trickling through the brain like a brook in springtide, rich with winter’s legacies, and musical with its own murmurs, for talk and argument, marshalled like soldiers by beat of drum, and parading hither and thither at the word of command. I say, the true ‘*up* with the lark’ is to lie still, and ‘feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers.’ This is no idleness. I never laid in bed, like H., till full noontide, reading ‘Letters on Early Rising,’ and balancing

* Stolen,—‘A heaven-kissing hill.—*Shakspeare*, Boaden’s Ed. P. D.

the arguments ; but I say the proverb is a fallacy ; that it begins with a misnomer, and that on a cool, elastic, hair mattress, or better still, on Dr. Arnott's delicious water-bed, (' O it is pleasant to float o'er the sea,') one is most truly ' up with the lark,' sailing on the bosom of the air, playing with the stars, or gliding afar off in the faint pearly car of the crescent moon. From such a state to rise is to fall ; the getting up is only a prelude to the coming down, and there ought to be a good reason for it. True, they say that,

Early to bed and early to rise

Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

But that I doubt too. Goethe used to sit up late o' nights, and he had more of all three together than any man of modern times. Besides, I don't like the proverb. There is something suspicious in the way in which the three qualities are put together. If in this trinity, ' none is afore or after the other,' I refuse my worship. It looks as if the inventor thought first of his stomach, secondly of his pocket, and, thirdly, of his brains. I turn round and ask with my old friend, the mathematician, ' What does this poem prove ?' I do not see the connexion between the first line and the second. The poor factory children are bundled to bed the minute their work is over, and up early enough, but they are neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise. A comfortable farmer, with just cunning enough to vote for a Corn Law candidate at the County election is, I think, as much as such means can realize. Some of the finest parts of ' Paradise Lost' were written in the night. Whether Milton be one of your healthy, wealthy, and wise people I cannot say ; but, certainly, he was one of the best and purest specimens of humanity, physically, mentally, and morally, that nature has yet produced. *Non Anglus, sed Angelus.* There are hosts of proverbs which are apocryphal. Their inspiration is only that of Mammon. They are often the dirty excuses of the dirty tricks of a dirty majority. Nevertheless, I will get up, for the same reason that a lark sometimes will come down ; I hear sweet sounds which may ' wile a lav'rock frae the lift.'

I shall give the whole long day, and would it were longer, to this locality. Ask me at night what it proves ? but ask me not before. The premises first, the conclusion afterwards. The situation of this house is curious, inasmuch as it is the only one from which a particular effect which I am about to mention could be produced. It is chosen in defiance of the ordinary inducements for the selection of a site ; a little further one way, and it would have been more convenient of access ; a little further another way, and it would have had a more diversified view ; a little further in a third direction, and there would have been ampler space for lawn and garden ; a little down the hill, and it would have been sheltered from the winds, which now rave round it and rattle through it ; but here it is, and here am I, starting from

it for my matin circuit, that I may earn one enjoyment by another, the duty being more delectable than the recompense, which is very virtuous. There is before you from the open glass-door of the house only a small flat space of table-land, (kitchen-garden, *i. e.* in part,) and the rest laid out according to the established form, in square and oblong beds, with roses and tulips, and peonys, and a second crop coming of hollyhocks and tiger lilies; and that at first seems all; but as your eye travels round the verge and outer margin of the opposite side of the parallelogram, there rise before it certain wavy outlines and blue shadings, faint and cloudy, yet having a reality and a distinctness withal, that tell you of a wide though viewless world between. The sensation is a strange mixture of sense and imagination; a consciousness of the conjoined presence of the visible and the invisible; you feel how much there must be more than you see. On the near view the garden is all the world, but the eye is irresistibly drawn to that shadowy distance which is a revelation and a promise of a vast and glorious intermediate prospect. The boundary line is made so distinct by the precipitous descent of the hill. Down it goes, headlong down, thickly covered with wood, graceful as the mantle of imperial Cæsar, that it may, like him, 'fall with decency;' but so abrupt, that no tree-tops, peering above the path of that natural terrace, give you warning of that verdant ambush below. And yet there it spreads out; deep, thick, wide, and tangled, rich and populous with all that is musical and beautiful. And down we go too with a plunge into that abyss of foliage and flowers. Oak, ash, and beech, and birch, and pine are there, and yonder the stately chestnuts by themselves with their dainty blossoms; and harebells, and euphorbia, and the wild geranium, and the orchis tribe; and true to the greenwood still, Robin Hood, scarlet and green, a pleasanter memory than that of being Earl of Huntingdon; and better than all, mine own sweet woodrifle; and they all inweave and inwreath themselves together, above and below; shade, light, fragrance, softness, form, colour; and the hum of insects, and the song of birds; a bath of sense; until you seem to be blending and dissolving with them too, into the elemental principles of pure physical delight. And through the trees there are glimpses of the wide prospect. Up to the higher and clearer ground; there the eye reels over and through the immensity of the valley. There are the softly swelling hills of Kent, undulating in the gentle and graceful wave which is peculiar to the surface of that county, the true line of beauty; and there are the Surrey hills, fit counterpoise for the perfection of the picture; and yonder the bolder downs which one knows have 'towers along the steep,' and overlook the mighty sea beyond; and all between, though so vast, is yet so soft, and fair, and fertile. There is nothing harsh, nothing obtrusive; nature has licensed no one object to rise proudly and claim to be the centre of the scene, reducing

all this diffusive loveliness to its mere appendage and accompaniment ; and man has not marred the plan of nature. There is no city or town even, with its congregated roofs, spires, and towers to transfix the eye in its wandering, and shine with a false glitter in the sun, as it broods over the indistinct expanse of meadows, glades, and groves. The artist would want an object and a foreground ; Canova would have called for crags, as he did at Richmond ; but we do quite as well without, as the citizens of Berne said when their bear was dead. Why should scenery be constructed on the monarchical principle. In the thousand unobtrusive lovelinesses, there is harmony and unity, without the erection of a central pyramid to refer them all to ; it would but throw over them an artificial shade, and give them an unnatural insignificance. We should not then see the valley, but the pyramid that stood in the valley. The loss would be greater than the gain. That unbroken expanse gives one the idea of equality in enjoyment, and infinity of extent. It looks like a fraternal world, blessed, and basking in the smile of Providence. If you want more diversity, there it is in the lights and shadows which can only exhibit themselves in such an ample scene. How strange are the forms of clouds projected on the earth ; but there are yet stranger forms at hand. Come back by this lane, which is such a trenchant wound on the fair earth's bosom. This is the deepest cut of all, and has laid bare and left in air the projecting roots of those fine old trees, which resemble, not the Elgin marbles indeed, but similar fragments of the sculpture of some more antique race of artists. They must have lived too in some præ-Adamite state of the world, when form and organization were subject to other laws, or while nature was yet experimenting. This approaches towards a colossal human figure ; but one side is twisted like a boa constrictor, as if it were the father of that deceitful lady, who wrought such woe to the guileless Christabelle. That has a griffin front, the tail going off into the flourish of a weary painter with his brush, when his hired and toilsome copy of a worthless picture is completed. Here are figures like those with which Blake adorned the 'Night Thoughts.' Did they but break the second commandment, how well would they exhibit at a missionary meeting, in long procession, as the idols of some Antipodean or Hyperborean region, or of beings that inhabit the inner crust of the globe, the next of those concentric surfaces of which some say the world, like a Chinese puzzle ball, consists, and which would, I suppose, have been lawfully seizable, as property or prize, had Captain Parry succeeded in his patriotic enterprise, and nailed the royal standard of Britain to the pole of the earth. Tree-roots are a class of beings but little known. They are like nothing else upon, below, or out of, the earth. One might suppose the Frankenstein family had set up a manufactory of monsters here, and in haste to pack up the raw mate-

rial (from an alarm of fire or some such cause) had stuck together whatever parts were nearest, to be sorted afterwards. One also might suppose—that it is breakfast time.

It is not wholesome ever to pass an entire day in utter idlesse. I do not mean to advance such an absurdity as that the enjoyment of nature can be the loss of time. I leave that for those who in their ceaseless occupation do, in fact, lose all their time, and know not what a treasure they lose. But all enjoyment is the richer for the contiguity of honest mental occupation. The steady employment of, though it be but an hour or two, will spread a satisfaction over the day, and spiritualize its sportiveness, and prevent its pleasure from becoming *fâde*, and preserve the elasticity of the springs within us. Away, then, to the woodland study; and be it a study in right earnest. One may meditate there; and, thanks to dictation, composition is but thinking aloud, with the double advantage of uninterrupted thought, and a consciousness of the presence of the recording spirit. The mechanical act of writing is a sore nuisance; at least to me. I never can write contemporaneously with my thoughts. They pass; and I only put down my recollections, often a faint shadow. And then a silent, intelligent amanuensis; had J—— possessed such a treasure, that vigorous originality of his would never have run away with him, a madder race than that of the wild horse of Mazeppa. He ruined himself by being his own penman. A presence which he respected would have made him respect his own intellectual reputation; and it might have been a bright and useful one, lasting and growing too. So, to work: on the shady bench, behind the belt of oak trees, that screen both the landscape and the sun. The senses are undistracted there, and the stream of thought flows clear, and pure, and brightly. He must be a bold man who could dare to be a sophist there, in the presence of God and nature; and a base one who could there prepare for the world aught that tends not to humanize the affections and elevate the soul.

What was there prepared may be some day judged of; its introduction here would be rather too long an episode. I have some conscience about digression, though rather lax. Not so about intellectual labour. I mean by that, active mental operation; not mere reading. And yet reading should have its share of the day too, or it will not be a good day of pleasure, unless in travelling through a very extraordinary country, and with very extraordinary companions. All scenes have their appropriate books; and all books have their appropriate scenes, except the Bible, which is universal; and Shakspeare, which is next to it. Milton is much less so; he is for lawns, and stately avenues, and antique mansions; or for the stern simplicity of such a coast as Sandowne. Books should have a harmony of spirit with the locality, not an identity of subject. One does not want to read

beggarly verbal pictures (as the best must be) of beauties which are before the eyes; but one wants something which excites emotions that will not jar with those excited by the scene. Now here is the Political Unionist's Catechism, by Junius Redivivus, just out; I cannot for the soul of me open it again *here*. Set me down in London, or Birmingham, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Norwich, and I shall have gone, again and again, over its nervous and manly language, shall be all heart and soul in the writer's noble purpose, and would call, as with a trumpet voice, to the working men of Britain to learn from it how to qualify themselves for, and how to struggle for, those political rights without which there is no hope of any efficient improvement of their condition, or of any repose for the community. I would tell them to make it their daily manual, and to have it, not merely by rote, but by *heart*. But *here*—I do not know what Whig and Tory mean here; they are not things of God's making, and none else are free of this paradise. Shelley and Tennyson are the best books for this place. They sort well with the richness, richness to every sense; with the warm mists, and the rustling of the woods, and the ceaseless melody of sound. They are natives of this soil; literally so; and if planted would grow as surely as a crow-bar in Kentucky sprouts tenpenny nails. *Probatum est*. Last autumn L—— dropped a poem of Shelley's down there in the wood, amongst the thick, damp, rotting leaves, and this spring some one found a delicate, exotic-looking plant, growing wild on the very spot, with 'Pauline' hanging from its slender stalk. Unripe fruit it may be, but of pleasant flavour and promise, and a mellow produce, it may be hoped, will follow. It would be a good speculation to plant a volume of Coleridge. The singing of the nightingales would promote its growth.

Dinner! dinner! Not that way; here is the hall-passage, between these verdant clustering pillars, under these natural gothic arches and rich tracery-work; now we enter the ante-room, treading the thick carpet of harebells, and looking out through the beautiful lattice-work of the thinned copse on hill, wood, and valley; and yonder is the *salle à manger*. How gracefully the festoons of our pavilion hang from branch to branch, just fluttering in the sun yet not scaring away the birds; and there she sits beneath, the queen of our simple revels, in all the unassuming state and absolute power of affection, the granddaughter of Pestalozzi, (not by father's side, nor by mother's,) and calls her pupils to come, like the hen gathering her chickens, and they *will*. See how they muster, like the pretty stage witches in Macbeth, but at a sweeter spell, and to a better kettle of fish and soup. One todlin wee thing raises her blue-bonnetted head amid the rank grass, like a springing harebell. Another drops gently from tree to ground, like a mellow apple. Among the roots of the old tree, where they overhang the declivity, a broad straw hat surmounting

a white jacket ascends like a fast-growing mushroom, with a face as roguish beneath as that of Puck, the fairy. And here they come, Sweet-William, and Pease-blossom, and Mustard-seed, and Cobweb, and all. The pretty pageant! sing to them, as they come, ye who sing; and sketch them, ye who sketch; and then, for 'neat-handed Phillis' has done her best, 'mingle, mingle, mingle' at the table, and blessed be the memory of Pestalozzi, Amen.

O the weary years through which I used to ask of every body that pretended to know, what Pestalozzianism was; and none of them had the sense to tell me that it is no *ism* at all, at all! I have my answer now; 'I feel it here,' as the stout gentleman on the right of the chair says, when the company have drank his health with all the honours, and one cheer more. Here is one cheer more; and very cheering it is, for those who grow faint and heart-sick in battling for the world's good against the world's perversity. Look at those children; they are spurred by no rivalry, they struggle for no prizes, they are not drilled in classes—and discipline—what is their discipline?

‘The sound of the child-striking rod
These valleys and woods never heard,
Ne’er sighed at the threat of a task;
Nor smiled when vacation appeared.’

And yet they learn; ay, learn abundantly. They know more of objects than others, of their ages, do of words. Their vocabulary has meanings to it; their counters represent something. And who will get on better with books, provided the books are worth getting on with? They have the love of learning in them, and the love of their teacher, and these are two powers that draw them along, and pull away, faster than a pair of flying dragons. Moreover, and that is the best of all, with all their getting they get *understanding*, and with all their learning they learn *wisdom*.

It were a good place, this, for an adult school on the same principle. Every body here seems rational and happy. The secret of which is, that every body does what every body likes, without endeavouring to compel any body else to do the same, and say they like it too, whether or no. The consequence is, that there is more coincidence from spontaneous sympathy than ever can be produced, even in outward appearance, by arbitrary control.

Very sweet is the truce from that everlasting strife of *will* which is kept up in society. People feel here that 'there is room enough in the world for thee and me,' as Uncle Toby said when he opened the window for the blue-bottle fly to go out at. Here we open the window for one another; instead of saying, 'You wish to walk, but I prefer sitting, and also prefer that you should sit with me, so bide still, and be proper, and say, as you ought, that you are not uncomfortable. You want to sing, do

you? let down the portcullis of your throat that the melody may not escape till my request has furnished it with a passport; meanwhile, declare you are grateful to me for reading to you some book which you don't wish to hear.' This is all quite contrary to the principles on which the New Adult Pestalozzian Kent and Surrey Union Education Company is to be established. Read, if you like, sir; but, in spite of your 'due emphasis and discretion,' I am off to court the cuckoo, or run a race with the dog. I shall read myself, presently; under the tree yonder; it does my lungs good, and my heart too; and then you may run if you like. 'Allow me to hand you to the instrument.' Not she, indeed; you never heard such singing after that sort of prologuing and pantomiming. How it bubbles up from amongst the trees, here and there, by fits and snatches, clear as the blackbird's song, and varied as the nightingale's. 'Now, that's what I call melody; I do, indeed.' You are right, sir; more right than you know of; for you did not see Purcell bending from above to listen, nor hear him ask Shakspeare what he had sent Ariel down for.

Away! whither? not now to the churchyard, though that is a place for sunset, a beautiful and touching place at sunset. What a light and gay, an airy and joyous looking fringe of trees and shrubs it has; the delicate lilac, and the glaring laburnum, and the pale guelder rose; and how the rays of the sun, as he gives them his last blithe blink and smile from the summit of the hill, get entangled among the leaves and boughs and pendent blossoms, and linger and sparkle there; and how the birds all carol above, and the grasshoppers chirp below; and in the 'centre of the glittering ring' stands that huge and ancient yew, overshadowing the graves with its broad, dark, massy foliage, the branches spread out as the wings of Azrael, and its vast, hollow, mouldering trunk standing as if in the strength of some mysterious, anti-vital principle, a solemn image of death in the midst of life. That is a shade to sleep under, soundly and peacefully. But not thither now; this way; here, along the common,

'grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air.'

Turn not this way towards the bridge that swings aloft over the deep lane, like the back scene of a melo-drama when the catastrophe is coming; nor that way towards where the hill makes a bold, steep, semicircular promontory, where you stand, as on the quarter-deck of a gigantic ship, and look down on the wide ocean-valley sending up a mimic ripple from its wavy woods: but hold on, on, till the surface begins to break, toss, and tumble about, and the path narrows and winds round the side of the hill, and you are—in Scotland, are you not?—for this is fairly a pass; not Killiecrankie or Glenco, indeed; any more than we are

Dundee or Ossian ; but it is a beautiful little ravine, and looks the portal to scenery which the warrior should never tread, but which the poet were no poet not to seek. Yon fir grove hymns our entrance. Fragrant firs ; the beech and the fir in masses are ever fragrant. But how varied is the music of trees. They are all Æolian harps, but differently strung and tuned. These sound a solemn anthem. They are the organ of the woods, and their cadence is deep, mellow, sustained, sometimes pealing forth with grand choral swell, and then subsiding into low but rich modulations. Was not such the worship of the lofty cedars, when of old on Lebanon they praised the Lord ? The path goes winding on into the ravine, a new pair of contrasted pictures at every step, the wooded and the grassy bank, striving, in beauteous, harmonious rivalry. Here rest, on this rich, soft, elastic couch of cup-moss, and look down the declivity. What fairy magic has etherealized the dancing leaves of those large beech trees ? What exquisitely delicate creatures of the element they seem, their tender green fluttering in the purest and most attenuated halo of light that ever mortal eye beheld. There is water below, though hidden from us here ; broad, placid, limpid water ; and the light of the setting sun is on it ; and the branches overhang it, and the water reflects up the mildradiance on those young, trembling, restless leaves. A trick of nature ; she delights to treat her loving children with all kinds of experiments on loveliness. Those who will see beauty she surrounds with superfluity of beauty. The sun is sinking lower, and our path is at the bottom of the ravine, by the water's edge. How fast the trees gloom ; their thick trunks are dark ; they are black. But look up to the trees above—their trunks are burnished and radiant gold. Their foliage is glittering and blazing, like that of the magic garden of an oriental enchantress. And look across to the opposite side of the ravine. On the lofty brow of that smooth, grassy, gently shelving bank, the sun-light has laid itself down, and sleeps and dreams, like Tennyson's lotos eater, and seems as it would rest and sleep eternally. Another change ; and no wonder, for this strange old building on the river has a cabalistic look ; the broad full stream, (the infant Medway, is it not ? don't be sure ; I am not precise in my topographies and potamology ; the child may be a changeling ;) the broad full stream is sunk down, down to the very bottom of two steep deep banks, and there it murmurs along, unseen ; as all things else are now unseen, for we are in a close alley of the darkest hollies, and large as they are dark, rustling their unchanging and spiky leaves in concord with the low but more living sound of the flowing brooklet. It is unearthly music. This portion of the walk may be reckoned the region of northern superstition, as the last was of Arabian magic and fairyland, bordering, by its oriental character, on the locality of the Syrian and sacred chant that consecrated our entrance on these successive scenes of enchantment. And

now we emerge from the holly shade, to receive from the genius of classical mythology a brief and bright farewell. The sight is dazzling. There is the day-god's blazing car, and his fiery-footed steeds on the gallop. In their mad speed they are dashing huge masses of light and flame all over the horizon. The river here is wide and still as a lake. What strange splendours are in that mirror. How distinct, yet how idealized is every reflection on its surface. There, from the trees in shade are, cold, graceful, fantastic, the pillars of the quiet grotto of the water-god. And there, from the intervals of the opposite trees, behind which the sun is descending, are the flaming columns of Apollo's own palace.

'Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnæ,
Clara micante auro flammæque imitante pyropo.'

The gorgeous show is over; it fades away; and twilight in her 'gown of sober grey,' bids us also depart in peace. Sweet twilight, sweet alike on this gentle park-land, and on the wild common which now we enter, through an avenue of gorse which may be called majestical. The bushes are six feet high, and covered over with blossoms which this dim light touches with a peculiar softness. It is a welcome sight to eyes that ache with splendour and variety. One knows how the Vizier in the story must have felt, when he stole away from the court, in the dusk of evening, to look on the shepherd garb and crook which belonged to his boyhood. It were foolish to despise the gorse. Linnæus never saw it till he came to England; and the first furze field he came to so touched his feelings, that he kneeled down and blessed heaven for so beautiful a sight. The emotion was worthy of the great interpreter of nature. What would he have said to this? If like some fanatics that I know, he had estimated worship in proportion to its length, and fitted his devotions to the occasion by the rule of three direct, he would have recited the hundred and nineteenth Psalm at least, or the Book of Common Prayer entire. But Linnæus was a philosopher, and all the better Christian; his worship was gratitude, brevity of expression best suiting the intensity of feeling.

Tea may be taken any where, or when, that any body pleases who can get it; I prefer it, after such a walk, within reach, without a walk, of that moonlit wood and valley. Just get within its shelter, a few steps down the declivity, and the air is balmy even for an invalid. Pleasant alternative, of looking at the moonlight through the foliage, or at the valley through the moonlight. And there is a single nightingale piping at intervals. that one note of call, which, after a few repetitions, goes off in a brief and rapid trill, as one said, so distinctly like 'Come—come—come—here he is!' And true is the interpretation, for there he is, and a joyous burst of song; and the melody spreads; 'another, and another, and another;' and it gushes up, like a hundred fountains of music,

here and there and every where, playing in the air with their fantastic jets, till the sweet sound pervades the atmosphere, dewes the trees, and seems to fall on us like summer rain-drops.

And next morning, broad white waves of mist were over all that vast valley ; the distant hills were based on its curling clouds. Yet we could not part so, the scene and I ; and here and there the veil was gently raised ; and then it closed again, and the vapours were thickening, and rolling, and in commotion ; and I heard the voice of stern Necessity, who rose up with a black cap on his head, and said, ' The law is that you return to the place from whence you came ; ' and I felt very much disposed to make the reply of the prisoner at the bar, ' My lord, if I do I'll be hanged.'

Summary of Principles illustrated by this Locality.

First, that if the reader cannot see that it proves any thing, he has something yet to learn. ' There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy ; ' Argal, he would be a greater philosopher if he had more dreams.

Second, that truth, the jewel of the soul, is many-sided at the surface, though single-centred. Paradoxes and contradictions may yet be all truths, and the simplest truths may be falsehoods. Minds are prisms. We should be thankful for every contribution towards a spiritual theory of light and colours.

Third, that the primary are more satisfactory than the secondary. A sense of beauty, in a high degree, may be produced by the simplest elements and combinations. The scenery above described has not a single historical association. It has not even a single prominent picturesque natural object.

Fourth, that, notwithstanding the conquest of England by the Normans ; the extinction of the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart Dynasties ; the discovery and independence of the Americas ; the French Revolution, and the passing of the Reform Bill, Oberon and Titania yet reign in Fairy land, as they did in the days of Charlemagne, although many respectable and generally well-informed persons are not aware of the fact.

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE POLICE AT THE LATE MEETING.

BLOOD has once more been shed in civil strife, and many human beings have been brutalized, by the stirring up of evil passions ; and for all this the people of England are indebted to the imbecility or the dishonest practices of the Whigs, who have evinced no power, save that of turning good to evil, and of bringing into disrepute all who are connected with them. It is scarcely possible to restrain the feelings of indignation, and to reason calmly on their conduct, while we think of the mass of evil to which they have given birth,

and which nothing they can do, in the course of their short-lived future political existence, can alleviate. The occurrences which have taken place at the 'National Convention' of Spa Fields, almost induce the suspicion, that the matter had been connived at by the Government, with a view to get up a 'reaction' against the assessed-tax resisters, after the fashion of Louis Philippe. The transaction is almost a second edition of the Manchester massacre, with the difference that the agents were the police force, and the instruments, bludgeons, instead of master tradesmen setting upon their poor workmen with drawn swords. But in both cases, the circumstances have been alike. The avenues to the place of meeting were carefully blocked up to prevent escape, and a brutal and wanton attack was made upon defenceless people. Many attempts have been made to set the middle classes at variance with their poorer brethren, by the proposition of a National Guard for the protection of 'property,' but hitherto without success, and the *Times* has seized the present opportunity, once more to revive it, but it has cried 'Wolf!' too often, and it is suffering the fate of most violators of truth, in earning only contempt, which is daily more widely extending. Whenever it now puts forth an opinion, people are in the habit of looking round to ascertain what sinister interest it wishes to serve, or at best which party it considers strongest. As for giving it any credit for honesty or magnanimity, that is wholly out of the question. At the period of the Manchester massacre, it turned round equally ready to take part with either side, the oppressors or the oppressed, and it was decided to the latter as soon as it found the tide of public opinion setting strongly in their favour. Those who have watched it on the present occasion, have remarked the indecision of its tone, the careful putting forth of two separate reports in the first instance, the malignant endeavours to misrepresent the injured, under the specious semblance of perfect fairness, and the constant indications of a disposition to side with the ruling power if possible, unless the current should be too strong against it. And such is the instrument, which the 'Taxes on Knowledge' help to maintain, as a specious organ of public opinion.

As a political matter, this 'National Convention,' on which the *Times* lays so much stress, was more contemptible than the famous plan of the Watsons to take the Tower, by dint of making speeches to the sentinel on duty. Scarcely any one had heard of it, previous to the coming forth of the Proclamation, with the usual quantity of bad grammar furnished by the government offices on such occasions, and many of the proclamation bills were only posted on the evening previous to the meeting; nay, one of the jurors on the coroner's inquest gave evidence, that many were posted after the meeting was over. Was not this an evidence of sinister design on the part of those in power? Seventeen hundred policemen were placed in ambush near the spot, the crowd was allowed to assem-

ble, and then, the avenues being blocked up, a most brutal assault was made upon the people, not merely upon those who attended the meeting for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings, but upon strangers and passengers, who had casually approached the spot. There was not merely a wish to disperse the crowd, but a ferocious determination to maltreat them. In former days, when a furious riot was raging in London, Chief Justice Holt dispersed the crowd by a simple harangue, only promising to see justice done upon the objects of public hatred. In the present case, Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne, the directors of the police, skulked in the neighbouring buildings with military officers in their company, while their subordinates were sent forth with staves to work their unrestrained will, as though it were intended to get up a riot, for the purpose of an excuse in bringing forth the soldiery to make a slaughter of the populace. There was nothing in the meeting of a disorderly character. Illegal it might be, but if so it might fairly be presumed that most of those present were not aware of the fact. Had Colonel Rowan gone upon the ground at the head of a few of his men, and harangued the meeting, it is probable that the crowd would quietly have dispersed. That there was nothing very desperate in their intentions, might have readily been gleaned from one of the orators talking about his wife and children, and their means of maintenance, should he get into trouble. Men do not think of wives and children when seriously bent on mischief. But the policemen were most blamably left to themselves, some of them probably in liquor, and they forthwith enacted a scene of the most disgusting brutality. The people are not stocks and stones, and such of them as could, resisted. The attack was wanton, retreat was cut off, and innocent passengers were threatened, with not merely broken limbs, but with what is still more painful to the generous mind, the degradation of blows from hireling staves. Such an injury might have made a dumb man speak, might have changed a benevolent man into a homicide; such an injury would have stirred the blood of a slave, how much more then that of a freeman! Whoever could submit to it unresistingly, would be unworthy the name and attributes of a free citizen of the community. Not so much the pain inflicted on the body as the quick consciousness of the degradation inflicted on the mind, would be the result, with every man whose reasoning or thinking powers were above those of a brute. It would be better far to perish; it would be better far to live in a state of utter anarchy than to live in a country where such things were done and submitted to, under the name and sanction of law. Quiet submission to such things, would argue a state of moral degradation, from which there could spring up no hope; but from this degradation we are at present rescued, by the verdict of a jury, of as noble a character as is to be found in the pages of English history. I am in no way upholding the propriety of breaking down the bar-

riers of law on the part of the people, but as little can I agree, that the agents of the law should take into their own hands the gratification of private malice, under the pretext of putting the law in force. The latter is an evil of much greater extent than the former, for it tends to weaken the confidence of all men in the equality of the law, which can be the only true support of its influence, and leads them to regard it merely as an engine of oppression, for the use of those in power. The meeting might be illegal, but the suppression of it was performed in a mode quite as illegal, by the paid agents of the law. On scarcely any occasion of dispute between the people and the Government, has there been brought forward such a mass of evidence, all tending to set forth the disgraceful conduct of the latter. Whenever the friends of democracy shall in future be taunted with the Bristol riots, with which they had nothing to do,—they may reply to it by referring to the ‘National Convention.’ A body of thieves and *uneducated* men performed the Bristol atrocities; a body of trained police, commanded by those who assume to be of the refined classes of the community, performed the atrocities of Spa Fields.

The conduct of the Coroner on the inquest upon the slain policeman, was anything but that of an upright judge. Throughout the whole business, he appeared to consider himself as a Government agent, pressing for a conviction for a political object, rather than an unbiassed seeker after truth. It would seem that he is an old, an ignorant, and a prejudiced man, thoroughly imbued with the antique Tory principle of taking the cue on all occasions from the people in power, and acting upon it, without further consideration. All the evidence which was brought forward, was directly against the police; yet he obstinately shut his ears, with a one-sidedness most remarkable; took every opportunity to impress the jury with his feelings, in contradiction to the evidence, and repeatedly grossly insulted them by his remarks. Have the Whigs lost all outward decency of conduct? Are they driven so to despair, are they bent upon madly heaping obloquy upon their own heads, that they can countenance such things? A Coroner’s inquest may, to many, seem a trifling matter; but in this case, it has been pregnant with consequences, whose ultimate result no man can foresee; but either great good or great evil must come of it. It may be, that the verdict will induce thieves and vagabonds to murder policemen; but it will, at all events, teach the police, and their employers, that Englishmen must not be wantonly degraded by blows, under the pretext of law. Be it as it may, the jury have done their duty nobly; and have, by their excellent verdict, alike marked their disapprobation of all brutality, whether performed by the opponents of the law, or the agents of the law. They have done more: they have read a lesson to the Government, which, although it may have little weight with the imbecile or dishonest men composing it, will go forth amongst the community,

and draw their attention more closely to the paramount necessity there exists, that those who hold the supreme power, should also hold the supreme wisdom of the nation. How wretched must be the state of public affairs, when the rulers, on the most momentous occasions, betray the most deplorable ignorance, and those over whom they rule are obliged publicly to reprimand them. I proceed to remark upon the evidence, which, on the popular side, was most conclusive, notwithstanding the evident attempts at subornation of perjury, got up on the side of Government. The jury were, by the conduct of the Coroner, placed in a most painful situation. There was, on his part, and on the part of those about him, a disposition to keep back such evidence as made against the Government and their agents. For the sake of compassing the ends of justice, and for the purpose of eliciting truth, the jury were therefore obliged to throw themselves into the opposite scale, and appear as the champions of the popular cause. It was an unseemly condition for honest men to be placed in; but their stern and noble resolution to weigh all that was brought before them, and to adhere only to truth, has rescued them from the obloquy which designing knaves were ready to heap upon them. It is a glorious cause of triumph for the nation to think, that, though the rulers for the time being may be weak or wicked, men of sound judgment and virtuous integrity are still to be found amongst the humbler citizens, even when taken at random, as was the case with this Coroner's jury.

One of the principal witnesses was a Mr. Courtney, a reporter to the *Courier* newspaper. As the *Courier* has never been accused of a tendency to 'low radicalism,' there can be no reason for supposing that one of its agents would feel inclined to overcolour his evidence in favour of what is called the 'mob.' Had the witness been a reporter for one of the more radical journals, there would perhaps have been some attempt made to throw discredit upon his evidence; but there can be no doubt of its accuracy, and it is damnatory. 'The police blocked up every passage. The crowd had given way in all directions, and the remainder of the division commenced striking men, women, and children, without distinction, and without mercy.' One would suppose this evidence to be sufficient; but that of Major W. L. L. F. De Roos, who came forward with the design of making out as good a case as he could for the police, corroborated it in a remarkable manner on his cross-examination. This man was a willing witness for the assaulters, and an unwilling one for the assaulted, therefore his evidence is of high importance. All that he admitted in favour of the people was forced from him. It seems that he skulked in plain clothes by the side of Colonel Rowan, and looked out at the windows of a building upon the scene, watching for an opportunity to send for the troops and let them loose upon the people. To the Coroner's inquest he went provided with one of Colonel

Macerone's books upon foot lances, a kind of weapon which seems to have thrown many of the gentlemen soldiers into sad alarm, and he was anxious to prove that the banner staves of the 'National Convention' were synonymous with the aforesaid lances. But his eagerness defeated itself, and he proved too much for the satisfaction of the jury. The cross-examination by the hard-headed tradesmen forced the insolent soldier to break down in his evidence, and to acknowledge that he only saw 'a part of a lance.' The remark of the juror when the Major wished to make out that 'a staff without a head was nevertheless a lance,' bore rather hard upon him. 'You might as well say that a man without a head was still a man.' Anxious as he was to make out a case against the people, he was obliged to acknowledge that 'he did not see a single hand raised, and only some twenty stones thrown.' It is not possible to avoid expressions of disgust at the conduct of this man, whose evidence would seem to have been given with a desire to gain promotion by it. There seems to have been a total absence of all feelings of justice or humanity in him; he spoke like a coarse and callous soldier, reckless of every thing except the gaining his ends by accomplishing a triumph over the people. The jury saw through his design, and put him upon the rack by their questions. The insolent aristocrat of the Hardinge school writhed under the punishment inflicted by men incomparably beyond himself in the attributes of mind, and upon whom he had been accustomed to vent his patrician scorn, on account of their humble though useful occupations. He will scarcely again attempt a like task.

After him, came one of the officers of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, serving under his command especially, and present with him in the building from whence he surveyed the scene,—Thomas Middleton Biddulph. That officer positively swore, 'I did not see the crowd do any thing that was illegal, unless their assembling there was unlawful. I did not see the people make any resistance to the police.' Doubtless Major De Roos calls himself, and is considered by his clique as a 'person of honour;' but, perhaps it is held no dishonour to misrepresent plebeians, though I scarce see how he can avoid calling out Captain Biddulph for thus giving him the lie direct by his evidence.

William Henry Goore, a solicitor of Worcestershire, may be supposed to be a respectable and unprejudiced man, the latter more especially, as he was a stranger, and he testified as follows:—'I do, upon my oath, say that if the police had not interfered, there would have been no disturbance. I never saw a more brutal or more ferocious attack than was made by the police upon the people. Had I possessed a weapon, I should have felt myself justified in using it, and when I saw how those fellows behaved, I would, if I could, have cut their heads off.' Lawyers are not generally men much disposed to meddle with other weapons than

legal instruments, and, therefore, we may fairly suppose that the conduct of the police must have been brutal in the extreme, to draw forth such energetic expressions. But let the Whig agents have the full benefit of their evidence. John Jeffery, a cabinet-maker, testified that the orator who was so careful about his wife and children, 'harangued the people in language calculated to excite the worst passions of such an indiscriminate assembly.' This language, upon cross-examination, turned out to be, 'I thank the Government for having published the meeting, and exhort you to be peaceable. The orator said be peaceable, for the spies of Government are about you; be peaceable, but firm.' But the principal coadjutor of Major de Roos, the person who swore hardest, though as it would seem without gaining credit, was Mary Hamilton, servant at the Magpie and Stump, Fetter Lane. So barefaced was it, that one of the jurors immediately declared in answer to some improper remark of the Coroner, 'If I must speak my mind, I don't believe one iota of what she has stated.' The only other positive evidence was that of a little girl, some thirteen years of age, and the remarks of the Foreman on her are quite conclusive. 'We are all of opinion that if the police had acted with moderation, the deceased would not have been stabbed. The woman who swears otherwise we do not believe. It is plain she was tutored, and the little girl who was brought up to tell us that she saw the stab given, young and ignorant as she was, was still artful enough to keep back the important fact, that the man who stabbed the policeman was violently assaulted first, as she acknowledged when I pressed her on cross-examination.'

The officers of the army should certainly congratulate Major de Roos, quære *Ruse*, on the worthy colleagues he has fallen in with, in his capacity of a Government witness. 'Ye shall know him by the company he keeps' is an ancient and true proverb. I should here mention, that these extracts from the evidence are taken from the report of the *Times*, which will not be supposed too favourable to the side of the people. The following is the verdict of the jury:—

'We find a verdict of *Justifiable Homicide* on these grounds:—that no Riot Act was read, nor any proclamation advising the people to disperse; that the Government did not take the proper precautions to prevent the meeting from assembling, and that the conduct of the police was ferocious, brutal, and unprovoked by the people; and we moreover express our anxious hope that the Government will in future take better precautions to prevent the recurrence of such disgraceful transactions in this metropolis.'

Let it not be forgotten, that this dignified, just, and manly verdict was given, by seventeen of the ordinary tradesmen of the metropolis, whom it is the fashion to look down upon, and to regard as unfitted to hold any situation of responsible power. There is much hope for England, even though the Whigs should

retire in dudgeon, as long as there is reason to believe that a large portion of the population of our great towns is composed of men like these. They truckled not to the ruling power, neither have they in any way sanctioned brutality on the part of the populace. The conduct of the Foreman* was noble, sensible, and manly throughout, and he will not be lightly forgotten by a grateful nation. The calm and dignified mode in which he put down the insolent, intrusive, and false-shuffling Mr. Gude, the friend of the Coroner, must have been most impressive. We owe him more than thanks, we owe him deep gratitude for the example he has set. The drivelling anxiety of the Coroner to secure a verdict that might be agreeable to the Government, was somewhat remarkable, as well as the pertinacity with which he clung to his point; but as remarkable was the plain and simple eloquence of the Foreman in his reply, when the Coroner proposed to strike out a portion of the verdict.

‘ Before God and our country, on our solemn oaths, we have given the subject all the consideration in our power; and that paper, which I have handed to you, contains the judgment in which we are unanimously agreed. If you strike out any part of that, it is not our verdict. If you will not take our verdict, the sooner you dismiss us the better. We are fatigued to exhaustion; we have done our duty laboriously and faithfully; and our country can expect no more from us. If proper measures had been taken, either by reading the Riot Act, or a proclamation, or any other means, we would not bring in a verdict to justify the homicide. Therefore, to let this verdict go abroad alone, would be very dangerous; and it might be thought that we justified the stabbing a policeman who was legally employed. We have as strong an impression of the importance of our duty as any men can have, and we have agreed to that verdict, and we will agree to none other. We are all of us men who have families, and some stake in the country. Indeed, I think there is none of us but has some little property. We all of us are of one opinion about the impropriety of that meeting, and we are far from liking mob meetings. If the police had acted with propriety, we would all of us have turned out to assist and protect them at any risk. The Government certainly prepared means of dispersing the meeting, but how were those means employed? We blame the Government and the police, because they made no attempt to prevent the meeting. One hundred men upon the ground in the morning, or the expostulation of a magistrate, would, in our opinion, have prevented any meeting. In the name of my brother jurors, I have to repeat, that we have considered our verdict, and that it is the only one in which, upon the evidence, we should feel ourselves justified. It has been proved in evidence that the conduct of the police was brutal and ferocious, and that of the people was peaceable. We will say no more, Sir; record our verdict, or dismiss us. We have told you, Sir, we will not alter a letter. In regard to our oaths, and our duty to our God, our country, and our king, we can give no other verdict. Let us not pass any more time

in this trifling contention, as we have nearly passed two hours. We have fasted since ten o'clock this morning, and we protest against this treatment. If you will not have our verdict, please yourself, as you have the power. Dismiss us, and procure an abler jury; and let God and our country decide between us.'

To this the Coroner replied,

'Gentlemen, I consider your verdict disgraceful to you, but I thank you for your great attention to the case.'

It is to be hoped that the time will arrive, when public opinion will act as a restraint to prevent judges from thus insulting honest men, who have conscientiously done their duty. I have been thus minute in recounting the proceedings on the inquest, because an impression has gone forth that the jury were actuated by the feelings of political partisans, in giving such a verdict. Those who read this statement, copied from the *Times'* report, will doubtless do them justice, and unite in a feeling of pride that such men are to be found amongst the humbler classes of Englishmen. Those who may think that I have reviewed the conduct of the Coroner too harshly, will do well to turn to that part of the report which describes Mr. Alexander, one of the jurymen, as asking 'whether the Secretary of State was justified in sending 1700 policemen amongst a peaceable crowd?' To this the Coroner made answer, 'There were not so many.' Mr. Alexander then reminded him that the fact had been proved by witnesses; on which he rejoined, in a tone of the most intemperate vulgarity, 'So much the better; they were an unlawful assembly.' This surely requires no comment.

The great argument which the partisans of the Whigs use in their defence is, 'the meeting was illegal.' But this is shirking the true question at issue. Illegal meetings of one kind or another take place every day, and many other things are doubtless illegal under the operation of the Castlereagh 'Six Acts.' The question at issue is, whether the meeting was of sufficient importance to render it necessary to put it down by force, such as was resorted to, and whether it was put down in a mode as little as possible calculated to irritate ignorant people? Now it has been proved in evidence, that the meeting was utterly contemptible, both in its composition and objects; that it was rather a matter for laughter than serious notice; that it is most probable, that had Colonel Rowan or Mr. Mayne gone forward, calmly to expostulate with the leaders, the whole crowd would quietly have dispersed. This they failed to do; but in lieu thereof despatched their brutal attendants, with delegated authority; and the long-standing ill-feeling which has existed between the police and the populace has now been heightened, possibly to a state of mortal antipathy on both sides. This is a grievous evil. The police have, from their first establishment, been regarded by the people as a species of Government spies, and, therefore, though incomparably the most efficient, and least mischievous, body of men

ever yet employed in the capacity in which they serve, they have been far more odious to the people than even the old police force, whose character, as a body, was utterly disgraceful. Under these circumstances, it would have been the part of a wise Government to soothe, by every means in their power, the angry feelings of the more ignorant amongst the populace, and even to pass unheeded a few puppet-show exhibition meetings, got up by the pompous ignorance of vain men, who were anxious to make speeches, rather than to excite a collision between the people and the police. But the Whigs, with their usual blundering imbecility and cowardice, scared out of their small wits at the pompous sound of 'National Convention,' have caused their agents to set law, justice, and humanity alike at defiance. They have converted the servants of the law into licensed ruffians, and they have thus infused into the bosoms of the injured, a ferocious spirit which will seek the opportunity of future revenge. The Whigs have themselves alone to thank, that ever a 'National Convention' was thought of, or talked of. They have paltered with the people, they have shown themselves forth as promise-breakers; they have mocked at the wants of the people, and done all in their power to irritate them. It is no marvel, that under such circumstances, designing or inflated men should take advantage of their more ignorant neighbours, to incite them to a breach of the law. Had the Whigs been men of even moderate intelligence, they would have seen, that under the circumstances, even their temporary interest was concerned in preserving quietude by conciliation. But they have only understood the argument of the bully—brute force; and as it is another evidence of their incapacity for thinking, so will it be another argument for removing them as quickly as possible from situations for which they are unfitted. The time is passed for them to hope for the love and affection of the people; they have no power wherewith to operate upon the fears of the people; and all they can expect to reap, is contempt. They exist as a Government, only till men's minds shall be made up as to what will be the best change to propose. In the mean time, the best thing they could do to regain any credit even for good intentions, would be to dismiss Colonel Rowan from the situation he unworthily holds, and replace him by some popular man, who, possessing a character for benevolence and justice, might impress upon the people the necessity of submission to the laws, as much by friendly remonstrance as by the display of power. Such a man would make it his business to watch the characters of all the individuals belonging to the police force, and to weed it of the ruffians whose ferocious habits tend to bring it into disrepute. It is not to be supposed, that men of exactly philosophical habits, are to be procured for twenty shillings per week, but out of our abundant population sufficient men may be found, uniting humanity with courage, and none other ought to be employed. What

Holt could do in a far more benighted age, might be done again were similar men sought for. I know nothing of Colonel Rowan personally, but it is just possible that he may have belonged to the Irish police force. If so, he is not likely to be the best kind of man to deal with an English crowd. That his proceedings are far too summary, and that he is not inclined to take any personal risk for the sake of a more humane execution of the law, has been shown in the disgraceful instance which has just occurred. While such men are employed, the English law and its administrators will continue to be regarded with fear and abhorrence by the mass of the population. When wise and efficient men shall be employed, the well-disposed will only find in the law an instrument of protection, and they will respect it accordingly.

The *Times*, with its usual insidiousness, says, 'The jury *could not*, either on the evidence or on their own declared admissions, justify the slaughter of the unhappy policeman; and even had the meeting been lawful, it would not have authorized the carrying about the person of concealed weapons.' This is an assumption for the purpose of giving an assassin-like character to those who attended the meeting. It is of a piece with the attempt of Major De Roos to swear that a wooden staff was a lance, because it might be made into a lance. In the first place, there is as yet no proof what weapon the policeman was killed with. Some said it was a dagger, and some a butcher's steel. The greatest probability, in the absence of evidence, is, that it was a sword-cane. This the *Times* would call a 'concealed weapon.' Did the editor himself never use such a 'concealed weapon?' Do not large numbers of 'respectable' people walk along the streets at noon-day with such 'concealed weapons?' Are they not publicly exposed in numerous shops, and sold by Jews in the streets? But perhaps the editor thinks the crime to consist in the fact of a mechanic, one of the 'mob,' going to a meeting with one. What is good for the parson is not good for the parish. The squire may carry his gun, but the peasant must be debarred from it. The 'gentleman' may carry his sword-stick, but the base mechanic cannot be intrusted with it, for fear he should make use of it when the bludgeon of the policeman is about to beat his brains out. This logic may suit the Whigs, but verily it will not pass current with the mechanics, whose heads begin to be as hard as their hands. The fact cannot be disguised, that a meeting of unarmed and peaceable men has been dispersed with brutal and unnecessary ferocity, that a scene of Irish police ruffianism has been enacted, and the probability is, that when ignorant men attend future meetings, it will be with weapons in their hands. For the sake of the community, let the Whigs beware how they countenance further irritation. The fire that consumed Rome was originally but a spark. The Whigs have earned contempt, let them not fan it into hatred. The hearts of good men shudder

when they think of the vast train of mischievous consequences which may result from the undisguised display of the want of all sympathy on the part of the rulers towards those over whom they rule. The British people are not blood-thirsty, they are a generous race, in many cases more generous than intelligent; they will lead easily, and sometimes drive, when they have an indistinct idea that the driving is for their own benefit; but rouse them once to the lion mood, and they will effect in a short space of time a more lasting change in the method of rule, than English history can yet boast of. Whigs! Whigs! ye have by your imbecile councils caused the death of one man, and the brutalizing of many. Be satisfied, and take counsel of fear. Do not force the nation into overt resistance of tyranny! Remember that the same power which swept away the Tories, can sweep ye away in turn, and that if it is not done, it is from the indisposition which every good man feels to risk the chance, the possibility of confusion. A few more such acts as the last, and the penalty of forbearance will be greater than the penalty of confusion.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

May 23, 1833.

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(2.) Mr. Abbott makes much more free with former writers than his acknowledgments would lead the reader to suppose, nor has he always accommodated the abstracted matter to present circumstances.

(3.) See *Repository* for February, p. 132, where we earnestly recommended this republication.

(4.) An useful book. We purpose a review of it.

(5.) We have neither time nor space to go into the merits of this claim, but it deserves attention, and should be discussed in our scientific journals.

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Authentic Letters from Upper Canada. Edited by the Rev. T. Radcliff. With Etchings by S. Lover. 6s. (13.)

The Political Unionist's Catechism : a Manual of Political Instruction for the People. Addressed to the Working Classes of Great Britain. By Junius Redivivus. 6d. (14.)

An Address delivered to the Members of the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution. By Dr. Corbet, Vice-President of the Institution. (15.)

Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c., with Notes, original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. Wilson. (16.)

The Necessity and Importance of Free Inquiry, and the Right of Private Judgment in matters of Religion. A Sermon. Wakefield.

A Vindication of a Loan of £15,000,000 to the West India Planters. By James Cropper.

(12.) The subject is becoming rather trite ; the mode of treating it has novelty and interest.

(13.) Very amusing, and a good deal of information. Is Bridget Lacy genuine and authentic ?

(14.) See page 421.

(15.) There is some sensible and spirited stuff in this address. Does Dr. Corbet speak *ex officio* in the last page ? We cannot reconcile his talk there of the 'National Whig Party' with the general tone of the address, nor, especially, with the exposure of the conduct of Ministers as to the taxes on knowledge. His remarks on that subject, on the universities, on the absurdity of restricting Mechanics' Institutes to physical science, on the importance of a systematic study of morality and political economy, and on the connexion of the prosperity of such institutions as that which he was addressing with the popular form of their management and the comprehensiveness of their plan, are excellent. A note reminds us of the opinion of Mr. Henry Brougham, on the probability of the London University obtaining a charter, as expressed in a speech at one of the early meetings of the proprietors. 'Public opinion (said the orator) will wrench such an instrument from the hands of the most corrupt government in the world.' Will it ?

(16.) We have received from the publisher the first and second volumes of this work, now passing through the press, and hope soon to present our readers with a review of the whole not altogether unworthy of the subject. Besides displaying her accustomed and unrivalled felicity in translating, Mrs. Austin has collected from various quarters notices of the most celebrated modern writers of Germany, and thus presented us with a most interesting and comprehensive view of the literature of that country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. II. is intended for insertion.

E. II. must excuse our promising to insert any thing before we see it. We would rather hear from him on some topic more generally interesting, and uncontroversially. Whenever a material error, in fact or argument, is pointed out to us, we are ready to correct it. But replies and rejoinders are usually unprofitable reading.

ON PUBLIC OPINION AS SHOWN BY PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT DURING THE PRESENT SESSION.

IN the *Times* newspaper of the 10th June, we find the substance of the 22d Report of the Public Petition Committee, containing an account of the petitions, with the number of signatures attached to them, presented to the House of Commons, up to the 24th May last. The document is a curious and instructive one. We have taken the trouble to classify the petitions according to their objects, to note their order as to the number of signatures, and to calculate the average of signatures to a petition, on each topic. The latter is given in whole numbers, reckoning a fraction as one when not less than the half. The results appear in the following table:

*** The figure *prefixed* to each topic indicates its rank according to the total number of petitioners.

I. CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

	Petitions.	Signatures.
11. Vote by Ballot.....	37	24,646
20. Repeal of the Septennial Act.....	15	9,289
17. Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge.....	14	12,566

II. ECCLESIASTICAL REFORMS.

2. For the better Observance of the Sabbath	1061	261,706
26. Against Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill.....	20	2,794
6. For the Abolition of Lay Patronage in the Church of Scotland.....	132	61,871
23. Against the Irish Church Reform Bill...	98	6,707
34. From Roman Catholics, for relief from the necessity of being married according to the rites of the Established Church..	4	520
13. From Protestant Dissenters, for the same	99	20,972
18. Against the New System of Education in Ireland.....	12	11,082

III. LOCAL AND CORPORATION REFORMS.

28. Against the Volunteer Corps at Hudders- field.....	1	2,400
4. For Corporation Reform.....	116	70,517
24. For the Scotch Burghs Bill.....	24	4,657
37. Against the same.....	8	271

IV. HUMANITY AND MORALITY.

8. For removing the Civil Disabilities of the Jews.....	46	44,100
36. Against.....	3	134
1. For the Abolition of Slavery.....	4,603	1,209,355
35. Against immediate Abolition.....	1	391
15. For the repeal or alteration of the Beer Act	159	19,774
19. Against the same.....	11	10,988
22. For Mitigation of the Criminal Laws....	13	7,000

	Petitions.	Signatures.
30. Against the Factories Regulation Bill....	18	2,087
3. For the same	88	112,863
9. In favour of the hand-loom Weavers....	48	41,000
27. In favour of Poor Laws for Ireland.....	13	2,775
29. Against Spirit and Beer Shops.....	2	2,164

V. TAXATION.

12. Against Tithes in Ireland.....	65	21,549
14. Against the Assessed Taxes.....	45	19,783
16. Against the Corn Laws.....	16	18,239
5. Against the House and Window Tax	104	64,597
10. Against the Malt Duty.....	70	33,236
25. Against the Soap Duty.....	35	4,466
31. For exempting Agricultural Property from the Police rate.....	5	1,022
33. From Ship Owners, complaining of Distress	8	655
32. For an Increase of the Circulating Medium	4	735
21. Complaining of Distress.....	20	8,065
7. For a Reduction of Taxes.....	38	45,513

VI.

38. For the Impeachment of Ministers.....	1	1
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In addition to the information contained in the above Table, it may be observed that the first twelve topics *in the order of the number of petitions* presented are, 1. The Abolition of Slavery; 2. For the better Observance of the Sabbath; 3. For repeal or alteration of the Beer Act; 4. For the Abolition of Lay Patronage in the Church of Scotland; 5. For Corporation Reform; 6. Against the House and Window Tax; 7. By Protestant Dissenters for relief from the Marriage Ceremony of the Established Church; 8. Against the Irish Church Reform Bill; 9. For the Factories Regulation Bill; 10. Against the Malt Duty; 11. Against Tithes in Ireland; 12. From the hand-loom Weavers.

The first twelve, *in the order of the average number of signatures to each petition*, are the following: 1. For the Factories Regulation Bill; 2. For Reduction of Taxation; 3. Against the Corn Laws; 4. *Against* repeal or alteration of the Beer Act; 5. For removing the Civil Disabilities of the Jews; 6. Against the New System of Education in Ireland; 7. Against the Taxes on Knowledge; 8. From the hand-loom Weavers; 9. For Vote by Ballot; 10. Against the House and Window Tax; 11. For the repeal of the Septennial Act; 12. For Corporation Reform. From this list we have thrown out the single petition against the Huddersfield Volunteers, and the *two* petitions against Spirit and Beer Shops; the first as relating merely to a local grievance, and the latter, because the total number of petitioners is so far below any included in our list.

In looking over this analysis, one cannot help observing the discrepancy between the average number of signatures to a peti-

tion, and the gross amount of petitions and petitioners, on several of the most prominent topics. It might have been expected that we should have found a correspondence; that where the greatest number of persons petitioned, the petitions would, severally, have been the most numerously signed. The contrary is the fact, in many and those very striking instances. Nearly a million and a quarter petitioned for the abolition of Colonial Slavery, and yet the total amount of signatures divided by the number of petitions, yields only an average of 263 names to a petition. Against the Corn Laws, only 18,239 persons have petitioned; but the average of signatures to a petition is 1130. Several similar discrepancies may be noticed by inspecting the Table and the two lists appended to it. They point to the conclusion that a high average of signatures to the petitions on any subject indicates a strong public feeling, even though the total amount of petitioners should not be comparatively large; while a large number of petitions, with a low average of signatures is presumptive of organization and activity in the getting up of an appeal to Parliament. Let the reader look at the twelve topics which stand highest according to *the number of petitions*. Of the first four, not one comes into the list of the twelve which have the highest average of signatures. They would be nearly at the bottom of a complete list arranged on that principle. How is this? We take the solution to be that in these and similar cases, a kind of petition-manufacturing machinery was diligently employed. We do not say that it was not employed for an excellent object. Our opinion on the plague-spot of Colonial Slavery needs no iteration here. The question is not as to the object, but the means. In the number of petitions on this subject, we trace the agency of the Anti-slavery Society, and of the various bodies of Dissenters organized in their sects, associations, and congregations. The Sabbatarian petitions indicate the latter machinery, aided by the parochial influence of the established clergy. No. 6 in this class furnishes us with an average which may be assumed as that of a Protestant Dissenting Congregational Petition. Nearly all the petitions which it includes are probably of that sort. The congregations muster, one with another, 212 petitioners. Now the Sabbatarian average is 247, and the Anti-slavery 263. Deducting the great petition against Slavery, signed by somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 persons, the last average would be reduced yet nearer to the congregational point. With the exception of the petitions for Poor Laws in Ireland, which are very insignificant, these are the only petitions of which the average of signatures is between 200 and 300. The affinity is remarkable; especially when taken in connexion with others which we proceed to point out; and remembering that these three topics have most interested the religionists who act, if churchmen parochially, and if dissenters congregationally. The petitions, which have an average of above

1000 signatures, are those for the Factory Regulation Bill, for the Reduction of Taxation, and for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Here we see the effect of large public meetings, and a strong popular feeling, or rather a strong pecuniary interest, animating them. There is one point on which the religionists have mustered in this way, and with a similar result. That is, the New System of Education in Ireland. The congregational and parochial tactics were not applicable to this subject. The more respectable part of the movers of that machinery were in favour of the Ministerial plan. So the fanatics had nothing left for it but public meetings. And they accordingly held their gatherings, unmolested by opposition, at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. What was the consequence? Only a dozen petitions; but each of those petitions had nearly a thousand signatures. This is the only class of petitions emanating peculiarly from religionists, which comes into the first twelve in the order of the average of signatures. The exception proves the rule. It establishes our theory of the 'Results of Machinery.' There is also an exemplification of it in the petitions for and against the repeal of the Beer Act. The evangelical clergy have been very busy in this matter. The number of petitions for the repeal is 159. They were not, we believe, zealously seconded by the Dissenters. The average of signatures is very low; only 124. The counter petitions were only eleven; but they were signed by very nearly as many thousands. Here was machinery *versus* interest. All the petitions averaging between 600 and 700 names, have a close affinity. They are, for Vote by Ballot, the repeal of the Septennial Act, the repeal of the House and Window Tax, and for Corporation Reform. This is the more remarkable, as there is a great disparity in the number of *petitions*; which, following the above order of topics, are 37, 15, 104, and 116. We may hence, perhaps, assume 620 names to a petition, as the usual result of a public radical reform meeting. The reduction of taxes was a theme to carry more general sympathy with it than the assertion of a great public principle: accordingly the average mounts up to 1198. But on the Assessed Taxes the parish committees brought petition machinery into play, and as a natural result of organization, the number of petitions is greater than that for the last-mentioned purpose, but the average falls to 440. The Scotch petitions against lay patronage have both a high average (468) and number (132). Here is both organization and popularity. The ecclesiastical difference between that country and England is distinctly marked. Now turn to Ireland. A precious specimen of organization, without popularity, appears in the fact that the petitions against the Irish Church Reform Bill were no fewer than 98, and the average of signatures no more than 69. Against the tithes, the people only mustered 65 petitions, but with an average of 332 signatures. Our proof grows somewhat lengthy: but the point deserved elucidating, as it often

indicates the worth of petitions, and may help us towards a correct interpretation of them as exponents of public feeling. Petitions are by no means to be disregarded, because the numbers in which they are presented may have been multiplied by means of some kind of organization in the parties petitioning. Where the organization results from interest in the subject, it evidences the strength of desire or determination. Millions would have organized themselves for obtaining Constitutional reform, but for the Six Acts, and other laws against Political Associations. When, as in the case of the several ecclesiastical bodies, the organization has arisen from a different principle, and is legally recognised and permanent, it is evidence of power in the petitioners, an indication not to be overlooked by the party petitioned. It bears on the prudence, if not on the merits of the case. Sometimes the petitions are few, not because there is no popular interest in the subject, but because there is little hope from the Legislature. All the circumstances connected with petitions require to be considered, to arrive at a just notion of the respect due to them.

In petitions of the first class, those which pray for *Constitutional Reforms*, we have included those for the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. They ought not to be confounded with such as emanate from the mere desire for the removal of a pecuniary burden. The object of the petitioners is public instruction. They think that the greatest possible amount of information, on whatever affects the well being of the community, should be dispensed to the greatest possible number, and at the lowest possible rate. They think that a good Government, like a good man, should love the light, and that only a tolerably strong light on the proceedings of a Government can keep it good. Many of them think that it would be much more right and reasonable, that the diffusion of information should, if needful, be secured by taxation, rather than be repressed, and to a great extent suppressed, by taxation. They would have provision for public information regarded as an integral portion of the national institutions. And they know, and have offered to demonstrate to Ministers, that so far from any sacrifice being necessary, the revenue might be improved by the removal of the present prohibitory duty on cheap newspapers. The character of these petitions is not financial but constitutional. Although not numerous, they have that claim on respect which arises from a high average of signatures, (nearly 900 to each.) In this particular, they rank above the other petitions of this class, and form a class by themselves. The petitions for the Ballot (which are first in the gross amount of petitioners) stand next, (666,) and for the repeal of the Septennial Act, third, (619.) The order accurately expresses, we apprehend, the wishes of the thorough reformers. The total amount of signatures may be thought to show the feebleness of that description of politicians. The inference would be somewhat hasty.

They can only organize themselves in open defiance of the law, and should that ever happen, it will scarcely be for the purpose of petitioning. The topics themselves have not those considerations of local or urgent temporary interest which facilitate the holding of meetings. Two large sections of this body are opposed to petitioning; those who have not yet lost all confidence in the present Ministry, and those who have lost all hope either from Ministers or the present parliament. It is not improbable, that the course of events will ere long unite these two sections with the present petitioners, in a common course of action. They will then show a formidable front. They are, in fact, the whole body of reformers, who were reformers anterior to the adoption of that question as a Ministerial question by those who are now in office; together with a large addition which must have been made to their number by the occurrences of the last two years.

The second class of petitions shows an extraordinary activity in the four great ecclesiastical bodies, the Established Churches of the three kingdoms, and the Dissenters of England. Neither the Catholics nor the Presbyterians of Ireland appear in this list, in their corporate capacity. Both have their reasons; but not exactly the same reasons. The former are past hope of getting any thing, and the latter not past fear of losing something. The Irish petitions (unless the little marriage petitions are from that country, and excepting those against tithes,) are all episcopalian and anti-reforming, showing, or at least according with the fact, that in that unhappy country, so long divided into the oppressors and the oppressed, the plunderers and the plundered, the Government is hated by the former, and not trusted by the latter. The Scotch petitions show that the nuisance of which they complain, and which is indeed a corrupt and corrupting excrescence, must be abated. The character of the Protestant Dissenting marriage petitions, we have already shown. They are machine-made. They are woven in the parson power-loom. This grievance has never been complained of till very lately, nor did it seem to press with any weight upon the orthodox Dissenters, until the Unitarians had shown considerable restiveness under their peculiar burden, and made some progress towards its removal. Then the congregations were stirred up, and they have done the duty to which they were invited. The great display of religious organization is in the Sabbatarian petitions. We believe the motives and desires of these petitioners to be so various, that it is utterly impossible to say what they would have. If they can agree, the people who can muster a thousand petitions, though with only a little more than 200 names to each, must be pretty sure of carrying their point. We wish it had been public instruction; but when has the power of ecclesiastical or sectarian organization been directed to that object?

On the third class we have little to remark. The subject of Corporation Reform is the only one (except perhaps that of Colo-

nial Slavery) which is in favour both with the Government and the people. Hence it stands high in all the lists, being fourth in the order of the total amount of signatures, fifth in that of the number of petitions, and twelfth in that of the average of signatures to each petition. This fact shows how 'the hands of Government would be strengthened' by the people (as the phrase goes) in effecting Constitutional Reforms, were they but disposed to accomplish such reforms. In what we deem the best test of public principle and earnestness, the average of signatures, these petitions are a little below that of the Ballot and Anti-Septennial Act petitions, though far superior in number.

A glance at the numbers for and against the Scotch Burghs Bill, will furnish the reader with another instance of the different workings of organization and interest.

Class IV. is, on the whole, honourable to the country. The average signatures to the petitions for the Jews, are swelled by the large Christian petition from the inhabitants of the metropolis. No deduction on the score of machinery, can make those for the Abolition of Slavery other than a magnificent display of public feeling. They are a glorious monument for humanity. Those for the Factories Regulation Bill, are also very honourable, and must be, substantially, successful. The subject is in some respects a difficult one; and it has been abominably entangled for party purposes; but the overworking of children is an atrocity that, whoever be the culprits, and wherever the burden may fall, must be put down; and will. The petitions for the mitigation of the Criminal Code, average well—539 to a petition. There philanthropy and intelligence go hand in hand. Would that it were more so throughout this whole class of petitions. It affords stronger demonstrations of benevolence than of wisdom. Glad should we be to see the zeal which it exhibits directed towards the grand and all comprehensive subject of national education and instruction. The abolition of slavery, even in a sense far more comprehensive than that which the expression bears in the present case, is itself only a branch of that still more glorious emancipation, the abolition of ignorance. And for this blessed purpose, how much might be done by legislation.

Like the celebrated potatoes thrown at the state carriage of George IV., the next class 'speaks for itself.' They are the 'you must' of the impoverished people, in reply to the 'we cannot' of the feeble Ministry. Several of them rank high in the scale of all the tests which we have indicated. They are not to be trifled with. The expedient of a property tax, in lieu of all others, must evidently be reconsidered. Meanwhile, if this 'impatience of taxation' be 'ignorant,' why is the protecting duty on ignorance so inconsistently and fatuitously upheld? The people will not submit to the continuance of their present burdens. If retrenchment cannot relieve them, commutation must; and

such a commutation as will shift the pressure to the part where it can best be borne. How oddly, how disgustingly, does the idea of a reformed Parliament and a real representation of these petitioners, associate with the facility with which the bonus to the West Indian interest was transformed from a loan to a gift, and from fifteen to twenty millions!

The singularity of the last petition in the Table, baffles our principles of classification. We cannot just now ascertain whether the one subscriber of the one petition for the impeachment of Ministers, was the chairman of a meeting, or represented only himself. His prayer is gone to the limbo of vanity. It would be a sight for sore eyes, to see the House of Lords sitting in judgment on a whole Administration; and such a House on such an Administration. 'Leave them to Heaven,' good man: as Hamlet did his mother; and if they have indeed, like her, played false, and been made traitorous to reform, by the blandishments of Aristocracy, a heavier retribution than impeachment before the Lords (Polonius, we suppose, to fill up the parallel) will assuredly be their destiny. Even now, they must be lost to all sense of honourable fame, not to feel the difference in their position which one short year has made. Should the hereditary fatuity to which they truckle jostle them again from office, where now are the enthusiastic multitudes that once bore them back triumphantly? The *Globe* and the *Times* may cry 'Wolf,' but who stirs? There is no echo. Their firmest friends have long been reduced to apologies for what they cannot justify, pleas of difficulty and embarrassment, and petitions for procrastination of the judgment. They have made hosts of enemies; and many are those who would gladly have continued the confidence which they generously reposed, but who have been forced to its withdrawal by repeated disappointments, forgotten professions, violated promises, and the insane attempt to retain some hold of the people, and yet propitiate the vain and rapacious interests that can never be at one with the public good. The great object of all who aspire to public usefulness, must henceforth be to teach the people (in the pursuit of whatever promotes the real and permanent improvement of their condition) to rely solely on themselves, and to qualify them for that self-reliance by the dissemination of political wisdom.

PHOSPHOR AND HESPER.

PHOSPHOR.

IN a flood of ether I swim, I swim!
 My argent lamp dewily burning;
 But, Sister! thy splendour is dim, is dim!
 As an eye to the grave returning—
 Why is thy beauty mour ning?

HESPER.

I am weary and sick with dreams,
White Son of the Waking Morn!
For since the sun set in these western streams
I have slept in the midst of my golden beams,
The pillow of air adorning;
And visions of time and space and heaven
The life in my heart have lulled, or riven;
And now I sink
On night's dim brink,
Like a soul to the grave, that is unforgiven—
Forlorn! forlorn! forlorn!—
Art thou my sadness scorning?

PHOSPHOR.

The starry curtain of the dawn
Hath my silver hand withdrawn,
Orb of evening splendid!
My joy hath not birth from thy sadness;
But the sun hath endow'd me with gladness:
From the crystal height of my eastern throne
I behold him ascending alone, alone!
Into heaven, with eye distended—
Like a thought of God in the poet's soul!
His herald-cloud is above me, tinted
With the light his purple kiss imprinted:
Its foldings pallid in dew unroll,
Which the lark, on my lustre calling,
Imbibes in its balmy falling:
I hear the star beneath me sighing
With the burning love on his pale heart lying—
Art thou, too, dying?

HESPER.

I seek my tomb
In the purpled verge of the night-cloud's gloom:
Like hope from the heart, I sink from heaven.
Our queen is tranced in a ghostly swoon;
Red-banner'd Mars faints by the fainting moon,
And the constellations around are driven
Into the depths of the brightening dawn—
Like dews by the sphere of a flower absorb'd,
Or starting tears in the eye withdrawn!
Only thou art radiant-orb'd:
The morn o'ermantles the earth and sea—
Farewell! they need not me:
O'er the gulf of night am I clouded!

PHOSPHOR.

Farewell! I am failing like joy
Which its own sweet excess doth cloy—
Farewell! in light I am shrouded!

RULE BRITANNIA.*

WHAT a glorious wind! How it tears about over heaven and earth, like a mad devil broke loose from the adamantine prison-house. Clouds above are flying before it, like the leaves below. Why this wind is a whirlwind. How it rushes, raves, and roars; it blows the world topsy turvy; one might walk, if we could but stand, over a milky way of acacia blossoms. The little peaches and nectarines are pelting like hail through the green-house windows. The oaks are tossing about their mighty arms, like fierce Saracens of old, with their maces and war-clubs; and the tall poplars are bending before the blast, their foliage flying, till you see their bare trunks straining like the masts of a ship in distress, when her canvass is all abroad in tatters. And there's the music of the main too, piping loud and high, all around and through the grove. How well the trees do it: right Æolian harps are they, and Æolian trumpets, clarionets, bassoons, and trombones too. Splendid are the billows now in the Bay of Biscay. If I were there in my hammock, I should reckon it rough rocking; and yet if I were as heavy as I am now, methinks I should sleep, even to such a motion and to such music. Heavy, heavy! and sleep I must. The sounds are dim in my ears, yet ever and anon they are too startling. Qualify them, I pray thee, with some of that new music, whatever it may be.

And the piano blended its tones, though what they were I heeded not, with the rushing and rustling of the trees without; and though it was mid-day in June, and I am most unused to daylight sleeping, I went off, fairly and soundly on the sofa—and then and there I dreamt a dream. I have seen and heard of large and majestic billows; I have watched those which, when the wild winds have been working their will, break at the foot of St. Catherine, up-rearing their huge forms as they strike upon the sands, their tops retreating and curving, till they form a colossal arch-way, where the sons of Anak might stand, for a moment, beneath the vaulted watery roof, till down they come in thunder. I have tossed on those which approach the Hebrides and the Orkneys, swollen with the pride of having rolled unbroken from the western world; and much have I heard of those on which the giant of the Cape looks down, those broad mountain masses, those watery Grampians, where, in the trough of the sea, one intervening wave may hide from those who pace the turrets of our floating Indian towers, the top-masts of their comrade; but not even these, nor aught save those of Martin's Deluge, could compare with the measureless billows of my vision. And yet, there was no fury in their greatness; they were not like the heavings and frettings of Sea at war with Earth; but as parts, proportionate and harmonious, of a world of waters. It was not as if 'a shoreless ocean tumbled

* A Characteristic Fantasia for the Piano Forte, on the National Air of Rule Britannia, by M. Marielli, 5s.

round the globe,' but these waves were as the ample and graceful foldings of the world's vast oceanic mantle. They rose and fell like the regular heavings of a living world's gigantic bosom. And the splendid sun was shining on that 'azure main,' as if he loved it; and his image was reflected there—clear, bright, and deep, as if he were loved again. It was there when the billows rose, and it was there when the billows fell—glittering, but yet unbroken in the change. And as I admired the simple and serene magnificence of this elemental scene, there burst from that cloudless sky a peal of thunder,—of thunder so full and sonorous, and as it seemed to me so significant and supernatural, that a sensation of troubled awe spread over my frame, and I felt as if present at that wonderful work 'in the beginning,' when 'the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, and God said, Let there be light, and there was light.' The scriptural recollection was probably suggested to my sleeping senses by the unbounded expanse of that visionary ocean, and under the influence of the association thus called up, the long rolling of that thunder fashioned itself into a resemblance of syllabic utterance; such a resemblance as there is of form in the dim outlines that grow upon the eye out of thick darkness, or even from blazing light, like the angel of the Lord emerging from the glory at the top of Jacob's ladder, in Rembrandt's painting of the patriarch's dream. It was possible to persuade oneself that it only thundered; and yet the sensation of my dream, wrought out in verbal record, would rather be, 'there came a voice from heaven saying, Let Britain arise!' And the progress of events confirmed the interpretation. I was indeed present at the last act of creation. The voice from above was echoed by a hollow, murmuring, responsive sound, that came from the very bottom of the abyss, beneath all that weight of waters. In a moment all was convulsion and confusion. Strange noises, deep, shrill, rapid, rolling, voluminous, a chaos of sound, terrified my ears. The placid majesty of sea and sky vanished. Dense vapours blotted out the sun. From the ocean, columns of flame burst forth abruptly, ascended high, and disappeared; and were followed by others in quick succession. Wild meteors were blazing here and there throughout the atmosphere. The stars, which became partially visible as the sun was obscured, had 'forgotten their courses,' and reeled in the sky, and rose and set confusedly, like warriors' plumes in desperate conflict. A hurricane swept madly along over the surface of the waters, which sometimes yawned to the very centre, and then swelled up 'as high as huge Olympus.' And still the submarine thunderings continued, and swelled louder and louder, and the volumes of flame became more ample; and as I began to madden with the uproar, and felt my temples throbbing, and was struggling to awake, as one struggles with the pressure of deadly nightmare, all was hushed, and there was the sweet music of a heavenly harp, and it played imperfect snatches

and suggestive notes of the music of that noblest of all national airs; and I looked, and the elements were sunk to repose, and the sun was beaming down that sweet first smile of fond complacency that follows passion and agitation, and the billows were as giants who had died and been regenerated into little children, and they were gently and playfully kissing the feet of the white cliffs of our island, which had, amid those convulsive throes of nature, arisen 'from out the azure main.' And the meaning of what I saw revealed itself to me, and I knew by the thrilling prelude of that harp that angels were about to hymn 'the charter of the land;' but their song was not yet. The island was covered with mist. It hung heavy over the valleys, and wreathed itself around the hills and mountains. But towards their summits it was thin and fleecy, and as it departed, I had glimpses of celestial forms, the minstrels who struck at intervals the broken, yet most harmonious symphony of that well known 'strain,' the new-born genii of the new-born land, its 'guardian angels' in the delicate spring of their being, the same that were seen by the bard of the seasons, of patriotism, and of liberty.

There was one amongst them who appeared to be their queen, so lofty was her stature, and so stately her bearing. She stood on the summit of a cliff, and stretched her hand towards the waves, as if demanding of them some token of submission and fealty. But the billows dashed themselves upon the cliff, and flung their foam high up against its face as in defiance and in scorn. And the deep abysmal thunders again uttered their voices, but in angrier and discordant tone. And that wild volcanic action, and the elemental confusion, came back with aggravated horrors. Yet amid it all, from time to time, I heard stray notes of that heavenly harping, till at one louder and longer swell, it seemed (but all was quick as lightning) as if that being of loveliness and majesty had thrown herself from the cliff-top into the furious waves, snatched, from some reluctant power beneath, a colossal trident, and regained her rocky throne, waving it proudly around her crowned and helmed head. Then the thunderings ceased, and the sea was calm and gentle as an inland lake, and the mists cleared away, and the land lay in sunshine, and I had vision of sparkling rivers, and waving fields, and crowded ports, and stately towers, and multitudinous cities; and the spirits thronged around their queen, and they twined a laurel bough in her helmet-crown, and their harps and voices rung out the full strain of the patriotic chant, and it resounded with a martial clang, and there were armies on the heights in glittering array, and gallant navies covering the ocean; and lightly as I reckon of the glory of arms, I felt my heart swell within me at that triumphal chorus. But soon I perceived, that though the familiar air was again and again repeated, it was with a varied tone and spirit. The associations, which in these diversified changes it called up,

ceased to be either insolent or warlike. Among them there was the solemnity of the hymn and the lightness of the dance ; and as the sound varied, so varied the visible scene, and those bright genii bent the knee, or moved in joyous measure, while she whom they encircled, smilingly doffed her diademed and laurelled casque, threw it upon the ground, placed on her brows a simple wreath of oak and olive, and the trident in her hand became a cornucopia. Again the chorus of the strain rung sweetly and loudly in mine ear ; so loudly that I awoke, yet still the sound went on, with chords and modulations so rich and fanciful and full of harmony, that I was bewildered to find it did *not* proceed from the genii of my dream, and said, amazedly, 'What *are* you playing?' The answer was : 'O such a beautiful and imaginative composition ; Marielli's Fantasia on Rule Britannia : she has developed all the poetry of the song in such a musical commentary as only genius and science together can produce. Look at this introduction, or rather, listen to that, and to the variations which follow.' 'I have,' said I, 'I have heard them all, unconsciously ; they have been acting on my associations as I slept ; the music interprets my dream to myself, and my dream may interpret the music to others. It is a truthful criticism, as far as it goes ; but wide awake should the critic be, who would do full justice to the expressiveness, science, grace, and fancy of Marielli's compositions.'

ON THE MINISTRIAL PLAN FOR THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

THE state of transition from extreme political darkness, to the rush of light caused by the bursting of political truths amongst the mass of the community,—which is the peculiar characteristic of the age in which we live,—has been hastened of late in its operations, with a compound progression, much more remarkable than the ordinary celerity with which exploded errors are driven into obscurity. To this cause must be attributed the state of dazzled excitement, in which the public mind finds itself bewildered. The truths are known, the conclusions are arrived at as general principles, but the knowledge how to carry them into practice for the benefit of the community is as yet imperfect. The wants of the public have not been foreseen by those capable of influencing the public, and consequently no provision has been made to supply them. No far-reaching intellects have been in the places of public trust, no god-like Turgot has yet held the directive power, over a people well disposed to tread in the right path, whenever it shall be pointed out to them by those whom they believe devoted to their welfare, and whose reason and enthusiasm walk hand in hand. The men at present in the possession of power, are utterly unfitted for it. Even though they be not

the knaves which a large portion of the community believe, then they come under a denomination not less mischievous to the community—imbeciles. They lack the knowledge which gives courage, the wisdom which gives decision, and the earnest energy, which, when directed to good purposes apart from calculating selfishness, takes hold on all men's hearts, and carries conviction to their minds. Men are willing to be led onward to truth, but they must, as an indispensable condition, have confidence in their leaders. The army which trusts not its general, or believes that the general has sold it to the enemy, falls into confusion till such time as it elects another general, whose talents and honesty may warrant its confidence: and such might be the case with the British nation, but fortunately the chances of confusion are small, owing to the pervading good sense of the community, and the fact, that the men fitted for rulers are to be found whenever they shall be diligently sought for, whenever the present over-excitement shall lessen, and the same attention shall be paid to secure the best working system of government, on which so much depends, as people are accustomed to pay to the management of their private concerns, in order to render them prosperous.

The union of the qualities requisite for the first class legislators is extremely rare. The self-poised, self-collected nature, is at variance with the earnest enthusiasm which loves to think with other men's thoughts, which loves to draw closer the bonds of sympathy. Not a man at present in power possesses the former quality; is there one who possesses the latter? Let those answer who can speak with their own knowledge; the public suffrage will reply in the negative. The public generally are not prejudiced against truth; when it is obvious, they receive it with open hearts and willing ears; they know that upon knowledge depends the bettering of their condition, but the rulers generally are disposed to try truths by the ordeal of their own interest, or apparent interest, for they are not profound reasoners, and wherever they see a certain good to the public, accompanied by the chance of a contingent evil to themselves, they take what they consider the sure side, and refuse to acknowledge the truth. They possess not the self-poised nature, the equable temperament, which constitutes judgment in the highest degree, and as they are inordinately elevated by all that seems favourable to their power, and thereupon assume the aspect of the bully, so are they proportionately depressed by any thing unfavourable, and they sink into cowardice. People of this class are peculiarly unfitted to grapple with the time, they can do nothing but in the track of custom, of dull routine; they exclaim against theory, and practice is all in all with them, simply because their minds have not been trained to theorize justly. They take a false theory, and finding that it cannot be reduced to practice, they thereupon exclaim against all theories, forgetting that a true theory must be the germ of a true practice,

as much as geometry must be the basis of all the works of a carpenter, who may nevertheless work correctly without ever having heard of the word 'geometry.' They wish to rule the world according to established models, forgetting that the wants of the world have outgrown them, and that new truths have rendered necessary the construction of new theories, to be verified and corrected in practice. Not being competent to the task, they think to get over the matter by denying the wants of the world, and asking for a precedent. This will not do. If they resist the just demands of the community, or are incompetent to fulfil them, they must be cast out. There was once an age in the world when precedents existed not, and the present generation of men is as competent to make precedents as ever former generations were. Previous to the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, some of its advocates affected to ground their claim upon the parchments of the treaty of Limerick, as if the law of justice was not the primary source to refer to in a question of right and wrong—of fittingness and unfittingness. The new truths which have begun to illumine the political horizon, have astounded and alarmed the rulers, at the same time that they have dazzled and gladdened the ruled with the most cheering aspect of hope. The rulers try to resist their influence, in all but the most glaring cases, and often when they attempt to amend they make worse. The ruled are indignant at the interested delay, and in their anxiety to push on the beneficial movement, would go to sea without rudder or compass, as if the mere hoisting of the sails would, by putting the vessel in motion, ensure her arrival at the wished for haven. This must not be. At the same time that all brave men are willing to peril life and limb in the voyage, it is requisite that the vessel should be well found with all that may reduce the risk as much as possible, and ensure, so far as human exertions or foresight can secure it, the certainty of success. I am not amongst the faint-hearted. The voyage of improvement must be performed at all hazards, but I am not inclined to stick the gallant vessel fast upon a rock if care and caution may avoid it.

The present Ministry have got themselves into a situation they are not calculated to fill. They did not anticipate the effects of the Reform Bill. They deemed that it would be a sop to the people, and still public clamour: they thought not of ulterior consequences. They, doubtless, now regret their concessions, but it would be wiser in them to reflect, that they have only given without confusion, what ultimately would have been taken by force. The people's eyes are opened, and they know their interest. Their clamours for reform, were they addressed to wise and honest men, would be received in a manner calculated to secure confidence and obtain the requisite time for the concoction of efficient remedies for the public evils, but the Whigs are scared at the din, and in their coward affright talk absurdly and act worse. They patch,

and join, and alter, and divide, and differ in opinion, and after exciting a mingled feeling of disgust, and hatred, and contempt, they end by making the matter worse than it was before. In quick succession are thrust upon them, the revision of taxation, the ballot, retrenchment, free trade, extension of the suffrage, the India question, the Irish question, the Bank charter, the tithes, the taxes on knowledge, national education, church reform, and the question of the abolition of slavery. Even a wise man might ponder how to reply to so many demands poured upon him at once, but the effect upon the imbecile Whigs is to cause absolute inanity. In their despair they bethink themselves of the universal Whig maxim, as set forth in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in the article on 'Lord Mahon's War of the Succession.' 'For a public life to be useful, it must be one of compromises.' In this sentence is the secret of Whig policy, but it must be added, that the 'utility,' according to Whig definition, means only making the public their 'oyster,' as ancient Pistol hath it. Taking expediency for their guide, in the present stage of their affairs, they shuffle off every question they can, and amongst others the most important of all, that of national education, and proceed to tinker all that is forced on them. I will take as an example, the question of the abolition of negro slavery, first remarking, that I have reason to believe it a fixed principle with the Aristocracy, to resist the education of the people, from the conviction, that with national education their sway must instantly cease. The remark of a leading man amongst the Whigs has been, 'that it would be a much happier condition for the people, if they could be again brought back to the ignorance of the last century.'

The public mind in England has definitively determined that negro slavery must be abolished, and that without much latitude of time, save so far as it can be made out to be for the benefit of the slaves themselves. This resolution is not the consequence of any interested feeling, but merely a matter of principle, a perception which has gradually gained ground, of the injustice where-with a large number of black men were treated by a number of white men, numerically inferior, but possessed of greater power by reason of their superior intellect. Various evil motives have been attributed to the chief men amongst the abolitionists who have pushed on the cause in and out of parliament, and retorts have been made in the same spirit. It is very possible that there may be individuals of bad character on both sides of the question, but this makes nothing either for or against it. It is nothing new for ambitious men to fasten themselves on to any cause which may reflect importance on them, without feeling any further interest in the cause. But it is quite as customary for malignant envy to select as the objects of attack, those who stand out from the crowd, and are distinguished from their fellows by superior intellect or humanity. The Athenian hated Aristides because he was called

the "Just," and the same kind of badly constituted mind may sway many Englishmen. But whatever may be the case with individuals, makes nothing against the spirit of humanity which influences a whole nation, with the exception of those who are Tories in principle, and believe, either honestly or dishonestly, that the rule of irresponsible power is the best rule for the world, and who would, if they could, reduce the white population of Britain to the same condition as the black population of the West Indies. However this may be with the Whigs, they have found that the current of public opinion sets too strongly in favour of emancipation to be resisted, and they have accordingly made use of it as a propitiatory sacrifice, possibly in the hope thereby to stave off some more unpleasant demand, and take glory to themselves for their liberality. Now, one might have imagined, that having once resolved to emancipate the negroes, they would have resolved to do it in the manner which might secure the maximum of good with the minimum of evil, and that to that end they would have selected the wisest man they could find to arrange it. But Whig policy reasoned after a different fashion. They selected Mr. Stanley, who, by his arbitrary insolence, and want of sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of his fellows, had embroiled the whole of Ireland, and brought it to the verge of a civil war, purely for the gratification of his personal malice towards Mr. O'Connell, who, by his superior shrewdness, had rendered him as ridiculous for his want of effective power, as he was before hateful for his aristocratic morgue. To the people of England, the disposition of Mr. Stanley was precisely that which a West India planter might feel towards his slaves. So long as sycophancy were observed towards him, so long might he condescend to be generous, and therefore, this very disposition was likely to make him the most unfit man to regulate an important question, upon which so many angry passions were already let loose. But the Whigs thought otherwise; their principle would seem to be that of fighting down opposition wherever practicable, as in the case of the Spa Fields' meeting, and they imagined that the best mode of meeting the insolence of the West India planters, would be by letting loose the insolence of a Stanley upon them. The dogmatic insolence of this person has always been described as intolerable, to any being of refined or gentlemanly feelings; but, notwithstanding, it might have been imagined, that after his defeat and exposure on the Irish question, and his experience of the evils of ignorance,—it might have been imagined, that upon entering upon a new office, he would at least have taken some pains to become acquainted with the details, history, and principles of the subject he had taken in hand. Lord Howick, while in office, had acknowledged the well-known fact, that Mr. Stephen, the chief clerk, knew more of the subject, and was at the same time an abler man, and better fitted to manage it, than any other. In

short, whoever might be the nominal head of the office, it was well understood, that the real man of business was Mr. Stephen. A wise man, therefore, whose intellect had not been debased by aristocratic morgue and egregious vanity like that of Mr. Stanley, would have been anxious to add to his own stock of knowledge all that he could procure from other sources, on which to form a judgment. He would not have despised the information of his predecessor, or of those whose long practice in office must have given them a considerable amount of knowledge, but he would have learned what he could, and then have estimated it according to its value. But not so Mr. Stanley. Full of presumption and self-conceit, he deemed that his genius and talent were to surmount all obstacles without opposition, and he was so exceedingly anxious to obtain the whole credit due to his transcendent abilities, that the moment he entered the office, he made it known that he needed no assistance from any one, but meant to do all his own business—by intuition, it may be supposed. Mr. Stephen having been jealously excluded from all share in his councils, he addressed himself to his improvisatory task, and in due time brought forth his programme, which I shall notice further on. I would here ask one question of the Whigs. The fact being granted, that Mr. Stephen knows more of the slave question than any other person in office, why should either Lord Howick or Mr. Stanley be put over him? Why should he not hold the ostensible as well as real place? Why should an ignorant man be set to fill it, while there is an instructed man at hand? Is there any other answer but the glaring one, that there is power and a large salary attached to it, which it would be considered a species of sacrilege to bestow upon any one but an aristocrat. And upon this principle is it, that the coin of the nation is wasted, and the national business badly performed. Those members of the House of Commons who advocate the true interests of the community, might employ themselves worse than in pointing out the glaring instances of the waste of the public money, in giving large salaries to aristocratic puppets, at the same time that the labours they profess to perform are actually performed for them by men of superior abilities at inferior salaries.*

The slaves must be freed! Fall what may, at all hazards, whether of injustice to whites, or of mischief to blacks, or to

* I believe that the objection to placing such a man as Mr. Stephen in the actual situation of minister, would be the fact, that upon a change of ministry he must turn out, and then the whole business would be stopped for want of knowledge in the in-comer. What a satire is this upon the machinery of our Government! The Noodles and Doodles of either faction are to fill the offices ostensibly, and pocket the cash, and the men of business, the whole rank and file, remain in *statu quo*, whatever be the changes, to have their utility impeded and their time wasted, by instructing, or offering to instruct, every succeeding fool. This is bad enough, but what must be the additional mischief, of the immorality thus engendered, by false pretences, in endeavouring to make the members of the aristocracy pass for wise men and men of business, when they are merely unprincipled speculators, a sort of civil *condottieri*.

blacks and whites alike, the slaves must be freed ! Even though the ultimate result were to be the massacre of the whites, the slaves must be freed, for the amount of evil, if evil must be the consequence, cannot compare with the demoralization which is the consequence of the present system ; which, at the same time that it utterly debases the master, gives no hope to the slave. It is an indisputable fact, that the forced labour got out of the slaves, is got out of them by the whip alone, or by the fear of it, and that if the whip were abolished, they would cease to work, for no means of compulsion could be found, short of bodily torture, to induce them to work. It has been clearly shown in the speech of Lord Howick, that if slavery is to continue at all, the most humane exercise of it would be to deprive the slave of all rights whatever, and to give to his master as unlimited authority over his person, as over the bodies of his quadrupeds ; for in that case he would at least be treated as well as the horses and mules, and not wantonly injured, but merely worked to death as a source of commercial profit, whereas, by interposing between him and his master, the slave presumes upon certain legal rights which he cannot support, disputes his master's authority, is tempted to neglect his work, and suffers a continual martyrdom from the lash, which he would avoid, and suffer himself to be quietly worked to death, were he morally sure that he had no appeal. Here and there, no doubt, may be found examples of wanton barbarians, to whom the shrieks and groans of their fellows are as sport and music, but generally speaking, this is not the case. Wholesale cruelty is only brought about by selfish interest. Now, no human being, with the smallest pretension to justice or humanity, could for a moment defend the propriety of delivering over a fellow-creature, bound hand and foot, like a wild beast, to the uncontrolled power of his fellow-man, merely because the one were black and the other white. The resulting evils of such a system are so numerous, not merely to the blacks, but to the whites also, that I do not scruple to affirm my deliberate conviction, that it would be a less crime against humanity to send forth fleets and armies to destroy the whole population of the West India Islands, both blacks and whites, than to suffer it to continue. The first would be one huge scene of cruelty, which would excite universal abhorrence, and thus prevent any chance of its repetition ; the last would sap and demoralize every feeling of virtue and humanity in all concerned, both slaves and masters, for an indefinite time. Interested people may be found in abundance, who will talk of the necessity of slavery for the support of our sugar trade and shipping, but this makes nothing to the question. If their argument be even sound, it is only a proof that one class of human beings have lived in the active oppression of another class, and it would be better for the community that beings thus demoralized should cease to exist ; it would be better that the shipping

should be destroyed, and the Antilles be made pasture grounds. It would be better that we should exist without sugar, than that we should consume it at the cost of the torture of our fellows. It would be better to put all those dependent upon slaves for their subsistence on the pension list for the remainder of their existence, rather than the slavery should continue, rather than such diabolical atrocities should be permitted, as have been recorded by Henry Whiteley* and numerous other persons. The blood runs cold while reading them, the muscles involuntarily contract, and the hand grips as on the hilt of a weapon, to strike the oppressors dead, and thus decide for ever the question of 'property.' The wonder, the most unaccountable wonder, is the patience wherewith the slaves submit to their callous oppressors; nay more, that black hands should be the wielders of the 'cart-whip,' to inflict cruelty upon fellow-blacks. How brutalizing must be the influence which can thus thoroughly destroy the power of reflection, the power of perceiving that if the blacks were simultaneously to refuse to flay their brethren, flogging must altogether cease, inasmuch as the whites would not be sufficiently numerous even to perform the labour. The mere folding of the arms in passive inaction would be sufficient, yet have not the blacks sufficient energy to bring it to pass. Henry Whiteley, who seems to be a humane man, and whose statements bear internal evidence of their truth, notices a remarkable fact, the gradual hardening of the heart which takes place even in humane people, after becoming familiarized to scenes of cruelty. He describes an overseer, a generally humane man, who

'stood by and witnessed the whole of this cruel operation (flogging young women with a cart-whip on the naked flesh) with as much seeming indifference, as if he had been paying them their wages. I was meanwhile perfectly unmanned by mingled horror and pity.'

This was in Jamaica. Further on Henry Whitely says,

'After a few weeks, although my moral abhorrence of slavery continued to increase, my sensibility to the sight of physical suffering was so greatly abated, that a common flogging no longer affected me to the painful degree that I at first experienced.'

Here then is an argument which might at once weigh even with the selfishness of the whites, against the continuance of slavery, even were there no other argument to adduce. The moral beauty of the character of the white himself is destroyed. He calls himself a Christian, and he goes through a course of self-degradation for the sake of gain, which reduces him from the condition of civilized humanity to that of a ferocious savage. And for the sake of protecting our commerce and our shipping, is this system of iniquity upheld! Verily, it is marvellous, that in the nineteenth

* 'Three Months in Jamaica, in 1832.'

century there should exist men, and men who hold themselves to be of God's making, who possess some power of thinking and reasoning; and who stand forth before the people as their teachers and instructors, and who yet, in the teeth of all reasoning, perversely maintain that the end of human life is not human happiness, but human production; who say, 'protect our commerce and our shipping, even though it be at the cost of converting black men into oxen and mules, and white men into tigers to prey upon them.'

After the general affirmation, that the Antilles can only be profitably wrought by slave-labour, the great argument against setting the slaves free, is the assertion that they will soon follow up their manumission by scenes such as took place at Santo Domingo. As is usual, in all cases of controversy, the abolitionists are inclined to exalt the negroes into angels, the slave-owners to represent them as demons, only to be kept down by severity. That the negroes may one day, when they get more knowledge, cut their masters' throats, is by no means impossible; they have had provocation enough, to tempt even quieter men than they are, to do such a deed long ago; but I do not see that they are much more likely to do it when free, than while they are slaves, for assuredly they will have less temptation, and they may forego something in consideration of the punishment their tyrants will undergo, in being balked of their will. It is possible that the angry feelings of the white masters, and their little power of reasoning, may induce them to insult and abuse the manumitted slaves, just as they insulted Lord Mulgrave, and the new freeman may in consequence feel an itching for vengeance, which may spread at the sight of blood; but this is not altogether certain. Henry Whiteley says,

'The attorney of the estate replied significantly, It is an opinion amongst us, but one which we do not wish to acknowledge, or be known, that *slavery and knowledge are incompatible*.'

This is precisely the conclusion which the Whigs have arrived at in another hemisphere, and therefore they uphold the 'taxes on knowledge.' But both Whigs and slave-holders should recollect, that ignorance alone is untameable, and if the tyrant suffers during the Saturnalia of the slaves, who have newly broken their chain, it is himself alone who is to blame.

Evidence enough has been brought forward to show, that the whites exercise great occasional cruelty towards the negroes, but it is no less certain, that during the partial insurrection which took place some time back, the negroes exercised great cruelty towards the whites. Upon this and similar facts, the anti-abolitionists argue the danger there would be in setting the negroes free. Against these are adduced other facts, tending to show that in various places, free negroes have become good citizens of the

community, and have accumulated 'property,' which last is triumphantly quoted as a proof, beyond all other proofs, of their moral excellence. Nay, still more, some black families in Canada live quite 'respectably,' and actually maintain white free servants in their employment. All this is no doubt very true, but the disputants are involved in a very common error. They take examples of individual negroes, or of small bodies of negroes, and without stating any thing more of their characters, than that they are simply negroes, proceed to reason from such imperfect data, as though the instances they selected were perfect samples of the whole negro population. This is about as accurate as if one were to take an individual of any particular country in Europe, as a sample of the whole European population. There are as many varieties in the negro races, as there are in the European races, and it would be as fair to take a Calmuck as a specimen of the English nation, or a physically perfect Englishman, as a specimen of the Calmuck nation, as it is to argue that the negroes are all bad, because some of them are ferocious, or that they are all good and industrious, because some of them are industrious and have thereupon grown rich. It is much to be lamented, that our data are so very imperfect as to the original peopling of America and the islands with negroes, but what little is known, will at any rate help to throw more light upon the matter in question.

The principal African tribes which have served for the supply of the accursed slave trade, have been the Coromantyns, the Mandingoes, and the Eboes. The former, I have understood, were usually, if not cannibals, closely verging upon that state, and the most ferocious of all the African tribes. They were naturally remarkable for the elongated muzzle, and the low retreating forehead; artificially remarkable for their teeth, which were filed to resemble those of a shark or of a saw, as if for the purpose of seizing their prey; and in addition to this, they were marked with three or four cicatrized gashes at the outer angles of the eyes. The Mandingoes, on the contrary, were a far finer race; they possessed a totally different physiognomy, less of the animal faculties, and more mental skill. They possessed far nobler qualities, and at the same time that they were as brave as the Coromantyns, were far more humane and intelligent. The Eboes neither possessed the intellect of the Mandingoes, nor the ferocity of the Coromantyns. They were mostly patient drudges, after they had got over the pain of their first captivity; not liking work, but stirred to perform it by fear of the whip. These were the negroes who so commonly attempted to drown themselves at sea during the passage, in the expectation that thereby they would get back to their own country. They were also accustomed to kill themselves by eating dirt, and they were the class peculiarly liable to be operated on by the superstition of the Obeah. As the principal

demand for negroes was for the purpose of field labour, it is of course probable, that those fittest for it would fetch the highest prices, and consequently the greatest number of the imports would be Eboes, as being best fitted for a drudgery, which neither the Mandingoes nor the Coromantyns would willingly perform. The Mandingoes were the class who were fittest for house servants, from their superior intelligence, and they were probably employed as such, but there was always a strong feeling of self-respect about them, even though shown in an uncouth fashion, and they were almost useless for field labour. Some of the sugar plantations of the Puertos Intermedios on the coast of the Pacific, between Peru and Chile, were colonized by Mandingoes, and to this day they bear a less price in the market by one-third, than the negroes of Peru. They are considered *mala casta*—a bad race—*i. e.* they will not work freely. Even in the interior provinces of La Plata, a Spanish Creole lady, when angry with her domestic servants, will use the phrase ‘Ah, Mandinga!’ which is considered equivalent to ‘mule.’ The same quality is designated by the name of obstinacy or resolution, according as the act in question may chime in with the wish of the judge, and masters and mistresses are usually accustomed to consider passive obedience as the finest quality either in slave or servant. With regard to the imported Coromantyns, they would be precisely the kind of people likely to be selected for drivers, as coercing the poor Eboes with the whip would be congenial to their dispositions. There surely can be no difficulty in comprehending, that the division of labour in slave countries, was and is regulated upon the same principles as take place in England at the present day, each being set to that for which he is most fitted. Why else is it that certain branches of labour are performed by Irishmen, certain other classes by Scotchmen, and others by Englishmen? Now, though the breeding of the black races in the West India islands has not been under any peculiar regulation, still it is probable that in many cases the qualities of the imported negroes have been preserved pure in their descendants; and we may, therefore, reasonably suppose, that though there are numerous instances of ferocious negroes still existing, and also abundant examples of others possessed of foresight, and consequently capable of ‘getting along’ in the world, the staple of the negroes will still be found to be the indolent and passive Eboes, who only work from necessity. Those who on both sides of the question are so ready with their examples, and so anxious to make a part serve for the whole, would do well to remember the fable of the gold and silver shield. It is much to be regretted that the circumstances of the accursed traffic,—a large portion of it having been smuggling,—should have precluded all chance of our getting accurate information on the subject. In the case of the massacre of Santo Domingo, it is well known that the ferocity of some of the actors was not more remarkable, than the

humanity and fidelity of others. It by no means follows, that because the negro population succeeded in exterminating their white masters, they were therefore all alike ferocious, any more than the fact of the bloodshed enacted at the French revolution is a proof that the whole nation was destitute of humanity. Ferocity is always a proof of energy, and energy misdirected ; and we know well how a single energetic man will sometimes lead a whole mass. If a fourth or fifth part of the negroes of Santo Domingo were Coromantyns or Mandingoes, they would have been amply sufficient to coerce the remainder. It is said, and not disproved, that even at the present time a system of forced labour prevails in Santo Domingo. Now if it be so, is it not likely from the foregoing premises that the drivers are the Mandingoe and Coromantyn descendants, and the drivers the descendants of Eboes? This matter would be worth ascertaining, and I have no doubt of the result, judging from what I have seen in other countries. Amongst the negroes, as amongst the white races, knowledge is power. The negro settlers in Canada would, without doubt, be found to be of Mandingoe origin. The free negroes found in New York and Philadelphia in prosperous circumstances, are beyond question, physically, a far finer race, than any employed in the slave states, though there are also numerous examples of free negroes who remain in a very miserable condition, as no one will doubt, who has ever travelled in those states of the Union where slavery is on the decline, on account of free labour working it out. The business of the slave, like that of workmen hired by the day or week, is to do as little work as possible for his master, and the only mode to secure industry is to make the reward commensurate with the exertion, as in the case of labour which is contracted for by the piece. Even then, there are numerous human beings like the Eboes, whose inert disposition is such, that in cold countries they confine their exertion to the temporary supply of bare food and clothing, and in warm climates to the food alone. They cannot perceive that there is any utility in the accumulation of what the world calls luxuries. The red Indians of America are of this class ; and how does the matter differ from the case of the Turk, who chews his opium to put himself past thinking in a delicious dream, or of the Italian, who reclines in the shade and lauds the *dolce far niente*? ‘ Arrah, Dennis!’ said a bricklayer’s labourer to his comrade, while ascending the rounds of a ladder with a hod of mortar, ‘ sure and I wish wages was a guinea a day.’ ‘ What then, Pat?’ replied his comrade. ‘ Sure, then, and it’s only one day in the week I’d work any how.’ A large portion of the inhabitants of the world are thus constituted. They work only because they are obliged. Of this opinion, or rather feeling, are the Eboes and their descendants, who probably comprise the great majority of the West India population ; and so remarkably distinct from these people are the better classes of

negroes in the state of New York, that I have known a person who had resided long in the West Indies, stare with astonishment on first beholding the free negroes, who fill the offices of cooks, stewards, and servants on board the American vessels, which frequent the London and Liverpool docks. 'Some of them,' he remarked, 'talk like white people, and look like them in all but their wool, and the colour of their skins.' It is an undoubted fact, that many negroes might be produced superior to many whites in their power of intellect and physical organization; but it will be found, upon examination, that the negroes have been selected from the finest specimens of their race, and the whites from an inferior portion.

The proposition to keep up negro slavery for the sake of procuring sugar cheap—a very questionable matter—and of keeping up our shipping and commerce, is so monstrous, that it cannot be for a moment entertained by any one whose mind is swayed by the principles of justice; it would be seeking a small utility by the perpetration of a monstrous wrong, pregnant with evils far more enduring than the temporary loss of sugar or commerce, even supposing such to be the result. But such would not be the case. West India sugars are only kept in the market by high duties levied upon other sugars; and even though the East India and Brazil sugars be of inferior strength, that is probably only the result of inferior manufacture; and it must be remarked, that that very fact of inferior strength makes the duty still higher, just as a duty of ten shillings per gallon upon alcohol ten per cent. under proof, would be a heavier rate than the same amount per gallon levied on alcohol ten per cent. above proof. Leave the trade free, and it is probable that East India and Brazil sugar would put West India sugar out of the market; and if it be alleged that an improvement might take place in the West India growth and manufacture, there is still the same argument to be applied to the other sugars. If England has excelled in calicoes and silks, on account of the rude state of skill and mechanism in India, it is most probable that the manufacture of sugar may be quite as rude, and Brazil is certainly not the country where the arts have as yet been carried to the greatest pitch of perfection. Now, would not the commerce of Brazil and India afford as much employment for shipping as the commerce of the West Indies? But it would scarcely be a moral thing to purchase the slave-made sugar of Brazil or any other country, after refusing the slave-made sugar of the West Indies. It would be far more desirable to cultivate beets, even though they might yield a worse article, *i. e.* supposing the free-labour East India sugar did not suffice. The slavery must be abolished, that is beyond doubt; it is a *sine qua non*; but if it can be shown that extending the manumission of the slaves over a term of five or six years, so that all might not be turned loose in a single day, but that they might gradually be

prepared by instruction for the advantages of freedom, no rational being would object to it, but it must be shown that such delay would be for the advantage of the slaves themselves, and not for the advantage of the masters. Many of the advocates for abolition are very anxious to prove, that those who now depend upon slave-labour will be quite as well off, so far as pecuniary profits go, after the abolition as before. This cannot be, unless some efficient means shall be found of inducing the negroes to work. At present, it would seem by the evidence, that the whole provision which the slave-owner makes for his slave is some fifty shillings per annum, in clothes, salt-fish, &c., and in addition, the privilege of cultivating a patch of ground to feed himself and family. Therefore, beyond that, all the work which the whip extracts must be clear profit to the planter, if he dispose of its produce. Of course, the amount of labour each man would perform would be less than a free labourer would get through, if united by interest; but then the latter could be paid for, and consequently it would not be profit, or at least but a small proportion of it. But for the reasons before given, the probability is, that the field negroes would not work if they could avoid it. And then comes the question, what in the absence of the whip are the means of impelling them to work? There is but one mode—starving them into it. The land in the West Indies is, I believe, all the property of individual owners, or if not, the ownership must reside in the Crown. There is, therefore, no room for the negroes to “squat,” and thus lead a lazy life, as they would gladly do if let alone, *i. e.* supposing them scrupulously to regard the rights of property. In such a case we may suppose that the landholders would drive them to any terms they might think proper, by depriving them of food, unless they agreed to cultivate sugar. This all sounds very plausibly; but the fact is, that the negroes have no especial regard for the rights of property. Their moral training has not been of the kind likely to inculcate a scrupulous regard to the property of others, when their own property, even in their own bodies, has been disregarded by the whites. Therefore they will only reason upon the obvious principle, that all who exist upon the soil have a claim to be maintained upon the soil, and will not follow it out into those details which may be for the especial advantage of the legal owners of the soil. The legal claim upon them for rent, on account of the land they may occupy, may be undeniable, but who is to enforce the legal sanction if they break the law? They will squat wherever they may find an eligible spot of land, and although a small number might be driven off, who is to drive off a whole population? It would be a more hopeless task than the collection of tithes in Ireland by the military. The negroes would plant their crops in defiance of the law, and who would root them up again? How many troops, how many policemen, would be requisite to maintain the ascendancy of the law under such cir-

cumstances? The sources of quarrel would be innumerable, and no long period could elapse, ere the blacks, emboldened by their newly acquired freedom, would seek to avenge all former cruelties by a general massacre of the whites. And supposing this not to take place, what is there to prevent the blacks, when freed, from leaving the islands, and seeking a land fitter for a lazy life on the Spanish Main or elsewhere? At all events, the ill-regulated minds of the whites, when they are balked of their accustomed arbitrary sway, will not be slow to yield motives for black fury. ‘You think me no man!’ was the exclamation of the poor flogged black described by Henry Whiteley. When he shall be a freeman, he may, perchance, be stirred to try conclusions of a like kind on his former flogger. It seems very probable that the number of troops are likely to need increasing to meet the future demands for coercion, while the revenue to maintain them will be decreasing. It may, perhaps, be deemed advisable to have recourse to the mulatto population as a constabulary force, on the ground of the known hatred subsisting between them and the blacks; but it will be rather a dangerous experiment, for, like all mixed races, they are despised and consequently irritated, by one side, while they are hated by the other, and as a consequence, they hate both, and are not unlikely to set both together by the ears, for the gratification of private vengeance. But each day knowledge will increase amongst the blacks, and as the expense of keeping them down will increase in the same proportion, while the profits will decrease, it will probably at length be taken into consideration whether the West Indies are at all worth maintaining as colonies, whether it would not be better to give them up altogether to the blacks, and try to make a bargain with them for any amount of payment which may be obtained. Much stress has been laid on the advantages to be obtained in the West Indies after the emancipation of the slaves, by improvements in the modes of working, and thus lightening human labour. That there is room for this, no one will doubt, who takes into consideration the fact, that manure—wet dung—is carried to the fields in baskets on negroes’ heads, instead of the obviously improved mode of a cart or even a wheelbarrow. This fact is an evidence of a whole host of coarse and barbarous manipulations, which might be profitably altered. But would they be altered? I scarce think they would. Improvements in manufactures do not advance too rapidly even in England, with a favourable climate for the development of human energy, and the pressure of population to act as an inducement. How, therefore, is it likely that they will take place in a climate which is proverbially adverse to energetic exertion, either of body or mind? But supposing this difficulty overcome, the West India islands have still other difficulties to contend with; they are old soils, and consequently not so luxuriant as the new soils of America and India. They are of limited extent, and

the number of white families to be maintained from them have increased in the usual ratio, so that the pressure of the idle population against the means of subsistence has been felt there as well as in other parts of the earth. Hence it is that West Indians have ceased to be so 'generous' as formerly. But there is still another disadvantage. Hitherto they have produced the strongest sugar, and this probably is on account of their better modes of preparing it, which Brasil and the East Indies have yet to fall back upon. Both these latter sugars are prepared by the process of claying, *i. e.* they are partially refined by discharging the molasses on clay, and it is probable that it is this very process which destroys or carries off much of the saccharine principle, leaving the sugars of less strength. Mr. Cropper, in his pamphlet, alludes to the claying of sugars in Brazil and Cuba as if it were an advantage, but this must be a mistake. It is but a rude mode of refining for their own use, and for Spain and Portugal, which have no refiners, and whose inhabitants would not use the sugar in the coarse brown form of the West Indies. But when refining by the best processes, such as are used for loaf-sugar, shall become customary in Brazil* and the East Indies, which will be the case before any long period elapses, the West Indian sugars will, as to price, be put out of the market. If then these statements be correct, it would seem that there will be little chance of profit for West Indian proprietors, after the emancipation of the slaves shall have taken place, though upon the whole the probability is, that no massacre of the whites is likely to happen, as in Santo Domingo. But emancipation *must* take place, and the next question is, how it may be arranged to produce the most favourable results to the blacks, while avoiding all needless injury to the whites.

It has by many been laid down as a principle, that in case of the emancipation of the slaves, their masters will be entitled to compensation for their pecuniary loss, as a matter of right; and some even argue, that the slave ought to work out his own ransom by his own labour. Those who hold the latter opinion, would seem rather to argue in favour of the interest of the slave-holders, than in accordance with the principles of justice. It seems rather strange that because the slave has been stolen, he should be additionally punished for the crime of another, so soon as the theft is acknowledged. The contrary would rather seem to be the

* A supply of sugar from Brazil for any long period is however very problematic. The population is, I believe, three millions of blacks to a million and a half of whites. The latter a mixed breed of varying grades between European, Portuguese, and the old Brazilian cannibals. Several indications of latent ferocity have appeared in the course of the revolutionary struggles. The negro slaves are also aware that their brethren in the neighbouring Spanish Colonies have been emancipated, and it requires no power of prophecy to foresee, that with such a *materiel* any popular convulsion in Brazil, when once fairly set going, will be terrific in its effects. The state of society in Brazil is a human volcano, requiring a very slight additional ingredient to put it in action.

case, and he might fairly demand compensation for all the labour previously forced from him. And those who argue, that as emancipation is a thing put in force for the benefit of the nation, the nation is thereby bound as a matter of right to be at all the expense of compensation, are also wrong in principle. The nation, it is true, made laws, which permitted the possession of slaves, and the operations consequent upon their possession, and laws also have been made authorizing the possession of land. When the nation takes the land of individuals for the national use, compensation is made; but in this case the article in question is turned to the profit of the nation. In the case of the slaves, it is not a seizure of property, but merely a restitution to the slave of that freedom of which he had previously been unjustly deprived. But though the slave-holders have no legal or moral claim to compensation, as a matter of right, they have a claim to consideration on the score of humanity and of public utility. They also have sustained an injury by the operation of mischievous laws. They have been induced to embark property in stolen goods, which goods the law had led them to believe were honestly come by, and they have moreover suffered a consequent demoralization, which has unfitted them to get a living in other ways. It would be unjust and cruel to turn out disbanded soldiers or sailors to starve, and ruined slave-owners would be in the same condition. Those who acknowledge the force of this argument, allege that they are only entitled to workhouse allowance, but this would only be another form of cruelty. In speaking of those who will suffer pecuniary distress by emancipation, I do not allude to the residents on the islands, the overseers and attorneys, and the whole tribe of actual negro coercers, who are for the most part coarse-minded people, without claims upon the property, and quite capable of procuring their own subsistence by other employments. The proprietors of West India estates are rarely residents upon them. They are for the most part in the situation of the Irish absentee proprietary. I believe it will be found that there are few cases of large incomes arising to individual proprietors from this source—the attorneys and agents are the principal gainers. Probably there are many instances of families who are barely supported, by incomes of from one to three hundred pounds per annum, and who have been in the habit of receiving their quarterly payments, as others do from the public funds, without exactly knowing by what process they came to them, beyond the hands of the clerk or merchant who was the immediate agent. These then are the people who would suffer, and to turn whom upon the parish would be extreme cruelty. Now, if compensation is to be given to them,—and humanity imperatively requires it—the amount should be regulated by the diminution of income they may sustain in consequence of emancipation, and not according to the arbitrary value which may be set upon each slave according to the notion of the valuers,

and who seem to go upon no fixed principle, some saying 80*l.*, some 40*l.*, and some 25*l.* per head. If the estates be rendered utterly valueless, and the income entirely lost, then humanity would dictate compensation to that amount. But if it could be shown that under the present system no profit whatever were accruing to the proprietors, then the proprietors would not be entitled to claim a single farthing on the score either of humanity or justice. They would be in a situation similar to that of a man who might wish to claim an enormous sum for a piece of worthless land standing in the line of a new road. If they get no profit by holding negroes in slavery, they would be no worse off in case of emancipation. I believe it will be found in practice, that the principal profits of the estates go into the pockets of the people employed on the estates, from the attorney downwards, and that the system is of that nature which the owners cannot alter. It is a common saying that the agent or attorney of a West India estate drinks champagne, but the owner must put up with small beer. If this be so, the matter would not be very difficult to solve. The attorney would scarcely have the impudence to talk of a vested right, and the owner might reasonably be satisfied if he were no worse off than before. Let the actual losses of the owners be proved, and payment made, not as a fictitious loan, but as a free gift,—not as a claim of right, but as a provision of humanity.

The speech of Mr. Stanley, in which he propounded his plan, is remarkable for its profusion of pompous verbiage, and the absence of sound logical inference. A disposition to laud the charlatan Canning, and drag him in as a constant reference, is its great peculiarity. Mr. Stanley seems inclined to swear by him on all occasions, and verily it is like master like man. So crude a concoction has rarely before been brought forward. The only good feature about it, with regard to adults, is, that it makes the slave at least one fourth free, but for that fourth the people of England are to pay a consideration of fifteen millions sterling,—but mark the swindle—the Whig ‘expedients!’ It is not a payment but a *loan*. As if there were any security in the West Indies to enforce the repayment of the loan! Dishonest pretext is remarkable in all that the Whigs do. Then again the negro is expected to pay the price of his own body before he can be free, and a tolerably high price it is set at. But he is no longer to be a slave forsooth! Oh no! an apprentice is the term. Heaven save the mark! It is true he must work his whole time for twelve years, or he will remain a slave at the end of that period, but not a vestige of his earnings becomes his own.* Three fourths of his time he is to work for his master in consideration of the food and necessities with which he may be furnished, *i. e.* salt fish and

* Those who are learned in ministerial intentions say that it is intended to give the slave the profits of his earnings. This may or may not be. I can of course only reason from the public documents, which do not seem to me to warrant any such inference.

clothing to the amount of fifty shillings per annum, and permission to cultivate a patch of waste land in his own time. At the rate at which free labour is paid—three and fourpence per day*—the value of three fourths of a year's labour is nearly forty pounds, and this is to be given to the master as a compensation for food and clothing worth fifty shillings. Then the fourth part of the slave's labour for twelve years, *i. e.* three whole years' labour, equivalent to one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, is to be paid by the slave for the property of the remaining three fourths of his body, at a time when the full value of a slave in the market of Charlestown is only eighty pounds sterling. In addition to this, the slave apprentice, or apprentice slave, is still to be eligible to the usual amount of cart-whip lashes, but with the difference that the magistrate and not the master is to lay them on. In all cases a provision is made to maintain the cart-whip, both by the ministerial abolitionists, and by the slave-owners; a strong proof this that it is not calculated on the negro yielding much work by any other stimulus. Now, if it be determined by those who, in courtly phrase, guide his Majesty's councils, that each negro is to produce his master some forty-five pounds per annum for twelve years, one would imagine that the 'compensation' would be sufficiently ample without coming to the people of England for fifteen millions sterling as a loan, or a gift, or for a gift of twenty millions, as is now proposed. But perhaps it is in contemplation to make a handsome job of the distribution, which may run over as many years as the business of the Nabob of Arcot, which served to provide for so many dependents of those in power. Even in the case of the negro children under six years of age, who are to be declared free, a provision is made to watch the improvidence of their parents, and to seize the first opportunity of again making them slaves under the name of apprentices, the males for eighteen, and the females for fourteen years, to the masters of their parents. A goodly temptation this to the masters, to encourage profligate habits in their adult negroes, and thus secure them a constant supply of youthful slave-labour without wages. Mark the glaring injustice of the clauses! First of all, the slave must for twelve years give up his whole time to his master, if he is to become a freeman, yet he is to be at all the expense of maintaining his free offspring, or they will again become slaves, under the name of apprentices, for a long term of years. The twenty millions sterling talked of as a compensation, must be far beyond the value of the slaves; and if this money is to be paid to the slave-owners, there can no longer be any pretext for keeping the negro in bondage, at least for the profit of his master. If he works at all upon compulsion, his earnings ought to be applied

* I have taken Lord Howick's estimate, but I should think it much too high. Probably he takes the skilled labour of mechanics and domestic negroes, hired by the day, as a standard. The coarse labour of field negroes cannot be worth so much, or it is evident that very large fortunes must have been realized.

to his own benefit. But beyond this, it seems there is to be an appointment of stipendiary magistrates, judges, police, moral and religious teachers, and others, under the control of his Majesty, by which fresh expenses will be incurred, and some considerable amount of jobbery, all of which must come out of the pockets of the English nation. The whole plan, in short, is crude and ill-digested. It is the work of a shallow brain ; but little else could have been expected from a man like Mr. Stanley, more anxious to make a display for the purpose of setting people on to stare, as at the tricks of a mountebank, than to consider wisely and dispassionately, and to avail himself of every means of procuring knowledge. His whole endeavour seems to have been to show in how short a time he could cut the Gordian knot of the slavery question, which has originated so many disputes.

Since writing the above, three clauses of the Bill have passed, and with such large majorities, that I may assume that his Majesty's Ministers will have it all their own way without further opposition. The clauses are, first, that the slaves are to remain slaves, and eligible to the magistrate's whip under the name of apprentices. Secondly, That twenty millions of pounds sterling are to be paid to those who call themselves the West India interest, by way of a sop to stop their mouths, and without any consideration of how it is to be raised, and within what time. The third clause is, that the English people are to be at the expense of maintaining magistrates, judges, teachers, police, and troops, all at the disposal of his Majesty's Ministers, with, of course, the usual amount of jobbery, which is the pest of all public business. Mr. Wason moved as an amendment. that the whole expense should be met by a tax on property, but this, as a matter of course, was instantly scouted by all 'respectable' men.

The apprenticeship, as before shown, is merely a change of names, for the purpose of ensuring to the masters twelve years of hard labour from all slaves above six years of age, and a provision has been made also, to visit any improvidence of the father upon the children, by making them slaves for a large portion of their lives, thus making it the evident interest of the master to encourage improvidence in his slaves. This apprenticeship therefore, if the data I have taken be correct, is far more than sufficient to enable the master to extract from the carcass of the slave the market value of it, as the biped brute which the slave-owners have commonly considered him. If therefore the system be carried into action, there is no pretext for asking a single shilling of compensation from the English nation. If compensation be granted by the English nation, then there is no pretext for forcing it a second time out of the labour of the negro himself. The only pretext after that, for keeping him in subjection at all, whether under the name of a slave or an apprentice, must be his own benefit. Therefore, the whole of his earnings should be applied to his own

benefit, and out of that fund should come the expenses of judges, magistrates, police, teachers, troops, &c., as well as poor's rates for infants, and the unfortunate destitutes, who cannot be many in a land where to scratch the earth is to produce a crop.

Much talk has been bandied about the value of the West India colonies to England; but the fact is, that so far as any pecuniary advantage is concerned, it would be a fortunate thing for England if the whole of the Antilles were sunk beneath the waters of the Atlantic. People talk of the sugar trade, and ask with the utmost simplicity what we should do without sugar? The answer to this is, if the Antilles did not produce it, other parts of the world would. And what if there were no sugar at all? There was an age in the world when people had it not, and yet contrived to grow up tall, and straight, and goodly; and it is scarcely to be supposed, that the world would be extinguished, even though the sugar-cane were totally lost. Besides, the world is older than it was, and were sugar suddenly to vanish from us under the present processes, it would be so desirable a thing to regain it, that chemists would set to work with the prospect of an enormous gain before them, in case they could produce a substitute. At one time it was prophesied that the French nation could no longer carry on war for want of salt-petre, but they eventually found a remedy; and such will be the case with sugar whenever human beings shall resolve that they will not destroy their bodies prematurely, by the cultivation and preparation of a gigantic grass. As a matter of mere interest, therefore, the wisest thing England could do, would be to withdraw her troops, and leave both whites and blacks in the West Indies to settle their quarrels as they best could; but the question is not one of interest, but of humanity, and for the sake of humanity it is, that Englishmen will be willing to add to their burdens by the payment of fresh taxes if necessary. But it would be the act of fools, to suffer themselves to be cheated and plundered, for the gratification of Mr. Stanley's arbitrary insolence. Twenty millions sterling, though voted by the House of Commons in breathless haste, must not be paid away without knowing to whom, and whether fairly or not, amongst the numberless hands which will be stretched out to receive, while the corresponding mouths will still cry 'Give, give,' like the daughters of the horse-leech. The only claimants who will be entitled to attention, are the *bonâ-fide* proprietors and mortgagees, and they must be compensated in the proportion of the profits which they were actually making, and not by the nominal value of their property. They could not have increased the amount by their own energies; and they are not entitled to claim any thing on account of what their agents annually plundered from them. What they actually *had* under the existing system, and not what they *might have had* under a better system, must be the rule to go by.

The compensation, or rather the act of charity, being then

agreed to, the slaves should be considered as freed, and they should only be restrained from the full exercise of freedom by those means which are evidently conducive to their own interest. It would most likely be a mischievous thing to turn loose in a single day a whole population of slaves. Their gambols would be rather unwieldy, and perhaps mischievous; but how must it be arranged, to decide which should be freed first? Reason would point to the aged, because the older the slave is, the less time has he for enjoyment. The glaring defect of Mr. Stanley's apprentice scheme is, that the old men may be dead before they can reap any benefit from it, which is a great hardship. I would propose then that all field negro slaves above the age of forty-five should at once be set free, and that five years should be the maximum of restraint upon the remainder, but all should be freed as fast as they attained the age of forty-five years. In addition to these, there would be no harm resulting from at once setting free all slaves above the age of twenty-one years, who may have been brought up to mechanical trades, or to domestic service, because the fact of having been so brought up, implies a superior power of intellect, and the consequent possession of forethought. The remaining slaves should then be obliged to work for wages, if any means short of the whip could be found, and the experiment would be fairly tried, whether they would be voluntarily industrious or not. The wages they might earn, should have a portion deducted from them as a tax for the expenses of government, and above all, *schools*; and the labour of the free slaves might also be taxed, through the agency of those who might employ them. As an additional inducement to labour, Savings' Banks might be established for the receipt of their earnings, and those who might accumulate money the most rapidly, should thereby hasten the term of their manumission, and this upon a graduated scale. By this process the actual state of the negro intellect might be ascertained and classified. Probably the best persons to fill the offices of teachers and local magistrates, would be the missionary preachers, simply from the fact that they have gained the confidence of the negroes, by suffering persecution in their cause. I confess that my knowledge of the negro character, so far as I have had the opportunity of observing it, does not lead me to expect much from the mass in the way of forethought, but the means I have stated seem to be the most likely to draw it forth, if it exists in any quantity. The present mode of apprenticeship places emancipation at such an indefinite period, so far as negro intellect is concerned, that I much fear the apparent giving, and real withholding of freedom, will be misunderstood by the negroes, that they will fancy the King has given them freedom, which their masters unjustly withhold. They will in consequence refuse to work, as in the case of the former insurrection, and all will break forth in broil, perchance to terminate in a more fearful result. *Mais nous verrons.*

June 12, 1833.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST PLAY.

Look closer to 't: you make the evil first;
 A base, then pile a heap of censures on it.
 'Tis your own sin supplies the scaffolding
 And mason work: you, skilful, rear the grim,
 Unsightly fabric; and there point, and say
 'How ugly is it.' You meanwhile forget
 'Tis your own handywork. I could say more;
 But there's a check within: 'tis such an one,
 As you, I trow, have banished from its birth-place.

OLD PLAY. (*very scarce, 'marked in the Catalogue,*
RRRR: which signifieth rarissimus.')

'OH, Pylades, what's life without a friend?' Shall I ever forget these words, or the clear, ringing voice—a voice, which in its character was neither trumpet nor bell, but a compound of both, mellowing into each other—which first conveyed these words to my ear? No; and less probable is it that I shall lose the power of re-creating every circumstance, form and colour, order and arrangement, of the occasion on which I heard them. I am sure it is less desirable; when this light of eye fades, and this vigour of imagination and reflection falters, may I—*—fiat voluntas tua!* How came I, for the first time, how came I *ever* to 'go to a play?' There were about me those who would have deemed I was rushing headlong into the gate 'opposite to St. Peter's,' if I entered the doors of a theatre. Yet I did go. All the world was wide staring at a wonder; all the world professed to see miraculous genius in a boy: there were, indeed, a few exceptions, a few questioners, but they were scouted as morose or envious; and the gaping curiosity of the world dilated my eyes with desiring astonishment. I could and did wish, but dared not hope for, the gratification: and with what a heartfull of swelling delight and impatience, and impulsive thankfulness, did I receive my uncle's permission, unsolicited, garnished by a gallery ticket, to go and see the 'young Roscius.' I lost not a minute ere I carried the joyful intelligence to my father; who, let the truth be spoken, entertained notions of a different complexion on this 'opposite to St. Peter's' mischief: he was almost as joyous as I was, in the anticipation of the impression and pleasure I should receive, and added a shilling for fruit between the acts; and, 'Well, you'll come and tell me all about it next Sunday.' The intervening twenty-four hours were the most wearisome and sense gnawing I ever knew. I rolled from side to side, shifting my position every five minutes during the unslept night; and all next day the fingers of the clock were the laziest pieces of machinery that ever were invented: the sun was stupified, he was a laggard, and seemed

to loll and lounge on his journey, verily as if to torment and laugh at me. After a long, long, long watch of outstretched, provokingly prolonged minutes, four o'clock did come; two hours previous to the opening of the doors, three before the rising of the curtain: and forth I sallied, stepping, no, vaulting on air. On my arrival near the theatre, I saw a compact wall of thirty yards length, and fifteen feet breadth, built up of human bodies, close, compact, wedged, and welded: the owner of each particle fearful of slipping an inch in retrograde, or of being squeezed a hair's breadth out of the line. I lodged my diminutive substance in the mass. It was a blazing day in June. Oh, my masters, I was soaked! but I bore it like a hero, 'as most heroes bear hardships. I had a glory in view, and flinched not at the squeezing and sweltering. I have lost all this courageous endurance latterly. I could no more find patience to wait two hours now for the opening of the theatre's doors, than I could find the centre of gravity by boring for it with a gimlet; yet my love of the drama is stronger than ever: but on the occasion to which I am now your index, reader, all, every thing was new, of mind-exciting, soul-captivating, body-panoplying character. The very sky over my head seemed made for, and it did perform the office of, friendly participation in my senses: it communicated an encouraging, smiling, sympathizing brightness to my delight. I was in a bath of perspiration and bliss. I was part, yet single, of the mass assembled for the same object, urging to the same goal. Each individual was a portion of myself; I loved them all; they assisted me in my enjoyment; they aided me in the expectation of which they were themselves full; and the two hours ran away unperceived by me: the knowledge that they had passed was communicated by the bending and heaving of the wall, which drove itself inwards by its own invisible and internal machinery; the secret chain was one soul linked to and coursing through five hundred bodies; the billowing mass lifted me from my feet, and carried me, resistless and effortless, to within the MAGICAL DOORS. The same power bore me on to a sort of pigeon-hole, in which I deposited my ticket and received a copper check; my visit to the pigeon-hole was not of three seconds' duration, but I found opportunity to be struck with the peering, keen, mechanical abstraction of look in the man who received my ticket. It was a species of human being that I had never before recognised, and I had him down instantly on my tablets; (those malleable iron ones of which I spoke in my first chapter; being rather vain of the phrase I remind you of it, reader.) Away from the pigeon-hole, and I ran, leaped, and pushed, and panted up the endless, countless, and tantalizing stairs. At length I was IN THE THEATRE! I started back at sight of the steep, almost precipitous declivity: it seemed like a hill with its components and fragments, creeping, leaping, falling, rolling, rumbling, and settling down in the dying

labours of an earthquake, though masses, for a whole half hour, continued tumbling into place, till all was settled in a firm and compact body. The deep roar of the many hundreds of voices, here and there one rising into a scream, at first appalled, then left me to a tumult of wonder, and bewildering, breathless intensity of eye and ear. There, directly beneath my gaze, was the large, sacred, green veil, behind which the mysterious preparations were then in state of progress. What a sublimity of office was in that baize curtain! With what dignified composure, what Jupiterian equanimity did that curtain look forth its authority, its command that the sacred precincts which it guarded, the hallowed rites which it concealed, should not be profanely penetrated! Heroes and demi-gods, and Ida's beauteous queens were there, robing for the festival! An after and less reverential acquaintance with these affairs, told me there was a drawing on of flesh-coloured legs; a tugging at gilt leather breast-plates; a tying of lambrequins; a buckling of sandals; a proper adjusting of certain padding; corking and india-inking of eye-brows and whiskers, and a breeding of roses on the cheeks, by the marriage of a hare's foot with red lead, and a thousand other mortal earthlinesses too tedious to mention. But of all these I saw nothing now: blessed state of innocence! The deities were smiling at each other, as they sipped their nectar, and inhaled ambrosial essences. I feasted in stillness on the exhilarating idealities, and sat in unbreathing ecstasy. Ha! look! look there! a face and two Olympian fingers opening and peeping through a crevice in that sacred curtain! Most happy and envied, most privileged of beings! who and what art thou? Thought is more speedy than speech; I had time to think this, not to speak it, for instantly there was an outbursting of noises; such—'my young remembrance could not parallel a fellow to' them—such as forced me out of my feelings of worship and venerating curiosity. They were compounded of hiss, growl, snarl, whoop, yell; 'Off, off;' 'Ya a a a h—ya a a ah! off, off!' Cats, dogs, geese, serpents, bears, brayers, wolves, owls, and rooks were at once tearing their throats with warring discord on my stunned and confounded ears: but the face and fingers, after an exhibition of a phalanx of teeth by the former, withdrew, and the hallowed orifice closed. Now my eyes turned to survey and revel through the capacious, deep, gorgeous, gilded, and emblematically painted—room? no; not room. It was a mountain scooped out from summit to base, and caverned in its bosom; and the blue and fleecy sky overhead, the roof being coloured to represent a canopy of bright day; all arranged with seats, bowery and flowery, on which a thousand tinted streaks, and dots of shrubs and verdure rested. But the shrubs and flowers were most inharmonious, and for heat, it was a blast furnace in Guinea! the hollow of Etna was breezy and cooling rather than that. The noise was deafening and tremen-

dous ; but amid the din I caught the indistinct twanging and crashing of musical instruments, and looking, I saw, far beneath me, near the foot of that magnanimous green curtain, some fifty arms jerking, and as many heads bobbing and rocking, with delirious earnestness and furious rapidity : there was a regiment of violins undergoing military torture at one and the same moment. This I afterwards learned was called the orchestra. There was a magical and mysterious influence in that indistinctness of sound, which grappled at my imagination, as the splashes of light, in measureless distance, in Martin's pictures, have since grappled it. At once, as if some spell had struck every heart, and bound mute and motionless every voice and limb, there was a dead stillness. This sudden and instant calming of the tempest was positively awful and sublime. I trembled : and noiselessly, grandly, and slowly the cloud of curtain rose up, up, and vanished. Then, oh, then ! on my enchanted eyes grew forth a magnificent palace, interminable in colonnades, and sacred with recesses, stretching far, far, far into distance ; thence the mellow effulgence of an ethereal splendour subdued, drew the imagination on to an everlastingness of melodious and flowery elysium. Paint, canvass, and brushes, glory to ye ! In quick retrogression the eye stepped on the gorgery of the marble columns, and over their sculptured and trophied decorations, then took their impatient rest on the space between the stream of light on the verdant floor, and the nearest range of pillars. From opposite portals, two beings stepped lightly and gracefully forward, till they met. Not yet ; for the instant a sandalled foot from one was visible at the verge of the mystic recess, the mountain shook with the thunder which at once, in one passionate and headlong peal, rattled and echoed, and rolled from its summit, sides, and hidden depths beneath me ! It was the collision of four thousand palms, many of them as horny as a horse's hoof, the beating of so many feet with simultaneous, constant strokes, and the volleying of two thousand voices in ' Bravo ! bravo ! bravo ! ' all in exact unison of burst. What a moment was that for the young and beautiful stripling, a juvenile deity descended, who stood, and bent a graceful acceptance of the homage ! Again and again the thunder rose and rolled, and again the boy-god bowed. Yet was there another being, an elder, still a youth, standing near him, retired back a step or two : he stood erect and beautiful ; he bowed not ; he felt the homage was not to him ; he was deaf and absent to it all ; he was still Mr. King, spite of his sandals, tunic, and pepulum. The uproar melted into air ; the last rumble of the thunder sank down, down, down from a murmur to a sigh ; then to unheard, suppressed breath ; deep, deep, intense stillness : and I heard the voice of that rare creature, if creature he could be, musically syllable forth the words, ' Oh, Pylades ! what's life without a friend ? ' In that vast assemblage of men,

women, and youths, of different degrees, temperament, and character, the rough and the courtly, the rude and the refined, the semi-savage and the delicate, the educated and the illiterate, the turbulent and the meditative, the timid and the tipsy: not a whisper, not a breathed sound curled on the atmosphere to disturb the adoring silence; there was a tranquillity as perfect as in the stars, the quiet of a moonray sleeping on, and borne about by, a vivified statue. Oh, how I was enthralled, enchanted, spell-wrought, by what I saw and heard! With utter-unconsciousness of myself I arose and bent forward, with outstretched arms, as if to fly whither I was irresistibly and dreamingly drawn, when a jerk at my coat tail, and a voice in anger's shrillness, crying 'Cawn't ye sit deawn? y'ore rucking my geawn'd,' drew me back. Oh, what a hurling down from the heaven of imagination was that! 'Gi that gewee some woots! turn um hout! throw um hover!' screamed and bellowed from every side, and a thousand heads and as many pair of exasperated eyes were directed towards me. 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would thaw and resolve itself into a dew!' (I had read Hamlet) was my prayer. I was steeped, saturated, parboiled in a caldron of shame. I was for some moments in a state of utter annihilation: but the storm died away, peace returned, and with it my fixedness of eye and devouring of ear. I was forgotten, praise be to the saints! and the splendid phantasma proceeded. The play-bill, which was crushed and doubled up to a hazel-nut's bulk by this time, had told me that Pylades was Mr. King, Orestes 'by the young Roscius'. Then came the deep-toned, stately Pyrrhus, a metempsychosis of Mr. Barrymore, or Mr. Barrymore a metempsychosis of Pyrrhus: take your choice, reader; yet I offer another version of the 'say,' I think Mr. Barrymore was himself all the while. Heavens! what majesty of step! Oh, reader, if you are very young, you can form no idea of it, unless you have seen Liston in Lord Grizzle, or Jack Reeve in Abrahamides; no disparagement to Barrymore though; he was as good as nine-tenths of his day: that 'stage tread' is obsolete now; but how it was bepraised and beworshipped by your papa and mamma! The legs superlatively proud of bearing such a body, the feet speaking their conscious dignity of belonging to the legs, each wrinkle in the stocking's instep and ham seemed to say 'how all these people are admiring me!' There were guards, and battle-axes, and shields, and spears, and a throne! Lawks me! I had never seen a throne before; that is to say, a real, genuine, bonâ-fide throne, nothing but pictures of them in books. Sir reader, I would have sacrificed my dinner every day for the next month, even to have touched one of those blessed battle-axes, or to have clutched the shaft of one of those honoured spears! But the men that bore them! Oh! to their glorious state, ambition could not dream of aspiring! Then the ladies, the angels, the deesses,

for such to me they were, to be gazed on only at a distance, unapproachable and immaculate! How beautiful! how very, very beautiful they were, indeed they were, whether you call them women or goddesses! how much more than lovely! Mortality's touch, or the voice or breath of earthliness would have blasphemed them. Yet the play-bill informed me that Hermione, the Juno, the tornado queen, Hermione was ycleped by mortals *Mrs. Johnstone*, and the tearful, sad, and fond, and graciously tender *Andromache*, was grossly called *Miss Norton*, and that both were real women! But I would not, I could not believe it, even though the white cambric handkerchief of the latter told me it had just left the profane hands of the laundress, it was folded so neatly: and how prettily those pretty fingers unfolded it to my view, and exhibited the nice rectangular creases ere it was lifted to those glorious eyes to wipe away the tears which did not glisten there! Ah me! if I had carried a hundred hearts under my waistcoat, they would all have jumped out and yielded themselves captives, willing, joyous captives. But bless you, reader! I have been in like predicament a hundred times since; black, brown, fair, and coppery, all have held me in their thralls, and, as I thought with each, past escape. It is all over now, and I am as free as a weathercock. How I followed every step and waving of the arms with my earnest gaze, or I endeavoured to do so! but I was somewhat perplexed to look at two at once. How every word and every tone trickled through my ears and dropped into my heart! all was delicious, soul-elevating, and soul-subjugating enchantment! except between the acts; and then I was reminded that I was an earthly gallerian, that all around me were earthly. It would be almost profanation of the subject to turn to the occurrences of the evening pending these intervals; it was a matter of astonishment to me, that the impressions which I took, and which all seemed to take, could be so easily thrown away. Amid the general clapping of hands, and thumping with sticks, and beating with hoofs, that followed any thing which pleased or struck the multitude, I was dumb and motionless; I had no power to bring the palms of my hands in collision; the *vis insita* slept; mind had ceased to act on the body. There was one sympathetic and simple creature sitting next to me (not the one whose 'geawnd I had rucked') motionless and mute as myself, but she found breath to whisper to me, 'Are they alive?' alluding to the beings on the stage. 'Oh, yes,' was all my reply, glad to give the information, and not a jot surprised at the question. But between the acts I was really agonized; what with the ugly change and impatience for the elevation of the cruel act drop-scene, I could scarcely endure myself. There was whistling and shouting, and hallooing to acquaintances, and cork drawing, all in a moment from the descent of the act drop: ay, ere it had closed the view in entirely, the villany began; and

this from the very persons, who, a second or two ago, were sitting with such hungry stillness and greedy attention! What are they made of? This was interstitial misery; but delight and ecstasy, choking, suffocating ecstasy, again took possession of me, as the compassionating screen withdrew its presence. What a bliss is ignorance! I am quite certain I could not now be bribed to sit through the play of 'Orestes, or, the Distress Mother,' as it was acted on that evening: every thing was faultless, beautiful, divine then, because I had thought no more about the matter; I had examined no further into the qualities of acting, and materials and workmanship, than the rest of the public, those who are in the habit of deciding the fate of a histrionist. In short, I had not learned to find fault. The star, the wondrous magnet of the evening, the being who drew the *enthusiastic* multitude to gaze on him, was he who figured as Orestes: but it was Andromache that stood pre-eminent with me, sweet, tender, and soul-dissolving in my sight. Folks said Hermione was the finest; she may have been; but I have ever had an instinctive aversion to a virago, whether in brocade and lace and diamonds, silk or gingham, or in linsey-woolsey, but the most horrible of these horrors, is a *genteel* virago! Where was Astyanax for whom she feared and grieved? What a blessed child was that for whom *she* moaned and wept! And I heard Pyrrhus tell her, ten times at least, with boisterous, bullying condescension, that he loved her, and I disliked Mr. Barrymore, and this too without loving Miss Norton.

Would that this could last for ever! I wished. Oh! how I dreaded, whenever my thoughts turned to realities, how I dreaded the termination, the shutting up of this enchantment! The prospect of the curtain falling, people all going away, lights extinguished, and the 'counting house!'

'Madam, 'tis done, your orders are obeyed;
'The tyrant lies expiring at the altar!'

said the boyish-murderer; urged by the o'er-mastering passion for her who advised the act; while his mind shook in terror at the raging impulses of his heart. How I trembled too! Such was the point, the precise moment in that engrossing incident, when a loud 'Ho, Lord, oh!—ho, moy hoy! moy hoy!' broke the dense and dumb mass of spectators into another commotion of heaving, tossing, and yelling. It was not my doing this time, but I felt the burning of shame again upon me. 'What's the matter?' and heedless of shins, shoulders, and heads, down plunged a constable to the quarter from which the disturbing cry uprose. There stood Hermione and Orestes, waiting neither patiently nor complacently, I ween, but striving to personify both, till it pleased the inferior deities above that their regalities should proceed in their hot debate. 'Hallo! what's the matter here? Come out;' in the

meekness of a mastiff's growl, said constable, at the same instant gripping the collar of the crier, who, with his left hand comforting his sinister eye, stood two benches below me,—‘Come out.’ ‘Why it was that chap, yander—’twarn’t my fault: ee ull’ed a big gewzbree at me, un uz ot me a gob o’ the hoy, and welly blinded me.’ (This is a sample of the English I was set to learn, in obliteration of my native tongue, vide chap.i.) Remonstrance was useless; the constable was obdurate, energetic in his office; and upwards, up the hill of legs and paunches, arms and heads, remorseless of the discomfiture of many a shawl, the damage of sundry white cottons, and the ‘rucking’ of countless or uncounted ‘*geawnds*,’ he dragged the offended offender, he ousted the man of the wounded optic. Quiet once more: and presently all eyes and heads were pointed as before the ‘row began.’ Hermione and Orestes, by a clapping of hands, were informed that they might now proceed. I was throughout so earnest in my attention, so fixed in my gaze, and took impressions of all I saw and heard, so acutely and deeply, that I am sure I could have marshalled every step of foot, position of body, and motion of arm. I could have coursed over every tone of voice which I heard that night, for years afterwards. I felt everything, that is, I understood everything, except that which was most uproariously applauded, that which was clapped and ‘bravoed’ by the audience most vehemently—the *mad scene*. Young and ignorant as *I* was, I felt sorry that it was done. I scarcely know how to describe what I thought of it, but the best I can say is, it seemed to be the action and manner of a man who, tired of a task in which it was necessary to assume an appearance of grave earnestness against the grain, was resolved to put an end to the matter by making bombastic fun of it. I saw the same character performed by Booth, at Charleston, in South Carolina, in 1821,* and recollected every

* Booth was an extraordinary man, a truly great actor, let others say what they will. He was no man’s second. Neither was he a copyist, as he was denounced for being. Booth could not ‘imitate.’ Whoever talks of *models*, or of *schools* in acting, or adopts the principle of their need or utility, I voluntarily pronounce to be altogether ignorant of the spirit of dramatic illustration. In its operation, acting makes no reference to memory: the instant memory is taxed, the spirit flies. Kind-hearted reader, (for I begin to find out who are my readers, and I may so, safely, address them,) if you will not take this from me, pray accept it from Pope:

‘When memory prevails,
The solid force of understanding fails.’

A repetition of reflections is mere mimicry. Booth’s acting was a pervasion of mind in the entirety of corporeal functions: it was thought dashing its influence to every nerve, and nerve sending back to the thought, an increased tenacity. His acting was imagination of the highest order, intensely physicalized. Hear Pope again:

‘When beams of warm imagination play,
The memory’s soft figures melt away.’

Booth’s failing, I fear, was a deficiency of moral strength: he could not battle with and overcome the assaults of mortification and disappointment: they bore too hard upon his nature: he had not the elasticity and rebound which are necessary in that combat.

movement of Master Betty. Booth made me shudder in the *mad scene*. It is by a reference to these engravings on my memory, that I can assure myself the acting which I then marvelled at, and thought, (that is to say, believed,) there was not much thinking in the matter, 'I took it as the vulgar do,' so fine, was really bad. Perhaps I may be permitted to dilate on this subject hereafter; at present suffice it to say, that acting is a very different thing to that which it is *generally* supposed to be. I am *sure*, at least, in saying, *was* supposed to be. The drama has declined: it has done so ever since minuets were banished. Tragedy went out of fashion with whalebone petticoats and powdered periwigs. The 'tragedy strut' and the 'wow-wow' threw an air of grandeur and *dignity* over the actor, and enveloped him in a mysterious halo: it was so unlike any thing else which the play-goers could see in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, therefore did they admire it.

I would undertake by this day week to drill a bag of wool into as good an actor as many of their favourites were. And you may hear them still, 'Ah! we shall never see such geniuses again!' Verily I hope not! If a correct view of acting, of what true acting consists, if the qualities of mind which are indispensable to the formation of the actor, were fairly understood, the excellent Shelly would not have spoken in contempt of the player's art. It must have been the whalebone petticoat and powdered periwig style that he was looking at. And not more than one in fifty of those who pant to belong to the profession, or to win praises by amateurship, would presume to set himself before a theatrical audience; then, perhaps, an actor might be estimated at something more than an object on which vulgar curiosity may pay to stare. And we should require no stronger proof of utter absence of honesty, or lack of ability to judge, in those whose pens were employed in laudation of the tragic powers of a boy. They did not confine themselves to an admiration of the boy's memoried tact, and imitation of a schooled manner, or I should not pause to comment on their honesty or judgment here. They gulled themselves and 'the world' by 'critical' examinations of the exhibition, as really good acting, as imagined feelings and creations of secondary existence: and, in their estimation, elevated the boy Betty to a level with—ay, to an eminence above the noblest theatrical spirits of the day. Had there been truth in the 'criticisms;' had he merited the eulogies which were awarded to him; had he deserved a hundredth part of them, the boy must have possessed the constitutional temperament, mingling with an innate fountain of moral faculties, which would have flourished and widened in manhood; and thought and experience would have invigorated them in years: whereas the result in manhood was decline, inefficiency. The original principle, the grand faculty, the sacred fire was not there, or it could not have perished so: it would have battled

against the caprices of a satiated curiosity, and fought its way up to triumph.

This body-clipping and mind grasping subject of tragedy, was followed by the farce of 'Love laughs at Locksmiths,' and a glorious farce it is. Only to think of the effect it took on me! The very boards, the benches, the pillars and walls, seemed built up and dove-tailed of laughs. I, who had been so full of the sympathies and passions of Orestes, &c. &c., alternately swelling, weeping, choking, and shivering, was as hearty a participator in the fun, as the wisest and ablest play-goer in the house. I screamed with laughter, to the excoriation of my trachea; my jaws ached with incessant cachination; my o'er-bubbling eyes would have swamped a jolly-boat, and my poor ribs complained of cracking with the repetition of peal on peal of my free, unsuppressed, uproarious, absolute relish of the humour! What a capital, clever fellow was Risk! (Mr. Jones,) and Solomon Lob, staring, gaping, bullet-headed Solomon Lob, (little Lancaster,) was a bladder of laughing gas to me. And how painfully, amidst it all, did my thoughts turn to the drawing to a close of all this enjoyment. I almost trembled at its approach; and like one who has glanced at something which he fears, I turned away my eyes: still the ugly spectre drew me towards it, and the end did come. Oh! that some power would kindly arrest that falling curtain! No, no, the floor rose up to meet it; and the opening diminished, narrower, was a crevice, a line of light, now shut as closely as a jar of preserved damsons in my grandmother's cupboard. Still I sat with my eyes rivetted on the baize, that closer out, that black door which barriered the entrance to Elysium. Still I sat; I knew nothing of the people leaving the theatre. The only reality of which I was sensible was the gradual darkening: how long I remained I cannot tell. I knew not that I was quite alone, till an unpleased voice hailed me with 'Halloo! youngster, what are you doing here?' accompanied by a shake of the shoulder. As my head was bent down, resting on the palms of my hands, which again rested on my knees, he supposed I had fallen asleep, and saw me as he was extinguishing the lights against the gallery walls. I look around; nothing but dingy vacancy, unoccupied benches! I stepped upwards, and at the top turned round, paused to take a last look, and then plunged down the stairs with reckless rapidity, not daring to trust myself with a moderation of step, because I should think back if I did; and with the impetus fell headlong into the street, so grazing and scraping my palms: luckily the pain bodily, which this occasioned, anodyned the pain moral, and restored me to my senses. I hastened home to bed superfluous and sleepless, for I was very, very busy all night.

You may be sure, reader, I was surrounded by catechisers next morning, who were curious to know what I thought. 'Well, Pel., how did you like the play?' Like it! 'Come, Pel., let us

hear all about it.' These questions were put by several who had witnessed the performances: but among my acquaintances, that is, those who supposed they knew me, I had the reputation of being somewhat of an oddity; there was, consequently, a curiosity to know how a play, for the first time, would operate on an oddity, and doubtless a hearty laugh at my simplicity was in the perspective of their questions: and they had their laugh; but the wind that raised it blew from a quarter unexpected by them. I commenced at the opening of the farce, and 'ran it through,' scene and circumstance, from beginning to end; repeating much of the dialogue on the road; tickling myself and my hearers with the incipient Toryism of Risk, who, 'when his farm was taken,' would

'Hire a lout to wield the flail,
Small beer should serve the bumpkin:
While he, by guzzling home-brewed ale,
Grew rounder than a pumpkin—
Grew rounder than a pumpkin.'

Then I 'shold the fine picture of Chupiter and Danæ, to de Arshpishop of Cologne—drapery and all—and put up mine oomprella, de cloudsh vas sho pootiful, and sheemed as if dey vas choost coin to rain.' But the flower of the exhibition was a double of Vigil and old Totterton, before the painter's door—Vigil upbraiding the old man with his age and ocular dimness, and Totterton peevishly replying with his shrill pipe, 'Bless us!' and chuckling in falsetto in triumph over Vigil, whose boasted keenness had failed to detect what old Totterton saw, 'the carriage of letters by the first-floor mail,' &c., &c., &c. Oh! they had it over and over again. Totterton and Vigil became a pest. 'But the tragedy, Pel.; what did you think of the tragedy?' 'How did you like the tragedy?' Hah! the curtain refused to rise for their entertainment on that subject. I was silent. I remember all my mirth forsook me; and they, in their wisdoms, came to the satisfactory conclusion that I had no taste for tragedy, and if ever I turned 'play actor,' I should shine in comedy. Good judges of the future, were they not? I revelled in 'tragedy' silently, unseen, in remotenesses; it was too sacred for the world's eyes. Parents, guides, guardians, and elders, are all, in their own fancy, apt discriminators of the indications of future promise in children. Parents are most liberally endowed with this faculty of penetration. They ever see a future military hero in the boy who is fond of looking at a red coat and flourishing a sword of lath. R. A. is certainly in the distance, if a child scrawl some crooked lines for arms and legs, and drop a blotch for a head; and the shoving a paper boat across a tub of water, is the first nautical essay of him who is to discover the N. W. passage. I was inordinately, passionately fond of bathing and swimming

under water,—remaining there till I was exhausted: I wonder they did not see that I should become a pearl-diver.

My hour of weekly communion with my father arrived, and brought about the same exhibition, with different results. He was surprised at my retention of the farce, and asked me ‘of the tragedy.’ I made no reply; till, on his going into detail, I at length said, ‘Oh, father, I cannot talk of it; I seem to swing in the air when I think of it!’ He instantly changed the subject.

How often after this, during the short time I yet remained with my uncle, did I race down to the stage-door, for the mere chance of looking at an actor or actress as they passed in or out, or to catch a glimpse of a lamplighter or a scene-shifter, such happy mortals, such superlative beings did I think they were; and after on one occasion of gallerying and one of pitting, (to which latter I was promoted by an aunt, not my master-uncle’s wife, she was of the ‘opposite to St. Peter’s’ creed,) how much did I covet the possibility of being admitted to the honour of walking in a procession, or of standing among the gallant guards, (though, sooth to say, there were queer looking things among them occasionally,) attendant on some of the kings and queens and heroes! But all this was a vain hope, it could never be realized; yet on those very boards, no, for *that* building was burnt down, in the very place of those boards, the first time I entered that theatre, twenty-three years after my ‘flitting’ from the counting-house, home, and England, was to fulfil an engagement, *in large letters*, to play *five nights only*, a series of Shakspeare’s tragic glories, ‘By Mr. VERJUICE, being his first appearance in this theatre;’ and I swear to you, reader, if you won’t take it without an oath, I was not, on this occasion, half so great a man in my own opinion, as I thought a message deliverer twenty-three years prior to this singular event.

There was no lack of murmuring as to my going to the play; ‘it would come to no good,’ and all the usual terrors of consequence were spread out in detail. For my own part, I could not see the evil of it, I never could to this hour; yet I think I have had my lessons, and I have pried into the affair with a close eye; I have turned it over sourly and soberly, philosophically and coolly, doatingly and hatingly. Perhaps if others will take the trouble to analyze theatrical representations to the extent that I have done, they will be less averse to them; nay, some of them will be surprised at themselves for holding such opinions. Few, however, are disposed to think earnestly on matters which are not directly in the channel of their pursuits and occupations.

Much, most, if not entirely all the evil which the opponents find in dramatic representations they carry to the theatre themselves, buckled under their own belts. There is a preparation of the senses, perhaps by rather an established obtuseness, or a temporary debasement of the intellect, which causes them to see that which is neither shown nor remotely intended to be shown;

they see, also, an encouragement to vice, in the lashing which it receives from scorn; an induction to falsehood in the ridicule to which it exposes itself, and the censure which whips it; they discover a lesson of immorality in the unwinding and outspreading to broad light of the tortuous course of villainous deception; and the branding of moral turpitude with infamy and shame, they insist is a 'bad example.' These are fools, you will say; granted. But I have heard more railers of this description than of any other; these are their soundest arguments against *theatrical representations*. My experience of these railers has told me they are more preceptively than practically virtuous.* They have lots of precepts always at hand. The demoralization is not in the theatrical representation; I could easily find parallels for illustration of my meaning, but I will let it stand as it is just now; but let me say I do not include in this list of merely preceptively virtuous, those who have never entered a theatre. There are hundreds who would pass a rigid ordeal, yet show pure in thought and act, who shrink at the very word theatre, apply it how you will; used figuratively or otherwise, as 'the theatre of life,' &c., the sound shocks them; it is, with them, an unpronounceable word; taught by habit and education they so regard it. Still I will say, and I say it un-sneeringly, not unkindly, their judgment is on a par with the religion of these railers, the preceptively virtuous; it is an accidental circumstance, a matter of latitude and longitude; they have never inquired into the truth of what they have been told; they 'took it as the vulgar do;' and the most thinking of the railers have greatly erred in mistaking effects for causes, less than by attributing effect to other cause than the true one. Even *with* the preparation of the senses above alluded to, a sobering, beneficial, and delightfully instructive result oftentimes obliterates the grosser feelings, oblivionizes this preparation. If I can attest the truth of this remark in one instance only, I have a right to infer that the instance is not an isolation; but I have known it to occur with others, I have experienced it in myself frequently, and my laid-out plans have been abandoned: straight from the theatre tongueless, home to bed to enjoy there, over and over again, what I had seen and heard; and this, too, without falling in love with the actresses.

Well: shortly after this my first play-going, I *ran away*. I have led you to expect a detail of this freak, which I will give by and by. Now, have you not, readers of the ladies and gentlemen class, (if you have read so far,) settled it in your minds that I so abstracted myself for the purpose of turning 'stage-player?' Ay, that you have. 'The attraction was irresistible; it was a de-

* Here, once for all. I will declare my creed of moralities. All virtue I sum up in two words, benevolence and sincerity. All crime I comprise in cruelty and hypocrisy. There is cruelty in a smile, sometimes; there is cruelty in a cold look; there is cruelty in withholding a kind word.

vouring infatuation, and you foresaw the event.' Hold: 'you do conclude too fast.' I did not run away for the purpose of seeking the stage. My imagination gazed over an immense extent of physical prospect, and I brought it under my touch, long before my eye rested, for a permanence, on the creations of the drama. After this 'first play,' I served a seven years' apprenticeship to excitements and carelessnesses, to watchfulness and recklessness, to adventure and dreaminess, in a variety of climates and country, and amidst diversities of character and associates, and changes of condition, ere I entered on the vexatious and gladdening, the baffling and encouraging, pilgrimage of the histrionist.

In closing my first chapter, I announced to the reader that I should speak of my abstraction of myself from home in the second. Here is the conclusion of my third chapter, and I have not yet reached so far on my life's road as that event. I promise to dash at once into it in my next.

THE DUMB ORPHAN OF THE PRISON OF SANTA MARGHERITA.

THE following verses were occasioned by the circumstance which Silvio Pellico relates of the mitigation of his sufferings when imprisoned at Milan, by the sympathy of a deaf and dumb child about five or six years old, whose parents had been executed for theft. The anecdote is quoted in the last No. of the Monthly Repository, p. 404.

Where art thou, happy, blessed child—
 Thou beautiful! where art thou now?
 That I may look upon the mild
 And noble flush that warm'd thy brow;
 And see the nature-smile that danced
 On thy true lip, and catch the light
 Thine eye shot forth, the while it glanced
 Thy sense of joy, summ'd up in sight.

Oh, no—not all—a stainless tear
 Dimm'd, while it glorified, thy gaze.
 'Twas the heart's dew exhaling there,
 To radiate and approve the blaze.
 Yes, thou wast eloquent! how much
 Of meaning burst from thy footspring!
 A soul was in thy finger's touch:
 And heart and soul spoke in that cling.

I cannot see parental stain
 Roll through thy limbs, thou noble boy—
 Thou'rt free from it, as are the vain,
 Birth-honoured, of that base alloy,
 The heart's pure truth: they bathe and drink
 In stagnant ponds, and wash away
 That heritage of good, then think
 They're dignified on mental clay.

I tell thee, boy, thy friend is one
 Like thee—he did those waters taste—
 Thou hast not sipped—he drank ; whereon
 He nauseated : for all the chaste,
 Pure stream rejected that, and rolled
 To cheer the world, illume the blind :—
 The world drew back :—a dungeon-hold
 And chains, that nature vainly bind.

There are, who'd teach thee, if they could,
 To shiver, shrink, recoil, and creep :
 They'd turn to ill each drop of good,
 And o'er thee charitably weep.
 They'd *teach* thee of thy father's shame,
 Not *tell* it :—bid thee humbly bend
 To them :—though 'tis another name
 They piously with counsel blend.

Time, chance, life, keep thee from their hold :
 God keep thee from their charity.
 Their warmth yields only blighting cold :
 Their pity but enslaves the free.
 They'd crush the flowers which heaven hath lent
 To adorn—oh ! they become thee well !
 Dumb, beautifully eloquent !
 Nature's pure-passioned child, farewell !

PEL. VERJUICE.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONS.

IN a period like the present of mental activity and improving reason, when every ancient opinion is brought to the crucible, every established usage submitted to the test,—when prejudices, however hoary, superstitions, however venerable, are alike subjected to critical examination,—when a new era appears to be approaching, in which sages rather than conquerors shall govern the world, it seems but just and reasonable, that more attention than has hitherto been bestowed, should be given to the claims of one-half of the human species, whose influence upon society and manners, though often misdirected, has never been denied.

Man, it must be allowed, seduced by his passions and misled by his imagination, is in the habit of considering woman, not as his fellow, equal, and companion, of the same species, differing only in sex ; appointed to run the same course of mental and moral discipline, to develope similar faculties and powers, and rise with him in the scale of existence ; to be the mother of his offspring, his help-mate and friend ; to accelerate with him the progress of knowledge and civilization ; but as the mere slave of his convenience, creature of his senses, idol of his fancy, and toy of his leisure hours. To this end has every varied form of female education and culture been hitherto directed, and for this purpose

framed. In such a state of things it is easy to foresee, that impediments in the way of knowledge and of social happiness will continue to arise, and the weakness and errors of woman to revert upon the head of her oppressors. All injustice, every vice—and injustice is vice—carries with it its own punishment. The tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, the subjugator and the subjugated, are alike deteriorated in moral worth and degraded.

‘How (observes Rousseau) shall a woman, unaccustomed to reflection, be able to educate her offspring?’—and yet the first years of man, all his first impressions, are invariably received from and directed by the sex. How important, both in a physical and moral view, are these first years, these first impressions! Of this the philosophical observer of mind needs not to be informed. How, through the whole of life, do they continue to act upon, to form the future man! While woman is only valued, admired, courted, for her personal graces and accomplishments; while her establishment in life, her importance in society, principally depend upon these, it would be a moral miracle if she sedulously sought to cultivate any other. It is true (but exceptions do not invalidate the rule) that a few respectable women of talents have indignantly broken the degrading fetters by which the sex have been bound and restrained. In vain have these lifted the warning voice; in vain, contemning the obloquy by which they were assailed, sought to rouse their own sex, and to appeal to the justice, the reason, even to the interest of the other! But little reformation has yet taken place. Catherine Macauley, whose memory is entitled to more veneration than it has received, and whose acute and penetrating mind advanced before the period in which she lived, observes, in her ‘Letters on Education,’ that ‘it ought to be the first care of education to teach virtue on immutable principles, and to avoid that confusion which must arise from confounding the laws and customs of society with obligations, founded on correct principles of equity.’ ‘First (she goes on to say) there is but one rule of right for the conduct of all rational beings; consequently, true virtue in one sex must be equally so in the other, when a proper opportunity calls for the exertion; and *vice versa*, what is vice in one sex cannot have a different property when found in the other. Secondly, true wisdom, which is never found at variance with rectitude, is equally useful to women as to men; because it is necessary to the highest degree of happiness, which can never exist with ignorance. Thirdly, that, as on our first entrance into another world, our state of happiness may possibly depend upon the degree of perfection we have attained in this, we cannot justly lessen, in either sex, the means by which perfection, another word for wisdom, is acquired.’

She goes on to observe, ‘that the happiness and perfection of the sexes are so reciprocally dependent on each other, that, until both are refined, it is vain to expect excellence in either.’—‘There

can be but one rule of moral perfection for beings made of the same materials, organized after the same manner, and subjected to similar laws of nature.'—'There is no cultivation which yields so promising a harvest as the cultivation of the understanding, a mind irradiated by the clear light of wisdom must be equal to every task which reason imposes upon it. The social characters of daughter, wife, and mother, will be but ill performed by ignorance and levity; and in the domestic converse of husband and wife, the alternative of an enlightened or an unenlightened companion, cannot be indifferent to any man of taste and knowledge.'—'Let your children be brought up together, their sports and studies the same; confine not the education of your daughters to what is merely ornamental, nor deny the graces to your sons. Suffer no prejudices to prevail on you to weaken nature in order to render her more beautiful; take measures for the virtue and harmony of your families by uniting their young minds early in the soft bonds of friendship: by the rational intercourse thus established, both sexes will find, that friendship may be enjoyed between them without passion. The wisdom of your daughters will preserve them from the bane of coquetry, your sons will look for something more solid in woman than mere external graces and accomplishments.'—'How much feebleness of constitution has been acquired, how many nervous diseases contracted by false ideas formed of female excellence!' Some degree of difference in corporeal strength naturally, it is certain, exists between the sexes; this difference barbarous nations abused to the subjugation of woman; and even amongst the most civilized, pride and sensuality will blind men to their own true interest and happiness. If false notions of beauty enfeeble the physical powers of woman, her offspring, whether male or female, will suffer the consequences. It is also truly said (by another able and eloquent advocate for her sex*) that 'in the regulation of a family, in the education of children, understanding, in an unsophisticated sense, is particularly required; strength of body and of mind.'—'Reason is absolutely necessary to enable a woman to perform any duty properly.' Of woman it may be said, as of the luxurious and rich, 'they have acquired all the follies and vices of civilization, and missed the useful fruits.' Again it is observed, and justly observed, by the same sensible writer, 'Woman has always been either a slave or a despot, each of which situations equally retards the progress of reason. The grand source of folly and vice is narrowness of mind; and the very constitution of civil governments has put almost insuperable obstacles in the way to prevent the cultivation of the female understanding: yet, on no other foundation can virtue be built.'—To become respectable, to acquire independence of character, the exercise of the reason is necessary; even gentleness, if it is not mere imbecility, must be

* Mary Wollstonecraft.

the perfection of reason ; the jarrings which so frequently prove destructive to the affections and to the peace of domestic life, have their source in petty jealousies, narrow prejudices, and selfish irritations. In the mistress or wife of a month, men might be justified for looking no further than external graces and accomplishments ; but if in the mother of his children and the companion of his life, the sensible man finds not a rational friend, marriage will indeed become a galling yoke, requiring all his fortitude patiently to endure.

Even in the present times, when more elaborate attention is paid to female education, to what is it principally directed ? Still true to the text of voluptuousness, to vanity, and external ornament. The taste merely, and not the reason, is cultivated. Most young females, whatsoever their rank in life may be, are trained to the arts only, and to accomplishments for exhibition and show. Disdaining the mere useful, all aspire to the ornamental, and a plain tradesman must now despair of getting a wife who will deign to be of any utility in her family, or whose refined habits and ideas will not make her shrink in disgust from the husband, whom necessity only compelled her to accept. All are *ladies*, no *women* are to be found ; social intercourse is become a mere theatre of exhibition ; friendship and rational conversation give place to the piano, the harp, and the quadrille, where rival mothers and emulous daughters, reckless of the secret weariness and suppressed yawns of the suffering auditors and spectators, contest the palm of admiration and the meed of applause.

Nothing is more worthless to every purpose of utility than a mere smattering in the fine arts ; to the wealthy and the unoccupied it may serve to beguile an idle hour, or to amuse leisure ; but an indifferent artist, a mere tame and spiritless copyist, a tasteless and mechanical strummer on any instrument, be the instrument what it may, is utterly valueless ; their exhibitions delight only the doating parent, and will be endured by others but during the transient season of youth. Should the *end* to which the display is secretly directed, that of procuring for themselves an establishment by marriage, of taking the heart captive through the eye or ear, fail amidst numerous competitors, what is to become of these unfortunate factitious beings—unable to dig, ashamed to beg ?

For a few years, it is true, many may employ in teaching their talents and acquirements, even though not of the highest order ; they may become governesses in families of greater affluence or superior rank ; or they may fill the humbler destiny of assistants in schools. But, while their youth withers, and their spirits are exhausted in these situations of constraint, servility, or drudgery, —while beneath the roofs of the wealthy or the aristocracy of the land, they add a taste for luxuries and elegancies to that for the arts, and become still more unfitted for the humbler walks of life,—have they any chance or opportunities, from the remuneration which their services receive, of laying up in store any adequate

supply for advancing years or declining powers and life? Is it even likely, however liberal may be the recompense of their labours, a circumstance rarely occurring and not to be reckoned upon, that, among the gay and great, surrounded by temptations to vanity and expense, they should acquire habits of self-denial, economy, and prudence? But liberal remunerations are not to be expected, competition is too great, and the market is already glutted; in the universal rage for the acquisition of accomplishments, their value is daily sinking; many accomplished young women, upon whose training and education a little fortune has been expended, actually barter their acquirements and time for less than the wages of a domestic servant, and for scarcely more than temporary protection and support.

Where *will*, where *must* this end? What is to become, after a transient season, of these refined, delicate, and helpless creatures? Will the honest mechanic, will the plain tradesman, burthen themselves with fine ladies and take them for wives? Will the higher classes stoop to lift to their rank females, however lovely, amiable, or endowed, whom they are accustomed to consider in their families as scarcely raised above a servile station? If lovely and attractive in their persons and manners, they are encompassed by tenfold perils.

Most formidable, most threatening in their moral consequences, are the impediments hence likely to arise to an improved state of society and civilization. This mode of female education is infinitely worse and more dangerous than would be its total neglect, since, in that case, woman, amidst the present diffusion of knowledge and literature, would come in for her share; she would read, think, acquire principles, communicate them to her children, and fulfil, at least, the domestic duties of her station. She would not blush for her unrefined parents and relatives; she would not shrink disgusted from the honest affection of her equal and neighbour, who, occupied in procuring the property, or the habits, necessary to the provision for a family, had no leisure for the study of ornament and grace.

Accomplishments, in the present rage for them, are become, not the recreation, but the arduous, absorbing business of female life. They are considered worthless if not cultivated to an excess, that enfeebles the body, engrosses the time, and leaves little leisure either for the exercise that strengthens the former, or for the knowledge and thought by which the latter only can be invigorated. If more solid studies are affected to be taught in our female schools, (or establishments in more fashionable phraseology,) they must be in subordination to those which the vanity of parents and the mandates of fashion imperiously alike demand and crave. Those who preside over schools, however qualified by good principles and good sense, (and some such respectable individuals doubtless there are,) are not at liberty to use their

own judgments as to the relative importance of the studies of their pupils, or the distribution of their time, they are themselves merely agents and instruments, it is not what they judge right and best, but what is required from them that they must perform. Even where their good sense leads them to exact from their pupils some attention to the more solid acquirements, grammar, history, geography, &c., the time allowed for these studies is necessarily so short as to permit with them only a very superficial acquaintance. This mode of education affords no encouragement to women of superior talents to undertake the management of schools, which, consequently, for the most part, fall into the hands of persons little fitted to be the guides of youth, and whom speculations of interest merely prompt to the undertaking.

Another evil also necessarily results from the multifarious objects that claim the attention of the youthful student, that no one can be completely or adequately attained; even from the most industrious and diligent, a mere smattering in the majority of them is only to be expected. The freshness and vigour of health, the buoyant elasticity of spirits, the careless joys of youth are all perilled by the sedentary habits which modern female education necessarily imposes. The writer of these remarks knew of one instance in which, by an over-excited emulation and ardour for success, the reason of a young and talented female was actually unsettled; and another, where a most alarming case of hysteria, threatening life and intellect, was the result of faculties overstrained. Women are, by nature, from a less solid structure, a more sensitive and delicate organization than man, more easily excited, and more susceptible of excess and enthusiasm in their pursuits, but the same delicacy of structure renders them less able to sustain that intenseness and continuity of attention which the more robust constitution of man cannot with impunity long support. This constant application, this tension of the nerves, is still more prejudicial at an immature period of life, before the bodily organs have attained their full developement and firmness. But, from the hapless female who laudably proposes to procure from her acquirements an independent support, almost superhuman powers are demanded. The advertisements and requisitions for private governesses, in the families of the nobility and gentry, would be ridiculous, were they not melancholy. A poor young creature has no chance for success, unless she professes with the modern languages (and not unfrequently to these the Latin is added) all the sciences and arts. In the short space of time, from twelve to eighteen or twenty, for earlier the faculties can scarcely be roused, and in the volatile and tender period of youth, attainments are expected and called for, each of which, to acquire properly, it would take a life to mature. The delusion, the inconsistency and absurdity of such expectations are too obvious and glaring to require being exposed. To the

cultivation of the understanding, to informing the mind, to developing the reasoning powers, and implanting just principles; to these, which seem to be considered as of very inferior importance, no time whatever has been spared.

From such teachers, generally speaking, (for native talent and peculiar circumstances will always produce respectable exceptions,) what results can be expected; from such culture what fruit can we hope to gather? Are wives and mothers formed in such schools, or in their offspring are good citizens and patriots to be looked for? They may glitter and dazzle during the transient period of youth; but will they become useful when they cease to be ornamental? While half of the human species are thus treated and trained, the philosopher and philanthropist will labour in vain for the advance of civilization, and the improvement of social order. Can men sow tares and hope to reap wheat?

Among the superior ranks in female life, where there is no need to barter accomplishments for support, education is similarly directed, not to the cultivation of intellect, not to the formation of principle, but to showy accomplishments and external grace. Woman is never the companion and helpmate, but still the toy or the drudge of man. If she partakes in the diffusion of literature, it is the *belles lettres* only over which she skims. Modern book societies have banished the old English classical writers; our youth, our female youth more especially, are scarcely acquainted with the titles of their works. Book societies circulate only what is new; the various tastes and opinions of the subscribers prohibit even in what is new all that is solid; politics and religion, the only subjects of vital importance, as embracing the present and future interests of the human race, are strictly proscribed, as tending to controversy and offence. The light novelty of the day is exclusively admitted and read, and the succession of such novelties is too quick to leave any lasting impression or time for other studies. The reading of the morning supplies topics for prattle and display in the drawing-room circle of the evening; all talk from a common reservoir, few or none from a source; literature itself becomes but another mode for exhibition, another means for vapid and vain display.

The dependent situation of woman in society, and her entire subjugation to the caprices and passions of man, is at the root of all moral and mental degradation. She must continue to suit herself to those passions and caprices, while those afford her the only means of procuring for herself social consideration, the only means, generally speaking, of obtaining the accommodations and comforts of civilized life. If the maternal duties and domestic avocations of those who have a numerous offspring claim a large share of their attention and time, an active mind may still find leisure for more than these; and, at all events, become by a more rational and useful mode of education better fitted for the dis-

charge of such duties. Do reading and reflection, would the pursuit of any useful art, any branch of trade suited to her station and sex, take a woman out of her family more than dissipation, fashionable accomplishments, and the opportunities sought and made for their exhibition? Are the more fortunate among the [sex, those who move in a superior rank of life, to whom the exertion of their faculties to aid in the support of their families is not necessary, are they rendered by solid studies less valuable as the companions and friends of their husbands, as the guides and instructors of their children? Contrast with an accomplished modern young female the following portrait from an elegant writer.*

‘The conversation of Hortensia is rather cheerful than gay, and more instructive than sprightly: but the more distinguished features of her mind are her memory and her judgment; both which she possesses in a higher degree than is usually found in persons of our sex. She has read most of the capital authors both in English and French. There is scarcely a remarkable event, in ancient or modern history, of which she cannot give a clear and judicious account. To the mathematics she is not wholly a stranger; and though she did not think proper to pursue to any great length her inquiries of that nature, yet the facility with which she entered into the reasonings of that science, discovered a capacity for attaining a knowledge even of its abstruser branches. Her observations upon these subjects are the more to be relied on as they are the unbiassed dictates of good sense. Her extensive knowledge and refined sense have not, however, raised her above the necessary avocations of female science; they have only taught her to fulfil that part of her character with higher grace and dignity. She enters into the domestic duties of her station with the most consummate skill and prudence. Her economical department is calm and steady; she presides over her family like the *intelligence* of some planetary orb, conducting it, without violence or disturbed effort, in all its proper directions.’

To make ‘well-ordered home man’s best delight,’ mind is necessary, a presiding intellect, without which activity degenerates into a troublesome restlessness, a teasing interference, and even cleanliness and neatness into a tiresome scrupulosity.

But every woman has not a domestic establishment to occupy her, every woman has not a family to nurse and train, every woman has not a husband able to maintain her and that family. The greatest benefits conferred upon society have been in general by the agency of men unconnected with, undisturbed by family cares. It is not necessary that every one should marry; in populous states, under expensive governments, prudence keeps many in celibacy. This, if it is an evil, is now likely to be increased: various channels are open to single men, into which to divert their energies and render them honourable to themselves and

* Fitzosborne.

useful to their fellow-citizens. But what has been the fate of unmarried women? If not wealthy, and large fortunes rarely devolve to women, if not endowed with a strength of mind and character that falls to the lot of few, the situations into which the majority of them sink, when unsupported and unprotected by male relatives, (and even by these they are often plundered and oppressed,) is indeed pitiable; and even for their very misfortunes instead of sympathy they meet with insult. And why is this? Because they are allowed no reputable productive means in which they might employ their time and talents, and by independence enforce respect. If created merely to blossom, to fade, and to be trampled under feet, why has Nature, that does nothing in vain, endowed them with reason, with capacities and powers similar to those of man? Has Providence given them talents merely to fold in a napkin? Are they unaccountable and irresponsible for their use or abuse of such talents? Can they benefit society in no other way than by increasing its numbers? Are they, because less corporeally robust than man, incapable of any productive labour, of any useful exercise of the intellectual powers? This will not be affirmed, because experience has proved the contrary.

Why then not lay open to female exertion and industry more liberal sources, more various and respectable modes of occupation? If woman must be accomplished in the arts, for which by her taste and sensibility she is eminently fitted, why fritter away her time and talents by exacting from her a smattering of *all*, instead of inciting her to pay attention to *one only*, and thus by concentrating her powers to invigorate and render them really productive? Woman wants only opportunity and encouragement to rival man in every elegant, in every useful art; but she is rarely, if ever, trained as a professor, but merely as an amateur. Where nature has denied genius to reach to eminence in art, yet a steady undiverted attention to *one* pursuit will rarely fail of producing some degree of excellence. How many male artists procure a respectable provision for themselves and families by instructing youth in their art. Why should not female youth be taught exclusively or chiefly by females? Surely, both in schools and private families, they are the more proper instructors? Not as governesses, having a smattering of every branch of knowledge or of art, and a proficiency in none: but let them, as do the other sex, maintaining an independent home, instruct their pupils at their own houses, or in the several schools in which they may be placed by their friends. By women so prepared and trained, men would soon be superseded, as they ought to be, in the education of females.

Many branches of trade and commerce should also be thrown open to women in a manner that should render them respectable. Several of the bazaars have set an excellent example, by em-

ploying only females : in the shops of milliners, haberdashers, retail linen-draper, &c. it is disgusting to see men officiate. The married woman who has been thus taught and trained in the middling class of life, would be able to assist in providing for her family and house, she would not be a useless burthen on the industry of her husband, and would thus ensure his respect with his love. The unmarried would, by the professions or trades which they exercised, keep a rank in society, and maintain the respect due to that rank : they would no longer feel the humiliation of having no social consequence but through the men, and their characters would acquire dignity and strength.

Before reason and justice can maintain their rights over mankind, all odious distinctions and prejudices, whether sexual or feudal, must be done away. If woman is inferior to man, it is not in nature but in degree, reason and virtue must be the same in both ; if their duties are different in some respects, they are still human duties, and their foundation and end must be the same. Virtue can only be depended upon that has its foundation on principle and truth. The wisdom, the happiness of succeeding generations must depend upon the instruction and impressions they receive during childhood and youth. Every system of education, whether male or female, calls aloud for examination and reform. Men, I repeat, cannot reap wheat where tares only are sown, or from thistles expect to gather grapes.

HISTORY OF PRIESTCRAFT.*

WILLIAM HOWITT here presents himself to us in a new character. We were acquainted with him as a quaker, a naturalist, a poet, a man of observant mind, kind feelings, and pure taste, but had not associated him with the idea of a reformer in church and state, a warm politician. We rejoice to see him in that capacity. The conflicts of the political arena have changed their nature, and there should be an analogous novelty in the combatants. The strife of party is over, though a few Tories and Whigs may still dream that they are fencing with the old foils, and have only to beat or be beaten as formerly by dexterity in gladiatorial tricks. The real battle has commenced, the strife between the many and the few, to decide for whose benefit society is constituted. In such a strife there must be something to do for every faculty and gift with which humanity is invested ; and especially for the noblest of them, the best qualities of head and heart. Let us have no cant about the calmer and loftier regions of imagination. Goethe lived and died in little Weimar. If we have men of all ages amongst us, depend upon it they will be men of this age too ; for

* A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations, by Wm. Howitt. London, Wilson.

they must be peculiarly alive to the depth, extent, and lasting influence of the convulsions by which society will be shaken and regenerated. That is no true poet's harp, the strings of which do not quiver and resound to the winds that are rushing by. These are no times for merely gathering flowers, or weaving garlands solely for their prettiness. The people of England must advance or retrograde. They must become a *community*, or, after having made what will be rightly deemed 'a vain show,' be cajoled or intimidated back into being the venal, base, and beaten drudges of a proud and rapacious aristocracy. A poet, a philosopher, a philanthropist, stand neuter! It is not to be believed. Off with his 'singing robes and garlands,' for they are all counterfeit, or pilfered, to a certainty. Shame would it be, for this warfare to be waged with vulgar or hireling weapons. The tone and spirit of political discussion should be elevated into a worthiness of the occasion. The question is whether a corrupt and corrupting aristocracy shall have its restoration, as monarchy once had; or whether, having been dislodged from a few of those strong holds by means of which it commanded the nation, other popular advantages should not be obtained, so as to lead to the blessings of good government, and open a prospect of accelerated improvement. And there is no voice so rich or tuneful but what it is honourably employed if lifted up, in the wilderness, to cry, 'Prepare ye the way.' Milton lingered not in the bowers of Italy, though bards and beauties were doing him delicious homage there, when ominous sounds across the ocean warned him of the coming conflict for England's freedom. He knew the poet's vocation, how large its comprehensiveness, and how paramount the obligation of aiding, with all his loftiest powers, the efforts of a people who were struggling into a better state of social existence. The mingling of such minds in the political fray prevents its sinking into a sort of alehouse brawl, and makes it appear, what in the present case it really is, a not ignoble portion of that enduring strife between the principles of good and evil which has raged, and rages, through the world's duration and over the world's extent. If the intelligence of our country did its duty, it would cover itself with glory, and the land with happiness. Now is the time for wisdom to 'cry aloud in the streets.' The loftiest principles should be championed by the loftiest minds. To enlighten and guide the millions at so critical a period as this, when one party would crush them by the sword, and another mock them with shadows; to make the very struggle itself the means of humanizing, and refining them; and prepare them by their exertions for reaping the amplest fruits from success; are objects in which the noblest philosophy and poetry should find their appropriate sphere. They will not have the less permanent worth for being of essential immediate service. The little book now before us is rich in poetical beauty and religious

feeling. The stern truth is told, both of the past and of the present; and it is so told as to make us feel that in the severest condemnation there is no malignity, that in the proposed changes there is no aim at party triumph, but that the writer's single object is to show how mankind have been injured, by what arts, under what pretences, and how their deliverance from this wretched thralldom may be effected. In the latter portions of the volume, those which relate to the present condition and practices of the church of England, there is a dignity, a beauty, and a richness of style, with a distinctness of poetical conception, and an elevation of sentiment, that remind us strongly of the prose works of Milton, into the spirit of which the writer has evidently been drinking deeply. It will be seen by our remarks that we think the work might have been made, in a few particulars, more complete; the finest portions of it could in no way have been made more beautiful or effective.

A distinct definition of priestcraft was, in our opinion, desirable. The author should have shown when and how the occupation of the priest becomes a *craft*. He should have shown why its becoming a craft, a circumstance which in relation to most occupations is not only necessary but innocent and useful, is in this case the cause of so much mischief. Many important conclusions might have flowed from such an investigation. It would probably have appeared that the fundamental mistake is the supposing that any spiritual office can be beneficially performed for hire. A theological lecturer, like any other lecturer or teacher, may be hired; that is, he may be paid in money for communicating that knowledge which it has cost him money (or time and toil, which is the same thing) to acquire. Such an arrangement is evidently for the benefit of both parties. But if priests be (as those of the establishment and some other sects claim to be) gifted with and called by the Holy Ghost, their exercise of the gifts and obedience to the call can have nothing to do with money without the grossest profanity. The workings of the Spirit of God in and by them are not things to make a craft of. They must relinquish their pay or their pretensions. But it is by their pretensions that they obtain their pay, or the largest portion of it; and this incongruity and falsity at the outset poisons the fountain, and makes the waters which issue from it pestiferous to their remotest course. Even the modified pretensions of many sectarian ministers smack of the craft. All assumptions, made *ex officio*, of religious emotions, feelings, sympathies, show craft, a bad craft, priestcraft. In the craft of the actor, the external indications of emotion are exhibited for hire; but only the imitation is required or paid for. Whatever of soul there may be in them is for the actor's honour and the spectator's gratification, but is no part of the bargain, trade, or craft. Now the priest's ministrations to the spiritual wants of individuals, if known to be without soul in them, would be only

disgusting. It is the soul in them for which he is paid. Hence his craft is neither so honest nor so innocent as that of the actor. And his operations become a craft the moment that he affects more than that instruction which can be communicated by a voluntary act, or those expressions of sympathy and other emotions which are really generated in his heart by the scenes he witnesses, and which would be so generated though he had no pretensions to a sacred character. The fact is, that there is, in the literal sense of the word, no Christian priesthood, nor can be. We are all priests, or none of us, which comes to the same thing. We elect a teacher and pay him for his teaching. That is all right and useful. If a good teacher, he will most likely be a man of strong and expansive sympathies; so much the better; but if we pretend to pay him for the manifestation of those sympathies, and make that manifestation a portion of his hired duty, we run the risk of entrapping him into the practice of priestcraft, and open a door for some portion of the evil which, as our author shows, has so long desolated the world.

The commencement of Mr. Howitt's work, announcing his design, is in a frank and daring strain.

'This unfortunate world has been blasted in all ages by two evil principles—kingcraft and priestcraft—that, taking advantage of human necessities, in themselves not hard—salutary, and even beneficial in their natural operation—the necessity of civil government, and that of spiritual instruction, have warped them cruelly from their own pure direction, and converted them into the most odious, the most terrible and disastrous scourges of our race. These malign powers have ever begun, as it were, at the wrong end of things. Kingcraft, seizing upon the office of civil government, not as the gift of popular choice, and to be filled for the good of nations, but with the desperate hand of physical violence, has proclaimed that it was not made for man, but man for it: that it possessed an inherent and divine right to rule, to trample upon men's hearts, to violate their dearest rights, to scatter their limbs and their blood at its pleasure upon the earth; and in return for its atrocities, to be worshipped on bended knee, and hailed as a God. Its horrors are on the face of every nation; its annals are written in gore in all civilized climes; and, where pen never was known, it has scored its terrors in the hearts of millions, and left its traces in deserts of everlasting desolation, and in the ferocious spirits of abused and brutalized hordes. What is all the history of this wretched planet but a mass of its bloody wrath and detestable oppressions, whereby it has converted earth into a hell, men into the worst of demons, and has turned the human mind from its natural pursuit of knowledge, and virtue, and social happiness, into a career of blind rage, bitter and foolish prejudices; an entailment of awful and crime-creating ignorance; and has held the universal soul of man in the blackest and most pitiable of bondage? Countless are its historians; we need not add one more to the unavailing catalogue: but of

“That sister-pest, congregator of slaves
Into the shadow of its pinions wide,”

I do not know that there has been one man who has devoted himself solely and completely to the task of tracing its course of demoniacal devastation. Many of its fiendish arts and exploits, undoubtedly, are embodied in what is called ecclesiastical history; many are presented to us in the chronicles of kingcraft; for the two evil powers have ever been intimately united in their labours. They have mutually and lovingly supported each other; knowing that, individually, they are 'weak as stubble,' yet conjointly,

"Can bind
Into a mass irrefragably firm
The axes and the rods which awe mankind."

Thus, through this pestilential influence, we must admit that too much of its evil nature has been forced on our observation incidentally; but no one clear and complete picture of it has been presented to our view. It shall now be my task to supply to the world this singular desideratum. It shall be my task to show that priestcraft in all ages and all nations has been the same; that its nature is one, and that nature essentially evil; that its object is self-gratification and self-aggrandizement; the means it uses—the basest frauds, the most shameless delusions, practised on the popular mind for the acquisition of power; and that power once gained, the most fierce and bloody exercise of it, in order to render it at once awful and perpetual.'—pp. 1—3.

A rapid survey is then taken of heathen mythology, in which the author follows the ingenious hypothesis of Bryant, commencing with early antiquity, and terminating with the most striking modern exhibition of the nefarious arts of idolatrous priests, as practised by the Brahmins of Hindostan. A brief view of the Hebrew priesthood follows; and then the means by which the Papal hierarchy aggrandized itself are described, and the oppressions, evil influences, and persecutions, for which its monks, prelates, and other agents are responsible in various countries. The last third of the volume, chapters xv. to xx. inclusive, is devoted to the church of England. Chap. xv. sketches an outline of the (so called) Reformation, and of the mutations and oppressiveness of episcopacy through the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts; till the revolution of 1688, the passing of the Toleration Act, and the growth of public intelligence and spirit, produced a state of things in which the grosser violence of former times was impracticable.

'While power was left to the church, it persecuted, and would have continued to persecute. The act of William III. put an end to this; and we must henceforth look for the spirit of priestcraft in a different shape. The whole course of this volume has shown that this wily spirit has conformed itself to circumstances. Where unlimited power was within its grasp, it seized it without hesitation, and exercised it without mercy. Egypt, India, all ancient Asia, and all feudal Europe, are witnesses of this. Where it could not act so freely, it submitted to the spirit of the people; and worked more quietly, more unseen, but equally effectually, as in Greece or Pagan Rome. England after

William III., afforded no further scope for imprisonment, the martyr's flaming pile, or the bloody axe of the public executioner. It was rapidly careering in a course of knowledge and civilization, which made men acquainted with their rights, and has eventually lifted this nation to the proudest position ever occupied by any people in the whole history of the world. The established clergy, therefore, had nothing to do but to secure the full enjoyment of their revenues, and that parochial influence with which they were invested; and the consequence is that, in the noblest nation of the earth, they have become the richest body of priests and the most apathetic towards the people, from whom their wealth is drawn.—pp. 196, 197.'

Chap. xvi. adverts to the Irish church, and the Ministerial plan for its reform. We scarcely need say that so principled and thorough-going a man as our author finds that plan very unsatisfactory.

'One circumstance connected with Irish church reform is characteristic of its real nature and extent, as proposed by the present Ministers, and ought to have opened the eyes of all men. The bishopric of Derry, the most enormously endowed in Ireland, was vacant at the very moment of the organization of this plan of reform. If a number of bishoprics were to be reduced, why should this not have been one? Or if it were not thought desirable to extinguish it, why should not the incumbent of one of those sees which were to be withdrawn be translated to this, and thus one at least have been instantly removed? The surprise which the appointment of a bishop to this see, under these circumstances, created, was at once dissipated; and gave place, in the public mind, to a higher surprise and a feeling of indignation, by the discovery that the bishop thus installed, was Dr. Poynton, *the brother-in-law of Earl Grey!* This was an assurance sufficiently intelligible. Will a man set himself heartily to cut down a tree in whose topmost branches he has placed his brother? Will a man assay to sink a vessel in which he has embarked his own family? Will a general proceed cordially to blow up a fortress in which his near relative is commandant? Then, will Earl Grey set himself heartily to work, to reform efficiently the Irish church!

'The abolition of this bishopric would have been a thing of the highest importance. Its revenue, according to the present return, is 13,000*l.*; and it is proposed to reduce it to 8,000*l.* But what is the estimate of Mr. Wakefield of the value of this see?—a most competent authority. He calculates that the whole of its property, over and above the tenth part of the gross produce of the land, cannot be much short of 3,000,000*l.*; and that the bishop's land, at a fair rate of rent, would produce an income of 130,000*l.* a year. This, then, is the birth into which Earl Grey, in the face of a reformed Parliament, of his own professions of real reform, of suffering England, and starving Ireland, has comfortably put his brother-in-law, and proposes to satisfy the country by the abatement of 5,000*l.* a year out of this immense property. By the extinction of this bishopric alone, a saving to the country would have been made at once of 3,000,000*l.*!—for the question in this case is, not what the bishop actually derives from the land, but what it is worth to the nation.'—pp. 200—202.

This chapter concludes with a vigorous plea for the relief of English Dissenters from church-rates, of the country generally from tithes, and for the complete divorce of church and state.

Chap. xvii. relates to episcopal income, university endowments, pluralities, ecclesiastical courts, and clerical exactions. The following eloquent passage is occasioned by the enormous fees for funerals and for the consecration (!) of even the smallest portion of ground for the purposes of interment therein.

‘Among the lesser evils of the system are the consecration of burial-grounds, and what are called surplice fees. Nothing is more illustrative of the spirit of priestcraft than that the church should have kept up the superstitious belief in the consecration of ground in the minds of the people to the present hour, and that, in spite of education, the poor and the rich should be ridden with the most preposterous notion that they cannot lie in peace except in ground over which the bishop has said his mummerly, and for which he and his rooks, as Sir David Lindsay calls them, have pocketed the fees, and laughed in their sleeves at the gullible foolishness of the people. When will the day come when the webs of the clerical spiders shall be torn not only from the limbs but the souls of men? Does the honest Quaker sleep less sound, or will he arise less cheerfully at the judgment-day from his grave, over which no prelatical jugglery has been practised, and for which neither prelate nor priest has pocketed a doit? Who has consecrated the sea, into which the British sailor in the cloud of battle-smoke descends, or who goes down, amidst the tears of his comrades, to depths to which no plummet but that of God’s omnipresence ever reached? Who has consecrated the battle-field, which opens its pits for its thousands and tens of thousands; or the desert, where the wearied traveller lies down to his eternal rest? Who has made holy the sleeping place of the solitary missionary, and of the settlers in new lands? Who but He whose hand has hallowed earth from end to end, and from surface to centre, for his pure and almighty fingers have moulded it! Who but He whose eye rests on it day and night, watching its myriads of moving children, the oppressors and the oppressed, the deceivers and the deceived, the hypocrites, and the poor whose souls are darkened with false knowledge and fettered with the bonds of daring selfishness? And on whatever innocent thing that eye rests, it is hallowed beyond the breath of bishops and the fees of registrars. Who shall need to look for a consecrated spot of earth to lay his bones in, when the struggles and the sorrows, the prayers and the tears of our fellow-men, from age to age, have consecrated every atom of this world’s surface to the desire of a repose which no human hands can lead to, no human rites can secure? Who shall seek for a more hallowed bed than the bosom of that earth into which Christ himself descended, and in which the bodies of thousands of glorious patriots, and prophets, and martyrs, who were laid in gardens, and beneath their paternal trees, and of heroes whose blood and sighs have flowed forth for their fellow-men, have been left to peace and the blessings of grateful generations with no rites, no sounds, but the silent falling of tears and the aspirations of speechless, but immortal thanks? From side to side,

from end to end, the whole world is sanctified by these agencies, beyond the blessings or the curses of priests! God's sunshine flows over it, his providence surrounds it; it is rocked in his arms like the child of his eternal love; his faithful creatures live, and toil, and pray in it; and in the name of heaven who shall make it, or who can need it holier for his last resting couch? But the greediness of priests persists in cursing the poor with extortionate expenses, and calls them blessings. The poor man, who all his days goes groaning under the load of his ill-paid labours, cannot even escape from them into the grave, except at a dismal charge to his family. His native earth is not allowed to receive him into her bosom till he has satisfied the priest and his satellites. With the exception of Jews, Quakers, and some few other Dissenters, every man is given up in England as a prey, in life and in death, to the parson, and his echo, and his disturber of bones.

'The following, from the *Leeds Mercury*, is a fair example of the expense incurred for what is called consecration of the smallest addition to a burial-ground; and wretched must be the mental stupidity of a people who can believe that such fellows can add holiness to the parish earth.' pp. 239—242.

Chap. xviii. is chiefly on Patronage. It contains some impressive illustrations of the working of the present system, in the class of characters who are made the spiritual guides of the people.

Chap. xix. is the picture of a Confirmation, portraying what it seems to be, what it might be, and what it is. We much regret that our limits will not allow us to extract this noble piece of composition. Its poetry and its power amply illustrate the kind of writing which was alluded to at the commencement of this Article as that which the political circumstances of the age require.

Chap. xx. contains the recapitulation and conclusion. The author has passed over the Dissenters altogether, as if there were no priestcraft amongst them. Some might have been detected, we think, and that even by a less observant eye. We could indicate some sources whence materials might be derived for this supplementary chapter. Is not the dissenting ministry a craft when it is taken to merely as a respectable profession; when even its humble dignities and emoluments are a rise in society, for attaining which no equal probability offers itself to the aspirant; when its influence is made subservient to personal objects, a wealthy marriage, or a legacy earned by sycophancy; when the possessors of the office arrogate the exclusive right of investing others with it, by the imposition of their sacred hands; when the people are led to regard the preacher's interpretations as authoritative; when opinions and feelings are suppressed, and the actions regulated with a view to that ascendancy, for which subserviency must be part purchase; when sectarian interests are pursued at the expense of political right, social improvement, and even of

justice to individual character ; is not then the dissenting ministry a craft ? And does it not diffuse a more subtle poison than the more noisy craft, the roaring lion of the establishment ? Some taint of this description may, we fear, be found in modern puritanism, and perhaps, ‘ Friends’ are not wholly free. How do they sometimes deal with heretics ? And in what manner does their body decide the questions which come before them ? Is it by a fair ballot, or by the sense of a majority taken in any way ? There are recollections of proceedings connected with the names of Thomas Foster, in this country, and of Hannah Barnard, and Elias Hicks, in America, which it were well could they be obliterated. There is some craft here ; and if not priestcraft, its offspring, perhaps ; not bearing the name, because not legitimate. We are sorely deceived both by travellers and natives, unless priestcraft be rife in America, though they have no establishment, and, probably, more real religion than any other nominally Christian country.

We conclude with our author’s conclusion, hoping that his little book will widely circulate, that it will produce in many minds feelings like those which it has excited in our own ; and that it will aid in bringing on that spiritual renovation which is so pre-eminently to be desired for our country.

‘ From age to age, the great spirits of the world have raised their voices and cried, liberty ! but the cry has been drowned by the clash of arms, or the brutish violence of uncultured mobs. Homer and Demosthenes in Greece, Cicero in Rome, the poets and martyrs of the middle ages, our sublime Milton, the maligned, but immovable servant and sufferer of freedom, who laid down on her altar his peace, his comfort, and his very eye sight ; our Hampdens and Sidneys ; the Hofers and Bolivars of other lands, have, from age to age, cried “ Liberty ! ” but ignorance and power have been commonly too much for them. But at length, light from the eternal sanctuary of truth has spread over every region ; into the depths and the dens of poverty it has penetrated ; the scholar and the statesman are compelled to behold in the marriage of Christianity and Knowledge, the promise of the establishment of peace, order, and happiness, the reign of rational freedom. We are on the very crisis in which old things are to be pulled down, and new ones established on the most ancient of foundations—justice to the people. To effect safely this momentous change, requires all the watchfulness and the wisdom of an intelligent nation. The experience of the world’s history, warns us to steer the safe middle course, between the despotism of the aristocracy and the mob, between the highest and the lowest orders of society. The intelligence, and not the wealth or multitudes of a state, must give the law of safety ; and to this intelligence I would again and finally say, be warned by universal history ! Snatch from your priesthood all political power ; abandon all state religion ; place Christianity on its own base—the universal heart of the people ; let your preachers be as your schoolmasters, simply teachers ; eschew reverend justices of the peace, very reverend politicians, and right reverend peers and legis-

lators, as you would have done the reverend knights, and marquisses, and dukes of the past ages. They must neither meddle with your wills nor take the tenth of your corn; they must neither tax you to maintain houses in which to preach against you and read your damnation in creeds of which no one really knows the origin; nor persecute you, nor seize your goods for Easter offerings and smoke-money. The system by which they tax you at your entry into the world, tax you at your marriage, tax you at your death, suffer you not to descend into your native earth without a fee, must be abolished. The system by which you are made to pay for every thing, to have a voice in nothing, not even in the choice of a good minister, or the dismissal of a vile and scandalous debauchee; by which you are made the helpless puppet of some obtuse squire, and the prey of some greedy and godless priest, must have an end.

‘On this age the happiness of centuries, the prosperity of truth depends; let it not disappoint the expectations, and mar the destinies of millions.’ pp. 275, 276.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

‘OF history, the most honoured, if not honourable species of composition, is not the whole purport *biographic*? History, it has been said, is the essence of innumerable biographies. Such, at least, it should be: whether it is, might admit of question. But, in any case, what hope have we in turning over those old interminable chronicles, with their garrulities and insipidities; or still worse, in patiently examining those modern narrations, of the philosophic kind, where philosophy, teaching by experience, must sit like owl on house-top, *seeing* nothing, *understanding* nothing, uttering only, with solemnity enough, her perpetual most wearisome *hoo, hoo*:—what hope have we, except the for most part fallacious one of gaining some acquaintance with our fellow-creatures, though dead and vanished, yet dear to us; how they got along in those old days, suffering and doing; to what extent, and under what circumstances, they resisted the devil, and triumphed over him, or struck their colours to him, and were trodden under foot by him; how, in short, the perennial battle went, which men name life, which we also in these new days, with indifferent fortune, have to fight, and must bequeath to our sons and grandsons to go on fighting, till the enemy one day be quite vanquished and abolished, or else the great night sink and part the combatants; and thus, either by some Millennium or some new Noah's Deluge, the volume of universal history wind itself up! Other hope, in studying such books, we have none: and that it is a deceitful hope, who that has tried knows not? A feast of widest biographic insight is spread for us; we enter full of hungry anticipation: alas! like so many other feasts, which life invites us to, a mere Ossian's feast of *shells*, the food and liquor being all emptied out and clean gone, and only the vacant dishes and deceitful emblems thereof left! Your modern historical restaurateurs are indeed little

* History of Europe during the French Revolution: embracing the period from the Assembly of the Notables in 1789, to the establishment of the Directory in 1796. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E. Advocate. In 2 vols. 8vo. 1833.

better than high-priests of famine; that keep choicest china dinner-sets, only no dinner to serve therein. Yet such is our biographic appetite, we run trying from shop to shop, with ever new hope; and, unless we could eat the wind, with ever new disappointment.*

Thus writes, although in a publication unworthy of him, an author whom the multitude does not yet, and will not soon understand. The *biographic* aspect here so exclusively dwelt upon, is indeed not the only aspect under which history may profitably and pleasantly be contemplated: but if we find ourselves disappointed of what it ought to afford us in *this* kind, most surely our search will be equally vain for all other fruit. If what purports to be the history of any portion of mankind, keep not its promise of making us understand and represent to ourselves what manner of men those were whose story it pretends to be, let it undertake what else it may, it will assuredly perform nothing.

‘To know our fellow-creature,’ (we still quote from the same author,) ‘to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it; so that we can theoretically construe him, and could almost practically personate him; and do now thoroughly discern both what manner of man he is, and what manner of thing he has got to work on and live on.’

This is what a perfect biography, could such be obtained, of any single human being, would do for us, or more properly enable us to do for ourselves, and the perfection of a history, considered in its biographic character, would be to accomplish something of the same kind for an entire nation or an entire age. Thus in respect to the French Revolution, though complete insight is not to be had, we should have been thankful for anything that could have aided us in forming for ourselves even an imperfect picture of the manner in which a Frenchman, at the period of the breaking out of the Revolution lived: what his thoughts were habitually occupied with; what feelings were excited in him by the universe, or by any of the things that dwell therein; above all, what things he fixed his desires upon; what he did for his bread; what things he cared for besides bread; with what evils he had to contend, and how he was enabled to bear up against them; what were his joys, what his consolations, and to what extent he was able to attain them. Such clear view of him and of his circumstances, is the basis of all true knowledge and understanding of the Revolution. Having thus learnt to understand a Frenchman of those days, we would next be helped to know, and to bring vividly before our minds, the new circumstances in which the Revolution placed him; how those circumstances painted themselves to *his* eyes, from *his* point of view; what, as a consequence of the conception he formed of them, he thought, felt, and did, not only in the

* Article on Biography, in Fraser's Magazine for April 1832, introductory to the admirable article on Boswell's Johnson in the Number for the following month.

political, but perhaps still more in what may be called 'the private biographic phasis; the manner in which individuals demeaned themselves, and social life went on, in so extraordinary an element as that; the most extraordinary, one might say, for the "thin rind of habit" was utterly rent off, and man stood there with all the powers of civilization, and none of its rules to aid him in guiding these.'

Such things we would willingly learn from a history of the Revolution; but who among its historians teaches the like? or *has* ought of that kind to teach? or has ever had the thought strike him that such things are to be taught or learnt? Not Mr. Alison's predecessors, of whom, nevertheless, there must be some twenty who have written better books than his; far less Mr. Alison himself. How should he? When in the course of ages a man arises who can conceive a *character*, though it be but of *one* being, and can make his readers conceive it too, we call him a *dramatist*, and write down his name in the short list of the world's great minds; are we then entitled to expect from every respectable, quiet, well-meaning Tory gentleman, that he shall be capable of forming within himself, and impressing upon us, a living image of the character and manner of existence, *not* of *one* human being, but of a nation or a century of mankind? To throw our own mind into the mind and into the circumstances of another, is one of the most trying of all exercises of the intellect and imagination, and the very conception how great a thing it is, seems to imply the capacity of at least partially performing it.

Not to judge Mr. Alison by so high a standard, but by the far lower one of what has actually been achieved by previous writers on the subject, let us endeavour to estimate the worth of his book, and his qualifications as a historian.

And first, of his merits. He is evidently what is termed a kind-hearted, or, at the very least, a good-natured man. Though a Tory, and, therefore, one in whom some prejudices against the actors in the Revolution might be excused, he is most unaffectedly candid and charitable in his judgment of them. Though he condemns them as politicians, he is more indulgent to them as men than even we are, who look with much less disapprobation upon many of their *acts*. He has not, indeed, that highest impartiality which proceeds from philosophic insight, but abundance of that lower kind which flows from milkiness of disposition. He can appreciate talent; he does not join in the ill-informed and rash assertion of the *Edinburgh Review*, reechoed by the *Quarterly*, that the first authors of the French Revolution were mediocre men; on the contrary, speaking in his preface of the Constituent Assembly, he talks of its 'memorable discussions,' and of himself as 'most forcibly impressed with the prodigious, though often perverted and mistaken ability, which distinguished them.' Mr. Alison has a further merit, and in a man of his quality of mind

it is a most positive one—he is no canter. He does not think it necessary to profess to be shocked, or terrified, at opinions or modes of conduct contrary to what are deemed proper and reputable in his own country. He does not guard his own respectability by a saving clause, whenever he has occasion to name or to praise even a Mirabeau. We should never think of this as a quality worthy of particular notice in a mind accustomed to vigorous and independent thought ; but in whatever mind it exists, it is evidence of that which is the first condition of all worth, a desire to *be* rather than to *seem*.

Having said thus much on the favourable side, turn we to the other column of the account, and here we have to say simply this, that, after reading both these volumes carefully through, we are quite completely unable to name any one thing that Mr. Alison has done, which had not been far better done before ; or to conjecture what could lead him to imagine that such a work as he has produced was any *desideratum* in the existing literature on the subject. It is hard to say of any book that it is altogether useless ; that it contains nothing from which man, woman, or child can derive any one particle of benefit, learn any one thing worth knowing ; but a *more* useless book than this of Mr. Alison's, one which approaches nearer to the ideal of absolute inutility, we believe we might go far to seek.

We have not often happened to meet with an author of any work of pretension less endowed than Mr. Alison with the faculty of original thought ; this negation of genius amounts almost to a positive quality. Notwithstanding, or, perhaps, in consequence of, this deficiency, he deals largely in general reflections ; which accordingly are of the barrenest ; when true, so true that no one ever thought them false ; when false, nowise that kind of false propositions which come from a penetrating but partial or hasty glance at the thing spoken of, and, therefore, though not true, have instructive truth *in* them ; but such as a country-gentleman, accustomed to be king of his company, talks after dinner. The same want of power manifests itself in the narrative. Telling his story almost entirely after Mignet and Thiers, he has caught none of their vivacity from those great masters of narration ; the most stirring scenes of that mighty world-drama, under his pen turn flat, cold, and spiritless. In his preface he apologizes for the 'dramatic air' produced by inserting fragments of speeches into his text : if the fact were so, it would be a subject of praise, not of apology ; but if it *were* an offence, we assure Mr. Alison that he never would be found guilty of it ; nothing is dramatic which has passed through the strainer of his translations ; even the eloquence of Mirabeau cannot rouse within him one spark of kindred energy and fervour. In the humbler duties of a historian he is equally deficient ; he has no faculty of historical criticism, and no research ; his marginal references point exclusively to the

most obvious sources of information; and even among these he refers five times to a compilation, for once to an original authority. In this he evinces a candour worthy of praise, since his crowded margin *betrays* that scantiness of reading which other authors leave theirs blank on purpose to conceal. We suspect he has written his book rather from memory and notes than with the works themselves before him; else how happens it that he invariably mispels the name of one of the writers, he oftenest refers to? * why are several of the names which occur in the history, also mispelt, in a manner not to be accounted for by the largest allowance for typographical errors? why are there so many inaccuracies in matter of fact, of minor importance indeed, but which could hardly have been fallen into, by one fresh from the reading of even the common histories of the Revolution? The very first and simplest requisite for a writer of French history, a knowledge of the French language, Mr. Alison does not possess in the necessary perfection. To *feel* the higher excellences of expression and style in any language implies a mastery over the language itself, and a familiarity with its literature, far greater than is sufficient for all inferior purposes. We are sure that any one who can so completely fail to enter into the spirit of Mirabeau's famous '*Dites-lui que ces hordes étrangères dont nous sommes investés,*' of that inspired burst of oratory upon *la hideuse banqueroute*, and of almost everything having any claim to eloquence which he attempts to render, must be either without the smallest real feeling of eloquence, or so inadequately conversant with the French language, that French eloquence has not yet found its way to his soul. We are the more willing to give Mr. Alison the benefit of this excuse, as we find his knowledge of French at fault in far smaller things. He mistakes *l'impôt du timbre* for a tax on *timber*; *fourche*, apparently from not understanding what it is, he translates a *fork*, and *chariot* a chariot. The waggoner Cathelineau he terms a *charioteer*, and the victims of the revolutionary tribunal are carried from the prison to the guillotine in a *chariot*. Mr. Alison might with as much reason call the dead-cart, during the plague of London, by that name.

If our sole object were to declare our opinion of Mr. Alison's book, our observations might stop here. But Mr. Alison's subject seems to require of us some further remarks, applicable to the mode in which that subject is treated by English writers generally, as well as by him.

* M. Toulangeon, always spelt Toulangeon by Mr. Alison.

To be continued.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Outline of a Plan for the total, immediate, and safe Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Colonies. By Joseph Phillips, late of Antigua. London, Arch.

A Treatise on Astronomy. By Sir J. Herschell. (Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. 43.) (1.)

Essays and Articles on Subjects connected with Popular Political Economy, illustrative of the Condition and Prospects of the Working Classes. Birmingham, 6d. (2.)

The Mother's Manual; or Illustrations of Matrimonial Economy. An Essay in Verse. 10s. (3.)

The Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals derived from the Created Universe and from Revealed Religion. (Intended for Schools.) By William Sullivan. Boston, U. S. London, J. Mardon. (4.)

The Emancipation of the Christian Church from the trammels of Human Creeds essential to its harmony and prosperity. A Sermon. By J. O. Squier. 6d. (5.)

History of the Middle and Working Classes. London, Wilson. (6.)

(1.) Although this volume relates to subjects which require the highest powers of mathematical calculation for their proof, it is written in a popular style, brings ascertained results within the reach of all, often supplies evidence of a generally intelligible description, and is calculated to excite extensive interest in the facts of astronomical science.

(2.) The papers here republished chiefly refer to 'Labour Exchange.' They contain some acute remarks on the attack on Mr. Owen's Bazaar, which appeared in the Monthly Magazine. The appeal to success is somewhat premature.

(3.) This is a satirical poem from the pen of Mrs. Trollope. It describes the manœuvrings of a match-making mother in the higher ranks of English society. The etchings are as humorous as those of her well-known work on America.

(4.) Mr. Mardon is again before us as a spirited republisher of American books. The present work was worthy of his choice for that purpose. It is well adapted to its professed object, and may be employed in the moral instruction of the young with great advantage.

(5.) The beneficent design of the writer of this discourse is not only pursued with judgment and zeal, but promoted by the manifestation of a spirit in perfect harmony therewith, and which cannot but largely augment the force of the arguments employed.

(6.) A very valuable book. We purpose to review it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We hope to hear from R. in the autumn.

V. P. is left at our Publisher's; we had not T. B.'s address.

More from T. W. will be very welcome.

The Letter on Geneva is sent to the Unitarian Chronicle.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Continued from p. 511.)

HISTORY is interesting under a two-fold aspect; it has a *scientific* interest, and a *moral* or *biographic* interest. A scientific, inasmuch as it exhibits the general laws of the moral universe acting in circumstances of complexity, and enables us to trace the connexion between great effects and their causes. A moral or biographic interest, inasmuch as it represents to us the characters and lives of human beings, and calls upon us, according to their deservings or to their fortunes, for our sympathy, our admiration, or our censure.

Now, without entering at present, more than to the extent of a few words, into the *scientific* aspect of the history of the French Revolution, or stopping to define the place which we would assign to it as an event in universal history, we need not fear to declare utterly unqualified for estimating the French Revolution any one who looks upon it as arising from causes peculiarly French, or otherwise than as one turbulent passage in a progressive revolution embracing the whole human race. All political revolutions, not effected by foreign conquest, originate in moral revolutions. The subversion of established institutions is merely one consequence of the previous subversion of established opinions. The hundred political revolutions of the last three centuries were but a few outward manifestations of a moral revolution, which dates from the great breaking loose of the human faculties commonly described as the 'revival of letters,' and of which the main instrument and agent was the invention of printing. How much of the course of that moral revolution yet remains to be run, or how many political revolutions it will yet generate before it be exhausted, no one can foretell. But it must be the shallowest view of the French Revolution, which can *now* consider it as any thing but a mere *incident* in a great change in man himself, in his belief, in his principles of conduct, and therefore in the outward arrangements of society; a change which is but half completed, and which is now in a state of more rapid progress here in England, than any where else.

Now if this view be just, which we must be content for the present to assume, surely for an English historian, writing at this particular time concerning the French Revolution, there was something pressing for consideration of greater interest and importance than the degree of praise or blame due to the few individuals who, with more or less of consciousness what they were about, happened to be personally implicated in that strife of the elements.

But also, if, feeling his incapacity for treating history from the scientific point of view, our author thinks fit to confine himself to

the *moral* aspect, surely some less common-place moral result, some more valuable and more striking practical lesson might admit of being drawn from this extraordinary passage of history, than merely this, that men should beware how they begin a political convulsion, because they never can tell how or when it will end; which happens to be the one solitary general inference, the entire aggregate of the practical wisdom, deduced therefrom in Mr. Alison's book.

Of such stuff are ordinary men's moralities composed. Be good, be wise, always do right, take heed what you do, for you know not what may come of it. Does Mr. Alison, or any one, really believe that any human thing, from the fall of man to the last bankruptcy, ever went wrong for want of such maxims as these?

A political convulsion is a fearful thing; granted. Nobody can be assured beforehand what course it will take: we grant that too. What then? No one ought ever to do any thing which has any tendency to bring on a convulsion: is that the principle? But there never was an attempt made to reform any abuse in Church or State, never any denunciation uttered, or mention made of any political or social evil, which had not some such tendency. Whatever excites dissatisfaction with any one of the arrangements of society, brings the danger of a forcible subversion of the entire fabric so much the nearer: does it follow that there ought to be no censure of any thing which exists? Or is this abstinence, peradventure, to be observed only when the danger is considerable? But that is whenever the evil complained of is considerable; because the greater the evil, the stronger is the desire excited to be freed from it, and because the greatest evils are always those which it is most difficult to get rid of by ordinary means. It would follow, then, that mankind are at liberty to throw off small evils, but not great ones; that the most deeply-seated and fatal diseases of the social system are those which ought to be left for ever without remedy.

Men are not to make it the sole object of their political lives to avoid a revolution, no more than of their natural lives to avoid death. They are to take reasonable care to avert both those contingencies when there is a present danger, but they are not to forbear the pursuit of any worthy object for fear of a mere possibility.

Unquestionably it is possible to do mischief by striving for a larger measure of political reform than the national mind is ripe for; and so forcing on prematurely a struggle between elements, which, by a more gradual progress, might have been brought to harmonize. And every honest and considerate man, before he engages in the career of a political reformer, will inquire whether the moral state and intellectual culture of the people are such as to render any great improvement in the management of public

affairs possible. But he will inquire too, whether the people are likely ever to be made better, morally or intellectually, without a *previous* change in the government. If not, it may still be his duty to strive for such a change at whatever risks.

What decision a perfectly wise man, at the opening of the French Revolution, would have come to upon these several points, he who knows most will be most slow to pronounce. By the Revolution, substantial good has been effected of immense value, at the cost of immediate evil of the most tremendous kind. But it is impossible, with all the light which has been, or probably ever will be, obtained on the subject, to do more than conjecture whether France could have purchased improvement cheaper; whether any course which could have averted the Revolution, would not have done so by arresting all improvement, and barbarizing down the people of France into the condition of Russian boors.

A revolution, which is so ugly a thing, certainly cannot be a very formidable thing, if all is true the Tories say of it. For, according to them, it has always depended upon the will of some small number of persons, whether there should be a revolution or no. They invariably begin by assuming that great and decisive immediate improvements, with a certainty of subsequent and rapid progress, and the ultimate attainment of all practical good, may be had by peaceable means at the option of the leading reformers, and that to this they voluntarily prefer civil war and massacre for the sake of marching somewhat more directly and rapidly towards their ultimate ends. Having thus made out a revolution to be so mere a *bagatelle*, that, except by the extreme of knavery or folly, it may always be kept at a distance; there is little difficulty in proving all revolutionary leaders knaves or fools. But unhappily theirs is no such enviable position; a far other alternative is commonly offered to them. We will hazard the assertion, that there never yet happened a political convulsion, originating in the desire of reform, where the choice did not, in the full persuasion of every person concerned, lie between *all* and *nothing*; where the actors in the revolution had not thoroughly made up their minds, that, without a revolution, the enemies of all reform would have the entire ascendancy, and that not only there would be no present improvement, but the door would for the future be shut against all endeavour towards it.

Unquestionably, such was the conviction of those who took part in the French Revolution, during its earlier stages. *They* did *not* choose the way of blood and violence in preference to the way of peace and discussion. Theirs was the cause of law and order. The States General at Versailles were a body, legally assembled, legally and constitutionally sovereign of the country, and had every right which law and opinion could bestow upon them, to do

all that they did. But as soon as they did any thing disagreeable to the king's courtiers, (at that time they had not even *begun* to make any alterations in the fundamental institutions of the country,) the king and his advisers took steps for appealing to the bayonet. Then, and not till then, the adverse force of an armed people stood forth in defence of the highest constituted authority—the legislature of their country—menaced with illegal violence. The Bastille fell; the popular party became the stronger; and success, which so often is said to be a justification, has here proved the reverse: men who would have ranked with Hampden and Sidney, if they had quietly waited to have their throats cut, become odious monsters because they have been victorious.

We have not now time nor space to discuss the quantum of the guilt which attaches, not to the authors of the Revolution, but to the subsequent, to the various revolutionary governments, for the crimes of the revolution. Much was done which could not have been done except by bad men. But whoever examines faithfully and diligently the records of those times, whoever can conceive the circumstances and look into the minds of the men who planned and who perpetrated those enormities, will be the more fully convinced, the more he considers the facts, that all which was done had one sole object. That object was, according to the phraseology of the time, to *save* the Revolution; to *save* it, no matter by what means; to defend it against its irreconcilable enemies, within and without; to prevent the undoing of the whole work, the restoration of all which had been demolished, and the extermination of all who had been active in demolishing; to keep down the royalists, and drive back the foreign invaders; as the means to these ends to erect all France into a camp, subject the whole French people to the obligations and the arbitrary discipline of a besieged city; and to inflict death, or suffer it with equal readiness—death or any other evil—for the sake of succeeding in the object.

But nothing of all this is dreamed of in Mr. Alison's philosophy: he knows not enough, neither of his professed subject, nor of the universal subject, the nature of man, to have got even thus far, to have made this first step towards understanding what the French Revolution was. In this he is without excuse, for had he been even moderately read in the French literature, *subsequent* to the Revolution, he would have found this view of the details of its history familiar to every writer and to every reader.

It was scarcely worth while to touch upon the French Revolution for the sake of saying no more about it than we have now said; yet it is as much, perhaps, as the occasion warrants. Observations entering more deeply into the subject will find a fitter opportunity when it shall not be necessary to mix them up with strictures upon an insignificant book.

CASPAR HAUSER.*

'THE proper study of mankind is man,' says Pope; and he might have added, 'the chief amusement of mankind is man;' for not only do the metaphysician, the moralist, and the politician examine man in various lights, as a matter of study or of business, but the idle while away their time, and the industrious relax themselves with human nature, under various forms, or placed in various circumstances. Novels and romances are treatises on human beings, for the amusement of human beings; and the drama is entirely and exclusively devoted to the same end, through the same means. Even little children must have their human plaything, sometimes in the shape of a doll or of Punch, sometimes of a fairy, a giant, a dwarf, or necromancer; for their infant powers, seeing only the exterior of man, and but part of that, seek exercise and excitement in the contemplation of beings with new forms and extended powers. The child is feeble in body, and he delights in contemplating corporeal strength; he is poor and weak, and likes to think of unbounded wealth and power; he is confined in space, and dreams of beings who rove whither they will; he is moral, and is amused with Punch's unbounded and ludicrous violations of morality. In short, he feels the shackles of childhood and humanity, and fondly imagines beings who are entirely free from the vulgar impediments to the will. But still his fancy hovers close to earth, and forms its brightest creations out of childish objects, pleasures, and emotions.

Little as we know what we are, and how this goodly partnership of body and mind became slowly concocted into its present condition, we know still less what we were when infants, what we then felt and thought, what we then knew and had to learn. Little can we now conceive the wilderness of colours, odours, tastes, smells, and bodily feelings, pleasures, and pains, into which our infant being was then thrown:—to have eyes, yet not to have learnt to see; ears, without comprehending one sound; hands, with no power to hold or touch, or knowledge of any thing to be touched or held; feet, of no use until the complicated art of walking has been attained, after many experiments and many failures.

So little do we remember or know of our infant selves, so fruitlessly do we interrogate others in that condition, that those who have devoted themselves to the study of the mind, and who have long sought to trace the origin of our knowledge, return, like travellers from a strange and unknown country, with wonderfully

* CASPAR HAUSER.—An Account of an Individual kept in a Dungeon, separated from all communication with the World, from early Childhood to about the Age of Seventeen. Drawn up from legal documents, by Anselm von Feuerbach. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1833.

discordant reports. All is instinct, says one, and the instincts increase in number and in power, according to our wants at different periods of our lives. No, says another, we are like white paper, and receive our impressions from external objects; our bodily and mental state are equally formed by circumstances. A third party steps in with another doctrine, new in language, if not in sense; then comes a fourth; and after talking, and writing, and disputing, and mutually proving, or rather asserting, each other to be in the wrong, some one, more adventurous than the throng, betakes himself to observation. He examines himself on various occasions, at different ages, and in different states of body and mind. He examines others, differing in age, sex, temperament, and condition, and compares them with himself. He then finds that he and others have learnt to see, but long before they were able to explain the process, and that now they have forgotten every thing about this process. He cannot interrogate infants; so he reasons upon the subject, makes up his theory, and avails himself of the rare occurrence of an adult, blind from birth, but successfully operated upon, and receiving sight, whom he may interrogate; for in respect to vision, this adult is as yet an infant. The deaf acquiring the sense of hearing, afford him new experiments on another sense. He then inquires into the condition of the blind generally, with and without that education which we are now able to give to them; also into the condition of the deaf and dumb, under both circumstances; and of those unfortunate beings, like James Mitchell, (so interestingly described by Dugald Stewart,) who being deaf, dumb, and blind, show no traces of mental imbecility that may not be accounted for by the absence of these senses. Savages, and human beings brought up alone, like Peter the wild boy, have also been examined, as exemplifications of man under extraordinary circumstances. But favourable specimens of human nature, under most of these circumstances, are so rare; and when they do occur, it is so seldom competent observers are at hand, that the most valuable opportunities are too frequently partially, if not wholly lost. Such a case is that of Caspar Hauser.

Let it not be supposed that these intricate studies are idle or worthless. Is it nothing to learn as much of human nature as our faculties and opportunities permit? Are stones, and plants, and animals to be studied, while man is neglected? Our senses and faculties, bodily and mental, may be greatly improved by education; we have yet very much to learn of this first of studies, almost every thing to learn; and our only chance of making progress, is to interrogate ourselves and others, in varied circumstances. The more striking and novel the circumstances of mind, or body, or situation, the more clearly is some portion of body or mind exhibited.

‘Caspar Hauser’ is the story of the condition and education

of a youth, who was kept almost wholly from intercourse with nature or mankind, until the age of seventeen. The tale, if true, is valuable, because it affords evidence or illustration of many points in metaphysics; if fictitious, it is still valuable, as a treatise of metaphysics on a novel plan, calculated to amuse and instruct many who will not look into an abstract work on human nature.

We confess that we expected to find 'Caspar Hauser' a German romance, filled with horrors and extravagancies,—possibly a German *Frankenstein*; but with the exception of the inexplicable fact of the youth's being kept in a state of captivity till the age of seventeen, and debarred from intercourse with mankind and external nature; and of a subsequent attempt upon his life; the work is an unusually simple and unpretending narrative of a human being in an almost inconceivable state of helplessness and ignorance, and of his progress in improvement. It has no appearance of being written for effect; a professed writer of fiction could hardly have maintained so subdued a tone. If it be a fiction, it must be the work of a more profound and acute metaphysician and novelist than we could readily point out. But the existence of the youth is a well-known fact; he has been seen by thousands; and the book appears under the name of Von Feuerbach, the celebrated jurist, who was officially concerned in the legal investigations which took place, and who has been interested in the youth ever since. And it appears that Earl Stanhope has taken a great interest in him, and at present provides for his education and support.

We shall now give a sketch of the condition and progress of Caspar Hauser, trusting that our readers may be thereby induced to peruse the work itself, which of course presents the subject in a more agreeable point of view, than is possible in a brief abridgement.

On the 28th of May, 1828, a youth was found in the streets of Nuremberg. His appearance of brutish dulness, his inattention to external objects, and his invariable reply of the same incoherent words to all questions, led to the suspicion that he must be either an idiot, a madman, or an impostor. A letter which was in his hand when he was found, stated little more than that he was left in 1812 in charge of the anonymous writer, who represented himself as a labourer. Being conveyed to the police, he there attracted much attention. He used his hands and fingers in the most awkward manner conceivable. His feet, which, like his hands, were small, and beautifully formed, bore no marks of a shoe, and were as soft on the sole as the palms of his hands. His walk was a waddling, tottering, groping motion, and he stumbled slowly and heavily forward, with outstretched arms, which he seemed to use as balance poles, and the slightest

impediment caused him to fall. The formation of the bone and muscles of his leg was very peculiar, and could only be accounted for on the supposition that he had been constantly kept sitting on the floor, with his legs stretched straight out.

It was ascertained, partly from the youth himself, after he had learned to speak, and partly from circumstantial evidence, that he had been confined from early childhood in a small, dark chamber, where he had always remained in the same position, and where he had never seen a human creature. Every morning he found a supply of bread and water by his side; and some opiate appears to have been occasionally put into the water, after waking from the effects of which, he found that his clothes had been changed, and his nails cut. His sole occupation was playing with two wooden horses and some bits of ribbon. Here he was not unhappy, for he knew no other state. The man with whom he had always been, but whose face he never saw, taught him, shortly before his appearance in Nuremberg, to pronounce a few words; and having set him upon his feet, endeavoured to teach him to stand and walk. How he got to Nuremberg, he knows not; but coarse clothes and boots were put upon him, (for in his confinement he had only trowsers and a shirt,) and he was left, as described, in the street. Who he is, or what he is, he knows not, nor how long or where he was kept in confinement. The only proof of this strange story is the assertion of the youth himself, and the much stronger testimony of his bodily and mental condition. He was like a new born child in all which must be acquired by experience: he was destitute of words, ignorant of common objects, and of the daily occurrences of nature, and he abhorred the usual customs, conveniences, and necessities of life. Bread and water were the only sustenance he would take; other things make him shudder even at the smell; and wine or coffee, mixed with his water, gave him sweats, vomiting, and violent headaches.

During his abode with the police, he exhibited an almost complete indifference and insensibility to external objects, until a policeman gave him a little toy horse, with which he was much delighted, and he amused himself entirely with playing with it, seated in his usual awkward position, and insensible to every thing going on around. Very near objects he would sometimes gaze at, with a stupid look, occasionally expressive of curiosity and astonishment, but passing and distant objects remained unnoticed. He was delighted at the sight of a lighted candle, and forthwith put his fingers into the flame. Of distance he had no notion, but tried, like an infant, to catch at bright objects. Feigned cuts and thrusts were made at him, with a naked sabre, without exciting his apprehension, or even causing him to wink. The sound of the neighbouring clock and bells was at first dis-

regarded, but soon attracted his notice : he was much struck by some passing music ; but was thrown into convulsions by being injudiciously placed near the drum at the parade.

After remaining a short time with the police, Caspar Hauser was placed in charge of the keeper of a prison for vagabonds and beggars, who, suspecting that he might be an impostor, watched him narrowly, but found his whole conduct perfectly consistent with that of a little child. The jailor and his family (like the policemen) soon formed that attachment to the stranger, which is formed towards an innocent and helpless child ; the jailor's little children played with him, and taught him to speak ; and the man himself admitted him to his table, where he learned to sit on a chair, to use his hands, and to imitate the customs of civilized life.

The story now spread abroad, and multitudes flocked to see the captive. They gave him toys, talked to him, and often teased him with their importunities and ill-timed experiments. It is to be regretted that scientific men did not see him sooner. Von Feuerbach visited him after he had been considerably more than a month at Nuremberg, and reports that he found the walls of the room covered with prints and pictures, which had been given to Caspar, and which he had fixed with his saliva, which was as sticky as gum. Numerous playthings, clothes, money, &c. which had been given to him, were lying about in regular order ; for Caspar packed them all up in the evening, and unpacked and arranged them every morning. His eyes, at this time, were inflamed, and avoided the light, and they long continued very weak. Von Feuerbach noticed no shyness or timidity in the youth, who was now pleased with the visitors, especially with those who were finely dressed : after looking earnestly at them, and repeating their names, he never forgot them. A frequent spasmodic affection was noticed on one side of his body, succeeded by a nervous rigidity.

When first found, Caspar appears to have known only five or six words. He pronounced plainly those he knew, but his language was as indigent as his ideas. It was difficult to become intelligible to him, and his jargon was equally unintelligible to others. Conjunctions, participles, and adverbs were, for a long time, entirely wanting in his speech ; his syntax was miserable ; he rarely used pronouns, and spoke of himself and others in the third person, like a little child, and of course made many ludicrous mistakes.

Like a savage, or a little child, he was remarkably fond of bright colours, and preferred glaring red to every other colour. Green and black he disliked very much ; he preferred brick houses, when red, to trees and plants, and he even wished that his favourite animal, the horse, had been of a scarlet colour.

His curiosity, his thirst for knowledge, and the inflexible perseverance with which he fixed his attention on what he determined to learn or comprehend, became, in a while, remark-

able. He even left his playthings and his favourite horses, for writing and drawing, and complained of being bothered by the multitude of his visitors, who did not leave him time to learn. He also frequently expressed a desire to go back to his hole, as he had not there suffered from headaches, nor had been teased as he was in the world. Indeed, he was subject to many painful sensations from his new impressions, especially from the sense of smell, and he was troubled by the incessant questions and by the inconsiderate and not very humane experiments of the visitors.

His remembrance of the names and titles of visitors, of flowers, &c. was very remarkable, but this power decreased, or appeared to decrease, as the powers of his understanding increased.

The excitement which he received from the numerous visitors in the prison, his extraordinary efforts to acquire knowledge, the unusual quantity of light and free air, and the many strange and often painful excitements of his senses, at length were more than his feeble frame could withstand. He became ill; and his unconquerable aversion to every thing but bread and water, prevented medicines from being administered to him.

On the 18th of July, (nearly two months after he was first discovered in Nuremberg,) he was released from the tower, and committed to the care of Professor Daumer; and so great was the curiosity he excited, that the magistrates were obliged to issue an order to prevent the admission of future visitors. He now for the first time, slept in a bed, and had dreams; he related his dreams as actual occurrences; and it was some time before he learnt to perceive the difference between waking and dreaming. It was the work of much time and difficulty to accustom him to ordinary food; and after this was accomplished, he grew considerably in a short space of time; but a constant head-ache and inflammation of the eyes prevented him, long after his recovery, from reading, writing, or drawing.

With regard to vision, he appears to have been in a state nearly resembling that of the blind boy couched by Cheselden; for instance, he could not distinguish between a round or triangular object and a mere painting of such objects; or between a painting and a carving of a man and horse; but by packing and unpacking his playthings, he gradually learnt the difference. Being shown a beautiful prospect from a window, he drew back with horror; and being asked some time afterwards, when he had learned to speak, why he did so, he said it appeared as if a wooden shutter had been placed close before his eyes spattered with different colours. Indeed, it was some time before he could distinguish distant objects, for when he did go out, it was but a short distance, and his weak eyes and constant danger of falling, prevented him from looking round. He could see with unusually little light, and though his eyes were weak, his sight, both of near and distant objects, was remarkably acute.

His hearing was at first very acute, but it became less delicate

in time. His sense of smell was painfully acute, and caused him more misery than all his other senses. All odours were more or less disagreeable to him, and powerful odours caused violent headaches, sweats, and even attacks of fever. The smell of meat, cheese, vinegar, wine, &c., was very painful to him, and even the ink, paints, and pencils, he used, gave him annoyance.

His obedience was unconditional and boundless to those who had acquired authority over him; but this had no connexion with his knowing, believing, and judging. He must be convinced by his senses or understanding, before he would acknowledge any thing to be true; otherwise he would leave the matter undecided. When told that in winter all things would be covered with a cold white substance, he plainly evinced that he would believe this when he saw it, not before. When the snow did come, he took some up with great glee, but immediately dropped it, crying out that the white paint had bitten his hand.

It required no little pains and patience on the part of Professor Daumer to teach him the difference between organized and unorganized bodies, between animate and inanimate things, and between voluntary motion and motion that is communicated from without. Men or animals cut in stone, carved in wood, or painted, he conceived to be animated; it appeared strange to him that horses, unicorns, &c., hewn or painted on the walls, did not run away. He expressed his indignation against a statue in the garden, because it did not wash itself; and was struck with horror at the sight of a great crucifix. If a sheet of paper was blown down by the wind, he thought that it had run away from the table; he supposed that a tree manifested its life, by moving its branches; and its voice, by the rustling of its leaves; and was angry with a boy for striking it with a stick. He also thought that the balls of nine-pins ran voluntarily along, and stopped when they were tired.

To animals he long ascribed the properties of men. He was angry with the cat for taking her food with her mouth; and wished to teach her to use her paws and sit upright; and he expressed great indignation at her unwillingness to attend to what he said. He wondered why some oxen, who were lying on the pavement, did not go home and lie down there. He spoke of trees as if they had been stuck in the ground; and of leaves and flowers, as if they were the work of human hands; nor did natural objects interest him otherwise than by causing him to ask who made them. The first external object that produced any great effect upon him, was the sight of the starry heavens: it was then for the first time that he was heard to complain against the author of his captivity, who had prevented him from beholding such a glorious sight.

Though too weak and awkward to take much exercise without great fatigue, he exhibited an extraordinary fondness for horses, and being sent to a riding-school, soon excelled in riding to a degree that astonished every one.

The contact of Caspar Hauser's hand or body with a magnet or with metals, and even the presence of metals, produced a singular and unpleasant sensation in him, as did shaking hands with any one, or the touch of an animal, as a horse or cat. Many instances of this singular sensation are related. Towards the end of 1828, when the morbid excitability of his nerves had been almost removed, this sensation began gradually to disappear, and was at length totally lost.

Though full of childish gentleness and kindness, he had no presentiment of the existence of a God, or of a more elevated state of existence. Nothing appeared to him to have any reality that was beyond the reach of his senses.

‘All attempts made in the common way to awaken religious ideas in his mind, were for a long time entirely fruitless. With great *naïveté* he complained to Professor Daumer, that he did not know what the clergymen meant by all the things that they told him; of which he could comprehend nothing!.... There were two orders of men, to whom Caspar had, for a considerable time, an unconquerable aversion—physicians and clergymen; to the first, “on account of the abominable medicines which they prescribed, and with which they made people sick;” and to the latter, because, as he expressed himself, they made people afraid, and confused them with incomprehensible stuff. When he saw a minister, he was seized with horror and dismay. If he was asked the cause of this, he would reply—Because these people have already tormented me very much. Once, when I was at the tower, four of them came to me all at once, and told me things which at that time I could not at all comprehend; for instance, that God had created all things out of nothing. When I asked them for an explanation, they all began to cry out at the same time, and every one said something different. When I told them, All these things I do not yet understand; I must first learn to read and write; they replied, These things must be learned first. Nor did they go away, until I signified to them my desire, that they would at length leave me at rest. In churches, therefore, Caspar felt by no means lappy. The crucifixes which he saw there excited a horrible shuddering in him; because for a long time he involuntarily ascribed life to images. The singing of the congregation seemed to him as a repulsive bawling. First, said he, after returning from attending a church, the people bawl; and when they have done, the parson begins to bawl.’

By the summer of 1829, Caspar Hauser had made great progress in his education. He then collected his recollections of his life in a written memoir, which, though miserably executed, was much talked of and shown about. It is conjectured that his incarcerators became alarmed on learning this, for, on the 17th of the ensuing October, an attempt was made to assassinate him, by a man in disguise, who inflicted a wound on his head. The wound itself, and the alarm attending it, brought on a state of delirium and frenzy, from which the unfortunate youth was long in

recovering. A judicial inquiry took place on this occasion, but it was not attended with any satisfactory results.

The latest accounts describe Caspar Hauser as a singular compound of child, youth, and man; remarkably industrious, but without genius or talent; and utterly destitute of fancy, pleasantry, or figurative expression; but judging accurately of all that comes within his narrow knowledge and experience. He is mild and gentle, has no vicious inclinations, passions, or strong emotions, and though timid, he modestly but firmly insists on his rights. His expertness in observing men is stated to be considerable. He is also described as strongly feeling his condition; and, latterly, to have become pious; though he laughs at the belief in spectres, as the most inconceivable of human absurdities.

His present mode of life is that of ordinary men. He is now able to eat most of the common kinds of food; the extraordinary elevation of his senses has sunk almost to the common level, and 'Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains any thing that is extraordinary, but his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition.'

It is stated by Von Feuerbach, that for some time past, Caspar Hauser has been provided for by Earl Stanhope, who intends to bring him over to England.

We must now conclude our notice of this very interesting little volume, which is destined, we think, to reach a very extensive circulation.

ON TITHES.

THE writer of the following remarks is one who, up to a very recent period, entertained so much confidence in the intentions of the present Whig Administration, as to believe it would never again be necessary to address the public upon this most impolitic and obnoxious impost. I allude not to the subject of Irish Tithes, upon which enough has been said, but to tithes in England, a burden which has hitherto been borne with less of visible impatience than in the sister country, but with heart-burnings, and a bitterness of spirit, of which those who are not intimately acquainted with the state of our rural districts can form but a very inadequate conception. A bill for the commutation of tithes was promised; this, as far as it went, was a boon; but the only important part, the compulsory clauses, the part which would have compelled a grasping churchman to compound with his parishioners, is withdrawn, and nothing retained but clauses permitting the parties to fix a permanent commutation, if they can agree among themselves, and provided further they can obtain the

consent of the bishop of the diocese. Of what avail is the permission so kindly given? Is there a parish in the country, taking those first in which a composition is paid for tithes, where the clergyman, on the one hand, does not consider himself fully entitled to a greater sum, and where the parishioners, on the other hand, do not pay that sum with reluctance, and are not constantly seeking to reduce the amount? But how will the bill avail, and what a cruel mockery will it seem, in those instances where the clergyman is at open war with his parishioners, taking his tithes in kind, and exacting to the uttermost farthing? Where then are the elements of agreement? Is it reasonable to expect the strife to be amicably terminated with no umpire appointed to decide between the conflicting claims? There may be cases, but undoubtedly they are rare ones, where tithe-payers and tithe-receivers live together upon a friendly footing, with no jealousies or feelings of ill will on either side; but in these instances, if such there be, the want of a commutation bill would be scarcely felt: and it will be looked upon as nearly valueless.

The first great error in Lord Althorp's plan regarded the appointment of valuers, the selection of whom would have been made to rest almost exclusively with the clergy; thus rendering the tithe-receiver the judge in his own cause. This part of the bill there was reason to anticipate would have been altered in Committee. But the most objectionable feature was the clause which provided that the commutation should be governed, in the case of every farm, by an average of the amount of tithes paid during the last seven years. Against this clause, as might have been expected, numerous petitions have been poured in, and the Noble Lord has met these petitions by rendering the bill wholly nugatory for any good purpose, and depriving the agricultural interest of all prospect of relief, at least during the present session.

The injustice of the proposition to fix the burden of tithes at an average of the amount paid during the last seven years may be seen at a glance. It would have given a high premium to those whose lands have been underworked or suffered to lie waste, while those who by skilful management, or by the application of capital have brought their lands into the highest possible state of cultivation would have been punished by a heavy fine, made perpetual, and which, under circumstances which might render the same degree of cultivation unprofitable, would become absolutely ruinous. The proper way would have been to have regulated the tithe, not by the accidental circumstance of the good or bad cultivation of the land during any number of years, but by the value of the land itself, and the amount of rental; this would have simplified the whole measure, and, as may be seen by the petitions, would have given general satisfaction.

Here I may take occasion to show how mistaken is the notion, that the burden of tithes falls exclusively upon landlords, and is

not therefore a tax in which the public at large is interested. The produce to be obtained from the soil depends quite as much upon the manner in which it shall be worked, or the amount of capital applied to it in labour and manure, as upon its own native capabilities. Take two farms of equal extent and fertility; suppose them both let at the same rent to different individuals, one having at his command a large capital, the other little or none, it is obvious that the produce of the one farm will often double that of the other. It was but the other day I crossed a field which a few years back produced four quarters of wheat to the acre, but which in the hands of the present occupier produces nothing but thistles and a coarse pasture. The same process, however, which would double the amount of produce would double the amount of tithes, and hence it will be seen that the tithe system is a tax upon capital employed on land, a tax upon industry by rendering it unprofitable to employ more than a minimum of labourers, and a tax upon bread by limiting the quantity of corn grown.

If then it be asked, why, when capital is so abundant that the rate of interest is but two-and-a-half per cent. on good bills, more capital is not applied to land? The answer is, that the capital so applied could not be expected to yield more than a profit of ten per cent., and that ten per cent. would be claimed by the clergyman for tithes.

It is high time that the abomination of the present system should cease. In the neighbourhood in which I am at present resident, the rector has for many years taken his tithes in kind, and being a wealthy landowner, farming several hundred acres on his own account, it is to him attended with no inconvenience. This at least is a case in which we see none of that liberality which as we sometimes read, in Tory prints, is evinced by tithe-receivers. I have known our worthy rector send for two shillings from a pauper of the parish, as the tithe of a solitary apple tree growing in his cottage garden, the produce of which was sold in the market for one pound. In taking the tithe of lambs, should there be, for example, but twenty-five instead of the more titheable number of thirty, the farmers here are compelled to kill one of the lambs, and to give the half to the rector, that he may not lose even a fraction of the exact proportion to which he is by law entitled. In my walks I am constantly meeting a boy with donkey and panniers, whose office it is to collect the tithe of milk from every farm-house. This is done every tenth day; a day of fasting and moaning to the calves whose unhappy lot it is to be born in this part of the country: and yet the greater part of the milk thus obtained only serves to make a wash for the pigs kept by our worthy rector, to which purpose it is literally applied. I mention these facts not to raise your indignation against an individual, whose name I therefore forbear to mention, but that you may judge

what must be the '*morale*' of a community in which, through the apathy of our legislature, these things are yet endured.

And now allow me to say a few words on what has been profanely termed 'the divine institution of tithes.' It would be mere trifling to argue that there is no divine authority for supporting our existing establishment by tithes; but I allude to the assertion a thousand times repeated, and never, that I have seen, contradicted, that the tithe system is copied from the institutions of Moses. I must take leave to deny the fact, and I cannot at the same time but express my astonishment that among the multitude of bible readers that everywhere abound, no one has yet come forward to do justice to the Jewish lawgiver.

Do I deny that tithes are plainly recognised in the Old Testament? by no means. But observe the important distinction;—tithes among the Jews were collected once only in three years,—the tithe of the third year's crop, and of that year alone, was allotted for the support of the Levites and of the poor; the Levites being provided for in this manner, because to them no inheritance in the land was assigned. See Num. xviii. 20. The Jewish tithes, therefore, embraced but the thirtieth part of the gross amount of the produce of the land, and very willing would our farmers be to adhere to the literal text of the bible, if our divines would abandon legal for scriptural authority.

As, however, the position I assume may be new to many of your readers, I will briefly refer to the evidence of the fact.

Deut. xiv. 28.—'At the end of three years, thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase, the same year, and shalt lay it up within thy gates.

29.—'And the Levite, because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates shall come and eat and be satisfied, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest.'

Again. Deut. xxvi. 12.—'When thou hast made an end of tithing all the tithes of thine increase, the third year, which is the year of tithing, and hast given it unto the Levite, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, that they may eat within thy gates and be filled.'

We may further remark that tithes among the Jews appear to have been a voluntary tax. We may look in vain in the books of Moses for any power given to the Levites to distrain and sell the goods of those who might be unable or unwilling to pay. When the Pharisee said, 'I pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and of all I possess,' it is plain he would not have adduced this as any proof of merit if any power existed to enforce the payment. The distinction between a voluntary and a compulsory tax is of no small moment. Were tithes placed upon the Jewish footing in

this country, no tithes would be paid in those cases where the Levites of our establishment performed no adequate service in return. Nor would tithes be paid where poor rates are collected, it being clearly enacted by Moses that half of the tithes should be set apart for the poor, or in other words, that the poor rates should be paid out of the tithes.

Further, under the Jewish law the tithe only of the increase could be taken. It was clearly the spirit and intention of that law that tithes should not be claimed where the value of the produce does not equal the cost of cultivation. Here, however, in England, if a man sell three bushels of wheat, and have such bad success as to reap only the same quantity, the tithe of his three bushels is taken by the church.

It would be well, however, if instead of a thirtieth, the clergy of this country would be content with a tenth, for in many cases under the present system they receive a fifth. My neighbour paid last autumn a tithe of his potatoes, and upon the nine-tenths which were left fed his pigs during the winter; this spring he has paid tithes upon his pigs, and thus the same crop of potatoes was twice tithed. The same individual will twice pay tithe of hay, for the hay which has been already tithed, will be given to his cows, and will a second time be tithed when converted into milk.

It is unnecessary to compare the two systems further to show how essentially different was the tithe system instituted by Moses to the noxious impost which prevails in this country.

THETA.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER IV.

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| <i>Grapnel.</i> | And he is fairly gone ? |
| <i>Schoolmaster.</i> | Fairly or foully,
Gone he is, Sir. |
| <i>Grapnel.</i> | Then he will ne'er return. |
| <i>Schoolmaster.</i> | Why think you so ?
You speak as 'twere your wish. |
| <i>Grapnel.</i> | I care not how—
The sea will swallow him, or he will hang—
But not return— |
| <i>Schoolmaster.</i> | I do not wish your prophecy may prove
Your gift. |

OLD PLAY.

I HAD plotted with a boy; almost my only companion, that we should abscond together. The precise hour was to depend on his convenience: in the interim, I carefully noted down, from Patterson's book of roads, every turn we should take on our route to Liverpool. I had marked the distances and gentlemen's seats, and all other distinguishing points of the journey—so that I was prepared with my maps effectually to preclude the necessity of inquiring a foot of the road, though I had never been three

miles on it previously ; and the whole was one hundred and four miles. So firmly had I resolved on the enterprise, that my impatience increased with every minute of his delay : when a circumstance occurred which transferred the arbitration of the affair to my hands. My uncle took a journey to Ireland ; and being not altogether compunctionless, I shrunk from the idea of taking advantage of his absence ; for, insignificant as I was, there were matters of trust confided to me : it was sufficiently criminal to break the bonds at all ; we agreed, therefore, to await his return. Meantime, another accident induced me to abandon the scheme entirely. My father showed me a letter which he had received from my uncle, containing the following words :—‘ Give my love to my nephew, and tell him, it will yield *me* pleasure, and *him* profit, to find all right in his department, on my return.’ I have that letter, a demy sheet, all filled with close writing on three sides, the fourth written on the doubles, and that blessed paragraph before my eyes now, as clearly, and as freshly as in the moment my father put it into my hands. I see every creased fold of the paper, and the beautiful running text, as distinctly as I did twenty-six years ago ; and I remember too the laying my open palms on my face and eyes in the delicious emotion which the paragraph occasioned ; and I feel again the gentle tap of my father’s finger on my hands, while so engaged ; and I hear his voice again, as he says, ‘ Come, come, that’s right, but you should’nt——’ and he said no more. What a world of joy and bliss burst upon me in that instant. As the letter contained matter of business, I was despatched to the country-seat of my uncle’s partner, who, on reading it, relaxed his magisterial brows, (he was a justice of the peace,) pointed to the word ‘ *profit*,’ and gave me the letter, that I might read the passage again. That ‘ *profit*’ was the least of the letter’s beauty : I say so without affectation, I felt so then, and I have ever felt so. The squire, who, notwithstanding, was a truly benevolent man, thought profit the binding word, the lever to move me. I looked, as I felt, the happiest of mortals, and he did me the honour to suppose I had been ‘ drinking something.’ Pish ! *he* could not understand me. My uncle had never talked of love before to me. From the hall I made all speed to my friend George, to tell him I could not go with him ; he was astonished ! ‘ No, I could not leave my uncle.’ And how long was this feeling to remain with me ? *Nous verrons*,—however, the effect was instantly powerful. I was up early and blithely in the morning : continued a steady industry and attention through the day, had no dreams as I sat at the desk : I examined closely into every trifle connected with my duties, or which was committed to my charge ; performed many of my points twice or thrice over, for the purpose of improving on them ; arranged and rearranged the divisions of packages ; felt nothing that seemed like weariness or lassitude ; and anticipated my uncle’s return with joy. He came, met his

wife, children, and others, with warmth of affection, deferring every mark of kindness to me, except the ‘How d’ye do, Pel?’ Well, I comforted myself with the surprise he would receive when business hours arrived to give him opportunity for exercising his glance of examination. I suppose he did find all right, because he gave me a *cold guinea*; for he said nothing to me in giving it. To me a guinea was an immense sum; but it was words that I wanted with it; from him five kind words only would more have delighted me, would have been of more service to me, than fifty such guineas. He said nothing; and the bright and beautiful glow of new delight in existence, was at once extinguished. I was left to cranch the harsh, salt, and corroding ashes in a deeper, tongueless, soundless, hushed up misery. I could not endure it, indeed I could not. If I had reasoned on the point,—but I could not reason on such points, I could not reason after the world’s fashion: if I had, or could so have reasoned, what better proof of my uncle’s kindness and satisfaction was necessary? He gave me a guinea silently, I was to draw my inferences from it. Perhaps I might have drawn a different inference if I had not frequently, nay, I think always, seen him accompany his gifts and presents to other young people with some playful jest, or more endearing token of affection. Reader, you will perhaps say, did not that guinea convey a volume of good-will and praise, considering your condition? Not to me: I tell you I was deficient in common-sense; and I did not see how the mere act of giving money was a proof of affection. I never could see it in that light. To me the affection was ever, ever will be, in the manner; and, believe me, I am skilled enough to understand the manner. I know whether it is true or treacherous, whether it is a jewel drawn up from the rich and inexhaustible stores of the heart, or the paltry paste which form and fashion make current; and I ever did, and ever shall, prefer a reward of looks and words from a warm, abundant, and freely giving nature, to any money which may come coldly. This is nonsense, I know; to be sure it is: call me whimsical, eccentric, or worse, if you please. I tell you again, I love the caress of a child, or the gambols with which a dog expresses his joy at seeing me, better than a thousand ‘how d’ye do’s,’ or ‘we are most happy to see you’s,’ with very few exceptions. My relative estimate of each becomes daily more firmly rooted; and were it not for occasional renovating flashes which I feel in sincere sympathy, from most rare hearted and morally constituted creatures, I should think of the ‘how d’ye do’s,’ and treat them, as lifeless things. Call me eccentric again, you do not know all, I shall come to the end of my story, perhaps; and you *will not know all*.

Well: this was the *coup de grâce* to my hesitation: it struck down every counselling cling; brushed away every shadowy warning; and that hour I reeled along to my friend George. ‘I’ll

go directly—directly—now!’ said I to begin with. ‘What has happened?’ he inquired, in astonishment. ‘Nothing; that is, every thing: come, are you ready?’ After a few more words in debate, we agreed to start in the morning at three o’clock; and join each other on a bridge two miles from the town. I returned home, packed up a few articles from my scanty wardrobe, with a book or two, in a bundle, then lay down, to wait through the long interval till three o’clock. Now reflection came upon me, and for a time it was bitter; yet, I will frankly own, that bitter was not drawn from remorse of conscience in the dishonest act of deserting my duty, or betraying a trust. I declare to you, reader, I really believed my uncle would be glad to get rid of me; I had no other thought in reference to him, than that my absconding would be a pleasure to him, for it would release him from all further trouble on my account. Angry he, perhaps, would be that I had deceived him; but for the anger I had no compunctious visitings. I thought also, that every individual in his own family would be rejoiced when they were told in the morning, that ‘Pel had run away.’ One or two of them, at least, I am now sure I wronged by such opinions of them; I did not know, I could not think so, at that time. But I suffered acutely in reflecting how severe an affliction this course of conduct would bring to my father: how utterly his hopes would be crushed: but, on the other hand, I knew he was not a man of such wisdom as to mew a boy up in prison and show him freedom, and expanse, and verdure, and hills and waters, through the grated window, in order to extinguish his love for them; he knew that a log and chain to a colt’s heels, though they may check his ability to frisk awhile, are little likely to subdue his inclination for a caper when the log is taken off: he knew me better than they did; and I thought he thought I should never do any good there, and he was right. Oh! the wisdom and prudential caution of grey beards, (or wigs,) which smother up the fire of youth, while they constantly pour oil upon it, and think they are quenching it. Will not a recollection of their own youth teach them? Have they not seen, daily, that the dammed up waters overrun their bounds and run to waste of themselves and destruction to others? Do they not, each day of their guidance, see the collected and accumulated desires outbursting from the barriers and chains in which they have foolishly compressed them, breaking out because the victims were chained, and felt the galling? But the old channel is fairly digged and deeply, the way well beaten; it is the road on which our fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers have travelled before us. It is of venerable age, a sacred institution of our ancestors. And so many able books of direction have been written by so many able men! should we presume to question their worth, their inestimable value, should we dare to innovate, to deviate, to change? What arrogance! Do these arguers forget, yes they do, that able men may have had no

other aim than beating that particular road into smoothness? Wedded to prejudice, they were selfish guides oftentimes; bigoted in a creed, they were interested finger-posts. As you see in going into a town, 'the shortest way by the Stag,' that is the landlord of the Stag's creed. 'The nearest way to the Strand through the Lowther Arcade.' How kind, how considerate is that notice, the good-natured pedestrian thinks! so I thought one day when I was very much fatigued. Pooh! pooh! the shopkeepers in the Arcade put up that board. The highest endeavour of these intellectual guide-posts has been directed to prevent your looking for any other, or to show you *theirs* was the best, safest, and most beautiful. And you never dreamed of making an experimental survey yourself, or you might have been convinced out of your credulity. Is not this true? Is there one in a thousand who breaks out into the infidelity of thinking that what he was taught is not all truth? Dare one in a thousand become sceptical on those matters which he believed in his childhood and boyhood? No, no, he dreads the obloquy of such heresy, as he fears it on more sacred matters. That dread, and that dread only, binds him in both: and what a concentration of influences, what masses of established power combine against every effort to induce people to think out of the covenanted track! And daring indeed is that man, who, bursting the shackles of convention, effects his freedom at the expense of his reputation for sanity. The question considered by the mass, *i. e.* every body, except such darers, never is, 'What is right?' but 'What is the custom?' decides the 'order of the course.'

With few exceptions, and these are yet rarer among the great ones, the *principle taught*, the motive to action, and the stimulant to exertion through life, which are most carefully implanted in our seminaries of education, are in direct contravention to the most valuable injunction in the Christian doctrine; which though told to the pupil over and over again leaves no mark except an almost invisible scratch that suggests an occasional joke. Oh, but the *teaching* is very impressive. This teaching is everlasting *contention for superiority*. Here is the foundation stone, here are the steps and pinnacle-top of their system. Selfishness in germ, fruit, and essence. Acquisition of knowledge, or, more closely to speak, learning, (for learning, however its possessors may be self-elevated in supremacy, is not always knowledge,) is made, not for the love of knowledge, not as a source of happiness to ourselves, nor as a treasure-house from which we can dispense happiness to others, (papa and mamma's gratified vanity excepted,) but for the *superiority* it yields—the word superiority having altogether a genuine Tory sense, *viz.* rule, authority, domination, power over those who chance to be less endowed.*

* They have neither the courage to proclaim it, nor the honesty to whisper it in their confessions, but this is the secret source of the objection of the privileged wealthy, the 'higher orders,' to the education of the 'lower classes. They feel that 'know-

Such is the system's object, never confessed, embellished by occasional triumphs, a feather in the cap, a paltry fanfaronnade. The *principle* is fed most plenteously: all its efforts, its plans, attractions, displays, are for the constant nutriment of that evil to which they say man is naturally prone, originally and inescapably born. At all events if they do not find it there, they take wondrous pains to place it and plant it, so that there shall be no danger of its not growing up. Yes, their doctrine inculcates the theory and practice of selfishness, and during the whole course of instruction, every day they drawl out some verbiage about 'loving your neighbour as yourself.' 'If thy brother offend thee seventy times seven, forgive him,' &c., the inevitable consequence of which must be, (for I can conceive no other result—true, I do not look through their spectacles,) a laugh at these precepts of love and forgiveness. No, no, the pupils never laugh, unless it be in their sleeve; they quote the passages, and retalk them over again, to show that they are not infidels, and continue in their practice of selfishness, of loving themselves most devotedly too, wallowing in their own pool from which all their business and folly overbubbles, till it accumulates a stream on which they sail with undeviating steadiness. Perhaps the teachers adopt their process, this o'erlaying of white with thick and substantial brick colour, in order to prove their doctrine of innate vice, fearing that nature and a different system might exhibit their doctrine's fallacy. Oh, the blessed system of education! War with man is the business of instruction, and I will engage to buy up all the boasted friendship which grows out of school companionship, at two-pence per head. Note ye, on condition that it passes the examination of a keen-eyed inspector. It is but a suspension of hostilities, a mutual consent to be civil.

What vagrancy of thought is this, reader! Let me return to my sleepless lying down, to wait till the clock struck three. I then rose, crept softly down stairs; as people not wishing to be heard going down stairs usually do, I suppose. I never heard the stairs creak so much before, and the carpet-wires rattled louder than was their wont. I knew the spot on which the box of keys was deposited, picked out the great one from the jingling many, passed through the rooms and doors out into the air, opened the large portal, and was in the street. Here I encountered the watchman of the premises, Dick Harris, who, night-capped and hatted, and unsuspecting, looking at me, said, 'You are up this morning very early, Pel.' 'Yes, Richard, I am going to take a long walk,' I replied, with that perfect coolness to which I am an entire stranger when not in extreme peril: at such times I am steady nerved

ledge is power,' and fear the domination will slip through their fingers if information be extended. Their vituperation of the instruction, which is rapidly advancing among all ranks, is dictated by a dread that the barriers of exclusiveness will be broken down.

enough to walk across the mouth of a coal-pit on a bridge of razor edges. Even the sight of my bundle, which I did not attempt to conceal, caused no inquiry. I shook him by the hand with a 'good bye, Richard.' He turned off: I drew the key from the lock within, and relocked the door on the outside: the court through which I had passed was flag-paved, and a channel or gutter cut therein run under the door-sill: up the orifice I threw the key; it fell *clank, clank*, upon the stones, and startled me! That *clank, clank*, fell upon my heart, and for years and years afterwards that sound continued to recur in moments of great excitement, not always of danger, and shook me out of my thoughts. Who will account for this? I think I can in some measure, not wholly; but as I might perplex instead of enlighten you, readers, and perhaps entangle myself in a web which I could not unravel without a lengthened process, I will avoid the accountability, and leave the statement of this spectral clank visitation to be laughed at, as a morbid fancy, a disease, a nervous superstition. Still I state it as a fact. That sound has struck upon me in the din of battle. I have heard that *clank, clank*, singly, and distinctly, above the roar of the cannon; the sound struck twice and no more on such occasions. In the midst of festivity it has pierced through the music of the dance; in the uproariousness of lamp-gilded mirth, that sound has suddenly haunted me. What is now become of the spectre? I never hear it. On the three last instances of its visitation, I was in extraordinary circumstances: first of the three in Dalmatia, near, indeed among the ruins of an ancient city on the coast, between Spalatro and Trau. I cannot find the place in any book, nor is it noted in any map within my knowledge, unless it be marked Trau Vecchio; if so, the map is in error by some two or three leagues. On the spot, and in the adjacent islands, it is called Arcangelo. I looked into the 'Osservazioni,' but was not satisfied. Of this adventure I may speak hereafter. The next was—where think you, reader?—under the tremendous down-pouring mountain of waters, in that horribly sublime cavern behind it, at the foot of Niagara, as I stepped among the eels that wriggled and writhed on the crushed fragments of rock, with which its surface is strewn: and lastly, (this was in June, 1825,) at Les Escaliers Naturelles, where the river Montmorenci thunders alone in intense solitude over beds and ridges of rocks, three miles backward from the precipice over the ledge of which he dashes himself in glistening and foamy grandeur into St. Lawrence's bosom. I will take you to this place by and by, reader, for I believe you have never yet seen it, unless your own feet have carried you there. You shall have a winter view of it as well, such as I had; and you will not easily forget it. Gugsy!—I wonder if he hears me across the Atlantic—do you remember how we wobbled and shook over the Cahots in your Cariole, while your tandem steeds jingled their bells, and

snorted impatiently at this interruption of their would-be spirited pace?—how the balized way smoothed as we approached Beauport?—how you put on your spectacles as we neared a certain large domicile; the home, then, of one whose home is nearer to you now? but there is no one at the windows, though, at your request, I look with two earnest eyes. And ‘my nerves are steady’ as we plough through the spotless, crisp-coated snow on that declivity, in order to reach the river and skim along the ice. They are steady, although your leader Alexander, a noble horse is he, exhibits symptoms of distaste for the jaunt, as he is every moment striking tangents and pivoting on his heels, with his haunches buried in the snow, and rearing laterally from the course. Not very steady, as I stand again in the freezing mist, with that magnificent, eye-dazzling, sense-confusing spectacle, heaving down its mighty wrath, in one broad and endless sheet of liquid light, full before me, into my very eyes. And you are now, as then, looking at *me*, not at Montmorenci, to trace, if you can, the effect which this glorious scene has on your enthusiastic companion. Right, Guky; it has filled me with wondering, bosom-swelling silence! Hey! good reader, whither have I wandered? You must pardon me, pray do, I could not help it: when my thoughts take that direction, I am spell-bound, amazed, drunk with delight, as I look again on the revived, reformed, recreated objects which memory and imagination combine to spread before me. Oh, reader, what a treasure is this double existence! How much misery has it enabled me to bury! What happiness it yields!—Now, back to the clanking of the key, which struck through my ears every step as I trudged along the first two miles of a pilgrimage, which though it has continued through a hundred thousand leagues, will probably end only with life, or limbs’ incapacity: the first two miles of a rugged, jagged, and thorny course, a hurricane rift, now in the gorge of a mountain, now at the mountain’s summit, now in the fissure of a precipice, or upon its narrow and slippery ledge, where the turn of a toe would have dashed me headlong into a fathomless abyss: now on a trackless desert, or at a point in the wilderness, from which radiated twenty roads, and no direction-post was to be seen, no star, no compass to guide. I plunged into one at random; it led me to glorious beauty, and a clear, cloudless prospect of happiness. I walked awhile among its flowers; but venoms intruded there, and drove me again to the wilderness. Did I call them venoms? Perhaps I did: I think I did not; and on I restless roamed, hoping every where, and at all times, save in minutes of deadening gloom; but I fought with the darkness, and from that very darkness struck a light which beacons me on: it showed me that beauty was earth’s and nature’s attribute. Though hope deceives, she cannot quell me by disappointment; though she saddens the heart’s pulsations by what proves to be an ignis fatuus here, she cannot vanquish my spirit; she cannot extinguish

the fire which she herself kindles. I feel this is so; I know she cannot; and I shall find what I seek, that she is true at last, though I may die without knowing it. As untamed and untameable is my spirit at this hour, as it was on the morning I walked that two miles, as unchecked and unsatiated is my desire for roaming further, further still, as it was on that first essay of my hundred thousand leagues. And here I sit at my garret window, while the cross on the dome or lantern of St. Paul's is peeping over the intermediate chimney-pots to see what I am doing. Some of the work, if it were fairly done, which you bargained to do, in order to be placed up there. If that cross possessed a 'mind's eye' which can look into mind, it would see that I have halted on a high wooden bridge across a canal, an aqueduct within a few yards of me, and a rushy and reedy stream running under its arches, near a village, which it would puzzle the reader to find by inquiring in its neighbourhood, were I to write it down properly. Let him take the following beautiful effusion of a visitor to its annual 'wake,' for direction—

Nobody knows, nor I won't tell,
What I had at Yenton :
A frizzled pig, and a scalded cat,
And a pudden in a lantern.

Let the reader inquire the way to Yenton, and he will succeed : but who could tell him how to find ERDINGTON ? Well : I arrived at this bridge, ascended the stairs, and leaned against its rails, to wait for George. The glory of a July morning was beautifying over hill, and field, and stream. I was not melancholy, not sad, there was riot in my heart, the sanguineness of high pleasure confused with dread : and I bent my head upon the rail and wept. Absorbed, I neither saw nor heard the approach of my friend, till he tapped me on the shoulder : both were silent ; we descended the stairs, made one bundle of our two, passed a stick under the knots, and each lent a hand, then moved on, with the bundle dangling between us, at a rapid pace ; and through the whole day's journey of forty-four miles, the silence was broken by what can scarcely be called mirth, it was an intoxication of hilarity, which lasted only for a few minutes, and sank again into stillness. Nor was the stillness despondency, on my side, at least. We felt we were on a wide, wide world ; and to me, the world had never looked so beautiful ! I do not mean the world's world : a hundred times on the jaunt, the richness of verdant and flowery existence invited me to pause and gaze, and bade me forget weariness. The month was July, the high noon of nature's splendour, when all was redolent of the passionate summer's voluptuousness, and gracefully beautiful indolence fresh in the consciousness of its own loveliness. My friend George was my senior, yet I saw, on the second day, I was the stronger ; not in limb, muscle, or sinew : he evinced a

kind of looking back, and a reluctance to let me discover that he did so, and I exerted my diligence in keeping his thoughts forward. Would that I had permitted them to take their course! *I* should still have gone on, and fallen into my destiny's track; and he,—poor fellow! We made thirty-seven miles the next day, and arrived in Liverpool at three o'clock on the third of our flight. I was foot-sore and limb-wearied, nothing more, and after depositing our bundle with him at a small lodging-house, (which was then on the outskirts of Liverpool, on the Manchester road, that house is now swallowed up, and streets stretch out a mile beyond its site,) I limped impatiently down towards the ships' masts which I saw.

For the thought of a ship was my childhood's delight,
 And the sight of a ship was my boyhood's wonder:
 She had been in the climates whose day was my night;
 She'd united the lands which the oceans sunder.

She had kissed the green waves where the red corals glisten,
 And had gazed on the shores where the sea shells sing;
 And I long'd to go with her, to see and to listen:
 Oh, I long'd to be borne on her snowy wing.

She had baffled the billow, and rode on its crest;
 She had danced where the tropical sun shot fire:
 And the '*crash*' of the ice-berg had risen from her breast—
 But a ship had ne'er gladden'd my eyes' desire.

She'll be new to me ever though thousands I've seen;
 And the foam-sparkling path still is joyous to me:
 And though sea-sick and sore I have many times been,
 I am sure I shall never be sick of the sea.

There's poetry for you, reader! Is'nt it sublime? Laugh if you will, I put it down before you that you might laugh *at* it. I remained roaming about the docks, and looking at the countless number of ocean wanderers packed together there, and dotting the river's face, till dusk, and the fear of losing my way ordered me off to our six-penny lodging, to bed, and there I lay in furious discomfiture all night—*too many bed-fellows*—and that clank, clank, of the key was again ringing in my ears. I turned over the means of evading the pursuit which I so much feared: I was in torture, as I anticipated the consequences of being overtaken and sent home again; a punishment awaited me, how much more to be dreaded than bodily stripes! Authority's reproaches, and suspicion's watchings; no light breaking in upon cold looks, but an expression of caution and mistrust, or the pleasure of showing me that I was detected and defeated, the triumph of aversion. I know I wronged them: I know it now; but I had no conception of aught else then, I could understand only their dislike of me, for their affection never smiled upon me; and the one who could

sympathize with me, did not know my misery, or its cause; he could not believe it was so sharp and so deeply seated. That any good to me would be meant by their pursuit, was utterly out of my thoughts, I should have expected milk from paving stones as soon. Why, why did they suffer me to think thus of them! How many hours of silent bitterness have I endured in reflecting on this mutual misunderstanding; how much have I regretted that I could not perceive it was only an error in their policy, the general mistake, the very common course of those who have the guidance of youth: but it blighted. I can now see that it was meant to check me in that familiarity and communicative openness, which were implanted in my nature. I felt that I was made to receive kindness, and to reciprocate affection in its fullest burst and most genial glow. Such *was* my nature; my frame, my mind, my heart, my spirit were such; this I will dash forth in defiance of the charge of egotism, and the ridicule with which this claim to original beauty may be met. Such I was; inexhaustible were the stores, unfading their light, untiring in their action, and would have continued such had they not been repulsed, forbidden, dashed back; *but they did not die.*

Early next morning, we both sallied down to the Docks, to inhale the tar and pitch, &c. impregnated air, and to gaze on the sea coursers, stabled and stalled. Curious, inquisitive, and admiring, my eye ran over the crowd in St. George's dock, where large and gallant flags, striped and starred, waved and fluttered in the breeze, all flaunting with the intelligence that this was to them a gala-day: it was the 4th of July, and the American sailors were full of early hilarity in their prepared resolutions to honour the anniversary of their independence in due form,—that is, after a sailor's fashion of making merry. I eyed with delight the many boards suspended in the rigging, announcing the agreeable information, that this noble sky-pointing ship was bound for Baltimore—that to Philadelphia—a third and fourth to New York—others to Charleston;—further on were ships for Jamaica, St. Domingo; in other directions, for Messina, Gibraltar, Cape of Good Hope, Stockholm, Gottenburg,—and each found favour in my eyes; each had a magnetic influence on my mind. But how to choose; it was a kind of *cœna-dubia*; or, as it was early in the morning, *jentaculum*. Out of so many I knew not which to fix upon; she that promised to go furthest, though, had most attraction. Compassionating fortune released me from the difficulty. I had observed, without discovering that it meant anything, for the last half hour, or longer, two well-dressed sailors, that is to say, two clean white-trowsered, neat blue abundant-button jacketed, glazed-hatted, long pigtailed, mahogany-wainscot-faced, quid-cheeked men, were our constant attendants; walking where we walked, and stopping as we stopped; admiring this fine ship, and that fine ship, as we admired them. But their admiration was

conditional, a comparative and exceptive admiration, and mingled in it something which was like intended information to us, though not immediately addressed to us, it was talking at us, with some allusions to ships much larger, finer, and more beautiful than any there. Really I thought them very obliging. Go where we would the pigtails swung in attendance on us. At length one said, 'Are you looking for a ship, boys?' 'Well,' thought I, 'this is a very civil, kind-hearted fellow, spite of his mahogany face.' This put an end to all our trouble. 'I thank you, yes; I should like to go on board of a ship.' 'Well come along with us,' said first pigtail's duplicate, 'our ship is a gallows deal finer than any you've seen yet, with a jolly good Captain too; he splices the main brace every week, and every time of close-reef topsails.' 'Ay,' said pigtail the first, 'and he'll order the *pusser's* steward to blow your kite out with lobscous and choke your luff with figgy-dowdy.'—What splicing the main brace, and choking my luff, and lobscous, and figgy-dowdy meant, I could not guess for the life of me; but as they were illustrations of the 'jolly captain's' good qualities, there was a spell in the unintelligible jargon; (many with wiser heads than mine have been humbugged by such process;) and with our guides, who, seeing we were strangers, kindly kept close to our elbows, we stepped lightly along, and entered a narrow street parallel with St. George's dock; several persons, as we passed, stood to look at us; and I noticed a shaking of heads, as if they meant 'Ah! something is wrong;' there seemed to be a compassion in it. 'Look there,' said one of the sailors. I did look 'there,' as he pointed, and saw an immense white flag, with a large red cross on the field, and a jumble of smaller crosses in its corner, sweeping and swinging magnificently from a second-floor window, down almost to the pavement. Into the door of the house we passed; ascended a flight of stairs,—our body guard regularly placed, one leading, the other bringing up the rear. We paused at the end of the first flight, and the leader tapped with his knuckles twice, on what sounded door-like, and without waiting for an answer, opened the door just sufficiently wide to admit him *slippingly*, and it was instantly closed again. There was something in this which struck rather chillingly on my spirits, as we stood there in the dark passage. My friend George could not suppress his alarm, and he grasped my wrist hard, with a groan, 'Oh,' trying to draw me back, but I was afraid of being frightened:—I felt an instinctive certainty that we could not escape that way if we endeavoured to do so, and I was right, for at that moment I heard the stepping and scraping of feet on the stairs—there was nothing for us but to go on. The door was now drawn open, and our pig-tailed leader looked over our heads to his comrade, then beckoned to us to 'heave a-head;' we did so; there were three other of the same breed of animals as our guides, standing in the room, near a door which opened as I supposed,

to an inner apartment. In the middle of the room was a table, whereon lay several printed and red ink-ruled papers with blank spaces, pens and ink, a book which looked like a register, and a small mahogany box. At the table were placed a leather-covered arm-chair, and one of lighter character and dimensions. The guarded door opened, and my eye glanced on ranges of pistols and cutlasses suspended, and cutting Euclidisms and trigonometrics on the walls: this looked awful! A very handsome man, with an epaulette on each shoulder—an armless sleeve hanging from one—walked forward and seated himself on the leather chair. He smiled as he surveyed us both with a look which indicated anything but unkindness; and the bland manner in which he addressed us, captivated me. He civilly asked if we wished to go to sea. I answered, ‘yes sir;’ George was silent; I was spokesman for both. Then followed the usual flummery about the honour of serving his majesty, fighting his enemies, promotion, brave fellows, glorious wooden walls, &c. ‘What is your age?’ ‘Seventeen, sir.’ ‘Seventeen!’ ‘I shall be, sir, if I live a little longer.’ ‘Ay, I dare say.’ I spoke openly to all his inquiries except on the article of name; that I concealed, and gave him my mother’s. ‘Will you let me see it correctly written?’ and one of the pigtailed advancing to the table drew paper and held a pen before me. I took it and dashed off the name in full, sponsorial and matronymic, at a stroke. ‘You write a beautiful hand, young gentleman.’ *Young gentleman!* *Young gentleman!* only think of that! Young gentleman, to me! ‘Oh, what a good man this is!’ I thought, as I blushed at the tips of my fingers and under my toe nails, while every hair of my eye-brows stood on end and oozed. ‘Well, if you conduct yourself properly with diligence and sobriety, I do not question but you will make your way.’ ‘I’ll try, sir.’ At this stage of the business another personage entered and took the vacant chair, riveting his two great green glassy eyes on us; his whole face besides was a blank, but how those eyes seemed to grin! a tiger at his studies; and his light sandy hair stood bushily out like a wig of hemp, every thread of which had a quarrel with its neighbour. Between the Captain and this queer-looking animal, a half-muttered, half-hissed conversation ensued; the tiger was proposing something to which he of the epaulettes objected, and I gathered the words ‘*Tender,*’ ‘*the hold,*’ ‘*pair of scamps,*’ ‘*riff-raff,*’ to which the gentleman shook his head, and said, ‘No, no.’ I learned the meaning of all this soon; and, Captain Mends, after twenty-five years, accept my thanks for your ‘no, no.’ A shilling was put into my hand, which I gave to one of the pigtailed. My friend George received one also, and stood staring at it as it lay in his open palm. We had sold our bodies to the king, and to all others, his naval officers, to that tiger-gentleman inclusive. ‘The French ship (so it sounded in my ears) will receive you,’ said the Captain, ‘and

carry you round to Plymouth, where you will be put on board one of his majesty's vessels of war, and there good care will be taken of you.' 'Ay, very good,' said tiger; but very unlike a tiger's was the voice; it was a growling squeak, that set your teeth on edge. Said the epaulettes, addressing one of the pigtails, 'Hopkins, give this note to Mr. —, (this was Lieut. —, I forget the name.) *Hopkins!* a sailor named Hopkins! I thought all sailors were Ben Blocks, or Bill Hawsers, or Tom Bowlines, or Jack Junks, or Mat Mainmasts, or Joe Mizens, or Ned Halliards, but, *Hopkins*; what an unnaautical name was that. Ah, me! 'all is not gold that glistens.' Hopkins and his pigtail shrunk a foot in my esteem. Hopkins! oh, Hopkins, how you dwindled before my optics when I heard you so called! and it was to *Hopkins* I had given the shilling! A movement toward the door cut short this silent solo. I looked at the Captain and bowed, and turning to the other, I just caught sight of a row of dirty yellow palisades, and a portcullis of the same texture and colour, at the entrance of a dark and dismal cavern, for such his mouth, guarded thus, appeared to me; and those two eyes squeezed together, the whole of their infernality of light concentrated into two diminutive, fiercely burning dots. What an ugly, villainous, diabolical grin! That was his laugh; I never saw him or it in my life afterwards, but I can never forget it. The door of the room opened, and through it the light streamed upon, I don't know how many, figures standing outside. This caused an ugly misgiving: we descended the stairs; in the street a various collection of men, women, and some children had gathered near the door, and as we came forth there was a murmur, and an exclamation of 'Poor boys, they have been trapped.' Something was wrong I felt, but I could not see the trapping. As we proceeded through the streets many of them accompanied us, and I heard a lusty voice cry out, 'The bloody press-gang have grabbed those two lads.' 'Press-gang!' and I became icy cold. Press-gang! then I had fallen into the clutches of those horrible monsters of whom I had heard such frightful statements; whom I dreaded so suffocatingly! Impossible; there was nothing in the remotest degree fearful in the character of these men! They had shown to us nothing which I should not have expected from common kindness or civility: and that gentleman in the epaulettes; oh, I could find no idea but affection for him. Hah! there was the green-eyed monster; that tiger fellow was a sample of what I could easily imagine a press-gang to be composed; there was nothing fearful or repulsive in any of the others; and I subdued my fear; but poor George, after a pause of bewildered stupefaction, burst into tears. I laughed to cheer him; and presently we arrived at the jetty, where a smart boat, with six smart sailors, lay waiting to receive us.—'Shove off,' was the word, and one man with a pole having a hook at its end, did 'shove off,' and '*splash*' the oars of the others fell

on the water. Don't believe, reader, that I had never seen or sailed in—no, not sailed, but moved in—a boat before. I had seen hundreds of coal barges on the Dudley canal, towed by skeleton horses, whose food was some pint of beans per diem, and their drivers whipped them with those iron cranks which they use occasionally for winding up the paddles at the locks, though the chief use of these cranks was as a whip. But here we skimmed along across the ripple, made by the uniform dipping of the oars, so gaily, so lightly, that my fears were smoothed as I admired the motion of men and boat, which latter was advancing obliquely on the tide towards a ship which was pointed out to me by pigtail Hopkins. 'Is that a French ship?' I inquired of him. A gruff 'yaw, hah, ah!' chorussed from the six rowers, which ended on a cadenza from pigtail Hopkins. 'I wish she was a French ship out at sea, and you and me in a good cruiser in chase of her, though her cargo is no great shakes; her name is the *Friendship*, and a rare friend she is to some folks.' 'Clap a stopper on your jawing tackle, Hopkins,' said another. But Hopkins would 'spin his yarn.' 'There's many a chap aboard of her as would have his running geer choked in the luff, or his life lines stranded, if we had not shipped him.' Choked in the luff! what *does* that mean? I asked myself. 'Ay, or he'd catch toko fau'n yam, sarved out by the parish beadle, at the cart's tail, instead of beef and burgoo, aboard o'that craft.' 'Toco fau'n yam at the cart's tail!' I laughed at the jest, the whole boat's crew thought it something funny, but I could not understand it. 'What is that long thing like a coachman's whip, flying at the topmast head?' said I, somewhat proud of my nautical knowledge. 'Top *mast*,' said Hopkins, 'contemptuously, 'you mean to say the *main tu'gallon must* head, but that's the main truck as it flies from. Why that's his majesty's *pennant*, what he flogs the French with.' 'Oh!' here I felt a kind of rumbling under my ribs. Fighting was very amusing, very interesting matter in a book, but the first feeling that I was probably to be occupied in furnishing, or assisting to furnish materials for a tale of battles, had something in it of a strange, and not particularly agreeable nature. But then I might live, escape to tell the tale myself. Ah! there's the balm; there's the momentum; the putter on, the magnet which attracts, the excitement that stimulates many an honourable hero. Hero! this I certainly never expected to be, this I certainly never shall be, except by accident, as many heroes have been made; though I sometimes dreamt of it as a thing to be wished.

Now we were approaching very near the ship, 'Unrow,' and up at once flew the oars out of their *rullocks*: 'Boat your oars;' and I scrambled after Hopkins and a youngster (who had been silent during the transit) up the ship's side, and stood on board his Majesty's tender, *Friendship*. Hopkins gave the note to Lieutenant —, who, after a word or two of question to me and my

companion, ordered the steward to serve us out the day's allowance, and give us *hammocks*; and we were shown into a hole; the descent to it was by notches cut in the angles of a post, against which, polished by greasy hands, a knotted rope was suspended: this hole was called the steerage: in some ships it is the after-hold, here it was after-hold, cable-tier, and steerage, in one: as yet I did not descend: I stood on the deck gazing on the intricacy of method in the infinity of cordage, till my brain *gnawed* itself in the perplexity, and to escape from it I looked about from stem to stern. I saw some eight or ten men, with hard and rugged, weather-beaten visages, not so trimly 'rigged' as Hopkins and his comrades were, distributed here and there, and huddled together on the forecastle as many more of the most squalid, dirty-bearded, matted-haired wretches, stockingless and shoeless, with such enormous splay feet, their bodies covered, or partly covered, by fragments of various coloured garments: the wildest creatures I had ever looked upon. I never had imagined man in such a state; and what faces! each man carried a countenance of reckless misery, a hatred of hope, a defiance of despair, or it was despair mocking itself. My soul was sick as I looked upon them, and they laughed at me aloud; and then a sudden burst of confused yells, laughter, and hideous curses arose;—whence? from the caverns of the ship. I looked down, and as I did so, a hot and pestilential effluvia rose and enveloped me. I looked through a heavy wooden grating, across which was a strong iron bar, with a huge padlock attached to it; and I saw that which threw me back almost fainting with horror! My throat felt as if it were filled with lumps of something which produced a sense of strangulation; and how fiercely my heart did 'knock at my ribs against the use of nature!' I remember I bent myself forward, bowing my head down upon my breast, for some minutes after, retreating from the grating, as if I would by that quell the violent and audible beating. In that short glance, I had seen a crowded mass of disgusting and fearful heads, with eyes all glaring upwards from that terrible den; and heaps of filthy limbs, trunks, and heads, bundled and scattered, scrambling, laughing, cursing, screaming, and fighting, at one moment. Ere long I learned what they were; among them were the offscourings of villany, the refuse of jails, beings whose infamy was their source of merriment, their solace in captivity! There too were men whose lives and characters were unimpeachable, both in law and custom; industrious men, on whose reputation the world's breath could not cast a blemish, who had been forcibly seized from their hearth-sides; I heard much of their histories afterwards: there were men also, who, closing months of toil and peril, or years of hope-encouraged perseverance, in distant climes, returned to their native shores to be kidnapped, as their foot was in the act of kissing the strand, or suddenly intercepted as their arms were stretched forth to give and to receive

the welcoming embrace of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, and children, whose piercing cries or bitter curses were of no avail, utterly, save to give a piquance to the fiendish enterprise! All, all were mingled, herded, and barred in that pestiferous, gorge-sickening, soul-blighting den! In that hole, which could not be thirty feet in length, by the ship's breadth, one hundred and eighty human beings were crammed to eat, drink, and sleep. Every morning the den was emptied of its inanimate filth, except that which was glued on and ingrained in the bodies and rags of its occupants; who, by divisions of ten or twelve, were permitted to ascend to the deck for half an hour, for the purpose of purifying themselves; or, as the lieutenant coarsely, but most truly expressed it, 'to blow the stink off them.' These were some of 'Old England's jolly tars,' her 'Wooden walls defenders,' men who sing,

'Britons never, never, never will be slaves!'

'An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.'

CHARACTER; OR JEW AND GENTILE.*

Mrs. LEMAN GRIMSTONE is a most agreeable companion for an excursion in the regions of fiction. We know of no novelist who combines more of the requisite invention and versatility of talent, with so much of pure, wise, and noble purpose. Both in her former production, 'Woman's Love,' and the present, there is a rich vein of originality running through the narrative, such as one rarely meets with. And yet though its presence is felt, it is never obtrusive. Like Miss Martineau, she writes with a didactic purpose; but not being restricted to the illustration of a single section of that Moral Economy which is her science, there is less occasion to bank up the narrative, and restrain it from those windings and overflowings which characterise the current of real life. Like Miss Austen, she excels in description, especially that of persons and circumstances which at first appear common place, and incapable of interesting; and her descriptions have generally the additional merit of conveying some knowledge of character and mind, and answering some further purpose besides that of producing a vivid picture in the reader's imagination. Like Miss Edgeworth, she has humour, not so broad and racy, but a quiet lady-like humour, which though it provoke not a laugh, never fails of a smile; and like Miss Edgeworth too, she rarely loses sight of the subject of education, on which her notions well deserve the attention of parents and instructors. Like Godwin, she is a reformer, political and social, but aiming at changes less total and impracticable than some contemplated by the author of 'Caleb Williams,' more in the reform-not-revolution way; and

* A Tale, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, 2 vols.

if pursuing her object with less power, ever manifesting far more ease, grace, and flexibility. Were we to trace a parentage for the character of her fictions, we might ascribe the maternity to Miss Austen, and the paternity to the author of *Barham Downs* and *Hermesprong*. Mrs. Grimstone looks more abroad, beyond mere household doings, than the one ; and has less causticity and partizanship than the other.

It is the lowest praise to which the author is entitled, but it is needful to say, lest we should mislead the reader by the observations just made, that her story is as abundant in stirring incident as the most thorough-bred novel reader can desire. The plot might have been more skilfully developed : its management is however a manifest improvement on that of her former publication. The effect is heightened by the variety of costume, both physical and mental, which the Jewish characters enable her to introduce. The stately daughter of the Jewish Baron, is a poetical and oriental sketch, and so is the Patriarch Mezrack, and his daughter Hagar. They cast a rich tinge on the familiar faces and homely scenes, like a painted glass window in an English drawing room.

Mrs. Grimstone excells very much, both in the delineation and the developement of character. She preserves its metaphysical truth. Her mind has a distinct conception of the individual nature of each actor in the history. There are no lay figures. She sustains the propriety of every word and deed, and of all the interior workings of the soul, when her plan requires that these should be laid bare, more completely than it has ever been done, save by the great masters of fiction. The influences are distinctly indicated, and the conduct adequately matured. Sir Ralph Beaucaire in becoming the mere creature of vulgar and worldly ambition, and Marmion in becoming the victim of his glowing impressibility, seem to be fulfilling an inevitable destiny. The story only works out the problem of their fate from the given quantities of their nature and their circumstances. From several sketches of character, we select that of Malfort ; the intellectual portion of it ; the personal description is most appropriately fitted to it.

‘ Perhaps none are more surprised at the successful issue of a scheme than the very rogue that achieves it ; because, having tact enough to put matters in a train, they work out their own accomplishment ; and he, conscious of the smallness of his efforts, and his total absence of desert, naturally wonders, in the secret recesses of his soul, at the great result.

‘ Malfort was one of those moral enigmas that baffles inquiry. He was at once profound and shallow ; for whatever skill may be exerted to do evil, the doing it shows the mind to be essentially unsound. He had courage and cowardice ; he dared to do acts that, if detected, would overwhelm him with disgrace and misery, and he lived in ap-

prehensive watchfulness, through fear of their revealment. He had pride and humility ; he was inflated with the consciousness of crafty power ; but he could cringe to the power that mastered him. He was social and selfish ; he loved society, and seemed to enjoy sympathy ; but perhaps his ministry to that was the veriest selfishness, for self-gratification, in some form or other, was the alpha and omega of all his actions. He was industrious and idle ; possessed a restless activity that kept him ever originating something, but, with an inaptitude for regular and continued labour, he in reality did nothing.

‘ Perhaps a perfect anatomy of his character none could bear, but those familiar with the disgusting details of the moral dissecting-room ; who know what humanity is, what it may be made, and how it is made what it often becomes ; who love it too well in its beauty, not to pity it in its debasement.

‘ While almost every one regarded Malfort as a being of the blandest and most unselfish benevolence, living and acting for and with his fellow-creatures, he was in fact a creature of the meanest and most selfish motives, preying on and perverting all he approached. He professedly squared the rule of right and wrong by the advantage or disadvantage to society ; on this comprehensive principle he could allow himself to do individual mischief, under pretence of producing collective benefit. *His* was one of those grand moral theories by which wholesale philosophers become retail rogues.’—p. 62—65. vol. ii.

Passages are scattered through these volumes which deserve quotation for their wisdom and their beauty ; we take almost at random the following on evil example and libertinism.

‘ Evil example is like the incendiary’s fire ; we may perceive where it has sprung, but cannot tell where it may spread. It is not those that sow the whirlwind that always reap the storm ; when the blast is once abroad it involves all, even the very straws that lie in its way.’—p. 109. vol. i.

‘ The libertine has all the brute’s indifference, without the brute’s excuse for it ; but he ensures a penalty that may well win him the pity of even those that most spurn him. In the hour of remorse—and if it never reaches him before, it does at the hour of death—he hears “ a voice crying in the wilderness ; ” it is the voice of abandoned childhood, left by reckless selfishness to the wolves of society !’—p. 87. vol. ii.

The application of a scriptural expression in the latter quotation appears to us to be marked by great felicity and originality, and there is much beauty in the following reflection appended to a death-bed scene :

‘ Philosophy may satisfy itself that vice arises from the inevitable necessity of the wretched structure of society ; it knows too that every crime is pregnant with its own punishment ; and, revolting at the idea of an eternity of torment, as the decree of a just and benevolent God against a being whose duration of error has been, comparatively, but as an instant, it can consign the wicked unto death, and trust there may be, for them, no resurrection. But with those that have sinned little,

and suffered much,—who have endured penalties that another's crimes have purchased—who have sowed the seed, but never been allowed to reap the harvest—who have lived in hope, but died without fruition,—can philosophy contemplate them, and deny the immortality of the soul? If there be a belief beautiful and beatifying, it is the belief of the eternal life of the good, and the everlasting reunion of the attached!—p. 205, vol. i.

In the remarks on the qualities and training which are desirable for those whose sphere of exertion is the chamber of sickness or debility, there is that sound and strong sense, combined with good feeling, which ought to recommend this work far beyond the precincts of the circulating library.

‘Nursing should be held as a profession, and its professors be endowed with a suitable education—be called to the exercise of its duties while yet in the vigour of life, and not after. Appointed to act as the adjunct of the surgeon and physician, ought they not to possess some kindred intelligence? How often, for the want of this, has the best medical advice proved nugatory! It is not contended or desired that women should supersede or rival the male practitioner, since excess of sympathy, it is to be feared, would ever be liable to endanger female efficiency. But as the assistant, the agent of the medical man, woman, under all circumstances of illness, is, beyond description, essential; but it must be cultivated woman, capable of comprehending the intelligence she acts with, and the necessities she acts on.

‘We shudder to think of the mischief and misery ignorant nurses have done and may cause. They are about humanity when it lies in the prostration of physical and, consequently, mental weakness,—when it is drawing its first breath, and essaying its dawning powers. A few years ago in France,—perhaps still in the remote provinces,—it was common for nurses to compress the heads of infants by actual violence or continued pressure, if the shape of the skull did not happen to please them. In our own country, in our own day, the administration of ardent spirits, from a motive of mistaken kindness, is common, especially among the poorer classes; and, be it remembered, the best benefactors and the brightest ornaments of the human species have been given to the world by poor women.

‘Neglect and indifference to mankind in the mass pervade society throughout, and generate the mischief that lame laws and subsequent quackery vainly attempt to cure. In nothing is the truth of this assertion more conspicuous than in all that regards the birth and first years of the human being. It is the fate of the great majority of the species to fall from the hands of nature into the hands of an ignorant nurse and an ignorant mother; after these, schoolmasters, doctors, divines, lawyers, and legislators tinker the injured individual till death comes to his rescue; nor even then can his memory or his soul escape speculations that are busy with his fame here and his fate hereafter. But most conspicuous in this blindfold system, that paralyzes human progress, is the disregard of female cultivation. In all the departments of life in which *men* are called to act, some preparatory discipline is deemed necessary and afforded; but where women are concerned, the presiding deity is chance. No provision

is made to fit *them* for their allotments, though they are called to fill offices involving the most vital interests of society. Women extract knowledge from practice—they rarely bring knowledge to it: that, under such circumstances, they so often acquit themselves with ability, is pregnant with proof that mental power is the unalienable property of humanity; and, since it thus bursts above the blight of neglect, and repels the effects of mistaken institutions, what, under better auspices, might not be hoped from it?—p. 32—35, vol. i.

The dialogues, which frequently occur, especially in the first volume before the bustle of the story begins, deserve great praise. They are characteristic, well-timed, interesting, and instructive. The first links of long, useful, and often novel trains of thought are put into our hands, and only the most inert will let them slip without tracing them further. Mrs. Trevor, a frank, independent, and speculative woman, who, we presume, speaks the opinions of the author, talks thus:

“We call ourselves christians,” she added, “but where do we recognise our brethren as the children of a common parent, as beings alike powerless at birth, and perishable in death, and filling the intervening space as we can, and not as we would? Exclusiveness is the vice of pride. Better would it please our God to make this world a place of common fellowship, than, like the costly cathedral, with its gilded pews and seatless aisles, a place of invidious distinctions. Even the common of religion has been parcelled out by pride; the selfish line of demarcation drawn where God himself says all are equal! I cannot re-model society; but I may regulate my own house; and my practice shall exemplify my principle. I will endeavour to imitate the Great Master, and say, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,’ not to learn *of* me, but to learn *with* me, and to learn that greatest, most consolatory of all truths—that *we are all brethren.*”

“Some one remarked that there was a great difference in the brothers.

“True,” she rejoined, “and why? May not the cause be found in the spirit of proscription which operates to prevent that intercommunion which would liberalize the rich, and refine the poor? The former cannot endure the infringement of the mere points of empty etiquette which the latter are disqualified to observe. Dress, display, and fashion are estimated beyond intelligence and sociality. We want cheap or gratuitous moral amusements, and zealous moral teachers for the people. To what may the increase of methodism be ascribed? To the zeal of its ministers, who, though often preaching a revolting doctrine, under all the disadvantages of ignorance and vulgarity, have yet evinced a warmth, an energy that aroused the attention, and excited the feelings of their hearers. If the same energy was exerted to awaken the powers of reason, to appeal to the moral affections, can we doubt of the effect that might be produced? May not congregations of rationalists be collected as well as congregations of fanatics? Why have we not places of amusement and moral instruction, museums, and libraries open to the people?”

“Because the vulgar,” cried the objector, “spoil the works of art without improving by them; waste that which they are not worthy to use?”

“How long will they do that?” she rejoined. “Only while they *are* vulgar; which they must ever be if there is no attempt to make them otherwise. Afford to all proper means, and God has so gifted his creatures, that they will accomplish the right end. Cannot we take a hint from the ancient philosophers? Oral instruction, the most effective of any, is scarcely known among us. Are there no moral missionaries who will teach moral philosophy, without alarming the ignorant by saying it is such? Cannot they give moral illustrations, simple and evident in their application, beautiful in their truth, and enforced with eloquence and benignity?”

“Then you would have public walks, and peripatetic philosophers?”

“Yes; I admire their doctrine and mode of teaching.”

“And how would you support the expense of all this?”

“By curtailing pensioned pomp—by annulling hereditary and unearned honours—by applying to real utility the wealth devoted to empty show. A great man has said, that ‘*he* deserved well of his country who made a blade of grass to grow where grass had never grown before.’ How much more does he deserve that plants good feelings and useful ideas in the moral waste or wilderness of a barren or neglected mind—who teaches, without technical parade, or professional pomp, a knowledge of moral nature, of physical nature, of the gentle humanities, of all the most general and useful truths.”

“And you imagine this would effect a happy change on the poorer classes?”

“Let it be tried. To what do the more cultivated classes owe their propriety of manner, discretion, and discrimination? To the facility of access to moral instruction, delicate amusement, and judicious association. Can no practical effort be made to give these to all the other grades of society? Yes, easily. But no; the grand aim is to increase wealth, not happiness. Large revenues are prized beyond an improved or contented people. Thus the vintner’s gaudy palace every where seduces the poor man to drunkenness, but not one institution rises to invite him to rational amusement, and through that medium to moral amelioration. The coffee-shops, where he can procure a cheap, unintoxicating beverage, and have at the same time access to a little literary knowledge, I hail as one step in the poor man’s favour.”—p. 32—37, vol. ii.

These volumes are well-timed, and it would not be amiss that those peers should read them who are yet deliberating on their legislative conduct towards our Jewish brethren. Not that they will find any direct discussion of the policy of conceding civil rights to the children of Abraham, but they may learn some beautiful lessons of tolerance, for which both their heads and hearts will be all the better, and therefore their senatorial conduct more satisfactory. They may see, judiciously and touchingly exhibited, how much we are all the creatures of circumstance, and how bad are the workings of the distinctions which have been set

up and perpetuated in society by a short-sighted selfishness. Such lessons deserve general consideration. They ought to be attractive; for while most forcibly inculcating an enlightened philanthropy, the author always inculcates it with a force which is characteristically feminine. We talk of masculine understandings, but according to the ancient Greeks the goddess of wisdom was a woman.

ON THEATRICAL REFORM.

THE 'decline of the stage' has of late years become a stock phrase amongst a large portion of the public, and those writers who affect to guide the opinions of the public. The matter has been so long assumed as an undoubted fact, that it would seem to have grown into an acknowledged truism, no more to be disputed than the fact that the earth revolves about the sun. Yet, notwithstanding, a close analysis will probably set the matter in a different light. What proof is there, that the aggregate amount of money, paid by the public for admission to the various theatres, is less, even in proportion to the numbers of the population, than it ever was, even in those days which were held to be the 'palmy' state of the theatre? The declinarians will probably reply, by referring to the condition of the large theatres, regarding them as business speculations for purposes of profit. This is granted; but then on the other hand let them look at the numerous theatres which have arisen on all sides to take away the audience. Let them look at the fact that many country towns now maintain theatrical establishments of their own, a portion of whose inhabitants were accustomed to make occasional trips to London, one of the principal inducements being the desire of visiting the theatres. That individual speculators, or that specific theatres, may have suffered, is no proof whatever of a general decline. The question at issue is, not even whether numerous actors are out of employment or badly paid, but whether as regards the general population a larger proportionate number of human beings are now maintained by the various employments connected with the drama than ever was the case before. Those who look at the increased number of the theatres must reply in the affirmative; and it will scarcely be questioned, that higher salaries and a larger number of them are now paid than ever were paid before. If the fact be so, and I believe that it is not to be doubted, what becomes of the assertion as to the 'decline of the stage?' Could the proprietors of the large theatres maintain their monopoly to the letter, against all the principles of justice, there is little doubt that their establishments would again be in a most prosperous condition; *i. e.* with ordinary attention to calculation in their financial arrangements, a matter in which they have for the most part been so

woefully deficient, that nothing but an enormous rate of profit could ever enable them to keep their funds in advance of their expenses. But the increased gain which such a monopoly would give them, would be obtained only by the ruin of a large number of actors and the consequently diminished pleasures of a large portion of the play-going community. The fact is, that the large theatres are injudicious contrivances for performing badly numerous branches of the drama; and the smaller theatres, which only aim at doing one thing, do it so much better, that when the market is open to competition they carry away all the custom. The monopoly which served to keep the supply of theatrical entertainment beneath the demand for it, was the cause that the patent theatres were built of so large a size that not above one half of the audience could hear or see distinctly. The monopoly was the cause that a large capital was employed in extra scenery and other property for a large variety of performances. The monopoly was the cause that a treble company of actors were usually kept on the establishment, or that actors who were expected to play threefold characters, and consequently to play all badly alike, were paid large salaries. The monopoly, which yielded large profits, was the cause of a wasteful expenditure in carrying on the concern, and which could not have been kept up had the audience possessed a choice, as they were exceedingly badly served in consequence of 'His Majesty's servants' having more to do than they were capable of. Had the large theatres been establishments for issuing forth manufactured goods, it is clear, that even without a monopoly they might have been carried on to greater advantage than smaller ones, but the commodity they dealt in was seeing and hearing, and consequently the supply they could yield was limited by space. Beyond a certain distance the article they dealt in was deteriorated, yet notwithstanding all their customers had to pay at the same rate. Consequently, so soon as the smaller theatres were opened, and proffered their commodities at a lower rate of payment, where all the audience were treated alike, could all hear and see, and where for the most part the acting was quite as good as that of the larger theatres, the larger portion of the play-goers were at once taken up by the new establishments, and the old ones, being still saddled with their heavy expenditure, so soon as their income was diminished fell in ruin. And thereupon the cry was raised of the 'decline of the stage.' The stage, the stages of the large theatres, have declined; they are unfitted for the purposes they were intended to serve, they are fit for nothing but *spectacle*, and although their proprietors endeavour to uphold them by means of persecuting the minors, it will be altogether in vain. The public have come to the conclusion that all monopolies are mischievous, and either with or without the concurrence of the legislature they will be swept away.

But notwithstanding the fact that the decline of the profits of

the patent theatres is no proof of the general decline of the stage, it is quite certain that the improvement of the stage has not kept pace with the improvements in other branches of art. This fact might in itself be considered sufficient to have kept the stage in a far worse condition than that in which we find it. If it has thriven so well, under so many new circumstances tending to depress it, we may reasonably hope that when it shall be freed from its shackles, competition in excellence will advance it high in public favour. Every body can remark, that the persecution, the disabilities in law, and the covert proscription in private life, which the Jews have had inflicted on them by the nations among whom they have dwelt, have had far more effect in keeping up their peculiarities, and preventing the developement of the higher qualities of which they are capable, than any deficiency of intellect or mischievous regulations of their own. They have remained a separate people, not by their own wish, but by the injustice of their neighbours, just as the wisdom of the Greeks has degenerated into cunning under the oppression of the Turks. Most people are now aware of this fact, yet it does not seem to strike them, that a similar law of proscription has hitherto prevented the profession of acting from rising to the same state of excellence as other arts. It is the more needful that the proscription should be removed, inasmuch as theatrical attraction has now to contend with numerous other intellectual tastes which have grown up amongst the public since the days of Garrick, and which by their better cultivation draw into other channels much of the money and attention which would be given to theatrical amusement, were there a constant developement of all the excellencies of which it is capable, so as to meet the capacity of the constantly increasing taste of the public. In the days of Garrick, play-goers were not readers as they now are. There were no books of a high order of imagination constantly issuing from the press, and furnishing a variety of novelty. There were no dioramas, and panoramas, and cosmoramas, and zoological gardens, and colosseums, and numberless other methods of expending surplus coin in public amusement. The stage reigned sole and undivided, and occupied the principal talk of the town, while foreign politics excited little of stirring interest in that age compared with the age of transition in which we at present live, and during which the minds of the large majority of all classes are occupied with the stirring details of political agitation of a domestic nature, to the exclusion of all fictitious excitement. It requires no prophet to foresee, that as public enlightenment proceeds, the excitement, which is at present on the increase, will gradually lessen, and as actors improve in fitness for their profession, their influence over the public mind will increase. At present, by far the larger portion of the plays which are put forth are behind the taste of the play-going public. They can feel no interest in fictitious and unnatural emotions, and to represent

human nature as it really exists in the finer specimens, requires a class of actors widely different from what they have hitherto been accustomed to behold. With the exception of a very few, from what classes of society are the mass of actors and actresses drawn? Are they from the refined, the educated classes? No, on the contrary, the profession of acting is for the most part the resort of the needy, the vicious, and the idle. Not the talent for acting, but the desire to act, is the common rule, and thus, acting, instead of being what it should be, a combination of the highest kinds of human refinement, is degraded into low and miserable mimicry. Here and there, peculiar circumstances bring forth a rare specimen of high talent; but the talent of a single individual is insufficient to embody forth a whole play, to make the illusion complete. It has indeed been alleged, and by those who have paid much attention to theatres and acting, that the instances are very rare, in which the peculiar organization and combination of qualities requisite for a first-rate actor are found in the same individual. This is partly true, but then it must be remembered, that the sphere of humanity in which the instances are sought is just precisely that in which they are the least likely to be found. A ban has been set upon actors and actresses, and they are in the mass held to be outcasts of society. By law they are vagabonds, unless they chance to be admitted to the privilege of using the slavish designation of 'His Majesty's servants;' and though those of high name and talent are endured, the mass are designated in contempt as 'stage-players, and 'play-actors,' *i. e.* mere mimics or mountebanks, without any pretensions to high feeling or high intellect, and the hopelessness of acquiring respect causes them to be regardless of morality, at least that morality on which the public affects to set a value. They are made Pariahs by society, and as a consequence they establish new rules of morality amongst themselves. Time was, that stage-playing was considered the direct opposite both of religion and morality, and subversive of all virtue. It might be so, but the immorality was not in the art itself, but in the professors of it. The public had determined that none but worthless people should be allowed to become players, and that if worthy people attempted to practise the art they should be held in no better esteem than those they mixed with. As a consequence, an art, whose immense value as a vehicle of public instruction has never yet made the fitting impression on those who might guide the public, has been left as a monopoly, wholly, or nearly so, in the hands of the worthless and inferior members of society. When the ban shall be removed, when all those who are conscious of the capacity shall be allowed to practise the art, and all who believe that they possess the capacity, shall be allowed to essay the practice, without losing caste, the numbers of those possessing the highest talent for it will be found very considerably increased. There can be little doubt that, for the most part, those possessing the highest

talent for acting will be found amongst the educated classes of society, who are at present especially shut out.

Setting aside the immorality prevalent amongst many of those who follow the profession of acting, and of whom it may be doubted whether after all they are more immoral than the rest of the community, and especially such parts of the community as possess temperaments equally excitable with theirs, for the business of an actor or actress has a tendency to bring forth to the public gaze all their private actions as well as public ones, and set them in a strong light—setting this matter aside, as belonging not to the art, but to the individuals, what is there in the art itself, in the use, not the abuse of it, which has a tendency to foster immorality either in the professors or their audience? Is not oratory oratory, whether it be poured forth from the lips of an actor, or a barrister, or an M. P.? Is not the influence of music, which brings forth the perception of the beauty to be found in the creation, is it not a good influence, even if not equally powerful, whether the locality be a theatre or a chapel? Are not moral sentiments equally moral, whether they be found in a play or in a sermon; and is not that morality the most useful, which, being conveyed in a palatable form, is the most likely to be imbibed, like the Political Economy of Miss Martineau? No one doubts that the student would glean most knowledge from Adam Smith, and Ricardo, and Malthus; but unfortunately, the mass of mankind are not students, and if they will not take strong mental medicine in its naked form, it is better that they should take it wrapped up in literary currant-jelly than not take it at all. Is not the exhibition of living beauty in ‘God’s own image’ more likely to rouse the imagination of the sculptor and painter, than the forms of the academy in clay and plaster, and marble? Are not the lights of a theatre as good and wholesome lights as the lights of a chapel or a church? Let there be no misunderstanding here: I deny not the utility of churches and chapels, and should rejoice to see the beautiful spirit of christianity more rife in them, in opposition to the trading spirit of religionism, but I abhor the cant which would, for interested purposes, assume, that because a church is good a theatre must necessarily be bad; that morals can only be taught within consecrated walls. What is there in the beautiful scenery of a theatre to give an immoral impression, more than in the adornments of a Catholic chapel, or the pictures at Somerset House, or the National Gallery? What is there more improper or ridiculous in stage costume, than there is in the robes of a Catholic or Protestant priest or bishop, or the judges and counsellors of the law courts? Nay, the former is commonly in good keeping, whereas the latter are most absurd. Is an actor, of fine person, and noble countenance, clad in a handsome costume, in the character of a good and wise man, and giving forth truths in the modelled tones of oratory, is he less likely to make an impression on his audience, uniting the powers

of passion and reason, than is a professor at an ordinary lecture? Cannot the lesson of the patriot be as well read to him from the boards of a theatre, as from the floor of St. Stephen, or the pulpit of the Rotunda, or the platform of a political union? Does not a great actor, in short, by operating upon several senses at once, wield a moral power infinitely greater than that of a debater at St. Stephen's, and if so, why should he be held in less respect? Some contemner of theatres and actors will perhaps reply, 'This is all very true in the abstract, but it is found in practice that players and play-goers are very immoral people.' Then I ask, to what is it owing that an instrument capable of producing so much good to the community, should only be productive of evil? There is but one answer: the odious, the accursed, the mischievous, the suicidal monopoly.

The most ancient attribute of the stage, and which has most commonly been quoted in its favour, is the fact of its being a moral instructor for the community. Many who have deemed themselves further advanced in wisdom have affected to laugh at this, and to regard the stage merely as a matter of amusement, entirely devoid of influence. The wise people may nevertheless have been out. The stage has possessed influence, though the influence has been evil; and being evil, it is fortunate that its influence has not been more widely extended. The power and influence of the drama, if rightly guided, might be enormous. The rulers of despotic countries are aware of this, and therefore is it that they invariably make the stage their own property, and guide its proceedings in the mode which seems the best adapted to their own interest. Those who doubt, might be reminded of the power of the old Greek tragedies, and the Roman *Roscii* might be quoted to them, but they would perhaps reply, that the power they possessed was only an evidence that there was a lack of other excitement, which is not the case now. What then will they reply to the fact, that the excitement which built up the barricades of Brussels was engendered at the theatre, that the revolution lately attempted at Frankfort, also had its origin at the theatre.* Why do people visit the theatres at all? Because 'man is infinitely precious to man,' and when he cannot behold in reality the higher beings of his species, he loves to behold their semblance and the painting forth of their actions, as near the life as may be. The taste of man in the rough, is not always good; it requires cultivation, and therefore is it that the demons of his species have seemed to him like heroes. Therefore is it, that now the eyes of the community are opened, they refuse any longer to worship the pagod things which were crammed into the plays of former days,

* A writer in the *Spectator*—the ancient, not the modern—describing his sensations after a tragedy, said that he felt so heroic, that he could have defended the *Spectator* and Sir Roger de Coverley against a score of Mohawks. Yet upon staying out the farce, all his heroic virtue vanished. It is a true picture, and the moral is admirable.

and sat for characters. They have nothing in common with them, and the proof of it is, that even among Shakspeare's plays, those only have retained their hold which embody human passions apart from the considerations of factitious dignity. There is no decline of interest in all that concerns men in reality, and still less in histrionic fiction, which, after all, frequently contains more truth than much of the reality which passes for truth in the world. Time was that the battle of Waterloo was presented on the stage, and the 'drowner of men' was hailed with clamour through his representative. This has passed away; no audience will now hail with acclamations the shedders of human blood, but it was at the time a proof of the interest taken by play-goers in the deeds of their fellows,—that they loved the fiction because it represented humanity, *i. e.* human actions, and thus will it ever be. The living representatives of human life will ever yield pleasure, but the public taste is now more refined, and the art of acting, as well as the matter acted, must make much progress to meet it. The matter acted must be such as will take hold on the sympathies of the audience, and the actors must be creatures of God's making, and not of man's marring. They must be trained in no school but that of unerring nature; they must be the aristocrats,* *i. e.* the best beings of humanity, possessed of the most perfect physical organization, together with the highest moral and intellectual qualities, and they should be sought wherever they might be found, without paying regard to high or low birth, or any of the externals of art or fashion.

Supposing the stage to be adapted for all that I have endeavoured to indicate, it must at once be clear, that so far from the profession of an actor or an actress being one of dishonour or degradation, it ought to become one of high utility. Let the ban be removed from the profession of acting; let actors and actresses be acknowledged as teachers of the people, and in that capacity let moral conduct be exacted from them, and the disregard of public decency punished as is the case in other classes of society, not by the proscription of the whole body, but by the expulsion of the offending individual. Let genius and talent, instead of being an excuse for vice, as is the case at present, be considered only as accompanying circumstances calling for additional severity of punishment. Let the public do this, and they will work a change which will appear almost miraculous. Under such countervailing motives, theatres would cease to be the haunts of disgusting sensuality, or at worst they would be divided into distinct classes,—the haunts of vice and the schools of virtue. At present, the proprietors, who call themselves 'respectable,' and who would be much scandalized at the idea of being thought immoral, are in

* The name of aristocrat has lost its proper meaning. In common parlance, an aristocrat now means merely a person surrounded by factitious dignity, without regard either to mental or corporeal excellence.

reality traffickers in vice, or if not so, its base and voluntary ministers. Under the circumstances of a beneficial change, such as I have alluded to, the same motives would press on theatrical proprietors to preserve public decency, as are now imperative on certain other proprietors, and the agents of vice would necessarily slink into unseemly holes and corners, and thus two separate species of nuisances would disappear from the public gaze, instead of being thrust forward to the annoyance of the well disposed.

The love of acting is a very widely spread passion, which, if closely analyzed, would perhaps be found based on the love of power,—a desire to rule over the minds of others,—which seems to be corroborated by the fact, that most incipient actors believe their peculiar forte to be tragedy, until convinced of the contrary by the suffrage, or want of suffrage, of their audience. At most of the boy-pens, christened by the name of schools, the propensity to act is found to be strong, and the schoolmasters use it as an instrument to excite the boys to emulation in the use of speech, through the process of declamation. It is said also that Napoleon took lessons of Talma how to act the emperor. Thus an actor may teach a sovereign, but is not held fitting to teach a people. But after the love of acting and declamation has been first encouraged in a boy by his schoolmaster, and the exhibition of it has met with the approbation of his parents and friends, he is expected to put it away as on a shelf so soon as he has left school, and then to acquire new tastes of a directly contrary tendency. If he persist in liking acting, he is called a ‘spouter,’ a ‘stage-struck fool,’ and sundry other epithets, and warned that total ruin must be the consequence if he does not abstain. The boy cannot comprehend how that which met with approval while at school, can change its nature after he has left school, his reason revolts from the tyranny, and he resolves to persevere. Perchance he is thwarted in his first wishes to make an essay, and they become stronger by the denial of gratification. Walter Scott remarks, that if Waverley’s aunt had given him unlimited access to the young lady he first took a fancy to, the charm would probably have lost its force, and even thus is it with acting. Give the boy or the young man his way, let him try the experiment, and he will be satisfied as to his fittingness or unfittingness, but this is not the rule. He is debarred from the opportunity of proving his skill, and he runs away and becomes a stroller. Whether he succeeds or fails, the stamp of player is thenceforth stricken upon him, and, unless he be a rich man, he may never turn away from that for which he is unfitted, to that for which he is fitted. A man may study for a surgeon or physician, and afterwards become a tradesman, or a merchant, or a clergyman, or an officer in the army. Amongst professions he may change from one to another with impunity, and amongst trades the same. The military engineer may turn away from the business of destroying towns, and, as an architect, take to building

them up, but the unfortunate wight who has once essayed to act, and has failed, finds all resources shut against him. He is proscribed. If he goes to a lawyer and applies for the situation of clerk, the lawyer replies, 'Oh! you are the stage-struck young man, and won't do for me.' The merchant makes the same reply; the chemist, the apothecary, the tradesman, the manufacturer, all are alike. There is a great hardship in this to the individual, and the public at large is a still greater sufferer. It cannot be doubted that amongst the educated classes of the community, the greatest chance exists of finding individuals suited for first-rate actors. Amongst bankers' clerks, and the sons of thriving tradesmen, amongst lawyers and doctors, ay, and amongst churchmen, embryo actors may exist, just as probably as a Clive was found amongst the clerks of the India company; and it is desirable that they should have the opportunity of trying their skill—if the spirit move them—without being subject to a cruel punishment in case of failure, because their ambition had soared too high. It is like the ordeal of old, when a large reward was the price of success, and the pain of the burning ploughshares was followed by a lingering death of torture in case of failure. It would be well to get rid of the penalty. The failure, in attempting a walk of genius beyond a man's powers, is in itself a heavy punishment, and it ought to be considered sufficient. He has attempted no crime, and had he been successful, the public would have been greater gainers than himself. When this ban shall be removed, the effect will be most advantageous; for a number of inefficient actors will be removed from the sphere for which they are unfitted, the pressure of population will cease to press against the theatrical fund, and a larger supply of first-rate talent will be brought forward. Theatrical talent is more widely diffused than our present ignorance will allow us to believe. The spirit of acting is ambition and the love of excitement combined. Circumstances would convert an excitable actor into a soldier, or sailor, or traveller, or chieftain, perchance to display as much skill and bravery, and energy, as those who were more legitimately trained. Walter Scott understood human nature, when he created Jack Bunce the pirate, out of the strolling player, who delighted in the alias of Frederic Altamont. The same spirit was stirring in both cases. The favourite amusement of the officers on board war ships while at sea is acting plays, just as is the case with aspiring schoolboys. He who could enact—not mimic—the hero best, would of a surety find his enthusiasm stirred the strongest, while boarding an armed foe. The battle words of the play would instinctively become the battle words of the real fight, the slogan of ferocity, just as surely as John Kemble, in the feeling of acting reality, struck the pewter drinking vessel from the hands of his colleague behind the scenes, deeming that he dishonoured the Roman fame. The great Goethe was an enthusiastic lover of the drama. Bulwer makes Paul

Clifford, while a youth, emulous of enacting the part of Turpin, and partially putting it in practice in after life. Have not the forty thieves of the Arabian Nights been imitated in real actings, by thieving boys in London streets? It is more likely that those boys gleaned their ideas from the enactment at the theatre, than from the book, and there is little doubt that the presentation of Tom and Jerry, was the forerunner and teacher of many similar real scenes. When the time shall come that such things shall be avoided, and better things presented in their room, a corresponding improvement will be remarked in the public. Base actors have represented base things; the viler human passions have been set forth as merely laughable and ridiculous, but when the ban shall be removed, higher natures will set themselves up as teachers of the people, whether as amateurs or as paid professors, and higher qualities will be taught. There is genius enough to be found; if ye doubt it, look on the faces which pass along the streets, and after printing them on the retina of your vision, lament with me, that

‘ Knowledge, to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll.’

Lament with me, that ‘chill penury,’ or more chilling training, has kept their nobler faculties from being more fully developed. But the time is coming, there is yet a glorious beyond in view; human wisdom will prevail over human ignorance; and the progress of refinement and accompanying noble sentiments, will be in a compound ratio.

‘ Its coming yet for a’ that,
When man to man the world o’er,
Shall brothers be for a’ that.’

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

To be continued.

CORFE CASTLE RUINS.

In sunny beauty’s self-diffused light,
That beam’d to shame the cheat of Athelwold,
She moves before me—Lo! the spiritual might
Of vision is upon me: I behold
The bleeding ‘Martyr’ spur his horse to speed,
And the queen smiling at the mother’s deed!
I’ve trod the very stair Elfrida trod,
And seen the summer-clouds roof fleetingly
The towers of her inheritance! Ay, strode
Above the walls where monarchs feasted high,
Sweet women sinn’d, and dungeon’d victims groan’d,
And vassals revell’d whilst their masters moan’d!

Nettles and thorns and ivy overspread
 The high places of the tyrants of old days ;
 And o'er their weed-choked hearths is idly read
 The little name of each dull thing that strays
 From his poor pigmy hovel, to crush'd towers,
 Where the past's shadow clasps and overpowers
 The substance of the present. Some few flowers
 Amid these silent ruins breathe and smile ;
 And birds and insects frame their brooding bowers
 In the cleft walls—as if to reconcile
 The eternal enmity of birth and death,
 Ashes with blood, and airless dust with breath.
 The fulness and the vacancy of being,
 Reality and vision, truth and fable
 Alternately with blindness and with seeing
 Endue my pausing spirit; and, unstable,
 Yield mingled visitings of faith and doubt :
 Pale adumbrations of this wreck without
 Come to the chaos within—I darkly dream,
 Lull'd by the unseen flow of my mind's cavern'd stream.

* W *

MARY.

THOU art not beautiful, if freshest youth
 Or fairest form doth make the asker's creed ;
 But thou art beautiful, if love, and truth,
 And wisdom, who wait on thee still to feed
 Thine eye, thy smile, thy voice,—be all we need.
 They know thee not who love thee not, they wear
 A blinding veil, that makes them idly heed
 Thy gentleness to win, meekness to bear,
 Thy strength to live or die, for what thy soul holds dear.
 I watch thee when in mood quiet and holy
 Thou sittest rapt—I dream there is no taint
 On this most lovely world, of pain or folly—
 I gaze on thee as on a pictured saint
 In some cathedral niche, where thro' the faint
 And hallow'd shade, from glass of many dies,
 All things how bright soe'er are made acquaint
 With gloom—o'er all the spell of twilight lies—
 Yet fadeth not the light in those upraised eyes.
 I gaze again, when in less tranquil mood
 The spirit thro' thy thrilling frame doth move,
 Thy mind all eager for its work of good,
 Thy heart all busy at its work of love,
 The quivering lip, the trembling hand that prove
 Thy tenderness is truth—I gaze and see
 The longing soul pant for its home above,
 Strive with the frame that will not set it free
 To seek a world where all are angels like to thee.

Oh tarry yet, sweet soul! this world is dark,
 And needs the light and comfort of those eyes;
 Thou art a dove and must not leave our ark,
 Thou ever with the olive branch thy prize;
 Thou hast a mission, ere thy spirit flies,
 To teach all others to resemble thee,
 That o'er, away unto thy native skies,—
 Away immortal soul, thy bonds are free,
 Away, and find thy heaven—Love and Eternity!

ASPLAND'S SERMONS.*

THE author of these Sermons seems to be an admirer of the style of Tillotson and Blair, and in our opinion has 'bettered the instruction' which is to be derived from that school of composition. Like theirs, his discourses are characterised by sound sense, always perspicuously, and often elegantly expressed; there is scarcely ever any thing in them which can offend, usually much which must please; and if passages are rare, which, by their eloquence or originality, stand out in relief, there is a general harmony, proportion, and polish, which enhances the effect of each discourse as a whole, and tends to produce on the mind the kind and degree of impression which we may infer that the preacher contemplated. We seldom meet with compositions which have more the appearance of being precisely what the author intended they should be. So equable are they, that a specimen might be taken almost at random, without partiality or unfairness, to exhibit their characteristic qualities. We select the following on account of its subject:

'In the midst of commotions we tremble and complain. A thunder-storm alarms us, for we fear that the lightning may fall upon our own roof; but presently all is serene in the heavens, and we philosophize upon the salutary tendency of storms and tempests. Under a civil tyranny, a rebellion breaks out, and the timid and selfish predict universal ruin—without them, and in spite of them, liberty is established, and their children and their children's children go up to the temple to praise God for putting the love of liberty into the hearts of some of those that went before them. In the reformation of the Church, the philosophers of the day see nothing but the loosening of the bonds of religion, and an inundation of moral and spiritual evil: thus Erasmus, who was foremost to expose the corruptions of the Church of Rome, alarmed at the effect of his own works, predicted unheard of miseries from the defection of the people from the priesthood; but the Reformation, falling in with public opinion, went on; error after error, superstition after superstition, imposture after imposture fell, and there is not now an enlightened Roman Catholic in Europe, who does not look back with pious gratitude to the Reformation.

* Sermons on various Subjects, chiefly practical. [By R. Aspland. London, Hunter, 1833.

mation, as the means equally of purifying his own church, and of restoring religious liberty to the world. The Reformation was indeed the occasion of much religious persecution, a state in which there always prevail great crimes and great miseries; but this is only one side of the picture: by the sharp discipline of persecution have been formed some of those noble minds on whose constancy and moral heroism history delights to dwell, and to whom the Divine promise assigns the brightest crown of heavenly glory. Nor is this all; the school of persecution can alone, perhaps, teach communities the great lesson of the sacred rights of conscience. In the beginning, men seriously think that they ought to do many things contrary to peace and freedom, and that they render God service by making one another wretched. Tired at length of the interminable warfare, they allow each other time for reflection; by degrees, they see and feel and deplore, the evils of strife and violence on account of opinions; in the calm, philosophy puts forth her strong arguments, and the still small voice of revealed religion is heard urging her powerful persuasions, until in the end, the sinfulness of persecutions is generally admitted, and the right of all men to freedom of conscience is placed amongst the axioms and elementary truths that no man in his senses dares to dispute. When, again, the chain was broken that bound the souls of mankind to the papal throne, it was rightly enough foreseen that the Christian world would break into innumerable sects, and prodigious calamities were predicted as the fatal consequence: we can now smile at the gloomy prophecy: none of the evils arising from sects are at all comparable to those springing of necessity from the insolence and imposture of one dominant church, whilst many blessings have flowed from the exercise of private judgment: the various Christian parties have served as balances or checks in the social machine; the spirit of emulation has excited them on all sides to greater efforts for the attainment of intellectual and moral eminence; controversy has promoted free inquiry, which has led to the acknowledgment of certain general truths; in these, the wisest and best men of all parties, after a time, are disposed to take up their rest; and in this manner sects, like some dreaded serpents which carry with them an antidote to their venom, cure their own evils, and terminate, by a natural and easy death, in that rational and charitable faith, the last attainment of human reason, but the first lesson of the Gospel, in which all men of all nations may agree, a moral and devotional, rather than a doctrinal creed, and a creed which allows, respects, and cherishes, those diversities of persuasion which the Creator has made inseparable from the human mind, and which are thrown into the social system in order to quicken the intellectual powers, and to save society from supineness and sloth, the worst state into which man can fall, and the worst, because a nearly hopeless state. p. 32—35.

The euthanasia of sectarianism here described, is, indeed, devoutly to be wished. We should rejoice to see stronger symptoms of its speedy approach. It is to be feared, that in Dissenting, as well as in Established Churches, there are too many obstacles created by petty interests and passions to the simple pursuit of truth and the honest expression of opinion. The more imperative

is the obligation on all true Christians of promoting, not only in legislative enactment, but in social intercourse, that mutual toleration, without which there can neither be liberality nor liberty. There are many observations in the volume before us, which tend directly to this point; and many others which do so incidentally. On that and many other accounts we regard it as a valuable contribution to the cause of rational piety and useful practice.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF GNOSTICISM, DURING
THE FIRST CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

‘Una superstitio, quamvis non concolor error.’

PRUDENTIUS.

ONE of the earliest expedients adopted by the human mind to extend and perpetuate its knowledge, is classification. But the distinctions thus introduced, however necessary to assist and direct the first stages of its intellectual progress, have no exact counterpart in the reality of things, and require to be softened down, and sometimes almost disappear, when the mind is brought by more enlarged observation to a juster conception of the infinite variety of truth. Nature executes nothing *per saltum*: throughout the universe every change is graduated, every transition imperceptible. This remark is equally true of the history of man, and of the classification of human characters, parties, and opinions. Here, as in the kingdom of nature, the lines of demarcation between the several species are often traced with too much abruptness and precision; and the facility with which the mind yields itself to an established distribution, and embraces the moral associations attached to it, offers a perpetual hinderance to the impartial administration of historical justice.

The proof of this statement we rest on the general history of sects, philosophical and religious: a more particular and a very curious illustration of it may be found in the rise and influence of those singular speculations, which, under the general title of Gnosticism, introduced a new variety into the multifarious aspects of human opinion during the first ages of our era, and marked by imperceptible gradations every shade of belief and speculation, that claimed any kindred with Christianity, from Judaism on the one hand to the very verge of Polytheism on the other.* Our

* The works that we have followed as our authorities in the following sketch of the Gnostic schools, in addition to what may be found in *Lardner (History of Heretics,)* and *Priestley (History of Early Opinions, &c.,)* are *Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme, 2 tomes avec planches*, par M. Jacques Matter, and *Allgemeine Geschichte der Christlichen Religion und Kirche von Dr. August Neander*, 1sten band. 2te Abtheilung, p. 414—540. This last writer has devoted a particular work to the subject of Gnosticism, which we have not seen, *Genetische Entwicklung, &c.*; but as his general history appeared subsequently to that work, it may be supposed to exhibit in a condensed form his latest opinions and final corrections.

practice of studying Christianity almost entirely through the medium of the canonical Scriptures, which authenticate its origin, leads us to regard it too much as an insulated fact in the vast complexity of human affairs, uninfluenced in its form and development by the actual condition of the world at the time of its appearance, standing apart in its own solitary divinity, and separated by a broad and impassable barrier from all intercourse and sympathy with them *that were without*. But history exhibits a different picture. The pure religion of Jesus came into the world in the midst of influences, which, without affecting its divine essence, modified its outward character, and were the source of the errors which blended themselves with it. Among these influences none were more powerful than that spirit of daring and mystic speculation, which assumed in its more definite shape, when blended with any of the doctrines or facts of Christianity, the peculiar designation of Gnosticism.

This designation, in its fundamental idea, implies the possession of a superior science, communicated only to a few, and distinguishing them from the multitude. Though the term is limited in its actual use to speculations more or less connected with Christianity, yet the spirit which it represents is of far higher antiquity, must be traced back to the mysteries and sages of the East, and is in its nature diametrically opposed to the popular and unpretending character of the gospel. Even among the republican Greeks, the distinction between the *exoteric* and *esoteric* doctrines of philosophy existed, but chiefly in those schools that were most remarkable for an Oriental tendency of ideas. The revival of this love of mystery, with the assumption of a divine knowledge, derived from intuition, or communicated through a secret tradition, which was perceptible at the time of the origin of Christianity, arose from the intermingling of the ardent and contemplative spirit of the East with the more practical mind of the West, which was one of the effects of Alexander's conquests in Asia, and was perpetuated by the foundation of an universal *entrepôt* for commerce, language, philosophy, and religion, in Alexandria. The ancient philosophy of the Greeks experienced this influence almost as strongly as Christianity; and the new Platonic schools only exhibit another phasis of the general spirit of Gnosticism.

It would be an abuse of terms to describe Gnosticism as a kind of philosophy, since it assumed rather than reasoned, created systems, instead of searching after truth, and set facts at defiance with an audacity unparalleled in the history of speculation. Its strength lay in the earnestness with which it addressed itself to the deepest yearnings and most intense questionings of our moral nature: its field was the imagination; and here by the boldest imagery and most arbitrary combinations it endeavoured to solve those deep problems of natural theology, relative to the origin and purpose of evil, and the connection of matter with mind, to which

even the reason of the nineteenth century has as yet confessed itself inadequate. We should best designate the mental character of the Gnostics by a word, which the French and the Germans have not scrupled to borrow from the Greek, *Theosophists*, men whose contemplations were fixed immediately on God, the eternal source and principle of all things, instead of looking for wisdom nearer home by studying the order and harmony of his visible works. This *à priori* and fundamental knowledge of God was the *gnosis* which raised them so far above ordinary men, and from which they drew with so much certainty and confidence their magnificent theories of the order of Providence and the plan of the universe. It was distinct from faith, which they despised as unequal to the wants and capacities of a spiritual mind; nor was it reason, which, as an instrument of divine truth, their theories are a sufficient proof they never employed; but it was actual knowledge, which they pretended to derive either, 1. from some primitive revelation, to which they had access; or, 2. from immediate intuition; or 3. from a more exact knowledge than was granted to the world, of the pure doctrines of Jesus Christ.

As Christianity arose out of Judaism, the question naturally occurs, whether the latter religion was at all impregnated with this Oriental spirit. That this was the fact, is not only probable from the influence to which it must have been exposed during its temporary exile on the banks of the Euphrates, but is certain, from the existence of the Cabbala, which we can first detect in the interval between the Babylonish captivity and the birth of Christ. The Cabbala was a body of *esoteric* doctrines relative to the spiritual world, which, as the name implies, had been derived from tradition, and which bore a close resemblance to the system of Zoroaster. The distinguishing feature of both systems is the doctrine of successive emanations from one primeval source of light, and the acknowledgment of a vast number of spiritual agents good and evil, in the administration of the affairs of the universe. Zoroaster, it is well known, taught the existence of two hostile powers, the causes respectively of good and evil, Ormuzd and Ahriman; and the traces of this belief, the recognition of a kingdom of darkness warring with that of Jehovah, which was an idea altogether at variance with the simple and absolute monotheism of the Mosaic institutions, first became perceptible after the return of the Jews from the land where their elders had had perpetual intercourse with the sages of Chaldea and Persia. Then first we discover, as a result of the diverse action of foreign influences on the same community, the hitherto unknown phenomenon of sectarian division among the Jewish people: the Pharisees eagerly embracing the splendid spiritualism of the East, the Essenes and Therapeutæ exhibiting its mystic and ascetic tendencies; and the Sadducees, who rejected all tradition, and prided themselves on an adherence to the simple law of their fathers, presenting a

Judaic antagonism to these innovations. The elements of Gnosticism were therefore in existence, and actually fermenting in the heart of Judaism, before the preaching of the Gospel; and we may consider the cabbalistic doctrines as the transition state between pure Zoroastrism and the final developement of the proper *gnosis*.

Contemporaneous with these changes in Judea itself, a Gnostic element was forming, under circumstances somewhat different, in another quarter, to which we have already alluded, in the city of Alexandria. Hither, it is well known, a number of Jews had migrated in the reign of the first of the Ptolemies; and amongst them were those who shared in the general enthusiasm fostered by those princes for letters and philosophy. The adoption of Greek as the common dialect of the multifarious inhabitants of the city, promoted the readier intermingling of their religious and philosophical ideas. In this centre of the eastern and western worlds, the doctrines of all sects and countries were thrown into combination, and from their mutual action arose new forms of speculation. The mystic science of the native priesthoods, though declined from its ancient reputation, must still have had its influence in the general excitement of human ideas; and it was here brought a second time into collision with the institutions of the great Hebrew legislator and prophet, who was said himself to have been learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; and to these elements and to the traditional knowledge of the system of Zoroaster, which the Jews brought with them from Palestine, were added the doctrines of the several Grecian schools, and especially that of Plato, which found in Alexandria a congenial soil.* Under these influences flourished Philo, who allegorized the Mosaic code, and found in it all the doctrines of Platonism. We can trace in his writings the germ of Gnosticism. By his doctrine of a *logos*, or world of ideas, dwelling in God, and the medium of the divine agency on the world of matter, which he borrowed from Plato, he prepared the way for some of the most favourite speculations of the Gnostic schools. He ascribed all true knowledge of God to intuition; and conceived that from this source Moses and the prophets derived a kind of *gnosis*.

From perceiving the tendency of men's ideas previous to the appearance of Christ, we are the less surprised at the form that was given to his doctrine by various sects, when it came to be disseminated in the world. It combined with elements already existing, and formed compounds in which the pure and practical wisdom of Jesus was disguised in mixtures of heathen origin. It is stated by ecclesiastical writers, that only two kinds of heresies were known in the two first centuries; that of those who denied the possibility of any connexion between the visible and invisible worlds, and considered Jesus Christ a man in appearance only,

* *Gratissimum hospitium urbem Alexandriam habuit Platonica philosophia. Heyne, de Genio Sæculi Ptolemæorum, p. 144.*

the Docetæ; and that of those who considered heaven and earth as equally under the superintendence of one divine principle, and regarded our Saviour as, in nature, a mere man—the Ebionites: these were viewed as the extreme points of heretical opinion; one denying the divinity, the other the humanity of Christ; and between them, recognising the union of the two natures, the precise centre of orthodoxy was supposed to lie. It will be seen, however, that the Gnostic principle, in its various forms, connected by imperceptible gradations even these extreme points of divergency; that there was an Ebionitish form of Gnosticism as well as one which harmonized with the system of the Docetæ; and that the doctrine of Cerinthus, in particular, who was contemporary with St. John, marks the transition from the Judaizing sects of Christians to proper Gnosticism.

When the course of speculation is so purely imaginative and arbitrary, so little governed by any principle of reason, as in the case of the Gnostics, it becomes almost impossible to classify the several schools and doctrines with any approach to exactness. As these speculations, however, had their source in philosophical doctrines, which existed previous to Christianity, we may, for the sake of distinctness, distribute them into two prominent classes, according to the regions in which the doctrines, from which they appear to have sprung, chiefly prevailed, and trace them either to an Alexandrine or a Syrian gnosis. Of these two schools of Gnosticism, it is observed by Neander, (i. p. 424,) that Platonism, with its peculiar views of the nature of matter, is the basis of the former; and Parsism, with its doctrine of the two principles of light and darkness, of the latter. In the former of these schools, Satan is the being opposed to the supreme and benevolent God, and matter is his domain, while the *demiurgus*, or immediate maker of the world, so far from being opposed to the supreme God, is his agent and organ. In accordance with these principles, no contrariety was supposed to exist between the old dispensation and the new; between the material and the spiritual world: the former were regarded as states of progress and transition to the higher order of things announced or existing in the latter; the visible husk or shell of a gnosis, that was revealed to the spiritual mind. There were thus two different worlds, and two different dispensations corresponding to them; at the head of each dispensation, as at the head of each world, there was a different God, a higher and a lower; and this distinction was extended even to Christ, the earthly Christ and the heavenly Christ being united at the baptism. Though the notion entertained of matter by this school was such as might lead to ascetic practices; yet their acknowledgment of a harmony between the visible and invisible world deterred them from the extravagances of those who considered matter as altogether within the jurisdiction of a malignant being. In the Syrian gnosis, on the other hand, into which the

dualism of Zoroaster entered as an element, the *demiurgus* represented Ahriman, and was a being essentially hostile to the good and supreme deity. From him the old dispensation proceeding was in its spirit and its precepts directly opposed to the new: the present world was a mass of evil; matter was to be insulted and destroyed in every possible way; and between earth and heaven there was no union and sympathy whatever. These views operating upon minds of different temperaments, led to different practical results: with the pure they led to the extreme of asceticism; with the impure to unbounded licentiousness; and, in both cases, from the same principle, a contempt for matter. From the opposite tendencies of these two schools, the Alexandrine and the Syrian; they might be further designated as the Judaizing and the anti-Judaic.

It is unfavourable to our forming a just appreciation of the character of the Gnostics, that we know their sentiments only from a few fragments which have been preserved of their writings, and from the representations given of them by their avowed enemies. Their leaders appear for the most part to have been men of good moral character, and actuated by pure intentions, but led away by an unbounded love of speculation, and by the vain hope of finding in Christianity the solution of difficulties which it does not undertake to explain. Their great and fundamental error had its source in the fruitless attempt to associate with Christianity the speculations of what was then called philosophy. Smitten with the moral beauty of the gospel, and charmed with the new light which it seemed to throw on the dark and hitherto inexplicable enigma of existence, they did not perceive the simple, practical end for which its revelations were exclusively calculated, and fancied they saw in it a key to the whole train of mysteries, on which they had been accustomed to exercise their thoughts. Blending its facts and its doctrines, in the most arbitrary manner, with the conceptions which they had derived from heathen sources, and which, whenever they felt the want of any supplementary idea to complete their theories, they continued to borrow with the most indiscriminate appropriation from the endless systems and fragments of systems still in existence around them; they attempted, out of these heterogeneous elements, to make a consistent whole of their religion and their philosophy, and thus furnish a complete solution of the moral problem of the universe. They did not understand, what perhaps is not yet generally understood, the distinction between religion and philosophy, the moral cultivation of the heart and the effort of the intellect to grasp universal truth; and from confounding their provinces they produced, what Lord Bacon represents as an inevitable result, an heretical religion and a fabulous philosophy.

Their besetting sin was the pride of intellect, the ambition of transcending the barriers prescribed to the human faculties, and of

raising themselves to a state of intellectual and spiritual superiority above the vulgar. This pre-eminence they founded on their possession of the gnosis, which they derived by immediate intuition from God, and which they regarded as a sort of key to the secret treasures of the divine mysteries. Guided by this interior sense, they decided most daringly between the true and the false in the recorded teachings of Christ and his apostles: retained or rejected at pleasure any of the books of the sacred canon, and sometimes substituted others in their place. They were the philosophizing Christians of that early age, looking for confirmation of their own theories in the language of Scripture, and, when Scripture was refractory, binding it to the requirements of their own gnosis. They were men who admitted the facts of the life and teaching of Jesus, and who have been properly quoted by Lardner as unexceptionable witnesses for their truth; but who had not yet learned to pay implicit deference to the canonical transmission of those facts, and were quite disposed to place their own private tradition upon a footing of equal authority with the written word. They made the distinction, which has been adopted in later times, but which there is considerable difficulty in applying, between what Christ said under the immediate influence of inspiration, and what he said from accommodation to the prejudices of his hearers. But by far the most objectionable part of their system was the further distinction which they attempted to introduce into Christianity, of a doctrine for the vulgar and a doctrine for the enlightened; a distinction which, if it had once obtained footing, would have struck at the root of Christian freedom and equality, and by establishing Christian mysteries and initiations, and a caste of *illuminati*, would have brought back the worst institutions of heathen priestcraft.

The radical idea, prevailing most of these Gnostic systems, is that of a revelation through Christ of the supreme and unknown God. They did not rest in this revelation, or limit it to its moral applications, but saw in it a light that was to unfold to them the moral machinery of the universe. They had attained, as they conceived, to the primeval source of truth, and could follow down from it, through its successive emanations, the widely-extended economy of the spiritual world. Their speculation was carried on in the extremest spirit of opposition to the modern and only sound philosophy, that of ascending from facts through successive inductions to general principles: they, on the contrary, assumed the principle and asserted the facts; and the results were unsatisfactory and portentous in proportion to the magnitude and difficulty of the subjects on which their favourite speculations turned.

It was an idea of the Gnostics, that the emanations from the Supreme Being were effected by a voluntary limitation of the fullness of his own perfections; and the whole series of emanations thus produced, they called *pleroma*, the circle of spiritual beati-

tude, and the future dwelling-place of emancipated souls. The origin of evil was variously accounted for : sometimes a succession of evil spirits was supposed, emanating from God, in an order correspondent to that of the good spirits, as in the *amshaspands* and *dews* of the system of Zoroaster ; sometimes the corruption was gradual, as the spirits in the order of emanation approached the confines of the world of darkness, and came within reach of its influences ; sometimes the envy, jealousy, or ambition, of a subordinate spirit was the exciting cause ; sometimes evil was regarded as an inherent property of matter, which the Creator could modify but not exterminate.

These successive emanations from the supreme mind appear, at first view, to be nothing more than personified abstractions, merely allegorical representations of the attributes and operations of the Divine intellect ; and their names favour this supposition—depth, silence, truth, wisdom, man, grace, life ; but they were regarded as real beings, and invoked as such. Man, that is the primitive type and general idea of man, as formed in the image of God and the visible representation of his perfections, was one of the most remarkable of these emanations: it figures in the Cabbala, and was thence transferred to some of the Gnostic systems.

Creation has ever seemed one of the deepest mysteries to the human mind. In reasoning from the visible and finite to the invisible and infinite, human conceptions necessarily intervene ; and the distinction of sex, with which the great law of production is connected in the natural world, suggested a gross theory to the first speculations on creation, and formed the basis of the earliest fictions of mythology. This essentially heathenish idea was not excluded from the Gnostic systems, which sometimes represented the emanations as proceeding in *syzygies* or couples, with a recognition of the sexual distinction. The souls of individuals were supposed to have their corresponding partners in the angelic world, with whom they were to be finally united. In the system of Valentinus, the consummation of all things was described as a great marriage festival ; in which *Σωτηρ* and *Σοφία* will be joined in the bands of an everlasting union, with the pairs of *πνευματικοί* and angels under them, in the *pleroma* ; and lastly the *demiurgus*, with his *ψυχικοί*, will bring up the train of this celestial company, as the friend of the bridegroom, who rejoices greatly at his voice. Such was the interpretative given to the words of the Baptist, (John iii. 29,) as the representative of the *demiurgus*. By some of the Gnostics, baptism was considered as a mystic union with the spiritual partner in the unseen world, and celebrated as a kind of bridal feast. In fact, the Gnostics invented a system of Christian mythology, peopled heaven and earth with spirits, and wrought out the plain and simple facts of the gospel history into a wild tissue of dreamy speculations.

Deeming themselves admitted into immediate intercourse with God and the spiritual world, it is not surprising that the more enthusiastic among them should have aspired to the exercise of supernatural powers, and fallen into the practice of magic, or, as it was then called, *thaumaturgy*. If Simon Magus, who is mentioned in Acts, was a Gnostic, he must have been one of this description: but the more respectable of their leaders were not chargeable with such practices.

The Egyptian schools of Basilides and Valentinus were distinguished for their bold and fanciful conceptions. They agreed in their fundamental ideas, but differed in the developement of them: the *δυνάμεις* of Basilides were the same with the *æons* of Valentinus, emanations from the supreme God. Basilides taught the metempsychosis, and believed the soul to be in a continual course of migration to higher stages of being, from plants and even stones, in which he thought the principle of life might be imprisoned, to beasts, birds, men, and angels. Valentinus made a distinction between the Christianity of the natural (*ψυχικός*) and that of the spiritual (*πνευματικός*) man; the former was the result of miracles, striking on the outward sense and rested on authority; the latter proceeded from an interior conviction of the truth, which required no external evidence to produce it. To these Egyptian schools, the gems or amulets, wrought over with curious characters and signs, and known to antiquaries by the name of *abraxas*, are usually ascribed. Lardner (vol. ix. p. 300—4,) questions the fact of such stones having ever been used by any Christian sect. The probability is (Matter, ii. p. 54) they did not belong to the learned of these sects, since we do not find them mentioned, as in that case they infallibly would have been, by their opponents: but they were worn by the vulgar as charms to protect them against the influence of evil spirits, and may be regarded as one among the many indications of the imperceptible shades with which the corrupted forms of Christianity, especially in the lower classes, melted away into heathenism.

We leave it to ecclesiastical antiquaries to describe and arrange the endless diversities of the forms of Gnosticism; but we may observe, that of all the Gnostic schools, the most practical in its tendency, and the purest apparently in its intentions, was that of Marcion. Though his school forms a class almost by itself, yet, from the country of its origin, and from the principle of contrariety between the Old and New Testaments, by which it was chiefly characterised, it must be referred to the Syrian rather than the Alexandrine gnosis. Marcion's object, mistaken as might be his means of obtaining it, was the restoration of pure and primitive Christianity from the dregs of tradition. Neander says, he was the first of the Protestants who may thus date their origin from the high antiquity of the second century. Marcion was originally, it seems probable, a heathen; though his father had become a

believer of some consequence in the church of Sinope, on the remote shores of the Euxine. His ardent mind was powerfully captivated with the purity, the spirituality, and the universal benevolence of the teachings of Jesus. Unfortunately his mind had been warped by the ascetic notions then prevalent concerning matter; and, as his temperament was incapable of entering into any subject with moderation, this bias urged him into many extravagances. Destitute of any sane principle of historical interpretation, and looking at every subject with the natural simplicity and directness of his ardent mind, he was excessively revolted by what he considered the gross anthropomorphism of the Old Testament; and ascribed it to a Being, opposite in character and hostile in purpose to the God of the New. In this spirit, he published a work of *antitheses*, or contradictions between the Old Testament and the New, which he prefixed as an introduction to his edition of Luke, the only one of the gospels which he retained. From this edition he resolutely expunged whatever he thought inconsistent with the character of the God of the new covenant, and every passage which recognised the authority of the old. This was the chief indication of his Gnostic spirit; viz. the employment of this internal sense to determine what was, and what was not, pure Christianity; but his imagination was little exercised in the framing of those wild and fanciful theories, which formed so large a part of other Gnostic systems. His error—and it was that of the whole sect—in great measure, it was the besetting delusion of the age, was that of setting out with a theory, the assumption of a gnosis; and then, in defiance of all history and criticism, remodelling the Christian doctrines in accordance with his views. Our knowledge of his principles destroys our confidence in his criticism. It is hardly possible to doubt that the New Testament was mutilated by him. It ought, however, to be stated, that one of the most sagacious of modern critics, the late Professor Eichhorn, took a more favourable view of Marcion's gospel, and supposed that it merely exhibited one of the primitive forms of the *urevangelium*, of which the gospel according to the Hebrews formed one branch, and that of Marcion the other; and conceived that he was unjustly charged by his adversaries with cutting away what had, in fact, been added to the original gospel. (*Eichhorn's Einleitung in das Neue Testament*, 43—72.)

The supposed contrariety of the Old Testament to the New, and the consequent ascription of it to a different Deity, was the source of some of the wildest theories of the Gnostics. A false zeal for the honour of Christianity was one of the most powerful means of its corruption. The Ophites, for example, so called from the serpent which they revered, considered Jaldabaoth, the God of the old dispensation, as the enemy of man, who forbade him, from malice, to eat of the tree of knowledge; and the serpent, who urged man to violate that command, as the organ of divine wis-

dom. These anti-judaical principles were carried to their extreme by the Cainites, who looked upon all the bad men punished under the old dispensation as those who alone deserved to be considered spiritual, and the faithful servants of the true God.

If we may borrow a term from the Greek, the principle of the prevailing Gnostic sects was rather *syncretism* than *eclecticism*; they saw truth every where; they found affinities in every system; and associated the elements of the most opposite religions in their theories. They ran into the opposite extreme of the exclusiveness of the Catholic church. While the Catholics saw error in every system but their own, the Gnostics, with equal want of reason, made no discrimination, and blended truth and error into one heterogeneous mass. This was particularly the case with the Carpocratians, who were equally tolerant in their theology and lax in their moral principles. In a Greek inscription, discovered in Cyrenaica, and ascribed to this sect, we find the names united of Osiris, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Epicurus, and Christ: an union which, however strange it may seem to us, was not without its parallel in those days. The Emperor Alexander Severus showed what Gibbon sarcastically calls (vol. ii. p. 450,) 'a singular but injudicious regard for the Christian religion,' by the erection of a domestic chapel, in which he placed the statues of Abraham, of Orpheus, of Apollonius, and of Christ.

The Gnostics generally despised martyrdom, and justified the use of concealment and reserve for the privilege of remaining in the bosom of the Catholic church. They understood the extent of the application of the text, to the pure all things are pure. It has been well said, that the moral tendency of opinions cannot be judged of from the characters of those who first propagate them. The Gnostic leaders were, for the most part, men of pure morals, rather ascetic in their lives, of ardent minds and misguided imaginations; but in the sequel their sects degenerated. From the fanatical contempt of matter, and the belief that the gospel conferred an exemption from the obligations of all positive law, they fell into the wildest antinomianism, and confounded all moral distinctions. Gnosticism, though we have viewed it solely in connexion with Christianity, showed itself, as we have before observed, in heathenism also, and was one of the indications of the spirit of the time. It attempted to appropriate to itself the accumulated wisdom of antiquity, and to find in the united reasonings and conceptions of all sects, Jewish, Christian, and Heathen, the solution of those problems to which no one philosopher or sage, and no one sect or party, had hitherto been able to devise a satisfactory answer.

How far the language and conceptions of the writers of the New Testament have been influenced by the prevalence of these Gnostic opinions, is a question on which the most distinguished names will be found ranged on opposite sides. Both parties, perhaps, have

been too exclusive in their views. Indirectly those theories must have had influence on the outward form of the Christian Scriptures. The canon was formed in the very midst of these influences; and a just appreciation of the spirit and tendency of the Gnostic systems cannot fail to be among the most useful aids to an enlightened interpretation, if not of the three first gospels, yet at least of that of John, and of the controversial writings of the abrupt and enigmatical Paul.

ON THE DEFENCE OF THE HOUSE AND WINDOW TAX, IN THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.*

THE article headed as below, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' just published, is a Whig homily on a Tory text. It is an amplification, with an application to existing circumstances, of the memorable rebuke which Lord Castlereagh administered to the English people for their 'ignorant impatience of taxation.' It is a defence of taxation upon consumption and industry as opposed to taxation upon property. It denounces the 'monstrous principle that, because a man has, by superior sagacity, ingenuity, or economy, accumulated a fortune, he shall be liable, not only to a greater amount, but also to a heavier *rate* of taxation than others!' and it vituperates, in most unmeasured terms, those who desire, by amending the fiscal system at present pursued, to make the public burdens fall on the shoulders that best can bear them. They are 'destructives,' 'revolutionists,' 'would be tyrants;' their pretences 'hypocritical,' their designs 'selfish;' and their plans 'iniquitous' and 'insane.' All these amiable and convincing figures of speech are accumulated in one short paragraph, and hurled at the heads of those who are simple enough to press upon Lord Althorp, now that he is in office, the adoption of what he affirmed would be 'a very good measure,' when he was in opposition. Then 'it was the ill-arranged state of the taxes that pressed heavily on the country;' now, the system is 'bottomed on sound principles.' No longer ago than March, 1830, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had 'no hesitation' in advocating the reduction of taxes and the imposition 'of a property-tax to meet the deficiency;' now, the bare mention of such a proposition shows a taste for anarchy, confusion, and universal ruin. These are the things which disgust people with public men and political parties. Every honest nature recoils at the loathsome hypocrisy, and stands aghast at the impudence which connects with it the demand of confidence and the abuse of those who will not follow the leaders in their shameless tergiversation. Look at the dishonesty of the sentence just quoted, the description of the 'monstrous principle.' If by a *heavier rate* of taxation be meant one which bears more heavily upon the rich

* No. 116, Article 7. Complaints and Proposals regarding Taxation.

than upon the poorest who are subjected to it, that is what no one, that we know of, has ever advocated. Taxation touches the means of bodily support of the poor, and the personal comforts of those of the middle classes: but whoever imagined such imposts on property as should reach even the amusements and luxuries of the wealthy? A higher per centage does not make a heavier burden. The annuitant of two hundred a year would pay far more in a twentieth of his income, than would be paid in a tenth by the Lord of Chatsworth. The latter need never know of the reduction by any effect upon his personal enjoyments; the former would feel it in many a privation. And what jugglery there is in the reviewer's association of 'a fortune' with 'sagacity, ingenuity, and economy.' One would suppose from reading it, that we lived in a country where wealth was meted out proportionally to the worthiest; society constituted according to the principles inculcated in our little story books and nursery tales; and the whole island one beautiful picture of 'Virtue Rewarded.' Of the great fortunes which are made, how many are made thus fairly? And of those which are, why should not the possessors pay for the security of that which society has enabled them to gain by the toil of others? A property tax is only an insurance on their share of the cargo with which the vessel of the state is freighted. But the reviewer knows well enough, though, for a sophistical and insidious purpose, the fact be misrepresented, that the acquisition of wealth is much less common than its inheritance. It would not indeed have appeared quite so 'monstrous' to say that they, 'who toil not neither do they spin,' who are born to live idly and luxuriously on the fruit of others' labours, and whom any conceivable amount of needful taxation will leave the quiet possessors of unearned advantages in abundance, should bear the chief burden of the institutions from which they derive the chief benefits. This would have seemed not so very unreasonable. The class is therefore kept out of sight entirely. Better forget the aristocracy when there is talk of taxes. They will come into remembrance again when places are to be filled and reforms to be resisted. But there is a corollary to the reviewer's statement. 'A policy of this sort would, by paralyzing industry and invention, and driving capital and talent abroad, speedily bring about the total ruin of any country insane enough to adopt it.' Would it? We rather apprehend that the men of capital and of talent, the inventive and the industrious, would think twice before they expatriated themselves on such a score. If we can keep them now, little need we fear the loss of them when almost every manufacture, lightened by the removal of some drag-weight or other, would spring forwards with unprecedented activity. Were the price of food to fall, as it then must, to the continental level, and every article and implement of productive industry to bear only its own cost, what a spirit of life and energy would be diffused through the entire population of the country.

Those only would think of leaving it, who could best be spared, and we could well endure their absenteeism. The taxes would be paid but once, and with the smallest expense in collecting; new markets would open; the competition which is becoming formidable, would be distanced; and the thriving architect of a fortune, would be tenfold remunerated beforehand, for the premium which he would have to pay for the security of his property, when he should resign himself to its enjoyment. Instead of industry being paralyzed, fresh life-blood would be infused into its veins, and strength into its sinews. Only imagine the removal of a burden of thirteen millions per annum from the labouring classes of this country. It would be a beautiful 'paralysis.' And the removal of almost double that pressure from the middle classes; they would be paralyzed too. There would certainly be little disposition in either to move off. Nor would more than a fraction of the burden taken from them fall upon the wealthy. There would be the saving of an enormous expense in collection; and having the powers of legislation chiefly in their own hands, retrenchments in public expenditure would no doubt be found practicable, which now are pronounced to be totally impossible. Altogether, we should not be quite so totally ruined as the reviewer prophesies.

If the present system of taxation is to continue, there are many taxes of which we should rather be rid than the assessed taxes; many which are worse in principle and more injurious in their results. We agree with the reviewer that their pressure falls chiefly upon the middle and not on the lower classes. It is not the mechanic, but the tradesman and shopkeeper, that is chiefly affected by them. They injure, not so much the producers as the exchangers and distributors of commodities. They might be worse: it does not follow that they are not sufficiently bad. Their continuance partakes something of the nature of a tributary visitation on the middle classes for that apathy towards the political rights and peculiar interests of the labouring classes, which they have to a considerable extent manifested. Had they stood by those classes in demanding a more extended suffrage, they would now have had a better prospect of relief. Had they even exerted themselves as much for the addition to the Reform Bill, of free, that is, secret voting, and responsible, that is, short parliaments, as they have done for the removal of this impost, there would have been a tolerable certainty of its removal as soon as those changes came into operation. They have (a large proportion of them) acted under the influence of that blighting curse of our country,—the selfishness of class morality, and verily they have their reward. It might have come, indeed, with a better grace from other hands. It might have been left for other than ministerial tongues and pens to revile them as fools or madmen, rogues and revolutionists. It might have been left for other journals than the 'Edinburgh' to smile at their complaints as

‘quite inconsiderable.’ And those who needed and had their help, pledged even to the extreme of refusing payment of taxes should the Tories be restored, might have spared the taunt and threat which are somewhat indiscreetly put forth in the article under consideration. How like the repetition of an old *Standard* or *John Bull* cheer to Wellington and his musketeers, does it read. ‘Let Government be firm and decided; let all attempts at resistance, provided any such be made, be immediately repressed by *prompt and exemplary punishment*, and they will very soon cease to be heard of.’ (P. 438.) How it smacks of the spirit of the Great Captain. In what a summary way are the refractory to be disposed of. The *modus* is not revealed. Is submitting to seizure for taxes to be made treasonable? Is the empty pocket to become legal evidence of felony, without benefit of clergy? Must there be an English Coercion Bill for the pacification of the Strand and Regent Street? The reviewer and the reviewer’s masters may depend upon it, that when once any considerable body of the people are so far provoked as to leave the tax-gatherer to his remedy, it will not be so easy a task as they imagine to settle the account. Big words will not do. ‘Vigour beyond the law’ is a kind of action that induces reaction. Tax in kind is less manageable than tithe in kind. The people have learned from events that they possess a peaceful power which may ‘make Government give up a tax,’ and give up something else along with it. No bluster, then. ‘Some mollification for your giant,’ sweet peers and potentates, great lords of Downing Street and St Stephen’s. Like Bottom the weaver, let him roar gently.

The beauties of the assessed taxes, according to the reviewer, are four: ‘They give no encouragement to smuggling; they do not change the natural distribution of capital and industry; their assessment requires no officious interference with the affairs of individuals; and they are not easily evaded?’

Now if these be the criteria of the reviewer, let them be fairly applied to that whole system of taxation on articles of consumption and the necessities of life, of which the assessed taxes are an integral portion. For it must never be forgotten that with them the whole system stands or falls. It was on this view of the question that the House of Commons did decide, and that the people should decide. The alternative was of ministerial selection, and we do not object to it. The choice is between the present system, as a whole, and a property tax. That entire system cannot be more distinctly or completely condemned than by the application of the proposed test. Under the existing imposts, smuggling *does* exist, the natural distribution of capital and of industry *is* perverted, there is plenty of officious and vexatious interference, and there is also abundance of evasion. It is idle to select this particular tax, and by commendation of its assumed qualities vindicate a system of a directly opposite character. This is the mere trick of the rhetorician.

If these were his real reasons for advocating the assessed taxes, he would *à fortiori* be the advocate of a property tax. They are in fact a property tax, distinguished from it only by peculiarities which make them much more open to objection, and less entitled on any score to preference. His allegations are only partially true. They do to a certain extent divert capital and industry from their natural channels. The very word *surchage* will in many districts call up a host of recollections quite sufficient to settle the question of 'officious interference;' and ample proof is before the legislature and the public of their shameful, or rather shameless evasion, if not by, yet on behalf of, the aristocracy. It is only partial truth, therefore, that can be conceded to this description. And the same remark applies to the reviewer's assertion, that they are not paid by the tenant, but by the landlord. In a few cases that is the fact; but only in a very few cases. The builder of houses will only provide fresh shelter for us, so long as he receives in rent the regular profit on his capital. With an increasing population, the burden of the tax must, therefore, generally fall on the occupier. The competition is that of tenants for houses, rather than that of landlords to obtain tenants. And this must especially be the case where situation is a primary object. The tradesman and shopkeeper cannot choose their ground: they must inhabit certain localities: it will not do to spread their wares in a wilderness. The houses which they need are at a monopoly price. The reviewer avails himself of the statement made in the House of Commons, that numbers of houses were empty in the Strand, Regent Street, and other principal streets in London, to argue, that 'shops are not deficient, but in excess.' And being so, it is quite clear that the taxes imposed on them, though paid in the first instance by the tenant, really fall on the landlord, the rent received by the latter being reduced proportionally to the amount of the taxes.' This might be written innocently in the north; but any resident in London must know that the argument is as empty as it assumes the shops to be. Vacancies in such streets are frequent, but never permanent. They are not occasioned by the want of competition for them amongst tenants, but by the intensity of that competition. They are occasioned by the failures incessantly occurring amongst those who, in their eagerness to obtain an advantageous position, submit to burdens so disproportionate, as to render their profits inadequate. A shop in such a situation is a ticket in the great commercial lottery. And the number of blanks is long before it diminishes the avidity of buyers. It may be said that, were the taxes repealed, the competing tenants would be ready to pay the same amount as rent. They might for a time; but they would soon find, as they may find now, that they could not afford it. Then the rents would fall, and might fall so low as to make the landlord pay the tax. The hope of getting rid of the tax, a hope which has been so strongly encouraged, is one element

of the present destructive rivalry. This is a very unwholesome state of things. Heaven forbid it should be permanent! We hope the time is coming for more rational modes of distributing the productions of nature and of art, than this expensive and demoralizing plan of individual competition, the evils of which have arisen to such an enormous height. The statement as to the number of empty houses may have been quite true, as to any given day, but when the fact is explained, and the explanation may be verified by any resident in the metropolis who will take the trouble to observe, it leads to a directly opposite conclusion from that deduced by the reviewer. His argument can only hold in what must be a comparatively rare case, the overbuilding of shops in a locality which yet remains a desirable one. In that case the tax no doubt falls, as he says, upon the landlord; but though he be a landlord, it may not be altogether just or agreeable for him to bear it. This does not affect the general character of the tax, which falls heavy on the private occupant, but often heaviest on the tradesman.

One great objection to these taxes, is the monstrous inequality of their pressure. To this a flimsy answer is attempted, accompanied by the venture of a most ill-timed and ill-judged panegyric on the aristocracy, whose exemption, somehow or other, from all but a mere modicum of the burden, has been very effectively contrived. It required considerable hardihood to contend that the wealthy have been misrepresented in this matter by unprincipled demagogues, that the tax really falls upon them 'in an increasing ratio,' and that they ought to be relieved by a different arrangement. True it is, that a house with forty windows pays 7s. 5½d. per window, and one with eight windows only 2s. 0¾d. per window: that on houses rated from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a year, the duty is 1s. 6*d.* per pound, and on those of 40*l.* and upwards, 2s. 10*d.*: here the scale stops. But the difference thus produced, is a trifle compared with the advantage which aristocracy has over trade in the assessment. Had the reviewer, in his absorbing attention to Mr. Spring Rice, forgot the facts mentioned in Col. Evans's speech, that Northumberland House (Charing Cross) pays but 4½*d.* per foot, while the small grocer's shop next door to it is charged at the rate of *seven shillings* per foot? Does he not know that, out of London, the highest assessed house in all England, England with its thousand palaces and castles, is that of a tavern-keeper at Brighton? The facts elicited and published by the United Parochial Committees are perfectly astounding. There are but 438 houses, in England and Wales, assessed at 400*l.* and upwards, and of these 419 are in the metropolis. A tradesman in Regent Street pays precisely as much house-tax (56*l.* 13s. 4*d.*) as the Duke of Devonshire pays for Chatsworth; one third more than the Primate of the Church for Canterbury Palace, the Duke of Buckingham for Stowe Palace, the Marquis of Westminster for Eaton

Hall, and the Duke of Marlborough for Blenheim; twice as much as the Marquis Cholmondeley for Cholmondeley Castle, Earl Hardwicke for Wimpole Hall, Mr. Coke for Holkham Hall, the Duke of Rutland for Belvoir Castle, and the Duke of Northumberland for Alnwick Castle; more than three times as much as Earl Grey for Howick House, and four times as much as the Duke of Cleveland for Raby Castle, and the Earl of Scarborough for Lumley Castle.* And these are the poor, distressed creatures whose burden hurts the sympathies of the Edinburgh reviewer. He would have them pay no higher rate of duty than the ten-pound cottager. 'Whatever the rate of house or window duty may be, it ought to be uniform on all houses subject to its operation, whether they be worth 10*l.* or 1000*l.*, or have 8 or 800 windows.' What an amiable equalizer and philanthropic leveller!

The window tax is objectionable on account of the unsightliness and discomfort with which it has so extensively affected the habitations of our countrymen. Its imposition was a penal law against light and air, and architectural comeliness. It introduced the blind style of building. The future antiquarian will be certain of the houses built in the Pitt era by their construction. But this is poor comfort to their darkened and half-stifled occupants.

There is a political objection to these taxes, which, perhaps, like other of our objections, is to the reviewer a recommendation. They have the effect of disfranchising from one fourth to one third of the poorer householders. They still keep the way partly open for a species of bribery which has long been practised, and by which alone, we believe, some very important elections have been decided. They prolong an irritating sense of partiality and oppression, from one election to another. They throw electioneering influence into the hands of the tax-collectors. They add to the insolence of that already insolent and unwelcome class of visitants, making them feel, as registration time approaches, that the old course of procedure is reversed, and the payer must seek the receiver, on penalty of disfranchisement. Never was a great measure more debased by a paltry adjunct than when the Reform Bill was made a taxation screw. Were it only for the enfranchisement of the tens of thousands who are unable to make up their accounts in time, and who are not one jot less independent, or mentally qualified, than a large proportion of their superiors in station, we should say, Off with the house and window tax. Recognise the rights which that iniquitous clause has held in abeyance.

Our strongest reason, however, for desiring the repeal, is the immense benefit which the industry of the country would derive from the remodelling of our whole system of taxation, simplifying

* Vide Mr. R. M. Martin's work on Taxation, for these and many similar enormities.

its machinery, and making it bear on property. We stick to the opinions which Lord Althorp and Mr Poulett Thomson held three years and a half ago. They may be very bad opinions now; we cannot help that. Unless for this reason, we frankly avow that we should care comparatively little about the taxes in question. Pernicious and unequal as they are, their greatest mischief consists in their being the key-stone of a bad system. We are far more interested about the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. They block up the mental windows of the people. We think of them as the reviewer thought in October last. We then looked, as he did, to the Whig Ministry for the speedy repeal of that wicked impost. We said with him, 'that we should look in vain is wholly impossible, when we consider how many of its members have devoted themselves to the diffusion of knowledge. Assuredly they of all men must be the first to desire that it should be taxed no longer than the necessities of the revenue require. Indeed, what Mr. Bentham says of law taxes, applies, since these have ceased, emphatically to the one in question—What shall be put in its place, supposing the revenue insufficient and a substitute necessary? *Any other.*' And yet now this journal lauds the removal of the duty on pantiles. It finds all Lord Althorp's reductions 'most judicious.' But there is amongst them a diminution of the duty on advertisements. A rare boon, indeed, compared with the good which was desired, and believed to be promised. We asked for bread and he gave us a stone. And the cry is still, 'Patience, patience; patience and confidence; give them time.' Have they not had time? They have found time enough to resist the Ballot, the shortening of Parliaments, and the unshackling of knowledge. Time, now, can little affect the estimation in which they must be held by the friends of freedom and improvement. They may succumb yet more to Tory peers, or they may resist, and resign; in neither case can they again be the people's leaders. And who will be? We know not. They will be found, we suppose, when wanted. But they must be men who have distinct principles of political action; who will not fritter away every measure of reformation to placate the sworn foes of all reformation; who will not make a game at see-saw of the conflict between justice and corruption; and who will confront with manliness all that individuals, or orders, can threaten, in their consistent advocacy of the rights, liberty, and prosperity of the millions. Such men would find it very practicable to govern the country in a very different mode from that adopted by Earl Grey and his colleagues.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Taxation of the British Empire. By R. Montgomery Martin. London, E. Wilson. (1.)

The Mother's Oracle, for the Health and proper Rearing of Infants. London, Henderson.

The Shelley Papers. 3s. 6d. (2.)

Rhymed Plea for Tolerance. 4s. (3.)

Brief Notes on the Rev. Dr. Arnold's 'Principles of Church Reform.' By Lant Carpenter, LL.D. (4.)

The Scripture Teacher's Assistant. By Henry Althans. 1s. 6d. (5.)

A Comprehensive Dictionary of English Synonymes. London, Carpenter.

The Domestic Habits of Birds. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

The House Tax Defended, and the Cause of the Working Classes Advocated; with General Observations on Taxation and Political Economy. By John Volkman. 6d. (6.)

(1.) Mr. Montgomery Martin has found a mare's nest. He is much afraid of Revolution and Republicanism, and has discovered a new argument which cannot fail to annihilate the monsters. They are, he contends, much *more expensive* than legitimate monarchy. He has found also that the Corn Laws are no tax, and that to remove the Taxes on Knowledge could not fail to produce anarchy. Still a man cannot collect facts concerning taxation without being useful, even in spite of himself. Some good, in this way, Mr. Martin may do by his book. And he adds more to it spontaneously; especially by his remarks on a Property-Tax. The information he has amassed is very convenient and useful, and must have cost him much labour.

(2.) Reprinted from the Athenæum: interesting to all admirers of the Poet, and calculated to increase their number. The Memoir is by Captain Medwin.

(3.) The writer is an avowed admirer of Dryden and Pope, and has caught some of the qualities of their versification, especially that of the latter. The satirical parts of his poem are not seasoned high enough for the popular taste; but he pleads for tolerance in a tolerant spirit, and that good cause is adorned by the refined and benevolent mind of its advocate.

(4.) Calm, sensible, and pertinent, as might be expected from the Author. We intend soon to take up this subject in right earnest.

(5.) Some very good hints as to the manner in which children should be taught to read with the understanding; the matter inculcated is sometimes objectionable.

(6.) The writer proposes the following problem for national consideration:—'What is the best plan that the country can adopt to bring into exercise the present unemployed portion of the population; and so employ them, as to achieve the greatest production, at the same time carrying with it a system of distribution that will reach all?'—Any contributor towards a satisfactory solution deserves well of mankind. Something towards a solution may be learned from this pamphlet.

Thoughts on the Mixed Character of Government Institutions in Ireland, with particular reference to the New System of Education. By a Protestant. London, Fellowes.

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers, excluding Men of Genius from the Public. London, Wilson. (7.)

Letters to John Howard, Esq. of Ripon, Author of 'The Necessity of the Trinity.' By Thomas Thrush. 1s.

The Assurance of Faith, or Calvinism identified with Universalism. By the Rev. David Thom, Liverpool, 2 vols. 8vo.

Man unfit to govern Man. By a Citizen of London. Sherwood. (8.)

A Treatise on Tontine. By Charles Compton, Author of the 'Savings' Bank Assistant.'

Captain Owen's Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar. Bentley.

Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman. 6s.

Men and Manners in America. By the Author of Cyril Thornton. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

The Colonies. By Col. C. J. Napier. 18s.

The Visitor of the Poor, designed to aid in the formation and working of Provident and other kindred Societies. From the French of the Baron De Gerando; with an Introduction by Dr. Tuckerman of Boston, U. S. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Illustrations of Political Economy. No. 19. Sowers not Reapers. A Tale. By H. Martineau. 1s. 6d.

Travels in the United States and Canada. To which is added, an Essay on the Natural Boundaries of Empires. By J. Finch. Longman.

William Howitt's Vindication of his History of Priestcraft against the attack of Archdeacon Wilkins. Second edition. Wilson.

7. An original, startling, and eloquent book; disproportionate in its parts, and defective in its details, but full of vital energy. We regret not being able, just now, to go into the subject.

(8.) An argument against a Christian's interfering with politics; the basis of which is the assumption that the Author of our religion founded a Church or Spiritual Government to which his disciples are subject. We call it an assumption, because the alleged evidence seems to us totally inadequate for its support.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks to J. H. His letter is highly gratifying to us, though we deem its publication inexpedient.

The hints of our Glasgow friend shall be attended to, so far as we find them practicable.

Mr. Bailey's writings have all been reviewed in the Repository on their appearance.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.*

THE above would, in our opinion, have been a more appropriate title for Mr. Bulwer's book, than the one which he has selected. At any rate, it best describes the impression which the volumes make upon our mind, and the purpose to which it is our intention to apply them. To a large extent, indeed, the topics are coincident, for aristocracy is the distinguishing feature of 'England and the English;' and in its influence reaches to and colours every gradation of society, from the monarchy which is nominally above it, down to that very pauperism which may be inconsiderately thought so immeasurably below it. Our peculiarity and our misfortune, is not merely that we have an aristocracy, but that we are an aristocratical people. Happily there are antagonistic principles at work, which may be hoped ultimately to correct the evils to which the national character and condition is thus subjected. There always have been such principles in operation, and they are associated with the names of those of the greatest men, whose fame is our country's fame, who appear on the pages of history as the heralds of national improvement. In introducing a sounder mode of philosophizing, in defending or enlarging the liberty of the subject, and in exciting the energies of humanity on behalf of the slave or the oppressed, our philosophers, patriots, and philanthropists have usually had to struggle with the spirit of their age, embodied in the aristocracy. It has sometimes been long after their death, and only when the truths which they proclaimed had, by the accumulation of knowledge, become irresistible, that their triumph was achieved. In scarcely an instance did any great improvement, intellectual, moral, or political, originate with men who stood well with the world during their lives and labours; who were courted, rewarded, honoured, and patronized by the great, and regarded as benefactors by the multitude whom those great ones ruled; and who ended their thriving lives in circumstances of peace and affluence. Our Miltons kept school for bread and cheese. Our Marvels dined on the pickings of cold mutton bones. Our Sidneys perished on the scaffold. The power which they opposed consents to join in praising their memories, when it thinks they can no longer do it any harm. So it was in Judea. Build and garnish the sepulchres of the prophets of a past generation; vilify, persecute, and destroy the prophets of the present generation. Aristocracy and improvement are incompatible terms. Except indeed that sort of improvement which is some persons' entire conception of the idea—higher title, greater wealth, and a more central ensconcement in the circle of fashionable exclusiveness. And while, from the nature of the case, a

* England and the English. By E. L. Bulwer, 2 vols. Bentley.

picture of England and the English must needs be largely occupied with a full length portrait of aristocracy, we may reasonably expect from Mr. Bulwer, that this should be the most valuable portion of his work. He is himself a twig of the great old tree, though happily grafted with other fruit. His 'old family,' and his early associations, are corrected by his talents and his principles. He is no natural born enemy of aristocracy. He looks at it from within, and is in it, while there is too much in him for him to be of it. Of the second grade of the middle class, and of the lower orders, he probably knows little, except from books, and from election and other public meetings; and the evidence given before parliamentary committees, or commissions. Of these means, he has doubtless made good use. They are obviously imperfect, and must leave his main merit, that which we have stated; although his own object, in this work, be so much more comprehensive.

The work is distributed into five books, which treat, severally, of the English Character; of Society and Manners; Education, Morality, and Religion; the Intellectual Spirit of the Time; and our Political Condition. There are three appendices; one on Popular Education, a second containing 'Remarks on Bentham's Philosophy,' and the third 'A few Observations on Mr. Mill.'

The first book should have been the last; or rather the subject of the first book should have been discussed last, and its matter have arisen as a set of inferences from the statements in the other portions of the work. At present it reads as a hasty and superficial Essay, its allegations supported by very partial and imperfect proofs, and leaving us to eke out, as we may, the obvious deficiency, by picking up, here and there as they occur, the remaining portions of similar evidence. There is not, indeed, throughout the work any such defined and luminous outline of the English character, any such philosophical view of the process of its formation by the influence of institutions and other agencies, any such estimate of its worth and tendencies, as we had hoped to find. Perhaps these investigations would have been too profound for that sketchy manner which the author has seen fit to adopt. He may be right, if such was the alternative, in the choice which he has made. He has the ear, or the eyes, of the circulating library readers; his name on a title-page, if it do not continue to be a passport to the table of a drawing-room, is not, as yet, an exclusion; and it was as well for him to retain that 'laudable horror of *boredom*' for which he was celebrated in the management of a periodical which we lament to see has lost the honour and advantage of his superintendence. The light craft which he has rigged out may sail in waters too shallow for heavier vessels to make way in. Prosperous be her voyage, for there are solid goods in the freight, though the commodities look so gay and sparkling. In its tendency, though not so much in its tone, or opinions, this book

is one of the most democratical which has been lately published. The author perceives how deep the spirit of aristocracy has struck its roots in English society, and his work is a continued illustration of its pervading and blighting influence. We shall select some of the more striking particulars in the order in which he has presented them to our notice.

The source of aristocratical distinction is in the inequalities of individual appropriation. These must continue to exist, unless Mr. Owen should really cut up the world into parallelograms, and people them with beings educated under the twelve laws of human nature. What is to be desired, is, that these differences should be restrained in their influence upon opinion; that they should go for no more than they are worth; sometimes for an accident, sometimes for indications of shrewdness, cunning, or perseverance; and sometimes for mental qualities of a higher order. The habits of a trading community obviously tend to the ascription, to such differences, of an inappropriate and exaggerated importance. Especially is this the case in England.

‘The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and by a species of ultra-mundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme!’—vol. i. p. 8.

This is the key to a world of intolerance and inconsistency. Our fashionable morality, both public and private, is little better than a modification of the notion of property. Now every appropriation is vicious which does not enhance to the community the utility of that which is appropriated. If fields would grow corn unenclosed, without the application of capital, and of that labour which only capital can put in motion, then the land ought not to be enclosed. The justification of portioning the soil to individuals is, that it becomes thereby more valuable to the community. There is a more ample, certain, and permanent supply of its produce, and with greater facilities for its equitable distribution. But this justification does not apply to the appropriation of localities whose worth is in their beauty, and in the good which that beauty does those by whom it is gazed upon. That Corra Linn and the Falls of Moness should be private property, is about as reasonable as that some noble lord should obtain a grant of the fee simple of Orion and Cassiopeia. Beautiful scenery is valuable because it produces pleasant emotions in the human frame, and rich associations in the human mind; and this worth suffers when we are forbidden to approach, or compelled to pay for approaching by a fee to the agent of the titled or untitled showman and monopolist. If huge screens could be made to shut out the constellations from our sight, no doubt they would be appropriated too. So with what are facetiously called *public* buildings, and works of

art. The pecuniary impositions, without which they are not to be seen, are extensions of the notion of property beyond its sphere. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's ought to be as open to the gaze of the nation as the moon and planets. A short period of protection from that spirit of mischief which is the joint issue of ignorance and property-morality should elapse after they were thrown open. Only a short period would be necessary. There is no power in art if a large amount of enjoyment and good did not soon result. To such an extent is this perversion carried that many an ignorant man, on whom money alone has conferred factitious importance, treats even a contradiction of his opinions as an invasion of his property. You may not propound an argument to him, for 'he has a right to his opinions.' The better right of being convinced of his errors seems to him as strange a use of the term as that in the Scottish idiom, when the counsel tells the gentlemen of the jury that if his client be convicted he will 'have a right to be hanged.' This indistinct notion of a species of property in opinion made so many respectable people applaud those religious prosecutions which were rather frequent a few years ago. It was not to be tolerated that a set of ragamuffins should attack *our religion*. Mr. Wade, the accurate and diligent compiler of the Black Book, has in his recent, and valuable work, the 'History of the Middle and Working Classes,' applied the same principle to the institution of marriage. He maintains that women should be appropriated, because else they would be depreciated, 'they would have no exchangeable price,' they would run to waste, and 'be similarly situated to the cherry tree in a hedge-row, or nuts in a wood without owner.' This might be called, *par excellence*, English reasoning. The woman's will and happiness go for nothing. The merits of the institution are not made to turn upon whether a man and a woman may not find a mutual agreement for certain purposes to be mutually advantageous; but upon whether, by a certain arrangement, woman does not become to man a better property. Fie upon it! It is, as our author says, 'In his own mind the Englishman is the pivot of all things—the centre of the solar system. Like Virtue herself, he

"Stands as the sun,
And all that rolls around him
Drinks light and life and glory from his aspect."

'It is an old maxim among us that we possess the sturdy sense of independence. We value ourselves on it; yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others. There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. "Sir," quoth the boots, "the day's breaking." "Let it break," growled he, "it owes *me* nothing." And so may womankind say of that portion of Mr. Wade's philosophy. Let it break; (to smash this portion of

it completely were no great difficulty;) it owes them nothing; nor they it.

Mr. Bulwer has ably expounded the effect, upon character and opinions, of the manner in which a man must usually make his way upwards in English society. The possibility of rising is not peculiar. In despotic countries, persons of the lowest rank may be placed at once, by the fiat of the sovereign, in the highest stations. Not so here. Whether the difference have much moral good in it, may be questioned. The tendency of the process is thus described :

‘The highest offices have been open by law to any man, no matter what his pedigree or his quarterings; but influences, stronger than laws, have determined that it is only through the aid of one portion or the other of the aristocracy that those offices can be obtained. Hence we see daily in high advancement men sprung from the people, who yet never use the power they acquire in the people’s behalf. Nay, it may be observed, even among the lawyers, who owe at least the first steps of promotion to their own talents or perseverance, though for the crowning honours they must look to oligarchical favour, that, as in the case of a Scott or a Sugden, the lowest plebeian by birth, has only to be of importance to become the bitterest aristocrat in policy. The road to honours is apparently popular; but each person rising from the herd has endeavoured to restrain the very principle of popularity by which he has risen. So that, while the power of attaining eminent station has been open to all ranks, yet in proportion as that power bore any individual aloft, you might see it purifying itself of all democratic properties, and beautifully melting itself into that aristocratic atmosphere which it was permitted to attain. Mr. Hunt, whom your excellency may perhaps have heard of, as a Doctrinaire, in a school once familiar to yourself, had a peculiar faculty of uttering hard truths. “You speak,” quoth he, one evening in the House of Commons, “of the mob of demagogues whom the Reform Bill would send to Parliament; be not afraid, you have one sure method of curing the wildest of them; choose your man, catch him, place him on the Treasury bench, and be assured you will never hear him accused of being a demagogue again.”

‘Lord Lachrymal (it is classical, and dramatic into the bargain, to speak of the living under feigned names) is a man of plebeian extraction. He has risen through the various grades of the law, and has obtained possession of the highest. No man calls him *parvenu*—he has confounded himself with the *haute noblesse*; if you were to menace the peer’s right of voting by proxy, he would burst into tears. “Good old man!” cry the lords, “how he loves the institutions of his country!” Am I asked why Lord Lachrymal is so much respected by his peers? am I asked why they boast of his virtues, and think it wrong to remember his origin? I would answer that question by another, Why is the swallow considered by the vulgar a bird that should be sacred from injury?—Because it builds under their own eaves. There is a certain class of politicians, and Lord Lachrymal is one of

them, who build their fortunes in the roofs of the aristocracy, and obtain, by about an equal merit, an equal sanctity with the swallow.

'In nearly all states, it is by being the tool of the great that the lowly rise. People point to the new Sejanus, and cry to their children, "See the effect of merit!" Alas! it is the effect of servility. In despotic states, the plebeian has even a greater chance of rising than in free. In the East, a common water-carrier to-day is grand vizier to-morrow. In the Roman republic the low-born were less frequently exalted, than they were in the Roman despotism. So with us—it was the Tories who brought forward the man of low or *mediocre* birth; the Whigs, when they came into power, had only their *grands seigneurs* to put into office. The old maxim of the political adventurer was invariably this: To rise from the people, take every opportunity to abuse them. What mattered it, then, to the plebeians that one of their number was exalted to the cabinet? He had risen by opposing their wishes; his very characteristic was that of contempt for his brethren. A nobleman's valet is always super-eminently bitter against the *canaille*; a plebeian in high station is usually valet to the whole peerage.'—vol. i. p. 17—21.

The example of Canning would here have been to the point. His history and fate ought never to be forgotten. Talent and aristocracy were his good and evil genii. The natural impulses of superior intellect impelled him in the right direction; those of the influence by which he hoped to rise drove him more powerfully in the wrong. But the warfare must often have waxed hot within him. Several times in his life the balance vibrated. He spurned at the dirty work which he was expected to do, for it became too dirty for his endurance. Yet the prospect of a life of opposition, of patriotism unpaid, unhonoured, unrising, was too much for his public virtue. Again and again he stooped to conquer. Reversing the ordinary course of things, as his power became greater his principles appeared purer. The real man was more visible. The corruption had been more over him than in him. By a conjuncture which rallied around him many of his former opponents, he was borne upwards towards the summit of his ambition. He was gazetted the premier of Great Britain; the country was in the confident expectation of a more liberal government than it had long known; when he fell under the envenomed daggers of an aristocracy, which was willing to hire his brilliant talent for a tool, but would not endure its mastery. Not unheedfully has his great rival conned the moral of his fate.

Their occasional need of popular aid for electioneering and other political purposes, and the comparative or absolute poverty which makes them not unwilling to receive the fortune together with the daughter of a commoner in marriage, have blended the titular patricians and plebeians of England, to a degree unexampled in the history of caste. This fusion has proved more mischievous than would the broadest line of demarcation. It has

leavened the whole mass of society. And wealth may not only purchase noble alliance, but nobility itself. Mrs. Barbauld complained that the spiritual Jacob's ladder was 'some rounds too short.' The temporal Jacob's ladder is some rounds too *long*. It keeps a man looking upward, and mounting, or striving to mount, all his life. He thinks of nothing but how he may catch those above him, and distance those below him. 'By this intermixture,' says our author, 'of the highest aristocracy with the more subaltern ranks of society, there are far finer and more numerous grades of dignity in this country than in any other.' Title, descent, fashion, wealth, connexions, acquaintanceship, professions, occupations, all have their weight in determining the station of an individual, and each struggles to make the most of his pretensions. 'Thank heaven, I have no questionable connexions,' said one whose balloon was mounting into the clouds of the social heaven; it saved the trouble of throwing the ballast overboard. Why are all the professions so overloaded, but because they are more 'respectable' than trade. And this same word, the everlasting symbol of excellence, what is its import? Ask our author.

'With us the word *virtue* is seldom heard, out of a moral essay; I am not sure whether it does not excite a suspicion of some unorthodox signification, something heathen and in contradistinction to religion. The favourite word is "respectability;" and the current meaning of "respectability" may certainly exclude virtue, but never a decent sufficiency of wealth.'—vol. i. p. 34.

It is remarked, in the same chapter, that Cobbett's felicity in nicknames could find no more contemptuous appellation for Mr. Sadler than that of the *linendraper*. No doubt it answered his purpose. So the great poetical professor of moral philosophy thought to annihilate the *Westminster Review*, by ascribing its establishment to the machinations of *Place, the tailor*, a man whose acute and sturdy intellect will probably originate many things that will outlive even *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the Toryism of which it is the ablest champion.

Mr. Bulwer is mistaken, we think, in ascribing that generous and chivalric disposition which the people of England have, and its nobility have not, to 'our history and writers,' to 'the spirit of antiquity' preserved by the multitude, while 'the aristocracy preserve only the forms.' (vol. i. p. 50.) The cause is not so remote, and it is strange that the very instances to which he refers did not suggest it to his mind. With the exception of classes which seek the removal of their own grievances, the men in this country, whose voices longest and loudest sustain the cry against injustice, are the better sort of mechanics. Their situation has many moral advantages. If good workmen, they are far less dependent than the small shopkeepers. They are under less temptation to servility. They read, think, and associate more

than the trading class, and more with reference to public objects than any class. They are out of the great aristocratic current. The want of capital debars them from the prospect of becoming masters. The individual can scarcely be benefited but by public measures, which will benefit his fellow-labourers. Hence he attends to public measures. His chief selfishness is, that he 'will stand by his order,' as Mr. Brotherton nobly said in the House of Commons on the Factory Bill; and as we would willingly forget that any body had ever said before him. But this is a better selfishness, it goes further towards benevolence, than that of the members of what are called superior classes. There is more of mind and heart in it. Our author has himself described them in another part of the volume. He knows their worth. We only wished to remind him, that in present circumstances rather than in the annals of the past, were to be found the causes which have qualified them, not indeed for voters under our 'final' Reform Bill, but for the following independent and honourable eulogy :

'It has been my good fortune to correspond with many of the operative class, not only as a member of Parliament, upon political affairs, but in my prouder capacity, as a literary man, upon various schemes, which, in letters and in science, had occurred to their ingenuity. I have not only corresponded with these men, but I have also mixed personally with others of their tribe, and I have found that an acuteness of observation was even less the distinction of their character, than a certain noble and disinterested humanity of disposition. Among such persons I would seek, without a lantern, for the true philanthropist. Deeply acquainted with the ills of their race, their main public thought is to alleviate and relieve them; they have not the jealousy common to men who have risen a little above their kind; they desire more "to raise the wretched than to rise;" their plots and their schemings are not for themselves, but for their class. Their ambition is godlike, for it is the desire to enlighten and to bless. There is a divine and sacred species of ambition, which is but another word for benevolence. These are they who endeavour to establish Mechanics' Institutes and plans of national education; who clamour against taxes upon knowledge; who desire virtue to be the foundation of happiness. I know not, indeed, an order of men, more than that of which I speak, interesting our higher sympathies; nor one that addresses more forcibly our sadder emotions, than that wider class which they desire to relieve.

'The common characteristics of the operatives even amidst all the miseries and excesses frequent amongst them, is that of *desires better than their condition*. They all have the wish for knowledge. They go to the gin-shop, and yet there they discuss the elements of virtue! Apprenticed to the austere trials of life, they acquire a universal sympathy with oppression. "Their country is the world." You see this tendency in all their political theories; it is from the darkness of their distress that they send forth the loud shouts which terrify injustice. It is their voice which is heard the earliest and dies the latest

against wrong in every corner of the globe; they make to themselves common cause with spoliated Poland—with Ireland, dragooned into silence—with the human victims of Indostan; wherever there is suffering, their experience unites them to it; and their efforts, unavailing for themselves, often contribute to adjust the balance of the world. As (in the touching Arabian proverb) the barber learns his art on the orphan's face, so legislation sometimes acquires its wisdom by experiments on distress.'—vol. i. p. 205—207.

The negation of genius and generosity, which are the true nobility of head and of heart, is often supposed to be compensated by the presence of a quality which is worshipped under the name of common sense. But there are blanks in creation. The absence of beauty in a woman by no means implies wit. Nor is simple dulness, or gross selfishness disproved by the most devout and reasonable thankfulness to heaven that the individual is neither Homer nor Don Quixote. Common sense is often assumed on grounds which show its non-existence. There is no common sense in preferring a lower degree of intellect to a higher, a roughly cast set of bodily organs to one which is refined and polished, or a heart that will scarcely move at the stroke of a sledge hammer to one which vibrates promptly and strongly. Those who have not genius would most show their common sense by reverencing it in others. The most accomplished and perfect logician we ever knew, has the best appreciation of the beautiful and the poetical. But what cares aristocracy for genius? Mr. Bulwer defends Lord Byron for setting a coronet over his bed, on the ground of its mitigating the feelings which his authorship was calculated to excite.

'A literary man with us is often forced to be proud of something else than talent—proud of fortune, of connexion, or of birth—in order not to be looked down upon.'—vol. i. p. 164.

And hereupon the author, who knows what he is about, brings his own 'old family' into a note. What a cold and preposterous thing is this pride of pedigree without that chivalrous spirit which, perhaps fictitiously ascribed, is the chief adornment of a middle-age ancestry. How this is cherished by the 'knights and barons bold' of the ex-boroughmongering order, may be seen in our author's chapter on the army. They have obliterated from the ranks that *honour*, which is the French or Prussian soldier's principle, to govern by the halberds.

'It is to the aristocratical spirit which pervades the organization of our army, a spirit which commands order by suppressing the faculties, not by inciting the ambition; and which has substituted for a proper system of recruiting and of military schools, the barbarous but effective terror of the scourge;—observe, I say, that it is to that spirit we owe the low moral standard of our army, and the consequent difficulty of abolishing corporal punishment. To one good end, our aristocracy

have proceeded by the worst of means, and the nobleness of discipline has been wrought by the meanness of fear.'—vol. i. p. 105.

And now having disposed of the qualities which are so often put in antithetical opposition to common sense, let us look at the positive indications of its presence. We must pass over the proceedings on the Reform Bill, which were about as prudential as they were dignified, and take only the more general observations.

'Like the nobility of other civilized countries, our own are more remarkable for an extravagant recklessness of money, for an impatient ardour for frivolities, for a headlong passion for the caprices, the debaucheries, the absurdities of the day, than for any of those prudent and considerate virtues which are the offspring of common sense. How few estates that are not deeply mortgaged! The Jews and the merchants have their grasp on more than three parts of the property of the peerage. Does this look like common sense? But these excesses have been carried to a greater height with *our* aristocracy than with any other, partly because of their larger command of wealth, principally because they, being brought like the rest of the world under the control of fashion, have not, like the ancient sieurs of France, or the great names of Germany, drawn sufficient consequence from their own birth to require no further distinctions. Our nobles have had ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture amuses an idleness without dignity. Hence, while we have boasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most elaborate eccentricities: and valuing ourselves on our prudence, we have only been known to the continent by our extravagance. Nor is this all: those who might have been pardonable as stray specimens of erratic imbecility, we have formally enrolled as the diplomatic representatives of the nation: the oligarchical system of choosing all men to high office not according to their fitness for the place, but, according to their connexion with the party uppermost, has made our very ambassadors frequently seem the delegates from our *maisons des fous*; and the envoy of the British nation at the imperial court of Metternich and craft, was no less a person than the present Marquis of Londonderry.'—vol. i. p. 60—62.

In the *Monthly Repository* for March, we inserted an article from the spirited pen of Junius Redivivus on the condition of Women in England, which was thought by many to be overcharged in its details. Our author however gives an account of this matter, which is not very different. He speaks (vol. i. p. 137.) of 'the universal marketing of our unmarried women; a marketing peculiar to ourselves in Europe, and only rivalled by the slave merchant of the east.' He says that our young men possess passion rather than sentiment, and may say with Quin to the fair glove-maker, 'Madam, I never make love, I always buy it *ready made*.'

‘How many of those gentle *chaperons* would shame even the wisdom of a Talleyrand. What open faces and secret hearts! What schemes and ambushes in every word. If we look back to that early period in the history of our manners, when with us, as it still is in France, parents betrothed their children, and, instead of bringing them to public sale, effected a private compact of exchange, we shall not be surprised to find that marriages were not less happy, nor women less domestic than at present. The custom of open match-making is productive of many consequences not sufficiently noticed: in the first place, it encourages the spirit of insincerity among all women, “mothers and daughters,” a spirit that consists in perpetual scheming and perpetual hypocrisy; it lowers the chivalric estimate of women, and damps with eternal suspicion the youthful tendency to lofty and honest love. In the next place, it assists to render the tone of society dull, low, and unintellectual; it is not talent, it is not virtue, it is not even the graces and fascinations of manner that are sought by the fair dispensers of social reputation: no, it is the title and the rent-roll. You do not lavish your invitations on the most agreeable member of a family, but on the richest. The elder son is the great attraction. Nay, the more agreeable the man be, if poor and unmarried, the more dangerous he is considered; you may admit him to acquaintanceship, but you jealously bar him from intimacy. Thus society is crowded with the insipid, and beset with the insincere. The women that give the tone to society take the tone from their favourites. The rich young man is to be flattered in order that he may be won; to flatter him you seem to approve his pursuits; you talk to him of balls and races; you fear to alarm him by appearing his intellectual superior: you dread lest he should think you a blue; you trust to beauty and a graceful folly to allure him, and you harmonize *your* mind into gentle dulness, that it may not jar upon his own.

‘The ambition of women absorbed in these petty intrigues, and debased to this paltry level, possesses but little sympathy with the great objects of a masculine and noble intellect. They have, in general, a frigid conception of public virtue: they affect not to understand politics, and measure a man’s genius by his success in *getting on*. With the women of ancient times, a patriot was an object of admiration; with the women of ours, he is an object of horror. Speak against pensions, and they deem you disreputable; become a place-man, and you are a person of consideration. Thus our women seldom exalt the ambition of public life. They are inimitable, however, in their consolation under its reverses.’—vol. i. p. 138—140.

From this description of that political indifference in women which ministers so largely to the political corruption of men, a just and honourable exception is made on behalf of those in the inferior classes of society. What would not the reforms be worth which should diffuse through their sex the spirit by which they are animated. The author says, that any man who is acquainted with popular elections, knows that ‘it is often by the honesty of the women that that of the men is preserved.’

‘How many poor men have we known who would have taken a

bribe but for their wives. There is nothing, then, in English women that should prevent their comprehension of the nobleness of political honesty; it is only the great ladies, and their imitators, who think self-interest the sole principle of public conduct. Why is this? because all women are proud; *station* incites their pride. The great man rats, and is greater than ever; but the poor elector who turns his coat loses his station altogether. The higher classes do not imagine there is a public opinion among the poor. In many boroughs a man may be bribed, and no disgrace to him; but if *after* being bribed, he break his word, he is cut by his friends for ever.

‘A very handsome girl had refused many better offers for the sake of a young man, a scot and lot voter in a certain borough. Her lover, having promised in her hearing to vote one way, voted another. She refused to marry him. Could this have happened in the higher classes? Fancy, my dear —, how the great would laugh; and what a good story it would be at the clubs, if a young lady just going to be married were to say to her suitor one bright morning, “No, sir, excuse me; the connexion must be broken off. Your vote in the House of Commons last night was decidedly against your professions to your constituents.”’
—vol. i. pp. 144, 145.

There is further illustration of the debasing influence of aristocracy on female conversation and character at p. 160. In fact nothing in civilized life can be half so blighting to all that is pure, noble, and beautiful in woman. It leaves not even the aspiration after greater independence and elevation of thought and action. Women, especially of the higher classes, would be the bitterest enemies of any woman who should dream of raising her own sex to its proper position. They are reduced so far as to prefer remaining creatures of frivolity and sense to that expansion of sympathy and intelligence, which might indeed repel the gilded flies that now their cobwebs are spread to catch, but which would make them the friends, advisers, and rewarders of high-minded men. And their degradation, with the kind of feeling which it may be said rather to cherish than merely not to suppress, entails a yet more bitter lot on those thousands of their sex, of inferior station, who are sacrificed as the victims of seduction from year to year. The young and idle portion of the aristocracy is the chief agency of this atrocious and loathsome work. It is with them as good a joke as that which old *Æsop* tells of the boys and the frogs in the fable. There is as much zest on the one side, and suffering on the other. For the continuance of this evil, the ladies of England ought to be told that they are to some extent responsible. They might make those who approached them feel that there are offences which are neither to be forgiven nor forgotten. They might at least as much disdain the society of one convicted of notorious profligacy as they do that of one convicted of being a tradesman. Such discrimination and rigidity are however beyond hope, until a thorough reform is achieved of female education.

And when can we expect that reform, so long as the being on

whose mind and morals the highest of all training should be bestowed, the hereditary legislator of this mighty empire, is brought up on the present system of our public schools and universities? What are those seminaries but places where the children of the minor aristocracy may associate with the offspring of the major aristocracy, in the base hope of forming high connexion, by which in after life the servility of the youth may be paid for to the man in the wages of corruption? With that worldly tact, which our author so pleasantly mingles with his purer principles, he shows the speculators, not how vicious their procedure is, but what little chance there is of its success. He adroitly proves, that to sacrifice your boy's chance of acquiring knowledge, wisdom, and character, to that of his being afterwards the acknowledged friend and *protégé* of little Lord John or William, is a *bad spec.* He shows that there may really be a better prospect of his getting on by his being well educated. Now this is to the point. It 'stands to reason,' and comes home to 'common sense.' It is 'practical;' and none of your mere theoretical subtleties. And even if the youth by his own diligence betters his father's bargain, and learns what is professedly taught at these time-hallowed institutions; 'grant that your son obtains all the academical honours; grant even that he enters Parliament through the distinction he has obtained, have those honours taught him the principles of jurisprudence, the business of legislation, the details of finance, the magnificent mysteries of commerce; perhaps even they have not taught him the mere and vulgar art of public speaking. How few of the young men thus brought forward ever rise into fame.' And this is all that is done for younger sons, and those who have to make their way in the world. The heirs of rank, opulence, and power, those who are born to be the nation's masters, have little inducement even to feed upon these husks. Of course there is a tendency to keep down the tone of education throughout the country. A classical education is essential to a gentleman. It is by a sort of mental insurrection that the schools of the middle classes have begun to teach some useful knowledge. The insurrection will no doubt become a revolution, but this will be in defiance of the spirit of aristocracy, thereby showing more plainly the enormity of the abuse which it destroys.

Our limits compel us only briefly to mention a few other characteristics of which illustrations may be found in Mr. Bulwer's volumes.

The spirit of aristocracy debases the religion and morality of the country. It is very true, as our author observes, that in meetings of the people, the highest passions are usually appealed to; and in those of the legislature, the lowest. At the generosity to which the one responds, the other smiles, or perhaps laughs outright. In the church, the livings are chiefly the property of the aristocracy. 'Thus the preaching salvation really becomes a

family office, and the wildest rakes of a college are often especially devoted to the hereditary cure of souls.' Mr. Bulwer says they generally become decorous. They do very often; it is no secret that they do not always. And the decorous clergyman is a hopeful preacher: heré is a specimen.

'Walk into that sacred and well-filled edifice,—it is a fashionable church: you observe how well cleaned and well painted it is; how fresh the brass nails and the red cloth seem in the gentlefolks' pews; how respectable the clerk looks—the curate, too, is considered a very gentleman-like young man. The rector is going to begin the sermon: he is a very learned man, people say he will be a bishop one of these days, for he edited a Greek play, and was private tutor to Lord Glitter.—Now observe him—his voice how monotonous!—his manner how cold!—his face, how composed! yet what are his words?—"Fly the wrath that is to come.—Think of your immortal souls. Remember, oh! remember! how terrible is the responsibility of life!—How strict the account!—how suddenly it may be demanded!" Are these his words; they are certainly of passionate import, and they are doled forth in the tone of a lazy man saying, "John, how long is it to dinner?" Why, if the calmest man in the world were to ask a game-keeper not to shoot his favourite dog, he would speak to him with a thousand times more energy; and yet this preacher is endeavouring to save the souls of a whole parish—of all his acquaintance—all his friends—all his relations—his wife—(the lady in the purple bonnet, whose sins no man doubtless knows better)—and his six children, whose immortal welfare must be still dearer to him than their temporal advancement; and yet what a wonderful command over his emotions! I never saw a man so cool in my life! "But, my dear sir," says the fashionable purist, "that coolness is decorum; it is the proper characteristic of a clergyman of the established church."

"Alas! Dr. Young did not think so, when finding he could not impress his audience sufficiently, he stopped short, and burst into tears."

"Sir, Dr. Young was a great poet; but he was very well known not to be entirely orthodox."

'This singular coldness—this absence of eloquence, almost of the appearance of human sympathy, which characterise the addresses of the established church, are the result of the aristocratical influences, which setting up ridicule as the criminal code, produce what is termed *good taste* as the rule of conduct. The members of the aristocracy naturally give the tone to the members of the established church, and thus the regard for the conventional quiet of good breeding destroys the enthusiasm that should belong to the preacher of religion. A certain bishop, a prelate of remarkable sense and power of mind, is so sensible of the evils that may result to religion from this almost ludicrous lukewarmness of manner in its pastor, that he is actually accustomed to send such young clergymen as he is acquainted with to take lessons in delivery from Mr. Jones, the celebrated actor, in order that they may learn to be warm, and study to be in earnest.'—vol. i. p. 326—328.

On the utility of the established church, our author has some

concessions and inferences which we cannot now stay to discuss with him. He egregiously over-rates the friendliness which the clergy have at any time shown to the education of the people. We pass on to remark that he charges our gentry in broad terms with failure in the common duty of an enlightened humanity to the poor.

‘The influence of the aristocracy, in respect to those within the operation of the poor laws, has only been not pernicious where it has been supine and negative. Among the great gentry it is mostly the latter—their influence is neglect; among the smaller gentry it is the former—their influence has been destruction.’

He then gives proofs and instances, of which the most prominent is the parish of Calne, of which the ‘neighbour and main proprietor is the Marquis of Lansdowne.’

The obstinate retention, with the paltry exception of a portion of the advertisement duty, of a taxation which presses heavily upon literature, and most heavily of all upon the circulation of the most interesting information amongst the less opulent members of the community, is a fact which it is only needful to mention to brand with the foulest disgrace the power which allows that taxation to continue. Our author has shown that the press and the aristocracy are antagonist principles. The antithesis reminds us of the old proverb that ‘when a man is against reason, it is because reason is against him.’

Aristocratic *patronage* of science, art, literature, the drama; what of good has it realized? The rich and titled no doubt do buy books and pictures, and hold private boxes. True, Burns was made an exciseman, and Wordsworth has a collectorship of stamps. But what has been done, we ask, towards bringing the magical influences of art to bear upon public refinement by means of public enjoyment? Nothing; and worse than nothing. The interference of the aristocracy has been an obstruction to that progress in refinement which would naturally result from the action and reaction on each other, of the writer, or the artist, and the public. The progress is making; but it is making by the growing intelligence and taste of the people, too much diverted from all that is humanizing by the constant necessity for protesting against oppression. The only chance, now, for the production of a fine historical painting is that the painter may be paid for his time by exhibiting it at a shilling a head. If a nobleman wants a splendid cast, from the mould of which copies might be multiplied till every Mechanic’s Institute in the country had one at a cheap rate, what does he? Bargain that the mould shall be broken, and so his property made valuable. Property, again! What property is like making thousands of rough hearts melt at the sight of beauty moulded by genius. Aristocracy has overlaid the drama, making the theatres as much of a job and more a monopoly

than the Royal Academy. But we leave the drama in the hands of a correspondent; only remarking, that since he wrote, the House of Lords has rejected Mr. Bulwer's 'Dramatic Performances' Bill, the objects of which were to provide for the better regulation of theatres by the repression of the known abuses of the large houses, and to allow of the opening of theatres in neighbourhoods where the majority of the inhabitants did not object. The Bishop of London signalized himself on this occasion. He desiderates the purity of the theatres of antiquity. He and his compeers forget that if people are not allowed to amuse themselves, they will think and act the more sternly. No patronage is needed, only allowance, for the drama in this country to become a rational and refining agency, full of good, reaching those whom no other influence is likely to reach. This easy allowance, this niggard boon, is refused by the aristocracy. For the complete popular enjoyment of works of art by the people, with the exception of that which for a particular purpose is allowed in Catholic Churches, we must look back to the democracies of antiquity.

We are weary, as we fear our readers are, of this catalogue of evil influences, this list of the mischiefs of aristocracy, which precludes the introduction of counterpoising considerations, as it contains the very particulars on which, if at all, a defence must rest. The contemplation is an appalling, but not a hopeless one. Nor is there any particular obscurity over the remedial course to be adopted. It were foolish to indulge in angry passions, or to excite them, towards the members of the privileged classes. They are themselves acted upon as well as others by these influences. They are the objects as well as the agents of that dark spirit which broods over the land, but which a sound political and moral philosophy will not fail to exorcise. The first point to aim at is the completion of constitutional reform so as to make the representation of the people a reality. When we look at the proceedings of the present House of Commons, we cannot repress our astonishment that there should be those who maintain that this is done already. A more Tory House there may have been, but a House more aristocratical, as distinguished from popular, has scarcely existed. Suffrage extended, so as to include those whom we unite with our author in considering as distinguished by their independence and their public virtue, and who are the best materials in the country for a popular constituency; free suffrage, made free by secrecy, at least for a time until the landlord shall cease to regard the vote of his tenant, the master that of his servant, and the gentleman that of his tradesman, as his property; and parliaments so shortened as to ensure responsibility; these are changes essential to the rescuing of all our institutions from being mere aristocratical machinery. These would not destroy the great chain of dependence. They would only put one end of it in the hand of the people. The next point at which all good men should aim, is

Universal Instruction ; instruction by the press ; instruction by schools and institutes ; instruction of all useful kinds, and for all ranks and ages. Our ecclesiastical apparatus should be made of some use for this good end. No church reform will be worth anything, that does not direct some of its power to this purpose. The old school endowments, probably sufficient in themselves to provide for the education of the community, should be rescued from the shameless perversions and abuses which have made most of them sinecures, and be rendered available for their proper objects : for the objects of the donors, that is, interpreted, as the legislature has a right to interpret them, in conformity with the increased intelligence of the age. Reading rooms, libraries, lectures, should be multiplied throughout the country ; and we must also, by discussion and rational experiment, endeavour to mitigate that individual competition which so largely wastes the energy and vitiates the feelings of society. It is not to be endured that the millions should continue the ceaseless toil, or the fierce rivalries, by which now they win their bread. Whenever the multitude obtain that political power which it must obtain, there will be wild and destructive schemes for the reduction of this evil, unless a true and safe way first approve itself to the public mind. That there is such a way, who can doubt ? But speculation upon it is useless, until further progress in political and intellectual reform have better prepared us for such investigations.

There is much amusing and interesting matter in these volumes, on other topics, besides those to which we have adverted. Nor can we omit particularly to recommend to the reader's attention, the two very able dissertations on the philosophy of Bentham and of Mill. And while we generally go along with Mr. Bulwer in his view of the aristocracy, we must yet say in conclusion, that we cannot altogether agree with the broad distinction, even to opposition, which he sets up between the aristocracy on the one hand and the monarchy and established church on the other. There is an affinity between the three institutions, and they have a mutual tendency to generate one another, and to become one another's instruments. Whatever of good may be claimed for each, each has its separate, as well as its conjoint, tendency to evil. That of aristocracy undoubtedly is by far the most formidable and pernicious. The habits, opinions, and circumstances of our countrymen will probably ensure a continuance of the forms of all for a considerable time ; the title of king will most likely survive all other titles ; but, ultimately, the tendencies of things point to the period when Mr. Bulwer's contingent prophecy shall become a true vision, and we shall ' perceive, slowly sweeping over the troubled mirror of the time, the giant shadow of the coming republic.'

FAMINE IN A SLAVE SHIP.

By the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes.'

1.

They stood on the deck of the slave-freighted bark,
 All hopeless, all dying, while waited the shark;
 Sons, Fathers,—and Mothers, who shriek'd as they press'd
 The infants that pined till they died on the breast;—
 A crowd of sad mourners, who sighed to the gale,
 While on all their dark faces the darkness grew pale.

2.

White demons beheld them, with curse and with frown,
 And curs'd them, from morn till the darkness came down;
 And knew not compassion, but laugh'd at their prayer,
 When they call'd on their God, or wept loud in despair;
 Till again rose the morn, and all hush'd was the wail,
 And on cheeks stark and cold the grim darkness was pale.

3.

Then the white, heartless demons, with curse and with frown,
 Gave the dead to the deep, till the darkness came down:
 But the angel who blasteth, unheard and unseen,
 Bade the tyrants lie low where their victims had been;
 And down dropp'd the waves, and stone-still hung the sail,
 And black sank the dead, while more pale grew the pale.

4.

Stern angel, how calmly his chosen he slew!
 And soon the survivors were fearful and few;
 For wall'd o'er their heads the red firmament stood,
 And the sun saw his face in a mirror of blood;
 Till they fed on each other, and drank of the sea,
 And wildly curs'd God in their madness of glee.

5.

What hand sweeps the stars from the cheek of the night?
 Who lifts up the sea, in the wrath of his might?
 Why down, from his glance, shrinks in horror the shark?
 Why stumbles o'er mountains the blind, foodless bark?
 Lo, his lightning speaks out, from the growl of the gale!
 And shrieking she sinks—while the darkness turns pale!

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF Gnosticism, DURING
THE FIRST CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.*(Continued from page 575.)*

IN a preceding number we threw together a few historical notices on the origin and influence of Gnosticism during the first ages of our era. Without pretending to antiquarian fulness and

precision of detail, we wished to exhibit a slight sketch of the marked and salient features of a school, which embodied the popular spirit of the time, and furnished some of the most powerful of those influences, derived from general and widely-acting causes, and scarcely less efficient on heathenism than on Christianity, through which our religion worked its way to ascendancy, and which contributed to give it its earliest form and pressure. From that very superficial review of a subject, which is pregnant with interesting reflections, we now proceed to draw one or two applications.

I. What and where is heresy?—is a question which we might be pardoned, perhaps, for omitting to entertain in this age of comparative toleration for varieties of opinion, were it not for the incalculable mass of wretchedness which the assumed competence to decide it has in almost every age inflicted on mankind. Lardner has handled this topic in various parts of his works with his customary gentleness of spirit and latitude of charity; and it is disgraceful to the tardy progress of ideas on such subjects in England, that the principles which he has so luminously stated, are not yet generally embraced, or, at least, consistently acted upon. But Lardner flourished near a century ago, and it is no discredit to his venerable name to confess that he has not exhausted the subject, or left very clearly defined the line of demarcation between heresy and orthodoxy. Such a line is not indeed to be very strictly drawn; but an approximation may be made to it by considering the origin and nature of Christianity. Historically speaking, the only practical difference between orthodoxy and heresy, as was strikingly evinced in the great Arian and Athanasian controversy, has been little else but the difference between intolerance persecuting and intolerance persecuted.

But what is Christianity? Considered in its elementary form, is it any thing but an assemblage of facts, relating to a particular individual, purporting to have occurred at a particular time and place, and to have been followed by a specific train of effects? Our first inquiry, then, is—Have we an authentic record of these facts? and what is the ground of distinction between the canonical and the apocryphal Scriptures? In this inquiry is involved the essential principle of Protestantism; and in pursuing it the German theologians, widely as we may dissent from some of the conclusions of their neologism, have, as a body, nobly distinguished themselves. They have sought for truth, instead of labouring to defend a system; and their search has not been all in vain; but here in England, with all the splendid provisions of our hierarchy for learning, we are disgracefully behind the demands of the age. In this most important field of inquiry we have done next to nothing for half a century; and, notwithstanding the improved state of philology, and the great accumulation of critical aids and materials, we seem to have set our minds on final measures as

doggedly in theology as in politics; and Lardner's work is worshipped like the god Terminus, the slightest removal of which is deemed an impiety that threatens the downfall of Christianity. To purge and define the channels of tradition, that we may receive the stream of historical truth clear, full, and unpolluted, is the first of all critical duties, because its direct tendency is to place in the clearest light, and on the firmest basis, that collection of facts in which Christianity consists. From these facts we hesitate not to express our own deep conviction, that the more they are probed, and the more they are subjected to that searching investigation which every period of history is now undergoing, the more will the evidences of historical truth and divine interposition stand forth prominent and conspicuous. Whoever embraces these facts, received through the purest vehicle of tradition, and sees in them the proofs of the special interference of God for the moral renovation of mankind, is an orthodox Christian; and whatever inferences he draws from these primitive facts, by reasoning conclusive to his own mind, neither adding to them, diminishing them, or in anywise distorting them, but simply recognising them as the historical data from which he is at liberty to deduce his own conclusions, all this is to him, though not therefore necessarily to others, orthodox Christianity; and he would be the worst of heretics, if, while this conclusion was evidently to his own mind connected with the premises, he avowed his belief in any other.

But if a man wilfully accepts a corrupt instead of a pure channel of tradition, if he bends facts to his theories, if he omits, inserts, or corrupts facts for no other reason than that they do not suit his views; if, instead of impartially investigating the historical sources of facts, he assumes some intuitive principle as the test of what is externally true or false; such a man is a heretic, because he vitiates the foundation and destroys the essence of Christianity; for the sole inquiry, in the first instance, relative to the truth of Christianity is, whether such and such facts have occurred or not; and whether, tried by the universally admitted laws of human testimony, we have adequate grounds to regard the documents recording them as authentic and credible or not. Doubt as to the authority of any particular book, now admitted into the canon, does not constitute a man a heretic; because such doubt may simply arise from carrying the principle of Protestantism into its legitimate consequences, and the desire of separating the authentic from the spurious, amid a mass of documents which relate to and were called forth by real transactions. A man, for example, may draw Tory, Whiggish, or Republican inferences from the admitted facts of our constitutional history, and so long as he confines himself to those facts and reasons from them, whatever we may think of his sense or his judgment, we have no right to question his integrity; but if a man, like David Hume, should first commit himself by writing the history of a particular

period, and then, for the sake of justifying his view of it, should write up the history to that period, and, under the influence of this bias, should garble or mistate facts, should omit or insert them to serve a particular purpose, or draw them from sources confessedly impure, we could neither respect his motives nor have confidence in his conclusions, but must treat him as a historical heretic. If this be a just criterion of heresy and orthodoxy, there can be little doubt under which head we must class a very large portion of the gnostic speculations. Their modes of criticism and interpretation are essentially heretical; their object was not to ascertain facts, and deduce warrantable conclusions; but they arbitrarily assumed certain principles, and made these principles at once the test of facts and the measure of their inferences. Whatever church, or sect, or teacher among modern Christians criticises and interprets the books of Scripture in this mode, is to that extent, as it appears to us, chargeable with heresy.

II. The Gnostics have indirectly rendered most essential service to Christianity. By their wild sallies of imagination, and by their boldly incorporating with the facts of the Gospel history whatever notions and statements, derived from whatever system, might happen to harmonize with their theories, they compelled the learned Catholics to make a careful discrimination of the authentic from the apocryphal books, and to trace back in an unbroken channel the pure stream of tradition to the original fountain of apostolic truth. Their testimony, also, so far as it goes, to the facts and teachings of Jesus, is invaluable, not only because it is impartial, but because it is strongly imbued with the spirit of the primitive times, and exhibits another ramification of those endless fibres by which Christianity is fast rooted in the soil of ages, and through which, in spite of the assaults of infidelity, it still maintains its historical identity and place.

Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
Convellunt; immota manet—

And what a witness to the moral power and beauty of Christianity in the influence which it exercised over the bold and discursive flight of the endless vagaries of theosophism! Men who had been nursed amid the dreams of Platonism, who revered the symbols and mysteries of Egypt, and whose imagination had been accustomed to range among the vague and shadowy creations of the wisdom of Chaldea, and the still remoter East; men who loved the pride and the pomp of philosophy, and who valued it chiefly as a badge of superiority to the vulgar; even these men were smitten with the moral beauty of the teachings of Jesus; and among the thousand theories of the splendid speculations of the East, and of the sterner and prouder philosophy of the West, could not refuse the profoundest homage of their hearts to the simple majesty and unpretending loveliness of the Gospel. In

fact, the chief errors of the Gnostics arose from the excess of their admiration for the spirituality and benevolence of Christ's religion. They looked upon it as the gift of a Being superior to any who had yet revealed himself, under any name, to mankind. They felt the doctrines of divine mercy, and human brotherhood, and everlasting life, and the final extinction of all evil, to be an immense advance towards the solution of those problems on which they loved to speculate; and they erred by carrying out these doctrines into an extent of application which their knowledge on other subjects did not, in that early age, permit them to reach. All that Zoroaster, Pythagoras, and Plato had conceived most delightful and sublime in their boldest and happiest speculations, faded into nothingness when compared with the teachings and ministry of Christ. Here was an actual mingling of earth and heaven; and since they could not bring themselves to relinquish their darling theories, they associated them with Christianity, and made Christ the centre of a cumbrous system of mythology.

Gibbon was right when he ascribed the prevalence of Christianity to the power of the moral principles which it recognised and addressed; but the question beyond this he did not attempt to solve, how the enlightened sages, whose works he had studied and whose names he revered, should never have taught a religion, or exhibited an example, so full of beauty and truth, and so resistless in its influences over the thousand varieties of human character and speculation, as the unlettered, persecuted, and crucified Missionary from the wild mountains of Galilee.

III. It has been an object of research with scholars to determine the relation of mythology to history, and to detect, if possible, the secret principle by which the latter is evolved from the former. Mythology is the most ancient form of the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of mankind. Their most ancient traditions, and their earliest conceptions of moral, physical, and religious truth, were embodied in a series of symbolical representations, and thrown into a sort of poetical chaos, from which the several elements of human art and science,—poetry, history, agriculture, astronomy, and philosophy,—gradually disentangled themselves, and assumed their appropriate locality and form. We see something of this mixture of truth and fiction, of historical fact and allegorical representation, in the Gnostic modification of Christianity. When we read of their *Æons*, and *Powers*, and *Syzygies*, of their separate trains of good and evil spirits, their two Gods, their two Christs, their symbols, their talismans, their wars in heaven, their cycle of celestial revolutions, with the final consummation of all things in the *pleroma* of divine beatitude, we find it difficult to believe that there was any substratum of historical fact beneath this congeries of arbitrary fictions; and if we knew nothing of Christianity but through the Gnostic medium, we might be pardoned for supposing, as some French writers

have actually asserted, that the whole had its origin in the conception of some oriental brain, and was only the last phasis of the expiring theosophy of the ancient world. But the main facts of the life of Jesus are indisputable ; there they are, graven with a pen of iron on the monumental brass and stone of history ; and in the union of these facts with the Gnostic theories, we have a curious specimen of the mode in which an oriental imagination will blend a few facts occurring on the surface of earth, with a system of pure fiction and arbitrary combination relating to the world which lies wholly beyond the sphere of sense. In this intense working of the oriental theosophy on the simple facts of Christianity, we have before our eyes an actual exemplification of that singular process, usually occurring long before the record of history, by which abstractions are gradually converted into realities, and allegories into persons ; by which fact melts into fable, and fable modifies fact, and the long succession and varied forms of a multiplicity of gods grow out of the figurative representations of the attributes and powers of one supreme mind. The east is the cradle of religions ; the east gave birth to the various systems of Gnosticism ; and by a careful investigation of the method by which these systems fixed themselves on a partial basis of historical fact, and entered into divers combinations with a multiplicity of foreign elements, we open an important chapter in the history of the human mind, and may perhaps furnish ourselves with some clue to the unravelling of that complicated intermixture of fact and fable which usually takes place in the impenetrable depth of antiquity.

IV. The history of Gnosticism is important, not so much from any intrinsic value which attaches to its speculations, as from its exhibiting one of those manifold aspects of public opinion, which accompanied the collision of Heathenism with Christianity in the earlier centuries of our era. Gnosticism and new Platonism were merely the Christian and the Heathen tendencies of the same fundamental principle ; the last efforts, in different directions, of the oriental theosophy, previous to its final extinction. Christianity was destined by Providence to be the future receptacle of the religion and civilization of mankind ; and Gnosticism cannot be better described than as the intermediate and transition state, which smoothed down the abruptness of the sudden scission of Christianity from Heathenism. The developement of Christianity, amidst this antagonism of influences, is a subject far from being yet exhausted ; and from the impartial consideration of its history under this point of view, it appears to us, that new and most striking illustrations of its nature, its spirit, and its tendency, might be expected to arise. We should like to have set before us a clear and powerful delineation of the moral elements at work in the wide bosom of the Roman empire, just previous to the expiration of the ancient civilization of the earth. The materials are

abundant,* and the characters, that would be brought upon the scene, contrasted and interesting. The simple manners and institutions of the first Christians, and their gradual emerging from obscurity into influence and reputation; the decline of the ancient temples and priesthoods; the Jews, the Gnostics, the new Platonists, and the still subsisting adherents of a more manly and vigorous philosophy; the Syncretists, who sought for truth in every system, and the Sceptics, who found it in none; here are the elements of a rich and varied picture, to which genius, at once graphic and philosophical, might impart the deepest interest. Most histories hitherto written seem rather materials and prolusions for future histories than final works. We have civil histories with a dry enumeration of political eras and vague conjectures on the causes of actions and events; military histories, with a recital of battles and sieges; literary histories, with a catalogue of works and criticisms on authors; and then, the dullest of all, ecclesiastical histories, with a discussion of metaphysical doctrines, and the genealogy of creeds; while from none of these do we derive a clear and distinct impression of the actual state and circumstances of mankind, of their manners and institutions, of what they thought, felt, suffered, and believed; a faithful picture of the existing civilization of the period, viewed as a whole, in all its aspects, political, religious, moral, economical, literary, and philosophical. In many learned works there is a mass of materials for such delineations of former ages; but they are broken and lifeless fragments, not wrought into a whole, or breathing the air of reality. Such is the case with the voluminous collections of Lardner; and we might read the whole of what has been written on ecclesiastical history by the enlightened and philosophic Priestley, without being able to realize to ourselves a single distinct image of the moral and social condition of the period under review. There are exceptions; Gibbon is a splendid one. We are aware of the strong, and in some most important particulars, the well-founded hostility to his name. Yet perhaps no one had a juster conception of the end of history, and, making allowance for his prejudices, which were as strong and as virulent, in the opposite direction, as those of any priest, no one more successfully attained it. That he should have awakened the emulation, and commanded the reverence of a Niebuhr is the consummation of his praise as a historian. Unhappily, Gibbon was too much in advance of his age not to detect many of its errors and prejudices, but not sufficiently so to substitute a more enlarged philanthropy and a purer faith for that, which the contradictions and perplexities of Chris-

* Very valuable assistance in prosecuting such inquiries might be obtained from a series of dissertations in the 6th vol. of Heyne's *Opuscula*. 'Alexandri Severi Imp. Religiones Miscellæ Probandis judicium,' Parts 1 and 2, with the *Epimetra*. He has one remark, which ought to be attended to by every historian of human opinions. 'Refert plurimum, ad ætatis ejusque morem sentiendi et opinandi narrata quævis exigere et inde constituere.' p. 218.

tendom, as he viewed it, had induced him to relinquish. Essentially an aristocrat in all his feelings, political and philosophical, he kept himself aloof from the crowd—*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* was his motto ; he had no sympathy with ordinary humanity, and could not understand the wants which urge those who live amid the genial and stirring influences of domestic life, the parent, the partner, and the child, to seek consolation and peace in the hopes and assurances of Christianity. Awed by the mere title of philosophy, he could not penetrate to that deeper philosophy, which sees alike in the dreams of the enthusiastic, and the speculations of the wise, the deep yearnings of a common nature for the spiritual truth and beatitude which religion only can afford. From a mind so constituted, a just and impartial delineation of the character of a sect, which in the first instance had nothing to distinguish it but the purity of its morals, and the spirituality of its principles and hopes, could not be expected. His traits, though they may be individually copied from fact, are deprived of the general character and effect of truth by the sarcasm and insinuation that are blended with them. Had Niebuhr's plan extended beyond the boundary of the republic, and his life been sufficiently prolonged to enable him to execute it, we should have looked for a better spirit in him. Our hope is, some one may yet arise to give us, without any party bias, a faithful picture of what the world actually was in those first ages of Christianity, and to render equal justice to the last struggles of Heathenism, the triumphs and progress of Christianity, and the intermediate alternations of Gnosticism.

V. The radical error of the Gnostics was, that they saw in Christianity a key to the solution of every moral and metaphysical difficulty, that they systematized too soon, and endeavoured to blend their religion and their philosophy, what they had been taught, and what they assumed, into a whole. They did not perceive, that the progress to truth must be slow and gradual, and that Christianity stands always in the same relation to science at every step of its progress, sanctifying the motions and affections of the heart, but not solving the metaphysical difficulties of the understanding. A better philosophy has been now introduced ; but the same problems which exercised the ingenuity, and drew forth the arbitrary suppositions of the Gnostics, still remain unsolved. Men's opinions on the most important subjects are as yet warring and unfixed ; and not only the opinions of different individuals, but even those of the same individual, if pushed into their consequences, would often be found inconsistent with each other.

The universe is a whole, one, consistent and harmonious ; and truth is the reflection of the universe in the human mind. The more therefore we gain of truth, and the further we pursue it, the more unity and consistency we shall discover in the whole body of our opinions, and the greater number of relations and affini-

ties we shall perceive to subsist between the various departments of knowledge and thought. That such a harmony does not yet exist between the different views and reasonings of the human mind, is a proof that we are still in the commencement of our intellectual progress, and that we have merely provided some of the materials, without having attained the final results of truth. It is indeed presumptuous for man to think of attaining to universal truth, and to the perception of that harmony which belongs to it: but still our conclusions on every subject should, so far as they extend, not be at variance with each other; religion and philosophy, where they touch on common ground, should be in unison. But is this, in point of fact, the case?—The human mind is at the present day shooting out in two directions; among the pious and enthusiastic in deep and earnest aspirations after religious peace and satisfaction; among the calm and reasoning, in an endeavour to find out the reality of the order and connexion of events in the visible universe. We do not say, that these two directions of the mind never harmonize in the same individual; but it is also true, that for the most part they characterise two distinct classes, and that, as pursued respectively by those classes, they do not indicate that tendency to unite and sympathize, which we would fain discover between them, and which we should hail as a preparation for the final establishment of a firm and comprehensive system of spiritual philosophy. One reason may be, that the human mind at the present day, especially in this country, is oppressed by the weight and magnitude of certain great practical questions, which leave no leisure for the entertainment of more refined and lofty speculations; and another may be found in the strong prejudice entertained in certain quarters against all metaphysical inquiries, as necessarily sceptical in their tendency. Such inquiries stand, however, in the very closest connexion with religion, and there are questions involved in them of the deepest interest to human welfare. We are far from approving the spirit or the tendency of the Gnostic speculations; and yet we cannot but regard the boldness and variety of their theories as a witness of the intense interest with which mankind, in certain states of civilization, put all their existing resources of knowledge and reason under contribution to solve the deep questions which respect the nature and destiny of our moral being.

The science of metaphysics has hitherto been too much limited to an analysis of the consciousness of individual man. Why should not its materials be also drawn from an extended survey of the species, and of the origin and developement of the varieties of moral and religious opinion, which they successively exhibit in the several stages of their social progress? In all tribes, in all states of society, there are hopes, tendencies, and aspirations so constantly existing, that they may be considered as universal facts, coextensive with human nature itself. Whence these facts? and

what do they imply?—perhaps the solution of more than one metaphysical question may be facilitated by the researches of history. We have hitherto studied men too exclusively under one form of religion, in one state of civilization, and through the medium of one or two kindred literatures. The north and the east, Scandinavia and Asia, are now beginning to open their unexplored treasures; new and wider views will be given of man, his character, capacity, and progress; and the foundations laid of a more profound and comprehensive philosophy, in civilization, morals, and religion.

It is impossible to understand individual man, apart from the history of the species. His moral and intellectual nature, considered at any particular period of civilization, is the complex result of a thousand influences transmitted from the past; his reason is fashioned and made capable of further progress by the tradition of his fathers. This view appears to us conclusive against the system of simple deism, which supposes a man placed in the midst of this universe, and by the mere exercise of his faculties on the phenomena around him, capable of reasoning out for himself, *de novo*, the doctrines of one Supreme Being, a providence and a future life. This is what the wisest of philosophers has never yet done; and with regard to the mass of mankind, universal experience testifies that they have no religious ideas, but what are communicated by some positive instruction from without.

If then these religious ideas, in their most elementary state, be the deposit of tradition, the further question naturally arises, whence came that tradition originally, how has it been preserved to us, and how has it been modified in the course of its transmission? The answer to these questions leads almost necessarily, in our judgment, to the acknowledgment of a revelation primitive or occasional. We are enough of Syncretists ourselves,* much as we have said in reprobation of the Gnostic systems, to believe, that the fragments of some primeval revelation are yet existing among the scattered nations of the earth, embodied in many different forms, expressed by an endless variety of rites and symbols, blended with the most serious errors, and deformed by hideous corruptions. We can hardly conceive how society should have begun to exist, without some such revelation. The individual requires the prompting of instinct, to commence his career, preparatory to the exercise of reason. A similar aid and stimulus must have been required for the infancy of the race. We may suppose that from that instinctive source flowed the primeval

* "*Scilicet Syncretismus, quem recentiores vulgo appellarunt, aut ἑκτεκνῶν religionum omnium populorum, saltem plurium, constituere voluisse imperatorem dixeris; ut idem assequerentur, alio modo allaborarunt philosophi, plerumque placita interpretatione in consensum redigendo; dum derivationibus et propagationibus religionum aliarum ab aliis, aut etiam ab unâ, incubuere; modo ritus et ceremonias sacrorum, modo doctrinas prosequendo et comparando; nec negandum est, cunctis religionibus subesse notionem aliquam sensumque communem.*"—Heyne, Opuscul. vi. p. 185.

religion of the earth. By collecting its scattered remains in the monuments and traditions of all nations, comparing them with each other, and separating the essential from the adventitious, we shall attain to a deeper conviction of the universality and truth of those doctrines, in which the substance of all religion consists, and shall return with redoubled confidence to that purest stream of tradition, which has brought down to us, through the lapse of ages, the living waters of immortality.

SOME AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF MISS HARRIET
MARTINEAU.

THE study of Political Economy is becoming quite as popular in France as in England. Both the Parisian and the provincial journals abound in praises of Dr. Bowring, and agree to augur the happiest results from his recent visit to that country, which he appears to have made in the novel character of a Free Trade Missionary. A periodical is established devoted solely to this science, the 'Revue Mensuelle d'Economie Politique, publiée par Théodore Fix.' By the first number, for July, we find that a volume of a translation of the 'Illustrations of Political Economy' had just appeared, containing the first three tales. The translator, M. B. Maurice, seems to have been in correspondence with Miss Martineau, for the purpose of obtaining from her materials for a memoir. He prefixes to his translation the following letter, which is rendered back again from the French, as it stands in the republication of the periodical just named. Although brief, it contains, we believe, a more circumstantial account of Miss Martineau than has yet been given to the public of this country.

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU TO M. B. MAURICE.

London, June 3, 1833.

SIR,

I cannot refuse to give you the particulars for which you ask in a letter I have just received, respecting myself and the work which, after having excited your attention, has given you an employment that I fear must sometimes be a tedious one. The curiosity which the authors of popular works generally excite is innocent and natural; I have felt it too often myself not to be inclined to satisfy that which I may excite in others.

My family is of French origin, as my name must already have suggested to you. All that is known of it is that my great grandfather, who was a surgeon, quitted France on account of his religion, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled at Norwich in the county of Norfolk, where he married a French lady who had emigrated at the same period and for the same reasons. Ever since,

my family has maintained an honourable station in society, the eldest sons always practising surgery, the others devoting themselves to commerce or manufactures. My father, the youngest of five brothers, was the proprietor, at Norwich his native place, of one of the manufactories peculiar to that town. He had eight children, of whom I am the sixth.

I was born in the month of June, 1802. The following are the principal circumstances which have combined to give me a taste for literary pursuits: my health now perfectly good, was extremely delicate in my childhood; I have been, ever since that period, afflicted with an infirmity (deafness) which, without absolutely depriving me of all intercourse with the world, has forced me to seek occupations and pleasures within myself; lastly, that which has contributed to it more than all the rest, is the affection subsisting between me and that one of my brothers whose age is nearest to my own, and who adopted one of the learned professions.

The first work that I published was a little volume entitled ‘*Devotional Exercises*,’ for the use of young persons. It appeared in 1822, and its success encouraged me to let it be followed soon by another of the same description, entitled ‘*Addresses, with Prayers and Hymns, for the use of families and schools*.’ About this time a circumstance occurred which was the origin of that series of tales you are now engaged in translating. A country bookseller asked me to compose for him some little work of fiction; I thought that I might join the useful to the agreeable, as I had the choice of the subject, if I could show the folly of the populace of Manchester, who had just been destroying the machinery, to the great detriment of the manufactures, on which their bread depended. I produced a little story, entitled ‘*The Rioters*,’ and the following year another, on wages, called ‘*The Turn Out*.’ I was far from suspecting while I wrote them, that wages and machinery had any thing to do with political economy; I do not even know whether I had ever heard the name of that science. It was not till some time afterwards that reading Mrs. Marcet’s ‘*Conversations on Political Economy*,’ I perceived that I had written political economy, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. Mrs. Marcet’s excellent work suggested to me the idea that if some principles of the science had been successfully laid down in a narrative form, all might be so equally well. From that moment, I was continually talking with my mother and the brother whom I have mentioned to you, of the plan which I am at present executing. Nevertheless, I had no friend in the literary world, which is indispensable towards gaining the confidence of the booksellers. No one who could be of any use to me would pay any attention to my plan. Really I cannot complain much of this; it must, I own, have appeared whimsical enough, and, all things considered, of very doubtful success. I am far from regretting this delay, which has enabled me to exercise myself in different kinds of composition, and has left me time to acquire some knowledge of the world, a thing so necessary to the truth of descriptions so varied as mine must be.

During the three years which preceded the publication of my tales, I was constantly writing on different subjects; I was besides employed in reviewing works on metaphysics and theology in the

Monthly Repository,* a periodical, the editor of which, the Rev. W. J. Fox, is, after my brother James, the steadiest friend and the best guide that I have ever had in literature and in philosophy. I published besides, in 1830, the 'Traditions of Palestine.' In the course of the following year, the Association of Unitarian Dissenters, to whom I belong, printed three essays of mine, which had obtained prizes, and which were addressed to the Catholics, the Jews, and the Mahometans. Meantime I had quite made up my mind to risk the publication of my 'Illustrations of Political Economy.' The plan had been rejected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, though only two or three of the members had paid any attention to it. No bookseller of any reputation would hear of my work, and when the recommenda-

* The following are the titles of some of Miss Martineau's contributions to this Journal, referred to in her letter. The list is not complete, but is sufficiently ample and varied to show her diligence, and will not discredit even her present reputation.

SERIES OF ARTICLES.

Essays on the Art of Thinking, Nos. 32, 33, 34, 35, 36.
On the Education of the Human Race, Nos. 41, 42, 43, 44.
Sabbath Musings, Nos. 50, 52, 54, 57, 58, 59.
On the Proper Use of the Prospective and Retrospective Faculties, Nos. 45, 46.

SINGLE ESSAYS AND CRITIQUES.

On the Duty of Studying Political Economy, No. 61.
Theology, Politics, and Literature, No. 62.
Natural History of Enthusiasm, Nos. 30, 31.
Crombie's Natural Theology, Nos. 39, 40.
Negro Slavery, No. 37.
Bailey on the Pursuit of Truth, Nos. 32, 33.
National Education, No. 70.
The Religion of Socrates, No. 57.
Doddridge's Correspondence, Nos. 37, 53.
On the Government of India, No. 69.
Demonology and Witchcraft, No. 47.
Witchcraft in Salem, No. 68.
Jacotot's System of Education, No. 52.
Romanism and Episcopacy, No. 66.
Prison Discipline, No. 69.
Van Diemen's Land, No. 66.
Secondary Punishments, No. 70.
On Nature and Providence to Communities, No. 64.
Physical Considerations connected with Man's ultimate destination, No. 52.

TALES.

Liese, or the Progress of Worship, Nos. 63, 64, 65.
The Early Sowing, No. 59.
True Worshipers, No. 41.
Solitude and Society, No. 43.

POETRY.

The Survivor, No. 35.
Flower of the Desert, No. 40.
The Forsaken Nest, No. 42.
The Three Ages of the Soul, No. 45.
Tranquillity, No. 53.
Translations from Herder, No. 54.
The Might of Song, No. 55.
Reform Song, No. 66.
Ode to Religious Liberty, No. 25.
Last Tree of the Forest, No. 26.

PARABLES.

Nos. 40, 42, 46, 49, 50, 61, 71,

tion of the literary man I have mentioned had determined one to attempt the enterprise, it was begun, a thousand voices uniting to announce that it would not succeed.—At the end of one month success was certain.

I was sure that it would be so; not that I exaggerated my talents; I am as far as ever from thinking that this work has succeeded because it has been written by me: but I think that the *want* of such a work was felt so much by the public, that it was sure to be caught up with eagerness. This conviction gave me the courage to undertake it, and its being so well timed is sufficient by itself to explain the great number of copies which have been sold.

My intention at first was only to publish twenty-four tales; but as the taxes are a subject towards which the public mind is particularly directed at present, and as there is the greatest necessity that the people should be enlightened with regard to them, I have resolved to enlarge my plan, and to go as far as thirty tales.

As it has been erroneously supposed that my work was finished before I began the publication of it, I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that I only write each tale in the month before it is printed, that I may have the advantage of the newest discoveries upon the subject of which I treat. No one but myself sees them before they are given to the printer, and no one has ever helped me in their compilation. My brother, the only individual whose assistance I could accept, lives at Liverpool. I cannot therefore consult him. Last autumn I quitted Norwich for London, where I intend to remain.

Besides my Tales, which appear monthly, I have just undertaken a little series of four numbers on our system of poor laws, which will be circulated by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first, entitled 'The Parish,' came out a fortnight ago; the second will be published in the course of the summer.

There is not at present any portrait of me published, but Finden is engraving one on steel, which will, I believe, soon be out.*

I think I have answered all your questions; nothing remains but to assure you of the interest with which I shall see your translation. I shall be happy to own myself indebted to you, if, through your means, I can render to the French people the services that my countrymen have allowed me to render to them.

I am, Sir, very sincerely, yours, &c.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

* It has just appeared, and is from an admirable likeness by Miss Margaret Gillies, of whom, as an artist yet little known, we cannot refrain from saying that her rapid improvement in colouring, and her rare combination of classical taste with boldness of design, promise to win for her the honours of her art.—*Ed. M. R.*

ON THEATRICAL REFORM.

(Continued from page 560.)

AND what must theatres be under the better arrangements which are dawning upon us? They must be small and well-arranged buildings, wherein the whole audience may hear and see equally well. Of course there ought to be no censor; I doubt whether even a licence should be insisted on. If there were a nuisance got up under the name of a theatre, the law might abate it like any other nuisance, upon the moral sense of the community being against its continuance, but at all events no further control should be exercised than is exercised over public-houses and other public resorts. The prices should be low, much lower than they have hitherto been. Half a crown should be the very highest price, but two shillings would be better. Perhaps it would be better to make the price of admission to all parts of the house alike, as is the case in foreign theatres, and reserve the gallery and boxes for parties or families who might require them. One theatre should only meddle with one class of performance, for which it would be specially adopted, and probably the companies would find it for their interest to hire the houses, and divide profits in such proportions as might be mutually agreed upon. The expenses would be small, and though the prices of admission would be small also, yet not when considered with regard to the price of the necessities of life, still the smallness of the price would insure, with all other appliances, constantly full houses night after night. It is for the mass of the public, and not for a portion, it is to the many, and not to the few that actors and actresses must henceforth look for a reward. Hitherto some few actors have been paid large salaries, and have realized large fortunes as a compensation for being held below their fellows on account of their position in society. When they shall be in higher esteem, a portion of their payment will be in the general sympathy of the community, in the honour and respect with which they will be regarded, and they can afford to forego a portion of their pecuniary recompense on that account. They will be content with a moderate remuneration, more on a level with other professors of the fine arts, amongst whom actors are perhaps after all the most entitled to consideration; for a larger amount of high qualities are requisite to form a first-rate actor than are requisite for the professor of any other art. It is evident, that such theatres as I am contemplating, as they would be of small size, must be more numerous, and scattered over different parts of the town, to save people the trouble and annoyance of making long journeys, which would perhaps occupy more time and cause a greater expense than the price of admission. Under such arrangements, a visit to the theatre would not be a matter of previous preparation and forethought. Casual visitors would continually increase. The facility and cheapness of admission would be the means of

changing many an evening walk into a more intellectual enjoyment at the theatre. The class of performances at each theatre would also be regulated by the taste of the inhabitants in the vicinity, and it would be a measure of comparison as to the degrees of refinement in the public taste. It might very fairly be anticipated, that under such a system the larger portion of the money which is now expended in beer-shops and public-houses would go to the support of theatres, which would at any rate yield harmless amusement, if not moral instruction. It is an evidence of a lamentable want of perception in a government, which neglects so obvious a means of improving the taste, and consequently the morals of a people, if indeed the government cares any thing about the people, save so far as they are revenue producers. At times the newspapers contain accounts of the capture and locking-up of bodies of illegal actors of the poorer classes, who have been guilty of the crime of taking exhibition-money without a licence; and the pain and annoyance to which the poor creatures are exposed is thought an exceeding good jest. It were better to let them alone, and not drive them to other employments of perhaps a positively vicious tendency. The practice of acting at least implies the necessity of learning to read, and that, in itself, is a considerable step towards improvement. Why is it that the French are a more refined nation than the English, though the latter are more endued with judgment? Why is it that the propensity to destroy public works and works of art is not so rife amongst the former as amongst the latter? Why does the Frenchman feel a pride in his public property, while the Englishman only cares for his private property? Because the government of France has fostered taste in the people, has taught them to appreciate music, and painting, and books, and sculpture, and has thus raised their minds to a higher level than that of mere sordid, selfish calculation. A Frenchman talks about his nation; an Englishman talks about himself, thinks about himself. Some-time back an English gentleman wished to purchase some cuttings of vines in the Jardin des Plantes. He was told that if his application were backed by some known scientific people in England, it would be attended to. He quickly procured the recommendations, and the plants were packed by the servants of the establishment, and forwarded gratis to England. The Englishman wanted to pay for them. 'No!' He then wished to pay the servants for their trouble. 'No! it was for the honour of the nation.' He then remarked to the French botanist, that such things would be paid for in England, when the Frenchman replied with a shrug, 'True! but then you are a *commercial* nation.' The spirit of commerce, carried to extremity, is indeed the curse of England. Human improvement is lost sight of in the prospect of commercial gain.

'And who are to be our audience?' asks a fashionable actor, accustomed to lackey the manners of the great, and deem that

mimicry is acting, and who at times may be promoted to the lackey honour of being a candle-bearer to 'Majesty' itself. 'Who are to be our audience?' I answer, 'The great body of the working classes,—the mechanics.' 'Did I hear aright,' exclaims Sylvester Daggerwood again. 'Ay, sir, you did; the mechanics must be your future audience, if your acting be true to nature, and will bear the test of unhackneyed native criticism. I tell you again, sir, the mechanics are your audience; they possess no artificial feelings, they are as God made them, and such is not the case with the audience you have been accustomed to play before, half of whom have been insolent aristocrats, and the other half sycophants, with scarce an original idea amongst them. The mechanics, I tell you, are your audience, if you possess genius; and if you possess it not, get yourself forthwith transformed into a parasite for the tables of the great, for verily we need you not. No, sir, prescriptive "respectability" must cease, and to suit us you may as well forget at once four-fifths of your parts, and begin anew. The nobility of nature is in league against the mock nobility of art.' 'But mechanics, uneducated mechanics! they cannot comprehend good acting!' 'Stop, sir! good acting is the true representation of human passions, and human passions existed ere school education commenced. You must unlearn your stage tricks, and trust to nature alone. The minds of the mechanics are undebauched by the monkeyings of affectation, and they are fit for the operation of the teacher.' 'But,' exclaims an affected actress, 'am I to play before greasy, unwashed men of occupation? Am I to be looked on by such vulgar people?' 'Why not, lady? there is less real coarseness in them than in the tribes who at present haunt the boxes. They will look earnestly, but they will not look lasciviously. Their minds may be pure, though their externals be uncouth; and it is with you to show your power in civilizing them, in humanizing them, in refining them. Try your skill; it is a fair field for your exertions. It is said that of old, Love wrought a marvel upon the citizens of Abdera. Try, then, the effect of your beauty and winning accents in modern times; but be that which you seem, or your playing will be but mimicry. If you are not beneficent in spirit, the lines of your face will be marked with hypocrisy when you put on the appearance of it, and your power will vanish before the instinctive perception of the untutored. Wear the smile of the heart, and not the smile of the cheek, or you will fail to call up gracious smiles from the hearts of others. Be unbending in spirit to the assaults of vice, for the mock frown which knits the brow to ape the semblance of virtue, carries no earnest conviction with it. Think not of selfish joy, be not absorbed in the malignant wish to mortify a rival artist, or an ugly fiend will peep forth, mocking all your efforts. Think not of self, think only of the impression you have to make on a large number of

your fellow-creatures, in order to work good upon them, to make virtue lovely and vice hateful. Let your modelled accents teach them the true use of language; let your beauty teach them the love of all beauty; let your gait teach them grace of movement; and let your garments awaken the taste which is dormant within them. Play in no piece which sound judgment condemns as immoral, or productive of mischief, whatever be the fashion which has sanctioned it. If you can do all this, and fill well a station worthy of the proudest ambition, that of a teacher of the people, go on. If you cannot, mingle once more with the herd, and give place to a better and worthier being. 'But who is to pay us?' asks Sylvester again; 'the mechanics are not sufficiently well off.' 'That is not true, Sylvester. Abundance of the mechanics are sufficiently well off, earning three and five pounds per week by skilled labour; and if they limit their numbers, they will be still better off, not merely a portion of them, but the whole mass will be well off. Instead of working from morning to night, three-fourths of a day will be found sufficient for their comfortable maintenance and the needful accumulation, and thus they will have time to spare for the cultivation of their minds. The mechanics not able to maintain theatres! You are dreaming, Sylvester. Who maintains the army, and navy, and church, and state, and the pension list, and pays the interest of the national debt? The working classes of the community, amongst whom the mechanics form far the most productive portion. It is recorded of Kean, that when he first played Sir Giles Overreach, on his return home his wife asked him what success he had, and more especially what Lord Essex said. Swallowing his usual quantity of stimulus, he replied, "Damn Lord Essex; I tell you the pit thundered at me." The mechanics not maintain theatres! Where do the taxes come from? Leave a portion of them in their pockets, instead of abstracting them for the convenience of the Lords John and Charles, &c., and the theatrical fund would not be small. Go to, Sylvester; you are shallow-minded, and not a fitting teacher? The day for mimics, like you, has gone by; we need men of mind and mould, who can understand as well as speak all that is set down for them. We need instructed lecturers, and not pragmatic mountebanks.'

The day is gone by for the ancient description of plays—the British theatre, as it is pompously called. Ancient prejudices can no longer be appealed to, for the prejudices have vanished, and new plays must be produced, capable of taking hold of the perceptions of the listeners. The world is older than it was, and will not sit down day after day to the same banquet, merely because it has been sanctioned by custom. The hour may be the same, but the cates must be varied. In works of imagination, people require variety, and a constant renewal. They do not sit down and read the same novels over and over again as they do

their bibles, and why should they see the same plays over and over again, even though they be the plays of William Shakspeare? *Toujours perdrix* is a proverb as applicable to plays as to music; and we have to thank Edward Lytton Bulwer that dramatic authors have now one motive less to abstain from writing. The public can no longer abide grandiloquence, and care more for the 'Rent Day,' than for 'Venice Preserved.' The former is to the latter what a Waverley novel is to the 'Scottish Chiefs,' or 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' The latter served the turn in their day, but have now paled their attractions. There are abundance of subjects for dramatic interest, which will come home to all hearts, and stir the very depths of passionate feeling. The passions of the human heart are as they were of old, in all their characteristics, save their present superior refinement. Ardent love, and deep gratitude, and furious hate, and deadly revenge, and gentle pity, and melting charity, and godlike friendship, and blind avarice, and self-sacrificing generosity, and devoted courage, and withering malice, and high magnanimity, and coward fear—all these passions remain the same as they ever were. Circumstances, costume, and the outward forms of speech, are all that require altering to suit the altered conditions of humanity. But plays must not be judged of as is at present the custom; they must have fair play. The actors must be the judges, and the monopoly of authors must cease. Merit alone must rule; and it will probably be found that those who are first-rate actors will possess the talent to write first-rate plays. It should be so. True genius cannot be confined to a small part of a thing; it must embrace a whole. It is recorded of Shakspeare that he was an indifferent actor. How know we that? Possibly the taste of the time in acting was to 'out-Herod Herod,' and his acting was in advance of such fustian. The public taste in acting is very far from chaste even now, and there is no great hope of refining the taste of the present play-going community; but new audiences and a new system of management will work wonders. The managers who undertake the business transactions must be simply men of business, and not actors, and the actors and actresses must be men and women of good feelings and moral qualities. At present, the behind-scene exhibitions are capable of exciting little but disgust, like the scenes behind the boxes. It will be very desirable also that the hours should be better regulated, that both audience and actors may be enabled to attend without risking the loss of health.

The ultimate objects for which human beings gather themselves together in large cities, at the risk of sacrificing some portion of health by the loss of a free atmosphere, is the desire to enlarge the sphere of human pleasures. One of the pleasures peculiar to great cities, is the theatre, in which two senses may be gratified at once—hearing and seeing,—and these two senses are brought to

bear upon many subjects and objects. The modulation of the human voice in perfect speech, when the various powers of oratory are brought into play, is a pleasure of the most exalted and intellectual kind. And the act of gazing on beautiful human forms, singly and in groups, of marking the play of intellectual features, and studying symmetric attitude, and graceful movements, amidst the specimens of human art in the form of fine artificial scenery, is also an exalted kind of pleasure infinitely more so than witnessing the debates of the 'Collective Wisdom of the Nation' as at present they are carried on. And what are the qualities requisite in a first-rate actor? I mean an actor as near perfection as human nature can approach; an actor such as actors should be and not as they have been. He must possess more, and higher qualities, both of body and mind, than are required by any other professor whatever. He has to represent the external signs of all qualities peculiar to the nature and art of man, and unless he thoroughly comprehends them he cannot embody them; he can but mimic them as one actor may mimic the action of another. An actor, in the proper signification of the word, is not an imitator, but emphatically a *doer*. To 'act, to do, and to perform,' say the grammar books, and all the words mean originality, not imitation.

A perfect actor then should possess a perfect form, and a 'face divine,' all whose features are lit up by the strong spirit within. His eyes should be like live coals glistening in intellectual brilliancy deep set beneath a lofty and expanded brow of marble, whose outward form may indicate the brain within. His lips and all the organs of voice should be so formed, as to modulate his accents to every variety of tone, as clear in the slightest whisper, as in the deepest bass, every syllable sharp and defined, giving evidence that the speaker's mind is perfectly versed in the anatomy of words—that he knows them of his own knowledge, and has not sorted them out from the 'alms-basket,' to use for the nonce, after the listened-to speech of others. Every sound should speak as if it were his own sound, framed by his own judgment acting upon his own exquisite sense of hearing, totally distinct from the voices of those who learn speech by rote, without being conscious of any correctness save that it is like the speech of others with whom they have associated. His step should be like the tread of an Apollo, firm and graceful; and he should be perfect in all those gymnastic exercises which give to the mind a perfect control over the motions of the body. He should be versed in the use of all weapons, from the bare knife of the naked savage, up to the sword and buckler of the mailed champion. His muscular arm should play the light foil with graceful quickness, and speed a feathered shaft with a true aim, whirl a broad blade like the rapid sweep of a windmill arm, and poise a heavy rifle with a grip of iron, immovable as the steeled block of an anchor-smith. The stamp of his foot should be like the 'bidding of a monarch'—not as monarchs

now are, but as old Homer described them. You, good critic of the present stage, will say that all this is too corporeal, and has little to do with the actual business of the stage. I tell you that all these things serve to develope the perfections of a man's body; they tend to give him

‘ The front of Jove himself,
An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station, like the herald Mercury.

* * * * *

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god doth seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a *man*.’

It is through the eye that an actor makes his first appeal to the hearts and brains of an audience, and to make his first appeal successful, he should show that his mind's volition, his magnificent will, sways every movement of the frame it inhabits, even as by the inflection of voice and knee the rider rules the motions of the gallant steed beneath him. The hand of the actor should be like an ensign of command, when it is lifted in expressive action. The extension of his finger should arrest attention, like the impending stroke of an uplifted sword. Such should be the material organization of an actor, and the mind to inhabit it should not be less rich. He should be a poet, *i. e.* he should have a clear perception of all beauty both in nature and art. If he have not this perception he cannot comprehend the words of poets, and if he be a poet, he will be able to write plays himself. He should be a philologist, to enable him to dive into the hidden meanings of words, and thus ever use them with effect. He should be a linguist, inasmuch as that faculty is a powerful help to a clear enunciation, and the knowledge of other languages is necessary to those who would truly present the manners and customs of the people of other climes. He should possess a general knowledge of anatomy, and a clear perception of the details of human beauty as well in person as in feature. For want of this perception it is, that many actors, in striving by art to give character and expression to their faces, produce only deformity. Moreover the knowledge of anatomy and especially of comparative anatomy is necessary to the clear comprehension of the effect of the varying passions of human nature. And if the anatomy of the body be an important requisite, how much more so must be the anatomy of the mind. The actor must be a metaphysician, or he cannot deal with the refined subtilties which impart lights and shadows to character. He must be a logician, or he cannot trace effects up to their causes. Rhetoric and oratory must walk hand in hand with him. He must be versed in history, or he cannot embody historic facts in spirit and in truth. His knowledge of costume should be widely extended, and he should combine just taste with antiquarian skill. And in addition to all this, the wider his knowledge and grasp of

the physical world the more perfect will be his power. Knowledge is the tool, and wisdom is the guiding hand. Reader, thou wilt perhaps smile, and ask where the men are to be found possessing so many admirable qualities. Doubtless they are rarities in the present generation, but it follows not that a better system will not make them more common. Whenever a perfect physical organization may exist,—and this is of more frequent occurrence than is generally allowed,—the perfect training of the mind will develope all the excellence of which it is capable. Were a Crichton to appear under a system of theatrical arrangement such as I have faintly shadowed forth, he could not find a sphere of exertion wherein he could develope his excellencies with such perfect utility, so much to the advantage and instruction of his fellow-creatures, as on the stage. And what might not corresponding excellence in woman produce? The heart leaps while the imagination glances at such things, and the judgment whispers that they will be within human reach as wisdom shall advance.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

July 7, 1833.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

A STRAY CHAPTER—WITH THE EPISODE OF THE DRIED FONT.

* * A sketchy allusion to the incidents of the tale of the 'Dried Font,' illustrative of some metrical scraps of mine, was printed in the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope*, in February, 1829; it did not exceed twenty or thirty lines. I here present the story in full.

'Sir, I was then in light and lusty youth;
And ignorant of peril, while it threw
Fair things before me; and now memory's truth,
Flashing its lustre backward, can renew
The past, and every sense again endue
With that spring freshness, and that plastic mould
At forty years, which twenty summers knew.'

* * * * *

'*COME, Pietro? La Casa del Diavolo?*' '*Scior sci:*' was Pietro Camiso's reply. Pietro Camiso was a bushy-headed, bullfinch-nosed, cat-eyed, reddish-brown, ochre-faced, clean-chinned, mustachio-lipped Spalatrese; and '*Scior sci*' (pronounced *shore shee*) was his patois for '*Signior si.*' Pietro Camiso's history has nothing to do with my tale, except it be to account for the manner in which I made his acquaintance, and why I was at this time in his company. Pietro had, in his boyhood, youth, and early manhood, acquired a familiarity with the Canali di Zara, Spalatro, and Brazza, in a single-masted craft of small tonnage, which plied between Zara and Spalatro, occasionally tripping round Sabioncello to Ragusa. He had even passed the Bocca de Cattaro, and visited the terra incognita of the republic of Montenegro. Many a rich cargo of maraschino had Pietro carried to Spalatro; and many a head-ache in Spalatro could testify the virtue of the said maraschino. But this proved to be too narrow a sea for Pietro Camiso's ambition to sail in; and he advanced himself to the dignity of

capitano of a trabacolo of Pola, *La Madre di tutti gli Angeli*, which fetched and carried between that port, Venice, and Fiumé. It was an unlucky day for Pietro, when, seduced by the yellow smile and oratorical jingle of an additional zecchino, he bargained to navigate 'the Mother of all the Angels' to the mouth of the Tagliamento, there to take in a cargo of bricks for Chiozza; for within one hour of his tripping his anchor, he, and his deeply laden trabacolo, were prize to certain boats of his majesty's ship A—, which picked up the Mother of all the Angels as she was yawing about in the fog. So Pietro and his trabacolo full of bricks did not go to Chiozza that time, but, altering course, followed in the frigate's wake, made fast to a hawser, with five other victimized small craft, like bosses on the tail of a boy's kite, and in this order entered Porto San Giorgio, at Lissa, where 'the Mother of all the Angels' was safely delivered of her bricks. But even now Pietro Camiso could turn his wits to account; for being familiar with every nook in the Dalmatian Islands, and experienced in the depth of water in every inlet and bay along the coast from Spalatro to Trieste, he soon forgot his grief for the loss of his trabacolo, in the profits which accrued on his services as pilot, in our along-shore expeditions and boat-marauding excursions; and many a countryman and countryman's neighbour of Pietro's dropped into the open jaws of the foe, which lay, as per direction given by Pietro, to catch them. Pietro herein showed himself philosopher and philanthropist; he was desirous of giving his friends the benefit of his experience; though, I am sure, on many occasions of encounter and tussle, some of which were rather rude, he wished himself snug under the lee of a stout maraschino butt at Zara.

Pietro, in addition to his services as pilot on the water, had oftentimes volunteered to be our guide on the land, and none of the party was merrier on the capture of *woolly bears*, (sheep,) *baby lowers*, (young oxen,) and *squealers*, (hogs,) than was Pietro; though, probably, the spoil was gathered from his own kith and kin, occasionally. Sometimes our shore visits were made without a thought of depredation, and as the amphitheatre at Pola presented itself in all its attraction of curiosity, in our frequent glimpses of it from the water, some of us—but come, let me speak in the first person singular, or I shall entangle my narrative—I resolved, if possible, to have a nearer view of it; but this was not to be obtained without considerable risk. The French flag was flying every where along that shore: it flourished on the whole coast of the Adriatic, from the heel of the Italian boot, Cape St. Mary, upwards, and down on the opposite shore, to Ragusa: a warning to us to keep off, or come on at our peril. When curiosity is strong it laughs at little dangers, and cannot see great ones. My excited curiosity might be gratified during the night, and with cautious treading there would be but little danger, especially as the wary Pietro was at hand, and the moon would increase the beauty and enrich the impressive grandeur of the scene. With these thoughts, after the night's duty of reconnoitring the harbour, to note the number, character, and position of the vessels which lay there very quietly; but especially to ascertain the condition of a large Polacca ship, whose slim masts tapered prettily up to the sky: we had a notion of giving her 'snug-

ger lying' in Lissa harbour—to this end, about two o'clock in the morning, we were standing in towards that projection of rocks, which runs out west from the bay of Pola, in the yawl, which was manned by ten stout, dare devils for rowers, and three 'jollies' sitting in the stern sheets, where were also I and Charles Nourse, holding converse with Pietro Camiso. '*La Casa del Diavolo?*' said I. '*Ma, per che?*' '*Scior sci,*' said Pietro, and proceeded to relate, with due emphasis and 'Oh's and Hah's!' and sundry head shakings and hand upliftings, the manner in which a trio of pious Fradelli laid their heads together to build a church to the glory of the holy—(I have forgotten the saint's name, but it is the same brazen fellow who stands a tip-toe on the top of the Torazzo at Rovigno, a few miles from Pola)—and in the midst of their debate, a gentleman in a dark blue cloak, with a red feather in a broad-leaved capello, which capello seemed to rest on certain invisible protuberances on his forehead, suddenly presented himself in the earnestness and very marrow of their counsel, and, with much politeness in his manner, sat down, arranging his feet under the table, and then smiled his wish to aid in their consultation, to which the priests thankfully assented; but as he pleaded thirst from a long and warm walk, a cup of wine was proposed to cool and lubricate his throat, in which the brotherhood, in sheer good fellowship, participated: health, prosperity, long life, and success in all designs, were mutually pledged, and the gentleman in the red-feathered capello, (which at first gave somewhat of offence, as he never lifted it from his head,) informed them, most graciously, that his assistance in the building was at their command—'any thing he could do to serve them,' the only return for which he stipulated being their prayers, and a repetition of their lately uttered good wishes; to this instant and full acquiescence was given, and they sat to it till the three cowed heads nuzzled the table, and the gentleman evaporated, leaving them asleep. And lo! as all three at once opened their eyes in the morning, they saw the sides of the little cell stepping out, all round, and lengthening upwards, into a noble and gorgeous building, full of altar places, and confessionals, and gilded colonnades, and fine pictures and beautiful images. 'And there it is,' said Pietro, 'as much as remains of it,' pointing to the amphitheatre,* which was now distinctly visible under the eye of the moon; 'but oh! would you think it, *Scior*, the very first time that mass was sung in it, just as Frere Matteo was lifting the sacred cup to his lips, a clap of thunder shook the building, and the roof tumbled in, crash! crash! and down it fell! and buried every body beneath the ruins! except Frere Matteo, who was seen to fly away through the top, with a score of dragons at his heels, lashing him with their forky tails.' 'Oh, then, it was the devil that built the Casa?' '*Scior, sci*—but how could the Fradelli be blamed? they did not know who had got into their company—and the gentleman was so civil too!' 'And a skillful workman,' said Nourse; 'I wish he would come to Lissa, and build us a few seventy-fours, for we shall require them up here if they send out a few such ships as the Rivoli, which is fitting out at Venice.' '*Troppo—troppo! Guarda! La Luna!*' exclaimed Pietro, in evident alarm, as the oars were now cutting deep

* The amphitheatre at Pola is better known in Istria as *La Casa del Diavolo*.

gashes in the laughing ripples that flickered brilliantly in the line of the moon's wake, which set all objects within its range as distinctly clear, as if it were mid-day's brightness. '*Largo—largo!*' However, we were now nearing the point of debarkation, and rounding the promontory, Pietro was at once relieved, for we were instantly in deep shadow. Silently the muffled oars were tossed out of their rowlocks, and quietly boarded; and the bowman, alternately shoving and hauling upon his boathook, carried the boat into the little creek which indented the line and base of the rock, and was as smooth as the water in a deep well. A snug little cove it was, where a boat might lie unperceived and unsuspected of being there for a month on occasion. After landing (Pietro piloting) we traversed the strip of sand, not two feet broad, which fringes the base line of the rocks, for a few steps, and then scrambling upwards, verging starboard and port as the hand and footholding required, gained the top. The course to our object, which was not visible from this point, was about S. E., but by taking that, we should have been exposed to observation on its elevated surface, and must necessarily have passed by several buildings which lay between our place of landing, in line with the amphitheatre. So Pietro took a broad sheer to the N. E. and held on, with little variation from that course, for about half an hour; myself and Nourse picking our steps after him in silence. Now vegetation began to thicken, and we waded through a brook that babbled most musically in the stillness of the night, while the moon washed her face in it. On getting across we veered suddenly to the south, and plunged through a thicket into a footpath, which ran through what seemed to be a domain of garden and pleasure grounds in ruins, overrun with brambles; yet at every step shrubs and flowers wafted to the senses various and mingling perfumes: and now, turning westward a little, we rose on a gentle hill, which exhibited masses of broken walls, and down on its other brow a roofless, fragment-bestrewn mansion, dreary, solemn, and desolate in the midst of so much beauty: for from this point was seen, a little to the left of the distance, not the entire outline, part of it was hidden by a hill, the dark grandeur of the amphitheatre, towering in stately sublimity; and between the trunks of the trees, and up through foliage at their topmost branches, directly before and outspread below, the Bay of Pola, and the Adriatic, burnished with a line of silver, shivering and flashing, as the young waves danced upon it. Stepping among the ruins, which straggled out to some distance from the main building, we fell again into the path, which continued for about half a mile by what seemed to have been the course of a stream, though it was now filled or choked up with weeds and debris, and suddenly terminated in a precipice about twenty feet in height. On the side of this precipice, halfway down, a rock or ledge apparently projected, but a closer inspection discovered it to be a natural basin, starting from the face of the rock. It bore marks of the chisel, for its rim was sculptured ornamentally, though the work was so much worn and decayed as to be, in the shadow, scarcely perceptible. Pietro called this 'the Dried Font.' As this was not our present object we descended the slope (which had evidently been cut into steps) by the side of the precipice, and stood a moment on the margin of the hollow, into which

doubtless the stream had once poured ; then we marched on towards the amphitheatre, verging a little to the left ; we moved at a rapid pace ; but it seemed to come no nearer after twenty minutes' walk. The distinctness in which it stood, in bold and massive outline from the ruins of the mansion, caused an erroneous estimate as to its distance ; here we turned the base of a hill, rising a little on its slope, and descending on the other front, walked a hundred yards further, and stood in the deep shadow of the amphitheatre, gazing upwards through the triple range of arcades—through the vacant space, and out again at the opposite sky ;—an ocean of light limpid blue ! I scrambled up the walls, no difficult matter, for at this point the loosened fragments were heaped sufficiently high to enable me to reach the first opening by an easy spring, and by a similar assistance I descended into the area, and stood gazing in that indescribable but rapturous confusion of the senses, which, I dare say, many of my readers have experienced whenever overawed by the sudden impressive burst of a spectacle—(the entrance to Tintern Abbey, seventeen years afterwards, was a feeble something like it)—that delicious bewilderment of the thoughts in which you are more disposed to shed tears, than able to adopt any other mode of expressing yourself : the heart heaves and swells ready to burst ; there is an utter inability to concentrate the faculties to any one point of observation or of reflexion ; there is a kind of greedy devouring in the gaze, as if it feared any object, part, or particle should elude its grasp, yet it cannot rest on any one part or particle, smaller or greater object, for a single instant. It is all craving, hungry and dissatisfied wonder. The line, or rather the broad sheet of wall, partly whitened by the moon, and cut into many sharply defined shadows, lifting itself up aloft towards the sky, which stooped down to embrace it, and the absence of beginning or end, no point from which the vision could start in direction of range, while the eye repeatedly and vainly attempted such a process ; and more than all, the swelling and soaring effect on the imagination that was produced in the alternations of clear, pure, luminously blue sky, and the dark wall by the uppermost ranges of arcades : O, the wondrous and delicious beauty of that moonlit heaven when it is thus viewed ! The light is thrown back into vast, vast distance *here*, and seems *there* hanging within your tangible grasp, more calmly and gloriously lustrous in either. Reader, reader ! create such a scene in your imagination, and let me leave you to bathe your soul, and swim and sail in the ecstasy which you will feel, if you have a soul !

It forms no part of the object of this narrative to describe the building, to give you its admeasurement, &c. ; if I had carried lines and scales for the express purpose of ascertaining its dimensions, I should have thought no more of them than if they had been sunk 'where fathom-line did never touch the ground.' I will tell you merely that the external wall, the shell of the roofless building, is complete, except towards the south-east, where there is a huge gap from the parapet lessening downwards, and a narrow strip or split continued from it to a good long line, through which a keen and brilliant ray of the moon cut with singularly beautiful effect, as it spread its length out on the area. It allured one to take hold of it, and I

actually did stoop to touch it. But the tiers of seats, which once gave accommodation to twenty thousand spectators, can only be guessed at in some fragments which are strewn about the area. After a little struggling, and a trifle of shin scraping, as I groped my way through what seemed to be a line of vaults broken and obstructed by dilapidations, (it was the bridge on which the seats had been erected, and at one time extended around and in gradated heights up the walls,) I found means to exalt myself to the second range of arches, openings, windows I suppose they may be called, and there stood on a shelf or ledge that abutted inwards from the wall, and leaning on what, in my ignorance of architectural technology, I must designate the sill of the window, gazed on the bay of Pola, down to the left on the flat roofs and ribbed tilings of the city—and on the vessels, some standing out in the light, and others obscured in the darkness—then outwards far, far upon the face of the Adriatic, where I distinctly saw, blackening up from the waters, my roving dwelling-place, my wandering habitation, my beloved and beautiful home, the A—, the happiest home I ever knew! I thought then, and I yet think, language could not impress paper, nor voice give to the ear the enchanting beauty of that view, neither is the world's heart nor its wisdom plastic and capacious enough to receive it. It is from repeated instances of this powerlessness of the thoughts that I have been led to question the writer's truth who has 'written poems on the spot' descriptive of the scene and his impressions, when surveying an extraordinary splendour or magnificence of nature or of art, unless it has been on a second, third, fourth, fifth, or twentieth visit; so that he might then subdue the uproar in his thoughts, and assume a steadiness to his purpose; for that same mental and constitutional conformation which enables him to take impressions so deeply and so vividly, will effectually bar the concentration of thought which is necessary in writing the impressions down. I grant ye, if his mind be of foot-rule and fathom-line quality, his aim will be attained; but it is not of such I speak. I admit that striking points may be arranged and fastened on the mind of my *proper man*; but I believe it is only on a recreation of, and after reflection on, the past, that these have been combined and given to the world, in a spirited, energetic, and correct picture of words. This, I am sure, is the case with myself at least; rapturous confusion, intoxicated bewilderment, have ever been my sensations while the objects were under my physical gaze; therefore I ever look on 'written on the spot' with suspicion, if the writing be *true*, bold, and sharp and deeply cut. When it is tame and duck-pondish, it passes for 'written on the spot' with me. You may take notes if you please, but do not call that 'written on the spot.' Perhaps, however, I am in error, and appear bigoted in thus 'measuring other people's corn by my bushel.' Possibly there are some spirits who can take a soaring, and yet collected flight, where I, in the overwhelmingness of impressions, in which nothing is defined, and a hundred streams rush at once with a crushing and devouring influence into my thoughts, attempt to fly, but my wings collapse after a few dull, unmeaning flappings.

The moon's fair and bright face was fast dimming in the approach of day, a fiercer luminary was threatening to stare her into pale bash-

fulness, while yet I lingered there, and before turning to leave the place, the sun was gilding the crests of the Carniolan mountains. It was necessary now to retrace our course ; and I was surprised, as we marched along, that the very cautious and extremely wary Pietro had been in no hurry, nor expressed the least impatience at the delay—not a single ‘Scior’ passed his lips in warning ; this, however, I attributed to his feeling of perfect security.

In reapproaching the precipice and ‘Dried Font,’ the guide again directed attention to it. On a close inspection, I discovered that the rim or lip of the basin contained round it a band line of small perforations, and at once saw the beautiful effect for which that had been done when the basin was supplied with water, which was not thrown into it by the cascade, but descended through small fissures in the face of the rock, and had been turned off by some process from the main stream above, and so trickled down through the crevices. From the basin the overflow through the perforations must have descended in a silvery shower into the bed of the cascade. On the verge of the overhanging ledge above the font a moss-covered stone seat still occupied the place which it held in the days of that rare scene’s glory and beauty, and our return course showed more clearly the extraordinary scenic loveliness which must have reigned there ; but some remarks of Pietro Camiso’s respecting a tale connected with this Font awakened curiosity and inquiry. Pietro could not tell the tale so well as his amico, (I forget his name, and I am sorry that I do ; he was a kind-hearted and clear-thoughted old fellow. Perhaps the name will come back to me as I proceed.) ‘Who is he ?’ ‘He lives in the cottage under the ruins.’ This cottage had escaped my observation ; but now there it was, propped against the external wall of the mansion ; three of its sides built of the fragments, and the fourth formed by the ancient mason-work—a rough excrescence growing from it, a fungus on a withered trunk. If I were writing to make a book, I should elaborate a description of this cottage ; every turn and mound in the garden, each bend of the stream ; how it was there hidden by a clump of perfumy shrubs, how there the slender branches and foliage stooped down to kiss the water as it flitted by them, &c. &c., for they are all as clearly before my eyes on this 23d July, 1833, as they were on the morning of August 8th, 1811. And if ever I could hope to win a reader’s approving smile by scenic description, certainly it would be this one which I should select to exercise my skill upon ; for though I had looked on many before, and have gazed on many since, none has ever called up similar sensations so strongly. It was that saddening and melancholy pleasure of tracing loveliness and elegance in ruins, the reuniting of broken and disjointed beauty, the reanimating of its charms, even while you commiserate its death and wreck ; and thought would sigh as it revelled through the recreations of memory. Ay, sir, sigh, for we can sigh, we do weep in delight. But the attempt to describe would exhibit only the feebleness of written words. This I have felt a thousand times. In tasking myself to the delineation of what my eyes had looked upon as grand and beautiful in scenic nature, I never said or wrote any thing that was more than a mockery of my thoughts. Though I confess to

a notion that the naturally adapted tone of a capacious (I do not, by that word, mean boisterous) voice, will paint better than brush and colours will do.*

Now, pass on, if you please, across the old bed of the stream at this point, and, a few steps more, enter the ruins of the chateau, under the architrave of a dilapidated window; destruction has facilitated access, it has removed all barriers of bolts, locks, and doors. You may walk in with a little clambering over the heaps; but look first along the line of wall, and all that remains of its architectural design and beauty. Is it a work of Palladio? I should so think it, though I cannot show that he ever visited Istria, or that his genius threw its splendour across the Adriatic, in a plan which others executed while he lived. No, there is a date which marks that portion of the erection at least to have taken place nearly a century after the marshalling of his self-superintended triumphs—MDCLXIII. There is yet the partial blackening of the smoke, as if a current of air had just now brushed it across the numbers, which themselves look not a month old. In, press through the rank weeds; they grow in rough and rude luxuriance about the whole extent of the enclosure, forcing themselves between the fragments, and clipping and entwining them in fellowship. Here, mount on this cemented mass; it is but a stretchy step; here, hence the eye may range over the whole. You cannot spring up? Give me your hand then—now. Stop, what means this? A cross cut deeply in the face of the marble, and as fresh as if the chisel had wrought on it but yesterday. A memento! surely not a tombstone? There is a meaning for this; we may know it soon, perhaps. Happiness may once have found a home here. Wealth and abundance, certainly, have been residents; perhaps luxury, or splendour without luxury, for time and fire have not effaced the gorgery entirely. You can trace, even now, the dim remains of the fresco which ornamented the walls; but it is impossible to say to what story that beautiful head, looking back, as if flying in fear, belongs; there is a hand, too, pouring water from an amphora down on a foot, the sandal of which is loosened, on another compartment, and the foot and hand belong to two different sexes. No, this is not a Palladio, nor the architecture of his disciples, for that long line of wall is broken by a recess, in the fashion of an oriel window, containing remnants of what we usually call gothic shafts. At least I can remember nothing in the works of Palladio or his disciples in which that style of building is adopted. Elsewhere that golden ray from the morning's sun would be cheering in its effect; but here, on this fire-haggarded and time-shaken monument of calamity, it seems to scoff, and stands a derisive laugh at misery. Or, reader, did you ever see that slowly-moving or moveless smile, which curls the lip, and pales the cheek, and makes paleness wan, while the heart beneath is breaking? I have seen it. Like it is the sun-light on that wall. Or is it not the ray of a prosperous star, which shines too late to cheer, for the temple of hope is in ruins, and heeds not, for it cannot feel the

* But we have 'changed all this' in England; which is one cause of our not perceiving how the oratory of Demosthenes produced such wonderful effects as are ascribed to it.

warmth now? But liker, far liker is it to the bland smile and courteous glance that drop on the intended victim—which sport and shine to mask the bleakness of a corrupted thought, and callous treachery. The portion of the building in which we now stand was probably the Atria to that hall, which, from its size, and the vestiges of profuse decoration, it is easy to suppose was once magnificent, and echoed the laugh of revelry, and reflected the glory of eyes which dazzled each other with beauty and gay lustre. Now, how sad; rendered ten times more sad by these torn records of its former splendour. See, jutting from the crevice, between that charred beam and the wall which clips it, a single scarlet flower contrasts its fresh youth and loveliness with the blackness of the wood. It is one sole, pure, and healthy thing smiling in the midst of an enduring pestilence, unconscious of the death which looks upon and surrounds it. It is a fair-hope light that gleams to cheer the storm-tossed spirit; or a guileless child keeping the vigil during the sleep of groups of desperate men, fatigued with ruffian toil. It is a little bright star, shining singly and solitarily in the sky all night. And who would pluck it? Do not touch it; here let it stay, and live and die: it beautifies desolation, and desolation worships it.

It is not likely that this survey, cursory as it was, should diminish the desire to know the history of the place; and Pietro Camiso's repeated ejaculations of '*pauvretti*,' having reference to the persons whose calamitous fate was connected with the ruins, the cottage of his amico was now the object to which we turned our eyes. The door by which the ground-floor apartments were entered, was closed; but a flight of rude stone steps led exteriorly to the upper chambers, the portal of which, as we began to ascend, opened, and a most venerable looking man, with a head of flowing hair that was as white as the snow on the Carniolan alps, hailed us with a clear-toned, a kind-toned '*Buono Giorno*,' closing a volume at the same moment, and retaining it, with the finger mark, in his hand, as most cheerfully he welcomed us. While he and Pietro were busied in setting black bread, goat's milk and cheese, and some delectable purple grapes before us, I looked at the old man a request of permission to open the book, which now lay on a stool. '*Si, signior, si.*' It was the '*Gierusalemme Liberato*,' and I commenced forthwith, at the opening stanza, and trolled out, with '*bad emphasis and bad discretion*,'

'Canto l'anne pietose, é il Capitano,
Che gran' sepolcro libero de Christo —'

The old man caught the words, threw down the grapes, capsized a bowl of milk, ran to me and smacked my cheeks with half a dozen kisses, and continued the theme, while arranging the eatables and drinkables, with enthusiasm flashing eyes; and so through our repast, which was as heartily accepted, as it was most freely offered; and from this rare old man—he was an Istrian peasant, truly the son of an ostler—I heard the history of '*The Dried Font*.'

The communicated facts did not refer back to the period when the mansion was erected, nor to the time the hand of art was employed to decorate the natural formation of the Font; but a legend had long existed in the family of Oschiaro, to whom the chateau and its

domains had for centuries belonged, which pronounced the failure of the line, and extinction of the name, on the drying up of that Font. The last Count Oschiario had an only son, who, with unusual comeliness of person, combined the rarer graces of quick impressibility, which were nurtured by a cultivated intellect ; but there was in him that corporeal delicacy, on which an ardency of feeling, when it was aroused by the insensibility or injustice of others, shook with a violence that threatened early ruin. By the boisterous, those whose knowledge of him was limited to that surface which was exhibited in the ordinary tenour of his way, he was regarded rather as a being whom they might pity ; the better of them compassionated his weakness, and sought him only with the demeanour of protectors ; others despised him as imbecile, and anticipatively viewed him as their prey. Miscalculating his evidences of gentleness, the disposition to retire within himself, the yielding of his manner, these were sometimes encouraged to advance beyond the limits of endurance. Then rose the hitherto subdued elements of his nature, which transformed the feeble and fragile youth into a giant ; the bursting of the storm caused the insolent intruders to start back amazed at the strength which they had derided, affecting, while they retreated from it, still to make it a jest. They found that though he shivered and shrank from the breeze, he would oppose and battle with the tempest, though the encounter must destroy him. Few around him were formed for companionship with such a being ; and his life was passed in pursuits and pleasures which were strangely opposite to those to which their tastes allured them. But who could be more beloved than he was by all who sought fellowship with him, or who looked to him for protection ! ‘ The best of his name was the last of his race,’ is to this hour the melancholy dirge of the grandchildren of those who remembered Count Lucio. He was happy in the happiness which he saw in, and imparted to others. The wounds of dissension were healed by his hand ; and his arbitration in disputes sent the reconciled parties away pleased with each other, and almost glad that they had quarrelled, because that had enabled them to feel Signior Lucio’s benign interference. The natural goodness of his heart, the free giving bounty of his spirit, had enjoyed the singular—oh, most rare, rare blessing of living on, and growing up through youth to manhood, unperturbed.

An orphan girl, daughter of a former comrade and oft-tried friend of Count Oschiario, had been bequeathed by her dying father to his charge. She was then in early girlhood, blooming in all the promise of future loveliness, and she never learnt how beautiful she was ; she was like a gentle flower that now stoops, now lifts its head upon its slender stem, unconscious of its form or the exquisite charm of its tints, retiring and placid as though it would wish to live unseen but by fairy eyes. With her stature grew, and that unconsciously, what at first was the tenderness of brotherly and sisterly affection, between Melaza and Lucio. Unconscious on her part, at least, for though she knew herself to be, by her dead father’s interference, betrothed to Count Jeldaz, the quiet cheerfulness of her thoughts was never broken by any uneasiness as the time approached when he should be expected to arrive to claim and carry her away as his bride. She had not

dwelt upon it. She was too innocent to dream of sorrow ; but the sadness which she oftentimes saw clouding Lucio's brow, calling up her sympathy, drew from him the declaration, and imparted to her that knowledge which at once chilled her with the sense of reality. It was about a month before he did come, that a courier from Fiumé arrived at the mansion with a packet from the Count Jeldaz to Count Oschiaro, announcing his intention to be there on a stated day ; another also, containing a few words, and a present of rich jewels for Melaza, which she received in pale and trembling silence ; and after standing for a few minutes gazing at the packet, from which she seemed to shrink, holding it forward as if she wished the messenger to take it from her again, she hastily quitted the room and its occupants, the Count and the messenger, without speaking or looking off the packet. Her guardian smiled at this, attributing it to the perturbation of maiden bashfulness ; and speedily dispatched the messenger with promises of honouring welcome, &c. Lucio was made aware of the visit of the courier only as he saw him spurring on the road to Lisignan, where the bark lay in waiting to bear him back to Fiumé. As Melaza, he found, had quitted the chateau, he sought her through the gardens, and on arriving at the precipice, found her lying motionless and cold on the ground, her head resting on the stone seat, on the ledge overhanging the Font. The blood had trickled on the seat from her brow, which had struck the stone as she fell. There she lay, with the crushed up packet suspended from her pale fingers, which were entangled in the silken strings which enwrapped it. ' Melaza, Melaza ! ' he groaned as he raised her, and then drew her towards the stream, and there sprinkled her forehead and face with the cold drops, which recalled her breathing ; and the first impression of returning sense was a bitter smile which broke into a bubbling sigh. From that moment she fast withered ; and Lucio's melancholy gave way to deeper sadness ; and long, long intervals of silence. Morning, noon, and evening they walked together to that spot, to stand gazing, as they bent over it, on their images reflected in the translucent and liquid mirror beneath them ; and scarcely any other word was interchanged, save those ever repeated names, ' Melaza ! ' ' Lucio ! '

Reader, were you ever immersed in an unconquerable grief, while the sounds of mirth and the joyousness of festivity rang in your ears ? Did you ever hear your irrepressible sighs echoed by a shout of laughter ? you will know that your grief receives no *anodyne* from such sounds. With what howling mockery must they have rung on the ears of Melaza, who, at early morning's dawn heard the bustle of preparation, the joyful anticipations and cheerful welcomings of gathering hundreds, as she lay in her chamber, and felt herself the victim about to be immolated in the cause for which all this busy, mirth-teeming uproar and sparkling pleasure was elicited ! But she arose, and passively received the aid of her attendants, as they ornamented her for the sacrifice, and mingled the labour with their glee, chirping their hopes and wishes the while. She descended among the patrician guests, many of whom had already arrived to honour the day. The first glare of the gaiety and splendour stunned her faculties, and she stood gazing in the silence of stupefaction, as the voices of congratulation dropped on her unheeding and unlistening ears.

Her guardian prompted her replies to the glittering throng, which she uttered in little words, so faint, they had scarcely disturbed a gossamer had it floated within the circumflexion of her breath. The woe-begone smile that fluttered on her lips faded—faded into marble composure, as the looks and tones of encouragement to gladness met her on every side. Alas ! they deemed it timid, sinking, maiden bashfulness in her ; they saw not that neither thought nor will was in the few faint words that floated from her lips and died within the circle of her breath. To task the features, tongue, and frame to mingle in pleasures, while every pulsation of the heart is a throb of misery, is only mockery of their anguish ; and every word which would tell the victim to forget, does but cause the grief to cling with closer enfolding. Oh, bid the sightless eyes revel and range over forms and scenes of beauty !—bid the one in chained and fettered limbs laugh at restraints and freely dance !—bid the exhausted frame be agile as the forest fawns ; and plunge the wretch that faints with feverish burning in streams of fire ; when the concentrated heat rushes to the brain and leaves the heart an icicle—so in the midst of the splendid array which encompassed Melaza and mocked her misery, her thoughts foamed o'er a waste

‘ Of blighted hopes and flowers decayed ;—
 Leafless and all their perfume gone,—
 A limitless, unchanging shade,
 Lit by no cheering ray ;—not one !’

And beware, ye wise, ye gravely consoling, how ye intrude ; leave such suffering to loneliness ; for solitude is its sole relief ; or sigh and weep with it, if ye would, can, sympathize. It will partially, and more and more forget itself, in seeking to alleviate the pain which your sympathy evinces. Come, cavillers, or else show me a sounder, a truer system of philosophy.

The whole road, from the mansion down to Cape Promontorio and to Lisignan, was animated with groups of holiday expectants, and the passing of messengers, who carried, every half hour, reports from those who were stationed to watch from the outstretching cape, up the Gulf of Fiumé, for the approach of the galley, which at first appeared a dot on the water ; and now moved along on the smooth, sun-planished surface of the sea, by the even stroke of sixty oars, dipping, rising, flashing, and falling in unison : the white sails slumbering in minute fits, as the small breeze kissed them,—and the rich carving and gilding of the prow, sparkling in the reflection of the crispy foam, whose white curls took, in reciprocation, the yellow hue. The first intelligence of the galley being in sight called forth a cheer, which was tossed from group to group on the road, and deposited in the mansion, where all, with one impulse, received and echoed it : all—except *one*—one on whose forehead, face, neck, and limbs, as the sound struck her, the dew of hopelessness and dismay hung in drops, and glistened out from the deathly wanness of her cheeks. Where was Lucio ? He had avoided the scene ; his presence would have accumulated her sufferings, as she watched the misery which he could not conceal. Yet, as the messengers arrived with tidings of the nearer, yet nearer approach of the galley, it was observed that Melaza lost much of her agitation. She seemed to concentrate all

her faculties as if commanding them to the ceremonious duties on which she was shortly to enter: a collectedness of thoughts to one fixed purpose—as if she had suddenly become sensible that she was mistress, or the worshipped queen of the festivities; still she was silent, pale, and smileless.

The pouring in of the different streams of holiday guests and gazers, from every point, down to the Marina at Pola, and the tramping of caparisoned steeds, some of which were led by the attendants, fore-spoke the entrance of Count Jeldaz's magnificent galley into the port; and now the pealing cannon, uprising above the shouts of the multitude, undulated into Melaza's ears the intelligence that *his* foot had kissed the shore. Count Jeldaz and his retinue mounted the waiting steeds, and the whole formed into a long line of procession, through the street which led eastward from the city. A gallant gentleman he looked, in all the consciousness of admiration and brilliance of hope awaiting bliss. As they passed along near that house, which is now tenantless and in ruins, as you turn to the left, in the direction of the amphitheatre, the crowd paused, numbers took off their hats and set up a shout of 'Viva!' Count Jeldaz, turning, looked upwards, and lifting his plumed capello, bowed to a youth who stood in the balcony, as to him the people's respectful tokens of gratulation were offered. The youth uncovered, seemingly unconscious that he did so, for he did not return the salutation of Count Jeldaz, but waved his hand to the people. 'Who is that?' he inquired. 'The Lady Melaza's brother.' 'Her brother!' 'It is the young Count Lucio,' said one who held the bridle rein of the horse on which Count Jeldaz rode. 'Ha! her *foster* brother, you mean; he seems a feeble and sickly youth, and not overborne with joy at seeing me, his *new* brother.' There was a sneer implied in his manner of speaking these words, which caused the same person ('it was myself,' said the old man,) to reply, 'the Signior Lucio Oschiaro is the best of all the many good that had been named Oschiaro,'—and all around echoed the shout of 'Viva, viva Signior Lucio!' 'He shows cold courtesy to one who might reasonably expect a warmer from the brother of my—of the Lady Melaza. Perhaps he is unwilling to lose his sister's society.' 'It may be your Lordship judges rightly,' said a restless-eyed gentleman, the Signior Goznia, who rode by the side of the Count, 'I have known such friendships, and they would not laugh a *ben venuto* to a third participator.' 'This boy is garlanded with the praises and good will of these about us. How much further and singly closer the sympathy prevails, perhaps I may learn—in time;' and the Count here became silent, or uttered occasionally a courteous remark to those near him, till, having passed the avenues through that division of the grounds and gardens which led to the portico of the chateau, he paused, and descended from his steed. The steps were occupied by ranges of courtly guests, in rows of smiling faces, nodding plumes, and sumptuous robes; and the instant his foot had left the stirrup, the acclamation of voices, and a peal of music, rent the air. He ascended the steps, bowing gracefully on either side, and at the entrance to the atria was received in the arms of Count Oschiaro, who led him on through the vestibule, and between another double line of animated beauty and human splendour, on towards the

recess, in which the Lady Melaza stood, grasping fitfully with the white fingers of her left hand, a veil, which, suspended from her head, fell down on that arm. 'Your bride, my Lord,' were the only half-choked words uttered by Count Oschiaro, as the tears fast rolled down his cheeks. Jeldaz took the disengaged and passive hand in his, and suddenly dropt it, starting as if the touch had chilled him; but he resumed his complacency, and smiling again, lifted it, and ranged his eyes over her form, and surveyed her from head to foot with cold surprise. After a few ceremonial words to her, which met no other reply than a faintly hoarse 'My Lord,' he turned, and bowed with his well eliselled smile, as he glanced on every side, and along the gay assembly; and speaking to the tear-eyed Count Oschiaro, said, 'She is fair.' 'As the enshrined at Florence, Count Jeldaz.' 'And quite as cold,' he replied; 'I thought I touched the marble when I raised that hand, save that the stone is not so dewy dead.' 'Her maiden timidity.' 'Belike, my Lord,—much bliss to me this clayey figure promises,' muttered Count Jeldaz. 'But you have a son, my Lord; shall I not hail him as my friend? is he not here among the guests?' Sweeping the assembly with his eye, as if in search of him; but glancing more keenly into Melaza's face, as if to detect the expression which this allusion to Lucio occasioned; but no change could be marked; not a quiver of the lips, nor a flicker of the eyelids, gave token that the words were heard by her. 'My son has not, of late, mingled in our festivities; his pleasures are more with his own thoughts; but he *will* join us soon, I doubt not. The sickness of a friend in the city called him from us.' 'It must be a firm friendship, indeed, my Lord, that allures a youth from the presence and smiles of such an assemblage of beauty.' 'I know not that he appreciates these assemblages as we do, Count Jeldaz,—we—ay, we I say, for I have still youth's fervour of admiration for them; he dwells, as I before told you, within himself. The silken chains have failed to fetter him.' Nor was it till evening, amid the glittering of the crystal lamps, that he was seen among the revellers, where so many faces, rich and joyous, looking all as if no sorrow dwelt on earth; and forms, in order marshalled, stood, waiting

'Impatient for the music's clang,—
It struck!—on a hundred feet upsprang
Elastic forms, in buoyant motion,
Like billows bright on the sunny ocean.
They waved, and swept, and wheel'd, and curled,
Like beings of some other world;
Or scattered iris tints at play;
Or things that floated life away
To sounds that bade the corporate frame
Be evanescent, and dissolve
Into ethereal, hurtless flame;
Yet warm with life; and each revolve
Of figure, showed the dancing eye,—
The glowing cheek,—the bosom fair,
Which ne'er had heaved with sorrow's sigh,—
The brow that ne'er was pressed by care.' *

* I have put quotation marks to these lines, lest I should be charged with plagiarism; they are, nevertheless, my own property; though they may have been seen in type by some half dozen people in the wide world; but I am quite safe: not one of that half dozen remembers *where*.

But is not his pleasure far greater, who stands a looker on at this motioned beauty? Whose watching eye follows the silken feet, as they noiseless bound from the floor, which they seem to kiss, coquetting with their own delight; or fancy them two tiny, fairy skiffs, sporting on the gently undulated lake, and wooing the perfumed breeze, which sings through their gossamer tackle, and fans their sails of film. Or like the serene and soundless flight of birds, with winnowy wing, fluttering a moment in rapture, and then skimming the air with unruffled pinions. It is thence the spiritualized grace of motion is made visible, and throws the gazer into an entrancing dream,—and flashes before the eyes of his imagination many a gleam of dazzling brightness, which is invisible to the dancers themselves—they are but dancers.

Alone and apart Lucio stood, and saw in all nothing but a whirling mass of vapours. The clouds exhaling from the benumbed sadness of his heart threw their thick mists before his eyes. The Count Jeldaz, with winning courtesy, participated every where, and with all, the passing jocundity, seemingly forgetful of his silent bride, but occasionally casting a cheerful and confiding glance towards the alcove in which she sat, while Lucio leaned against the pilasters which ornamented its outline. Lucio saw it not, but other eyes frequently accompanied the busy and inquisitive direction of Signior Goznia's looks, which were ever and anon sent towards Melaza and Lucio, at each turn in the dance's figure. The revelry was at the highest, when by that clear communion of two souls which reciprocate their wordless sympathies, Lucio and Malaza, unobserved as they supposed, quitted the hall and descended to the gardens, then walked to the Font; there, in the clear cloudless blue of the night they stood—silent—gazing on their reflected images in the dark and shining mirror beneath them. The faint and sorrowful smile changed to a quiver of the lip, as he bent his eyes on the shadowy form which his arm encircled, and he kissed the thin and pale fingers as they drooped over his shoulder against which her face was leaning; they seemed touched with only the last lingering flutter of existence.

'Ah! if, when thou art gone thyself, Melaza, that precious image would here remain; if that liquid glass would still reflect, as it does now, thy angel form, my days, and they will be but few, would pass even like this hour, in raptured sadness; until this life dissolved in thought, should, as a bead of dew, exhale and upwards soar, still clinging to, and embracing the memory of thee, up to a dwelling with some bright, distant star, that holds its course in yonder blue ethereal sea. Till then, this spot should be my place of rest. Here I would sit, and hope for heaven, and think not that thou awhile from me art riven. I would talk with it, as it were with thee, with thy dear self; and as I breathed into thy listening ear, the voice of fancy would answer me in thy own soft silvery tones, with none to disturb, none, oh! none other to partake the converse; and I should feel thy breath still gently fan my face, then should I dream myself to eternal repose, and with the blessed be most blest.'

The parting lips of Melaza gave passage to the thin and trembling sigh that fluttered from her bosom: but she spoke not; not a sound

of murmuring word was in that sigh, but she turned her swimming eyes up to the star-lit heaven, as if she sought that dwelling to which Lucio's words had pointed, or looked a prayer that heaven would close them in a long last sleep of mortality. So she stood during the pause in Lucio's voice; and as his murmuring accents rung again upon her ear, she bowed her head again upon its resting place, and the tear-washed lids sunk down over her balls of sight. The mournful accents were melody to her; they were the only sounds which earth or earthly things could yield to wake in her one wish to live.

'Oh! may we not, Melaza, Melaza!' and he drew her more closely to him, trembling while he spoke: 'may we not fly to some far secluded isle, before that dreadful blow fall, that must crush into utter darkness the little ray of bliss; which must change every flower here to vile and poisonous weeds; which must leave us to the desolating sway of woe, that dries up the heart, and leaves it to crumble in the dust of misery? To what a waste and wilderness will it transform this paradise, in which, like weeping spirits, we, each hand in hand, have walked, beguiled into bliss by our companionship of sorrow which drank happiness out of the cup of grief, and fed on sweets from thorns! Is this to be our parting hour? Can this be the last time I may gaze on thee, thou drooping angel flower?' The whole frame of Melaza shivered as she feebly, oh! so feebly spoke! it was the plaining of a lily as it withered: 'The last, my Lucio, I am already dead!' At that instant the splashing of a stone as it struck the water in the Font, fell on the ear of Lucio: she did not hear it. 'Who's there?' said Lucio, first looking round, 'but I did not answer,' said the old man, who was narrating the tale. I had seen Lucio and the lady pass through the garden, and tracking them, in the seclusion of the shrubs, was Signior Goznia, who followed them undiscovered and concealed himself in the clump of myrtles, which then stood within a few feet of the stone seat,—they are not there now. I had watched some opportunity to give Signior Lucio warning that a spy, perhaps an enemy, was lurking near, and took that means of cautioning him. He looked around again, but saw nothing, nor heard my 'hist.' Then partly lifting the poor girl, whose trailing and slow step showed how little of life was left, he bore her back to the chateau.

In a few minutes he returned, and examined every bower, recess, and shade, but found no one; the Signior Goznia had retreated in the same guarded and creeping manner, when I stepped forward, and he looked more surprised than angry. 'Nicolo! is it you? Have you seen any one hereabouts?' I then informed him that it was I who threw the stone into the Font, to apprise him that some one was watching; who that one was, a gentleman who came with Count Jeldaz. On hearing this he struck his forehead, and burst into tears; then, pressing my hand, as he put a zecchino into it, which I have kept ever since, he said, 'Thank you, Nicolo, thank you, be silent;' and he ran hastily, or rather leaped down the steps by the side of the cascade, bending his way as towards the city, and I lost sight of him. Poor gentleman! poor Lucio!

It was an hour beyond dawn the following day when Lucio was seen, with folded arms, walking from the chateau down by the side of

the stream in the garden. Within the memory of no one had he ever been known to wear a dagger or a rapier: now both were appended to his girdle. Yet he had acquired considerable dexterity in handling the rapier. He took pleasure in the exhilarating elasticity of limbs which the exercise called forth: but it was remarked by all who had intercourse with him on such occasions, that any complimentary allusion to his skill in his application of it as a soldier, or in any strife, instantly called up an expression of aversion, and caused him to dash the weapon from him in contempt, then walk away in thoughtful silence. Perhaps it was on the report of this, that several gentlemen were encouraged to press on him with an audacity of demeanour. Certain it is they held him in derision, and when not in his presence would express that derision. Well, it was thus accoutred, to the surprise of all who saw him, that he walked by the stream-side that morning, and at that hour he was encountered by Count Jeldaz, who was accompanied by Signior Goznia. On the latter the eyes of Lucio instantly fell with a fierce and scornful anger, as the Signior uncovered his head and bowed, Lucio still continuing his walk; but with the utmost smoothness in his tones, and a bland courtesy of manner, Count Jeldaz gave him a '*buono giorno, mio fradello.*' The short glance of questioning contempt with which this sneer was received by Lucio, did not, in the least, affect the smiling demeanour of Count Jeldaz; but he continued his speech: 'It is a fair and freshening morn, and after the revelry of yesternight, its invitation to enjoy it is rendered doubly acceptable. I, for my own part, could not resist it, and such companionship as yours were of itself sufficient to richly recompense this early rising.' 'I walk, sir——' 'For your pleasure,' said the Count, breaking Lucio's reply, 'I see you do; may you enjoy it; here is beauty enough hereabouts, and temptations more alluring yet.' They had advanced now within a few feet of the stone seat, when Signior Goznia and Count Jeldaz, grasping each an arm of Lucio, drew from him the indignant exclamation, 'What means this?' 'You shall see, my brother,' said Count Jeldaz; and here for a few minutes they stood, while the Count, still calmly smiling on Lucio, and speaking in the most even and gentle manner, said, 'It has ever been my pride, nay, I deem it indispensable to the support of the honour of my name, inquire at Fiumé if it is not so, ever in my hospitalities, in my gifts, my help, in council, purse, or sword, to exceed the wishes of a friend. A frugal and a niggardly exactness to the measure I despise. I would either heap it up till it run o'er, and let profusion stream to waste, or utterly resist, deny the claim. Report will echo this, and say Count Jeldaz freely gives, or sternly, stubbornly, withholds—there is my character in full. Shall I resist, deny, and stubbornly withhold, when 'tis a brother asks? No, no. He wished the shadow might be his, I give the substance;' and the two swung Lucio to the extremity of the ledge, as Jeldaz spoke, 'Look there! look there!' pointing into the Font. Both then relinquished their hold and the Count beckoned Signior Goznia over to him, and leaned on his shoulder, while he, exultingly, but so calmly and complacently smiled 'Look there!' Lucio did look, with his two balls of sight strained as if they would start from his head. Melaza lay in the Font! 'I would

we had a limner here, or I the skill of one, to note down that face's expression, and that speaking attitude. What a picture it would make for the decoration of my tapestried chamber ! Come, Goznia ; I leave you to your meditations and your sister, mio fradello.' 'Brute, fool, and fiend !' groaned Lucio, 'whichever you select, or all together, if it please you better ;' and he laughed aloud as he cast his eyes over his shoulder, and suddenly paused. There was in the fixed, unruffled countenance of Lucio that speaking of a concentrated power and resolved purpose which none can mistake, and Count Jeldaz was surprised into respect : he even cowered for a moment before the fiery glance which struck him. Yet Lucio touched not his weapon ; he forgot that he was armed ; but the eye of Jeldaz passed from the face to the hilt suspended at Lucio's girdle. 'I am at present unweaponed, sir ; but wait——' At this instant a loud cry burst on their ears, and through the grounds were seen groups flying in the haste of a sudden alarm towards the chateau, mingling and echoing the cry of 'Fire ! Fire ! at the Castella.' Jeldaz and Goznia, directing their eyes thitherward, saw thick volumes of smoke rolling through the trees and shrubs. 'This is the *dénouement* to our agreeable comedy,' said Jeldaz, 'but my movables must not be charged for the foolery ;' and they ran forward, heedless of the loud call of 'Villain, monster, coward !' from Lucio. 'Ay, ay, brother, I hear, but cannot attend to you now,' he said. Lucio turned and stood awhile gazing in the Font. Count Jeldaz reached the chateau, where the crowd had gathered on that side of the great hall, over which was the chamber of the Lady Melaza. Here, among them, was the old Count Oschiaro, crying out that 'his child, his daughter, would perish !' while the by-standers held him from desperately rushing into the burning pile to her rescue. On seeing Jeldaz—'Your bride ! your bride !' he exclaimed, 'she will perish in the flames, and none will go !' 'Oh, signior, no ! she would quench the flames were she laid upon them,' said Count Jeldaz, courteously, and bowing as he spoke : (*he never forgot he was a gentleman ;*) 'but I have valuables that aid combustion ;' and he passed round to the portico, whither, also, the many followed him. He ran quickly up the steps, through the portal, into the atria. And now, pressing through the crowd, speechless, with hair floating, and rapier bared and held aloft, was seen one to whom all gave passage : and amazement at so strange a vision for a moment suspended all other thoughts. Nor till he had dashed through the portal on the heels of Jeldaz, did they seem sensible that it was Lucio. 'O my son ! my boy ! my child !' shrieked the old Count, bursting with desperate strength from the arms of those who held him, and falling forward on the steps, 'My son, come back !' For some seconds every voice was stilled, as if all were panting to hear other sounds than the roar of the flame, and the crackling of destruction which became more dismal and distinctly terrible by that pause. Then cries did pierce through the deep, rumbling hoarseness of the fire, and all, with one impulse, rolled and heaved towards the point from which the cries seemed to come, and looking upwards they saw, passing to and fro, and from window to window, amid the splashings of the flames, Count Jeldaz, feebly parrying off, and staggering as he retreated from, the furious lunges with which Signior Lucio

pressed on him; and presently, the naked hands, red with gore, of Jeldaz, stretched forth, attempting to clutch the weapon, and defending his face and throat from the blows and thrusts which fell with horrible rapidity. He was now leaning against a casement frame, and the people below held out their arms, calling on him to leap down, but his head dropped forward, and he rolled through the opening, a dead mass—hacked, pierced, mangled with a hundred wounds! Lucio sprang after him, and alighted safely in the arms of the people. Standing then erect, gazing for a minute on the body, he threw the red sword, with a sweep of his arm, away beyond the limits of the crowd. For a while his father stood as if benumbed: then throwing his arms round his neck, he said, in broken accents, ‘Lucio! Lucio! what hast thou done?’ ‘He was a murderer, father:’ with unfaltering tone and steady eye, was Lucio’s answer. Then, after a pause, ‘Melaza’s!’ and his voice wept, though his eyes were dry; and he laid his hands across his breast; then, as if suddenly, and startingly feeling with his fingers for something which he expected, but could not find, he tore open his vest, gasped, then shrieked ‘lost!’ and instantly his voice seemed to sink down into his very heart’s core, as the suffocated groan ‘gone! gone!’ was uttered; and before any arm could be stretched forth in check, he broke through the mass, and in an instant was up the steps, again through the portal, again lost to their view. In the amazement consequent on this rash act, all stupified with terror and dismay, the crowd ran wildly about to different points of the building, mingling their exclamations of grief and agony. The falling masses of timber and walls foretold the speedy and entire demolition of the building, when a cry was heard, which at once lifted their hearts to a hope of preserving him. He was seen bursting through a burning door, which led to the stairs in the vestibule, where the destructive element had not yet committed such ravages as to preclude all chance of escape that way. He forced his passage through, and a loud cheer told the joy of the multitude. He turned the angle of the wall, on which the flame was creeping and flashing as if seeking some place of hold, and began to descend. He was out of sight presently, and was thought to emerge in safety; and the eager friends rushed forwards up the steps to meet and welcome him, when a heavy, dense sound, mingled with harsh crashings, struck them aghast. The inner wall swayed and fell, pressing the fierce flame through every opening and crevice, into the faces of all within its scorching reach, and dashed them back by its violent bursting. Then the fire, for a moment, seemed to be crushed beneath the load of masonry, while the dried and pulverized cement and rubbish, which rose up in ponderous masses, obscured every object: and these subsiding, the flames again uprose. Lucio was lost for ever, and destruction was complete.

It was in that sorrowful calm, when each turned from the immediate present to inquiries of the past, that Signior Goznia’s knowledge of the fate of Lady Melaza was communicated by Nicolo to the nearer friends of Lucio; but he protested that both Count Jeldaz and himself were innocent of her death. He stated that the count had gone privately into her chamber in the night, and found her seated at

an open casement, with her head bent down on the frame, and, as he supposed, asleep. She was quite dead; and he lifted the body through the window to Goznia, who waited below, and, with his assistance, carried it to the Font, and laid it there 'to mock Signior Lucio with the sight, in the morning.'

Then, as soon as the yet smouldering fire would permit the search, the bereaved Count Oschiaro, almost dumb with grief, directed the operation among the ruins, mournfully calling out at intervals, '*Ove se tu, Lucio! Lucio!—Ove se tu!*' and no other words besides broke from his lips. The search was long in vain, till he himself, removing with his foot some fragments and ashes, which were strewn by the side of a door, which gave entrance from the vestibule to the lower hall, fixed his sight on a human hand, parched and dust covered, projecting from beneath a cemented mass of marble. He beckoned to those about him, and covering his eyes with one-hand, pointed with the other. With great labour the mass was raised; there lay the crushed body. The count stooped, and kissed the closed hand, convulsively sobbing, and opened it; it had grasped, in death, a tress of hair, bound by a twisted silken thread. *That mass of stone you yet see, it is marked with a cross.* Count Oschiaro turned away, and during the few months he lingered, was never known to speak: but he signed and collected people about him, and leading them up the stream to the extremity of the garden, directed them to cut a trench, into which the waters might flow, and so leave their former course through the garden, and thus the Font was soon dried up. Then workmen were employed to erect the humble cabin in which we sat, into that chamber Count Oschiaro entered, and never went out again, till he passed to heaven.

Thus I have given the substance of the tale: would that I could give it with the old man's passionate eloquence: for only so could I, or can I, hope it would interest a reader as it did me, and my far less impressible companion. Ten times the narrator broke off the tale, choked in his utterance, and with eyes streaming in tears. He was personally interested; it was the recalling of his boyhood, and the incidents of that early life of his: the glow and the tremour alternately flashed and shook over him, as long sleeping impressions were again awakened. His voice, attuned by every emotion, was harmoniously eloquent; and the lively and energetic manner in which, starting from his seat, he described in gestures the actions and events, made every thing he said and did a living picture, a reality, immediate and vivid. I had forgotten the ship, of the waiting boat I was oblivious. I remembered not that we were on forbidden ground, that detection was certainly imprisonment, perhaps death, as spies. The old man was the first to allude to the truth of these affairs. Where was Pietro Camiso? Not there: he had probably returned to the boat. We bade adieu to the kind, the good old man, and departed. His last words, as we descended the steps, were, '*Tasso, Tasso,*' at the same time pressing the volume between his hands, and holding it to my view. We called and looked for Pietro in the grounds, and among the ruins, then bent our course towards the boat. I was so absorbed in thought, recalling and pondering over the scenes and

events of the tale I had heard, that I should never have found my way. Luckily my companion was of less imaginative stuff, and he picked the way cleverly. I stepped with him in silence; and we reached the rocks which rimmed the creek in which the boat lay. But no Pietro Camiso was visible. 'Then he has slipped his cable,' said N——, and descended to the boat. I paused to look around, ere I followed him. 'Ha! there he is;' but the moment I spoke, he made himself invisible, by stooping behind a rock, and as he did so, waved his hand out. 'Hah, hah!' I caught a glimpse of muskets and uncivil caps, which, also, slipt or dropt out of ken, at Pietro's signal. No time was to be lost; and a few scrambling steps and leaps brought me to the boat: 'Shove off! give way! they are here.' And the men bent lustily to their oars. We had half a dozen muskets in the boat, with other more diminutive implements, and click, click, click, in examination of priming, &c. prepared them for instant use; while every eye of the sitters in the stern sheets was turned in scrutiny of each ledge, projection, and cavern, of the rocks, as the boat fast receded from them; and now, opening the bay of Pola, it was evident that expectation was afoot; for there was bustle all along the beach: broken and nodous lines of men and lads were seen scampering towards the point from which we were going: there was to be a gathering on that spot; but we saw none as yet upon it.

We were about three or four cables length out from the land, when 'Pop! whiz! pop! whiz—pop, pop, pop—whiz—whiz—whiz!' played into our ears. 'Ho, Pietro Camiso, this is a concerto of your composing.' 'Pops' again, and 'whizzes' again, as short as the cry of a nest of young linnets taking their first lessons in music. It was in vain that muskets were levelled, not a man was visible: nothing could be seen but the pluffs of smoke which seemed to burst up through holes in the surface of the ground. This, too, was a device of Pietro Camiso's. He was, as I before said, a Dalmatian, and had often witnessed the efficacy of the system which was practised by all the Sclavonians, in firing from the rocks on our boats. Each man lies down upon his back and rests the muzzle of his piece on his toe; or any little notch or crevice in the rock, or ground, will serve him for an embrasure; slightly, thus ensconced, he elevates his head, throws the burning opal light of his eye along the barrel, and takes his choice of objects. 'Ha! Pietro! you are a knave, a traitor, a double traitor!' 'Pop, whiz!' and I felt a slight, very slight jerk at my jacket, at this instant. 'Rogue, Pietro!' 'Finger and thumb could not have done it better,' said Nourse, pointing to my jacket, 'but you'll want a tailor to bend on a new button, and cooper up the hole.' I felt a fuzzy scent, as of cloth burning: it was as Nourse said; a shot had carried away a button, just across the breast, cut through the end of the button-hole, and left a brown, scorched line, like the tail of a comet, or a note of admiration written with the end of a hot poker. Nourse laughed at it, but I did not like it. Poor fellow! he was killed three months after; (struck down by my side at the instant I was speaking to him, yet such was the bustle of occupation that I knew nothing of his being hurt, till the action was over, and I saw him lying, so mangled! dead, on a table, in the gun-room). 'There's one, there's one!' said a black

curly-headed Scot who pulled the bow oar, 'There's one!' I looked towards him, to catch the direction of his eye: he was standing up from the boat's thwart, with his hand clutching the oar, the blade of which was dragging in the water. 'There, there, there,' and his head shook with a tremulous motion, from side to side, while his eyes upverted in their sockets, and then dropped down on the slide of the small brass gun, which was mounted forward: he was dead. The men lay on their oars, and a few utterly useless volleys were returned; while the body was lifted aft over the thwarts, and laid in the stern sheets. There was a small, scarcely perceptible, orifice and indent just below the occipital bone, but no blood flowed. The head was first laid on a boat-cloak, which it was necessary to remove in order to spread it over the body. I lifted up his head, for this purpose, having one hand at the back of the neck, and was in the act of placing the other beneath the chin, when the head fell forward, and the blood from the mouth gushed into my hand, and with it a hard substance which I retained. It was a bullet flattened, with a small shank, a little more than a quarter of an inch in length, attached to it. This was Slavonian manufacture. The bow-gun and musketry were turned to the point from which the smoke continued to rise, but it was all in vain. 'We may as well pelt the rock of Gibraltar with gingerbread nuts,' said N——, 'so give way, men, for the ship; let us get on board, or we shall have to make a worse report.' After some grumbling, and 'another shot at them,' the boat leaped along at the command of the oars, and we arrived on board the A——. The hopes which our reconnoitering had excited were completely frustrated; Pietro Camiso had possession of our designs, and Pietro Camiso was a Mammonite. One who frequently changed his parish, but never swerved from his religious creed.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE intelligent, the instructed, and the highly respectable class of Boarding School masters have been for some time subject to the sneers of the censorious, as if persons who set up for the instruction of others in all necessary and useful learning, not to mention accomplishments, could themselves be ignorant of every thing, or of every thing but the husk of knowledge, often making only a pretence even to the last. As we wish justice to be done to every class of the community, we shall prove from the statements of the parties themselves—statements which appear before the world in the first column of every newspaper, and which yet remain uncontradicted—their extraordinary claims to public confidence.

We may lay it down as established by the testimonials we are about to adduce, that all schools are equally good, each one being, in fact, 'the best' or 'one of the best;' any little differences in terms and so forth are merely occasioned by an earnest desire to gratify the feelings and pockets of parents. Where all are best, we find it very difficult to make a choice. We are first tempted by an announcement of

'Frugal Education for Young Gentlemen. One of the oldest, one of the cheapest, and one of the most respectable schools near London is decidedly one of the best;'

and who can resist the united claims of excellence, antiquity, cheapness, and respectability. But just as we were on the point of yielding, our eye was caught by

'Education and Sea Bathing. At ——— classical and mathematical &c. &c., young gentlemen are received by a graduate of high standing, and soundly prepared for the public schools, the universities, the military and naval colleges, &c.'

This is irresistible: education and sea-bathing, graduate of high standing who receives, soundly prepared, *i. e.* well flogged. This is very proper; we are for no new-fangled schemes, and are convinced that no boy ever turned out well who was not soundly prepared, that is, well flogged. And we like the modesty of the graduate of high standing, who merely professes to prepare the pupils, whom other schools, &c. are to educate.

Our mind was now made up. But on glancing a little further over the same newspaper, we saw the following announcement, which determined us not to be too hasty.

'The prospectus of the best, select boarding school near London, for the sons of gentlemen only, is this day published, price 6d., (with numerous testimonials,) by ———. This school is in the warmest village in winter and most healthy in summer, near London.'

How delightful to have found the best of schools, and the genteel-est, and the warmest in winter and healthiest in summer, all proved, or capable of being proved, by numerous testimonials! But here comes something dazzling.

'Private Tuition of the Highest Order. The master of a distinguished grammar school wishes to receive into his private residence and under his immediate care, as companion and fellow-pupil to two young noblemen, a youth whose friends are desirous of securing to him moral and literary advantages of a very peculiar and decided kind. The plan pursued has been found to combine the select nature of a perfectly private education, with the superior and well-grounded attainments of a public one, and produces the happiest results to those whose education has been neglected, or who require a more than usually careful preparation for the public schools, the universities, or the upper walks of life. References to parties of the highest rank and character. Terms 100 to 125 guineas per annum: there are no extras.'

Think of that Mr. Figgins; by paying 100 to 125 guineas per annum, and no extras, your son may be companion and fellow-pupil to two young noblemen, and you may have references to parties of the highest rank. You may perhaps speak to a lord, Mr. Figgins; and think also of moral and literary advantages of a very peculiar and decided kind, on a plan found to combine the select nature of a perfectly private education, with &c. &c.

What the select nature of an education may be, we are not informed, but it must be something particularly fine, as it is charged so high. In fact, we are almost blasted by excess of light. We are almost afraid of thinking of this 'tuition of the highest order,' which seems calculated only for princes, nobles, and other superior beings. Poor Tom, our oldest son, being formed of ordinary clay, would, we are convinced, shrink into himself and be annihilated in a week, if he were to venture into this region of light.

Our enfeebled eye next glances on another column of the colossal sheet, when, lo! it is caught by a sweetly flowing announcement, which at once completely restores our spirits.

'To Parents and Guardians. If you wish your sons or wards to read properly, write and calculate with that neatness, correctness, and rapidity, which every man of business admires so much, also to speak the French language with fluency, associate with those who are distinguished for urbanity of manners, and though last, by no means of the least importance, to be boarded as liberally as the sons of gentlemen should, whose parents conscientiously pay for it; by inquiring at ———, testimony may be had that cannot fail to satisfy the truly anxious or the most scrupulous. In order to correct bad spelling, the pupils either write themes, history, or letters on business, daily. The Latin and Greek are taught on the Eton plan.'

What can be more dulcet than these lines. Our son shall go: we are 'truly anxious and most scrupulous' that he should 'associate with those who are distinguished for urbanity of manners.' Into this land of milk and honey shall he go, to be boarded as liberally as the sons of gentlemen should, who conscientiously pay. Tom shall go. Rather than he should lose such advantages, we will violate a second nature, and conscientiously pay, or at least faithfully promise to do so. This fine composition has nevertheless a dying fall: the climax ends in bad spelling. Yet behold the force of genius in exalting the lowest subject. To an ordinary mind, the correction of bad spelling would have suggested nothing remarkable; but in the mind of a genius it involves the composition of themes, history, or letters on business, daily. Happy the youth who spells ill: he is transformed forthwith into a moralist and historian; what a nest of young Dr. Johnsons and Livys we shall have; what new lights will be thrown on history and morals: all in consequence of bad spelling. Verily genius can turn dirt into gold.

So dull were we at first that we did not exactly comprehend the schoolboy's daily letters on business, alluded to as forming part of the complicated machinery for removing bad spelling. On inquiry, we find that boys have business as well as men; and the following business letter, though in a somewhat less florid and ambitious style than those of the young historians, will perhaps give some notion of the excellence of the plan, but not of the happy infelicity of the spelling.

Letter from Master Hopkins to Mrs. Tickletooth.

Prospect Hall, 1st April, 1833.

MADAM,

I have the honour to inform you that I duly received your communication by black Tom, consisting of a two-penny tart, two sticks of lollypop, and a pennyworth of parliament, and I am under the painful necessity of informing you that this last order has by no means answered my expectations. The tart manifested a degree of acidity altogether unprecedented within my experience, and highly derogatory to the character of your establishment. After eating half of it, I found it impossible to proceed, and therefore was obliged to dispose of the remainder by auction at a considerable loss, having been able, with the utmost exertions, to realize no more than five marbles. The lollypop sucked more satisfactorily, though I have still to lament an undue absence of treacle. With regard, however, to the parliament, which was a partnership concern with Tom Harris and Bob Short, I am grieved to report that, having discussed it long and anxiously in committee, we resolved unanimously that it was

Flat, stale, and unprofitable.

SPEAKER.

None of us could make any thing of the upper cake, which now lies a noxious incumbrance on our hands, every attempt to swallow it having turned our stomachs. Even Pincher snarled, and nearly bit my hand when I offered it to him :

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
It is their nature so.

WATTS'S *Divine Songs*.

The lower cakes, though better, were in some places mouldy, in others damaged with pepper, mustard, small beer, Irish whiskey, and mud ; still we managed to swallow them, under hopes of better things.

Agonizing as it must be to every reflecting and sensitive mind to put forth representations of the above nature, I feel that I owe it as a duty to myself, no less than to the distinguished establishment which I have the honour, however unworthily, to represent, to protest against the above confectionary, and to inform you that our future orders will be given to Mrs. Sweetbread, unless you afford us immediate and liberal compensation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

THEODORE HOPKINS.

P. S. I inclose half a gooseberry and a shred of parliament to convince you of the truth of the above representations.

The extraordinary intelligence of our schoolmasters may be reasonably inferred from the number of things they undertake to teach. A Doctor of Civil Law teaches

'The Greek and Roman classics, the various branches of mathematical science, modern language, English literature, with all the necessary parts of a liberal and intellectual education.'

Another gentleman

'Carefully instructs youth in the English, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, common and decimal arithmetic, book-keeping, men-

uration, surveying, geometry, geography, and navigation, with the most useful branches of the mathematics.'

So profound is he in mathematics, that he evidently considers arithmetic, geometry, mensuration, surveying, &c. mere child's play, for he excludes them from the most useful parts of the mathematics. We repel with indignation the insinuation that so learned a person might possibly not know what mathematics mean.

A lady evinces her desire to advance the intellect of her sex by the following announcement :

'Young ladies are boarded and instructed in the English and French languages, geography, music, drawing, writing, arithmetic, and fancy works, washing included.'

The classification of washing under fancy works is certainly novel, and bespeaks an attention to useful domestic attainments, of which we have not remarked another instance. A second instructress would admit a young lady 'to complete her education in every solid and accomplished attainment.' A third lady advertises for a partner in a school, who is to bring pupils and capital; and continues thus :

'Accomplishments will not be considered essential, but accustomed to genteel society. As this establishment will be of the highest grade of scientific knowledge, and a certain number of pupils are already secure, the ladies will meet on equal terms.'

This is one of the finest pieces of composition we recollect to have read. People talk of women being ill-educated; let them read the first sentence and blush: they talk of their bad logic; but let them read the second sentence, and then learn to appreciate this 'establishment of the highest grade of scientific knowledge,' which only wants pupils, and capital, and a governess to be certain of brilliant success.

New views meet us at every column. By one gentleman,

'General knowledge and familiar instruction are so blended with the ordinary routine of classical and mathematical instruction as to make study pleasant and profitable.'

It is going great lengths, certainly, to make study profitable; but this gentleman goes further; he actually 'presumes that his plan is calculated to advance the progress of the pupil.' In some teachers we are afraid this would be presumption.

Another gentleman takes a still higher flight; for he advertises that his pupils comprehend what they are taught; or, to use his own more elegant phrasology,

'The introduction to the several branches of education is simplified as much as possible to the age and capacity of the scholar, by which means he is made fully to comprehend the meaning and application of his progressive acquirements.'

One of the greatest strides towards scholastic perfection is to

be found in the 'Patent Machine for teaching Arithmetic,' in a handsome mahogany box, and which may be seen (and had for 16s.) in Regent-street.

'This machine enables a teacher, without any trouble, and with very little knowledge of arithmetic, to keep his pupils, however numerous, constantly employed; and from the plain, intelligible, conspicuous, and novel manner in which the sums are exhibited, the pupils are attracted to the study of this very important branch of education.'

This exceeds the bounds of our imagination. We had never contemplated the possibility of communicating a science by machinery. Different minds vary so much that the machine must of course know how to modify its instructions to the actual state of the pupil. We have no doubt that there is a birch or cane which screws on to one end of the machine, and instantaneously punishes all defaulters; while a small board on the other end pats, with approbation, the heads of the successful; and a third instrument starts out on extraordinary occasions, holding forth a handful of sugar-plums. We earnestly hope this gentleman will proceed with a machine for teaching reading; and another for penmanship; and we have no doubt of his being able eventually to construct a machine for teaching children religion and morality, at least as well as we have sometimes seen them taught. To save trouble, however, it might be as well for the learned mechanist to produce an entire schoolmaster in clock-work at once; and though it would be better to make a bright brass one for the town, we put it to his superior judgment, whether a cast-iron instructor would not answer every purpose in the country, where show is not so important.

The attainments and intellectual capacity of that portion of the community, of whose cause we are the feeble advocates, being, as we conceive, fully made out, it now only remains for us to prove their moral fitness. This will be a matter of less consequence, because most instructors take it for granted (of course very properly) that intellectual fitness implies moral capacity; and as parents generally concur in this and all other intellectual and moral propositions offered to them in regard to education, schoolmasters have the less occasion to thrust their high moral claims upon the public. Glimpses, however, of a striking moral tone are occasionally perceptible. As an example of a strong sense of justice, united with a becoming confidence in self, take the following:

'Such confidence is entertained of the most sanguine expectations being so fully realized, that pupils are permitted to be withdrawn, in case of dissatisfaction, at any period, on payment being made merely for the time they have been at school.'

How keen a sense of morality it shows, not to require to be paid for that which you have not earned! The delicate sensi-

bility of another gentleman extorts from him an apology to the public for the unpleasant fact that a vacancy had occurred in his school, in the following terms :

‘ The present vacancy is caused by one of the pupils having entered the university with every prospect of distinction.’

A philanthropical desire to confer those benefits on the younger pupils, which he has hitherto confined to older ones, prompts another gentleman to inform the world, that

‘ Although hitherto accustomed to prepare students for the university, he would not object to receive a few junior pupils whom he might model from the first on his own system of instruction.’

For the health of another gentleman we are under considerable apprehensions, on account of his ‘ unceasing anxiety’ (many times advertised) for the ‘ domestic comforts and general welfare’ of the pupils. One announcement rather puzzled us, but we have ended with the conviction, that the institution alluded to must be intended for the education of grown-up ladies and gentlemen ; and we shall do our best to recommend it to many of our adult acquaintance who stand in need of a little instruction ; it runs thus :

‘ Parents are invited to examine into the merits of this establishment, to which only those of respectability are eligible.’

We like to see a man exerting himself to raise the reputation of his profession ; but really, when

‘ A superior writing master, of more than ordinary experience in that beautiful and fashionable art, &c.’

thus characterises his profession, we must beg to demur, being convinced, by painful experience, that few really fashionable persons ever advance so far as pot-hooks and hangers.

As we purchase food and raiment, religion and justice, education and government, why may we not also buy and sell pupils, without those difficulties which are so significantly hinted at in the following advertisement ?

‘ *To Schoolmasters.*—The principal of a school near town, consisting of fifty boys, wishing to add ten or twelve to the number, would be happy to treat with any gentleman ; and flatters himself that the eligibility of the situation, and a thorough personal introduction, would obviate many of the difficulties which usually stand in the way of such transfers.’

A jovial gentleman cries out in the *Times*—‘ *Wine wanted,*’—and proceeds to state that, being desirous of possessing several pipes of good liquor, any person, who will send him two or three pipes, may send with them as many pupils, to be educated free of cost ; but he insists particularly on the wine being good.

Again, many schoolmasters advertise so strong a desire to advance the moral and intellectual condition of the sons of grocers,

bakers, and butchers, that we are convinced these trades require a combination of high qualities that the public is little aware of.

Our conviction of the extraordinary judgment of the aristocracy in every thing connected with education, also of the importance of being taught in the same atmosphere with them, is fully borne out by innumerable proofs, of which we can only afford a specimen or two. One gentleman offers, 'references to persons of the highest rank;' another offers, 'references to noblemen, dignified clergymen, and merchants;' one school 'receives only the sons of noblemen and gentlemen;' another announces 'the sons of gentlemen only received;' other schools, less ambitious, will put up with 'pupils of respectability.'

The talent and good fortune of all concerned in education, in securing the most beautiful and salubrious residences, in situations where no one else could have discovered such, is notorious. A graduate of high standing remarks, of his residence, that

'The house is a beautiful, admired, and detached mansion, situate in one of the most salubrious and eligible parts of Brighton, surrounded by five acres of play and pleasure ground, and commands highly interesting and unusually extended sea and picturesque land views.'

The genius that can discover highly interesting and picturesque views at Brighton, requires no eulogium of ours. We have already noticed the establishment that is the warmest in winter and healthiest in summer; and are therefore in duty bound to notice a rival, of which

'The premises and grounds are particularly extensive, situation admirably salubrious, &c.'

Another is,

'Very open and delightfully situate, two and a half miles from town, and possesses many local and other advantages, with excellent grounds, &c. rarely to be met with in other establishments.'

A lady also communicates to *The Times*, her good fortune in having attained

'One of the most delightful and healthy situations near London.'

Having now discussed the merits of our own countrymen, we proceed to settle the rest of the world. Unfortunately we shall have little to do on this head, because *The Times* of the 18th of January last, from which we have made almost all our previous extracts, is not very prolific in the announcements of foreigners. One property, common to all these gentlemen, is, that time hardly enters into their calculations. With them a year is but as a day. The following announcement will convince our readers that the French are not so illiberal as to keep all their talent at home.

'The French language may be learnt as well as in France, and spoken, by the progressive method developed in ———, being a

collection of all words used now in Paris in genteel circles, classed according to their frequency in speech, with numerous examples, pointing the phraseology, and the right application of words in French and English.'

A foreign gentleman, who has a very extensive correspondence with the newspapers, (and to whose interesting communications, *The Times* invariably allures its readers, by prefixing the word 'Advertisement,') announces a 'Speaking French Grammar,' which must be even a greater curiosity than the learned Pig. It is, we are certain, the first of its race that ever spoke. The inference that should be drawn from this striking phenomenon, is, that he who can make a book talk, can make a boy learn or do any thing else equally extraordinary.

Once more, and we have done :

'The living languages taught by ———, who hopes the following facts will receive the attention of those masters and parents who are anxious for the real improvement of their pupils and children. He gave a first lesson on the 7th February last to fifteen boys, who, with the exception of three, had never learned French before ; eight were able to read a whole page, containing 265 words, and converse pretty well for the present, having received two lessons a week ; also in ladies' schools, children from seven to twelve years of age ; he has taught persons to read and write in one month ; others, who had studied French for years without being able to speak the language, spoke it fluently, after a few lessons on a system which is so obvious as to point out the idiom of the language, and enables the pupil who understands one sentence to repeat hundreds. And his next publication, besides his four publications, which are to appear shortly, will convince every one that teaching languages has been in its youth till now.'—*Times*, 18th Jan.

The disinterestedness of this gentleman is great, though not without precedent. Having discovered a system for teaching any foreign language in an incredibly short time, he is not so selfish as to avail himself of his plan : his advertisement shows that, in his anxiety to instruct others, he has not yet had an opportunity of learning English himself ; and our opinion of human disinterestedness is so great, that we should not be surprised if it were discovered upon examination, that he had not yet found time to acquire perfectly even his own language.

THE XV. OF AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIII.*

'Lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.'

I CANNOT find words, or I would thunder forth the indignation which every man, who *thinks*, must feel—such as I feel, while I

* The reader will perceive that the author of this article wrote under the influence of strong feelings, occasioned by the Ministerial opposition to, and the Parliamentary

am sick and pale with the shame, which every Englishman ought to feel, at the reception and result of Mr. Buckingham's motion. And less able am I to embody in words, or to sum up in conception, the bitter scorn and triumphant ridicule with which every foreigner will quote the uttered sentiments ; repeat, echo and re-echo the black truths, which were on that evening divulged, ay, and defended too, by the law-givers of Britain ; the guardians of the vaunted freedom and trumpeted equality of laws, which bless this 'Swan's nest in a great pool,'

' This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress built by nature for herself ;
This happy breed of men ; this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea ;
This blessed plot, this earth ; this realm of England ;
This land of such dear souls ; this dear, dear land—
Dear for her reputation through the world.'

On Thursday Evening, August 15th, 1833, the seal was put to this death-bed voucher of JOHN OF GAUNT, and now the *dear reputation* of England will be attested by a hundred million of witnesses. A thousand tongues of eloquence, through as many years of toil, would not have proved so clearly, so satisfactorily, what Sir James Graham and his colleagues have proved in one short hour. Oh, the mighty influence of truth when it flows from an orthodox source ! They have proved that England *may* be the rich man's paradise ; but it is the humble man's prison, the poor man's hell. And let the unprincipled echoers of Sir James, and the wolf-hearted advocates of this '*legality*,' again bid those 'who do not like England to leave it.' There is a deep diapason muttering in a thousand hearts the reply, '*No ; WE WILL MAKE IT GOOD FOR US ; we will make it worthy our stay in it, worthy our liking, worthy our defence, to the last drop in our veins ; and*

rejection of, Mr. Buckingham's motion on the subject of *impressment*. Some readers may, on that account, question the propriety of its insertion. I would remind them that it is desirable, even for those who are not in sympathy therewith, to have on record the emotions which particular proceedings of the Legislature excite in those to whom present circumstances, or past experience or observation, may give peculiar interest in the subject. This is especially to be desired when the parties concerned are of the poorer classes, and when the oppression is local in its exercise, and thereby removed from the general observation of the community ; and it might be added, when such a class have so qualified and eloquent an advocate as the victims of the press-gang possess in our correspondent. The strength of his expressions will not startle those who have ever witnessed any of the arbitrary and brutal proceedings which the House of Commons, on the instigation of the Government, has not merely refused to abolish, but even to *inquire* into the practicability of abolishing. I once resided in a village a few miles from the coast, where a gang was permanently stationed, and know that in such localities the voice of our correspondent will have many echoes, nor should they stop their ears to them whose lot it has been, alike in peace or war, to 'sit at home at ease.' In fact, the question of impressment is one branch of the broader question of whether there should be one law for the rich man and another for the poor, the one affording perfect security, and the other sanctioning brutal coercion. It is so regarded by the writer.—*Ed.*

we will not endure your let or hinderance in this. And, more than all for ye to fear, WE WILL NOT AGAIN BE DUPED BY YOU. We will advance weaponed by our own thoughts, panoplied by our own intelligence, artilleried by our own knowledge. We will on, marshalled by truth, generalled by justice to all; and our impregnable bulwark shall be the voice of human nature. Muster all your sophistries, cajole all your sycophants, bribe all your serviles, titillate your several coteries of hereditary imbeciles, unite their and your petty, party manœuvrings into a corporate joint-stock of squint-eyed cunning, bluster till your cheeks crack, whine till each of you has worn away his trachea, and argue, bless the mark! till millions of words have exhausted the arrangements of arithmetical progression, and each phrase, from necessity, be kibed on the heel by a tautological follower; *You will never persuade us again. You cannot unsay the saying of the 15th of August, 1833.* No; they cannot: neither can they vanquish nor silence these hearts, for therein is concentrated the majesty of power which cannot be reached—which cannot be touched by a writ. They cannot stop the *march*. They may command a halt, but who will heed it now? ‘right about face’ to the hurricane! The legislators have brewed a decoction that must be their own bitter drink. They have forged a weapon which must be used against themselves. Henceforth their voices will be heard as a senseless rumbling; their acts will be regarded as shadows battering against a hill of adamant. On the 15th August, 1833, they said ‘the laws of England justify the stealing of an Englishman—justify his being openly dragged from his hearth and home, and dooming him to a life of slavery.’

‘And this is law they will maintain
Until’—*the next election.*

‘OH, FOR CENTENNIAL PARLIAMENTS!’—Ten thousand per annum’d bishops and five thousand tithed rectors—sleek pulpit gracers of all rates of pay, from the slim two hundred expectant stirrup-holder to the forty thousand pounder in the saddle,—have lipped forth, with serene smiles of benignant consolation, to velvet-cased pews and hard bare cross-aisled benches, the comforting fact that all were alike in the eye of God. This their theme has been for ages, but they became especially diligent thereon after the 14th July, 1789, when each, mildly and meekly, exhorted the occupiers of the bare pews and cross-aisled benches to be loyal and submissive to the just, impartial, and benevolent laws of England; where, blessed spot! the peasant, the humblest delver in the ditch, was as fully protected from all assaults, whose hearth and liberty were intrenched by justice and unassailable by fraud or oppression, made as sacred by his country’s generous laws and matchless constitution, as the palace of the prince or the noblest duke’s most honourable person; and, as the flowing period roundly closed, the preacher glanced his gentle eye,

lighted as it was with the sweet humility of having made a favourable hit, to catch the approving and rewarding regard of the **UPPER CLASSES**. But he forgot to tell his humbler hearers that, by the laws of England, their brothers, sons, and husbands might be kidnapped, and sent away for ever—to be scourged, to endure a thousand hardships, to encounter a thousand perils, and to perish in the encounter. He told them of the horrible French conscription :—not a word did he speak of that which says—

‘ Lawfully, by this, *the state* may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by it cut off
Nearest the *poor man’s* heart.’

No—not this was heard in his homily, it was too near the truth for him to speak ; for him and his, the laws *were* beautiful—enough for him and his. Or, was there a mother grief-bowed for her son, a pale wife withering in sadness for a husband so torn from her, he spoke to her so kindly, so blandly, so charitably of resignation to the will of—the folks in the velvet-lined pews : for such is the version of the text now ; this expounding of their phrase, *Heaven*, was promulgated on the 15th August, 1833.

Contractors for beef, butter, and biscuits ; purveyors of candles and cheese for his Majesty’s troops and navy ; gaugers and commissioners, excisemen and inspectors, judges and Jack Ketches, &c. &c. &c. with all their trains of hopefuls, pickers-up of scraps and crumbs, the multitudinous ramifications by which need or cupidity taught honesty to succumb to imposition, and industrious plaindealing to shake hands with fraud ; all—all have chorussed when the glow of magnanimous patriotism burst forth in the words, ‘ Oh, the glorious laws of England—the free and happy land, where equal right prevails, and wheat is a hundred and twenty shillings per quarter ; where justice ever holds the scales, and beef is eighteen-pence a pound ; the home of genuine liberty, the hope of the enthralled, where tyranny fears to set his foot ; where I can knock any man down with impunity if he have not four shillings to pay for a warrant ; where slavery dies on breathing its free air, and free-born Englishmen starve in a cellar for want of food : the envy of nations—the admiration of the world !’ So it is the admiration : the 15th August starts up now, and with its giant voice, sends forth the words to the furthest corners of the earth, and in a thundering crescendo adds,—‘ ’Tis true—’tis true ! I have sworn to it—I have sealed it—I, the 15th of August, 1833.’

Can the whole earth besides produce a parallel to this ‘ law ?’ Mick or Nick, I defy either of *you* to match it. Is there one petty province on the face of the earth in which a similar law exists ? England is alone in the glory. ‘ Yes, there are many’—and the many will be triumphantly quoted in which, not only the liberty, but the life of the subject is permissive at the will of

a single despot. Granted; but, Sir, the subject is not there cheated by tales of his freedom; the priests do not mock him with homilies on the blessedness of his happy liberation from the galling yoke of tyranny, under which it is the lot of other nations to groan; hypocrites and sycophants do not call him free-born Englishman, or Turk, or Arab, or Tartar, or savage; greedy devourers of his earnings and fatteners upon his toil do not tell him to rejoice in his equality of protection and claim to legal justice, then hand him over to the slave-driver, the bastinado or the bow-string, the cat-o'-nine-tails or the halter. You have vaunted and puffed and swaggered for ages on his equality of protection, and you have lectured and goaded the *incorrigible unwashed* with words, of the falsehood of which his every hour's existence knocked at his brain and heart with conviction—the 15th of August, 1833, has settled the question.

But, was this legality unknown till now? Oh, no! I was aware of it; thousands knew it; but it was discontent, it was disloyalty, it was 'jacobinism,' sedition, to whisper it. Now, as loyalty means something like faith in the law, (much more nearly than faith in a 'creed' means religion,) it is a symptom of loyalty to proclaim the law; it is the duty of every loyal subject to make the law seen as much as in him lies. Felt it has long been; as many a maddened father, famished child, and broken-hearted mother could testify. But it was not to be whispered till the 15th August, 1833—'bless the five wits' of each of the honourable gentlemen! We may now proclaim the 'legality' in every market-place throughout the kingdom, from every church-steeple in the empire. Ay, hoist a flag there as regularly on the 15th August as on his Majesty's birth-day; black be it, with the inscripted law in enormity of red letter.

On the fifteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, the brand of infamy was struck on Britannia's forehead. Let the day stand in the colour of shame on the nation's calendar to eternity. The 15th of August, the anniversary of the birth of England's 'implacable foe,' Napoleon. Perhaps this was done as a votive offering to his manes, or in propitiation of his spirit's wrath. Reader, we will, if you please, admit this palliation. Perhaps, had this kindly thought struck me sooner, I should have spared myself the task of writing the above, and the Editor would have given you something good for your perusal, for I importuned him, with much earnestness, to spare me a corner in the *Repository* for this, before I wrote a word of it.

PEL. VERJUICE.

Note.—In the course of the debate, one Honourable Gentleman said, impressed men made the best man-of-war's men. This in the aggregate is a fact; but the *causes* of it are not such as will dove-tail very well with any theory which Captain Elliott would be likely to adopt. I have already encroached beyond endurance in the columns of this number of the *Repository*; therefore must defer these causes till next month, or I may blend them in some of my chapters. But there is one point which

demands instant attention. It was urged by several members, that a fleet could not be immediately manned by volunteers, on an emergency; impressment was, therefore, though a cruel, a necessary evil.—A hundred sail of the line could not be manned in a few months; and it required more than a few months to build them. Mend the system, and a *large fleet* might be manned easily, without resorting to your old diabolism. Does not Captain Elliott—does not Admiral Codrington know, that a British man-of-war was called, what it was dreaded, and too often felt to be, a ‘hell afloat?’ not so called from an absence of religion, or a profusion of cursing; not from a spirit of recklessness in the seamen, or a redundancy of huge-mouthed oaths; nor for any blight on the moral senses. Both these officers well know what *were* the ingredients and the constituents of these so much dreaded ‘hells.’ The condition of seamen in ships of war is vastly improved—their sufferings and hardships are much ameliorated in every way. In 1811, an Admiralty order directed a quarterly return of all punishments to be transmitted to the board. This operated wondrously in some ships: in the brave and humane man, under whose command it was my good fortune to serve, it effected no change; but, oh, it caused the lip gnawing of many other commanders. An extension of the spirit which emanated in that order, would make impressment unnecessary. The extension which that spirit has obtained elsewhere, will make impressment dangerous; captains and officers, who have not caught the spirit, will each sit hourly on a barrel of gunpowder. But let me show a single instance, in which this dread of ‘hell afloat’ was conquered by the knowledge that the commander was just and humane.

When the A—— was stript, to be put out of commission, in 1812, several of the best seamen in the ship applied for their discharge: they were not only willing, but joyously anxious to sacrifice the whole of their earnings through five years of toil and peril (so long was the A—— abroad) for the purpose of escaping from a man-of-war; and the sum which was necessary to effect this valued freedom, would have engrossed their last shilling; but on this they had not a moment’s hesitation: it was a choice of ills, at one of which they could laugh, but the other wore so horrible an aspect, that, at all hazards, it was to be avoided, if possible. An Admiralty communication first made their intention known to Captain M. He really respected the characters of the men—they were among the steadiest, best tried, and well known of the crew; and he expressed his desire that I would learn from them if there were any cause which made them dislike to be under his command. I did so; singly and all, they replied, ‘Oh, no, sir, that’s not it.’ These men had been my shipmates more than five years. I need not say that I respected—indeed, I had an affection for them. ‘But,’ said they, ‘the ship is going to be paid off, and we shall be drafted—God knows where.’ I replied, ‘Captain M. will have the D——; have you any objection to her?’ ‘Not at all; if we could be sure of going with him, we don’t want to leave the service.’ I took upon me to say, they might be sure of it; and hastened to Captain M. at his lodgings, to make my report; on hearing it he said, ‘That’s well, indeed—very well—return on board, and tell them, they *shall* go with me!’ I ventured to suggest, how much more it would gratify them, were *he* to tell them so. ‘Right, very right; I’ll be on board directly!’ He did tell them so; and I wish every captain in the navy would acquire the right to feel as he then felt. They did go with him; and again—when their old ship, the A...., left her ribs and trucks in Gaspar Straits.

P. V.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Van Diemen’s Land Annual and Hobart Town Almanack for 1833.
10s. (1.)

(1.) This is a pleasant importation, an excellent return for many of the exports which we ship to the place from which it came. It does credit to the mechanical and editorial superintendence of Mr. James Ross, the Hobart No. 81.

A History of Europe during the Middle Ages. Vol. 1. (Lardner' Cabinet Cyclopædia.)

The Harmony of Nature, Providence, and Christianity. By George Harris. 1s. (2.)

The British Museum. Elgin and Phigaleian Marbles. Vol. 1. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.) (3.)

A Present for an Apprentice, with Rules for his Conduct to his Master, and in the World. 1s. 6d.

Demetrius; a Tale of Modern Greece, with other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. 5s.

Biographical Memoirs of the Baron Cuvier. By Mrs. R. Lee, formerly Mrs. T. E. Bowdich. Longman.

Nubia and Abyssinia. By the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. 12.) 5s.

Old Bailey Experience. 12s.

Captain Basil Hall's Fragments, Third and Concluding Series. 3 vols. 15s.

First Steps to Latin Construing and Composition. In two Parts. London. Sherwood. (4.)

town printer. Besides the usual information of an almanack and directory, a memoir on floating bridges, and a few short literary compositions, it contains an essay on prison discipline, which particularly deserves attention, as it controverts, and (if the facts stated be, as we presume they must be, correct) successfully controverts, many of the opinions held in this country concerning the state of the convicts, and the effects upon them of the mode in which they are treated on their arrival, and during the term of their exile. The writer maintains that they are subjected to a reformatory discipline of the most efficient kind, and he appeals for proof, not only to official regulations, but to facts well known to the population around him. He affirms that 'the grand majority of our prisoners afford a truly gratifying picture of reform, and a return to the industrious and honest avocations of life;' and that 'only one in every twenty of the offenders transported to Van Diemen's Land again commits offences, or subjects himself a second time to the punishment of the law.' When it is remembered that these convicts are the very refuse of our gaols, this result must be regarded as not a little extraordinary. The discrepancy between such statements and those circulated by the Prison Discipline Society should be inquired into.

(2.) A manly, fearless, and eloquent effusion, worthy of its true-hearted author, whose Unitarian Christianity consists in the unflinching advocacy of inquiry, simplicity, freedom, and benevolence.

(3.) Welcome to all such publications as this, which, by their tendency to diffuse a knowledge of, and a taste for, works of art amongst the people at large, render a noble service to our country and to the progress of civilization and humanity.

(4.) Both these introductions are useful helps, and deserve our recommendation. The first we think best adapted for schools, and the second for the self-teaching, and for classes in mechanics' institutes.

An Introduction to the Latin Language, in Two Parts: Part I, containing a Grammar of the Language. Part II. being a Collection of carefully selected Sentences adapted to the preceding Grammar. Wood, Birmingham; Fox, London. (4.)

Notre-Dame; a Tale of the 'Ancien Régime,' from the French of Victor Hugo. 3 vols. Wilson. (5.)

A Treatise on those Disorders of the Brain and Nervous System which are usually considered and called Mental. By David Uwins, M.D. 7s. (6.)

Sunday Evenings, or Practical Discourses, with Devotional Exercises. By Henry Hunt Piper. Hunter; Fox, London. (7.)

Montague; or, Is this Religion? By C. B. Taylor, M.A. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Sketches of Obscure Poets, with Specimens of their Writings. Cochran.

Tales of the Caravanserai. By J. B. Fraser, Author of the Kuzzilbash, &c. (No. 7 of the Library of Romance.)

Lives of the most eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe. Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his eldest Son. Hailes.

Mortal Life, and the State of the Soul after Death. By a Protestant Layman. 15s.

(5.) A gorgeous phantasmagoria in the scenes which it presents; and in character and incident, full of power. Victor Hugo is as graphic and versatile as Walter Scott; more disposed occasionally to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature': less hasty and slovenly (to judge by the present work) in the filling up of his narrative; and far more imbued with the spirit of the age, and awake to the atrocious as well as the poetical character of the old feudal times. He is the first writer of romance of which France can boast, and Notre Dame is his acknowledged *chef-d'œuvre*. It is spiritedly rendered by the translator of Sarran's 'La Fayette, Louis Philippe, and the Revolution of 1830.'

(6.) This work deserves a medical and philosophical analysis of its contents, which is more than at present we are enabled to offer to our readers. In default of a professional and comprehensive view of the subject, we can only say that the book is interesting in the perusal, wise and beneficent in its aim, and abundant in just observations, ingenious suggestions, and curious facts.

(7.) Mr. Piper has produced a volume of sermons which are neither controversy, cant, nor common-place. They are well adapted, according to their design, for 'Sunday evenings,' and not less adapted for week-day mornings. A glance at them, before going to business, might send a man into the world with a better spirit than the world will breathe into him. We are particularly pleased with the discourse entitled 'Times improve as they advance.'

The Railway Companion, describing an Excursion along the Liverpool Line, accompanied with a History of Rail Roads, illustrated by several Lithographic Views. By a Tourist.

The Insecurity of Sir H. Davy's Lamp demonstrated. Sherwood.

Tales from Chaucer, in Prose. By Charles Cowden Clarke. London, Wilson. (8.)

Views of the Pyrenees, with Descriptions, by the Author of the Sketches. Part I. Baguères de Bigorre, and the Valley of Campan. Part II. The Pass of the Tourmalet and Barège. (9).

(8.) Designed for young persons, and illustrated with some very good wood engravings. In spirit, design, and execution this is a companion for Mr. Lamb's 'Shakspeare Tales.' Although the style be very simple and perfectly intelligible, it still retains the original flavour. It is a good taste for the young, who must, we think, have their thirst excited for copious draughts from the 'well of English undefiled' by this prelibation.

(9.) Exactly thirteen years ago, when the continent had been but a few years open to the annual influx from England, of those who travel either to refresh themselves after the toils of business, or because they have no business to toil at, we, who belong to the former class, visited the lovely and majestic scenery delineated in these sketches; and we have often wondered since, that so few persons among the crowds of pleasure-hunters have diverged from the beaten track of the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy, to visit a region equally accessible, and quite equally worthy to be sought. Of late years we have reason to believe, that the scenery of the Pyrenees has been treated with less negligence, and that our tourists having grown familiar with the more celebrated regions to which they at first flocked, are resorting in considerable numbers to this comparatively untrodden soil. The beautiful sketches which we have now the pleasure of noticing, and which, we understand, are the production of a lady, will, we think, send many visitants to these glorious mountains, in whom the desire was not yet awakened, and will be a beautiful and interesting ornament of a drawing-room table for the still larger class who remain at home.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a note for T. W. at our publisher's.

Will T. oblige us by an answer to a proposition with which we troubled him? The other correspondent is favourably disposed.

We must decline H. S. R. and Tyro.

Thanks to our friend for the Luckcock medal, that appropriate and most honourable testimony of the estimation in which one of the benefactors of his kind is held by those who have the best opportunity for appreciating his worth and usefulness. How glorious the inscriptions are! '1,364 pupils in the schools; 150 gratuitous teachers; 14,500 pupils in the town.' Birmingham against Waterloo, we say. It is infinitely the noblest medal of the two. And that intelligent, firm, beneficent head, 'gives the world assurance of a man;' and that is something more than a great captain. Honour to 'James Luckcock, Father of Sunday School Instruction in Birmingham,' and may the 'Jubilee' of 'Sept. 14, 1831,' be a long and heartfelt remembrance.

BLAKEY'S HISTORY OF MORAL SCIENCE.*

AN ambitious title, and one which promises much; but the promises of title-pages are so seldom followed by performances! 'Moral science' should naturally mean the science of morals. It were something to find that there is a writer alive who believes that such a science exists; and not only exists, but is in such a state of advancement that the time is come to write its history; who, consequently, is not only able to tell us the opinions of others, but has systematic ones of his own. For how should he write the *history* of a science, who has not constructed a consistent scheme of the science in its present state? The historian of moral philosophy must himself have a philosophy of morals; must have surveyed the field of ethics extensively enough, and with sufficient power of concatenation, to have arranged its truths (or whatever present themselves to his mind as such) into a connected series, following and flowing out of one another: thus much, at least, is implied in the name of science. But Mr. Blakey has no such thought. There are few ways in which a mind of little depth or compass is more apt to betray itself than by the use of big words to express small things; whoever does this innocently and without quackery, shows himself to be unfurnished with the larger idea for which he should have reserved his large phrase. By giving the name 'History of Moral Science' to a book, which should have been called 'Sketch of the Opinions of various Authors on the Foundation of Moral Obligation, with critical Remarks,' Mr. Blakey demonstrates how little meaning even the word 'Science' has for him, since he considers the whole history of a science to be summed up in the controversial discussions concerning the *first principle* of it.

After a short preamble, and a few loose remarks about 'the ancient systems of morality,' Mr. Blakey presents us with what professes to be a summary of the opinions of the following writers, concerning the first principle of ethics:—Hobbes, Cudworth, Bishop Cumberland, Locke, Archbishop King, Wollaston, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Bolingbroke and Pope, Soames Jenyns, Hutcheson, a Mr. Thomas Rutherford, Hume, Hartley and Priestley, Lord Kames, Bishop Butler, Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Price, Adam Smith, Paley, Gisborne, Bentham, Godwin, Dugald Stewart, Cogan, Dr. Thomas Brown, and a certain Dr. Dewar. All foreign authors whatever are then disposed of in a single chapter; and two chapters more are employed in promulgating such of the author's own opinions as have not been sufficiently manifested by his strictures on other writers.

Mr. Blakey's statement of the opinions of these various authors

* History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey, Author of an Essay on Moral Good and Evil. 2 vols. Svo. 1833.

deserves the praise of honesty. He never perversely distorts an opinion, in the blindness of prejudice, or to serve a purpose. He generally treats the intentions and talents, even of those from whom he differs most, with justice and liberality. He does not insist upon fastening on them a meaning or consequence which they never contemplated; and he employs but sparingly the favourite weapon of the uncandid and the bigot, imputation of immoral tendency. But our commendation cannot go much further. It is not every man who can give an instructive view of other men's opinions.

There are two modes of writing usefully concerning systems of philosophy: the one, suitable to a mind which is qualified to *judge*; the other, to one which can only *describe*. The intellect which can survey the wanderings of imperfect thinkers from a higher eminence of thought, commanding a view not only of the right track, but of all the by-ways of error, and all the fallacious appearances which seduce the unguarded to deviate into them—such a critic (we use the prostituted word only because we have no other) can not only estimate more justly, but can actually state more clearly and forcibly an author's theory, than the author himself; can really understand it better; because he sees (what the author himself does not see) how the doctrine arose in the author's own mind; of what peculiar position in regard to opportunities of observation, or of what peculiarity of intellect or of disposition, it is the natural consequence. Any thing like this we were not entitled to expect from Mr. Blakey; it supposes a *philosopher*, and such Mr. Blakey is not. But if this was impossible, the next thing to it in usefulness, though at a vast distance, would have been a condensed view of each system, not as it appears to a higher intelligence, but as it appeared to its author; such a statement of the author's train of thought, of the series of his premises and his conclusions, as would be conveyed by a well-made abstract of his principal works, or as would be given by an intelligent disciple thoroughly conversant with his master's doctrines. Mr. Blakey's summaries by no means come up to this idea; they are vague and sketchy, and not only do not, to those who knew the doctrines before, exhibit them in any new light, but give no sufficiently distinct conception of them to those who knew them not. Often the conclusions are exhibited almost without the premises: and on the whole there is little to be learnt even by the merest tyro in philosophy, from these volumes, except a few generalities, and a few forms of expression. He is told in what words philosophers have expressed the results of their speculations, but though he may not be made positively to misunderstand, he is not made thoroughly to *feel*, the meaning in the philosopher's own mind, to which the words are but an index, and often a most imperfect one.

An overweening self-confidence, and contemptuous assumption

of superiority, in judging of the intellects of others, would be peculiarly unbecoming in a mind of Mr. Blakey's calibre : and he cannot be accused of those faults ; he mostly treats with due respect all who by their speculations have deserved any. To the liberal appreciation of merit which he commonly evinces, there are indeed exceptions ; and, unfortunately, in the very cases in which there is most merit to appreciate. But this is a very different thing from arrogance. It is not because an author differs from Mr. Blakey, that Mr. Blakey deems scornfully of him ; but because, in addition to differing from Mr. Blakey, he has been cried down by the world—that is to say, the English world. Over-reliance on our own judgment is one thing, over-reliance on the judgment of the world when in unison with our own, is another. The latter is the failing of a weaker, but certainly of a more modest mind. The misfortune is, that the contempt of those who have confidence enough to be scornful only when they are backed by a crowd, is aptest to fall upon those who are most in advance of their age. Mr. Blakey's strongest expressions of disdain are divided between the association-philosophy as taught by Hartley, and the metaphysics of the German school. In other words, the only metaphysical doctrines which he utterly despises, are the two systems between which, and which only, almost every metaphysician, deserving the name, in all Europe, is now beginning to be convinced that it is necessary to choose : the two most perfect forms of the only two theories of the human mind which are, strictly speaking, possible. Both are alike worthless in Mr. Blakey's eyes, because it has been the fashion among English writers to treat both with disrespect, and because he himself understands neither of them. The difference is, he pronounces the one unintelligible, because it is so to him ; the other he flatters himself that he sees through and through, and can discern that there is nothing in it.

So little does Mr. Blakey comprehend of the theory which resolves all the phenomena of the mind into ideas of sensation connected together by the law of association, that he does not even see any thing peculiar in the doctrine. Association itself, he will not allow to be a distinct principle or fact in human nature. It is nothing more, he says, than *remembrance* ; it has been known in all ages, as the faculty of memory. Just so we may conceive, on the appearance of Newton's Principia, some mind of the same character objecting to the theory of *gravitation*, that there was nothing in it but the ancient and familiar fact of *weight*.

‘ If a person,’ says Mr. Blakey, ‘ will take the first volume of the treatise “ On Man,” and read it carefully over, and whenever he finds the words *association*, *associates*, *associating*, &c. let him replace them with the words *memory*, *remembered*, *remembrance*, *connected in his mind*, and he will find that the sense of the various passages in which the former class of words are used, will remain as completely the same, when words descriptive of memory are thus employed.’—vol. ii. p. 124.

Not so, Mr. Blakey. *Memory* and *remembrance* only denote the fact that somehow we do remember: *association* denotes that our remembrances (pardon the expression) suggest and recall one another in an order, determined by the order of succession of the *facts remembered*; or rather, determined partly by the order of succession, and partly by the *more or less interesting nature*, of those previous impressions. Cannot Mr. Blakey understand the difference between a *phenomenon*, and the *law* of the phenomenon? The reflexion of light, and of sound, is a fact; that the angle of reflexion is equal to the angle of incidence, is the law of that fact. And this law of nature may be something new to a person, even although he may have heard an echo, and seen his face in a mirror. In like manner a person may know that when we have seen an object or experienced a feeling, we remember it, (which is all that is expressed by the words *faculty of memory*,) and may, notwithstanding, have yet to learn that when we have seen two objects or had two feelings together, we think of them together, and not otherwise; and that the strength of their connexion in our remembrance, depends jointly upon the number of previous conjunctions in fact or in thought, and upon the intensity of the original impressions. Once for all, association is not memory, but the *law* of memory.

Now, the theory of the human mind of which Dr. Hartley was the principal author, maintains that this same law, which is the law of memory, namely, that the order of our thoughts follows the order of our sensations, is not only the law of memory, but the law of imagination, of belief, of reasoning, of the affections, of the will. This may not be true; but it is at least very different from every other theory. But Mr. Blakey knows so little about the Hartleian doctrine, that he propounds as a complete summary of it, the following proposition: 'The advocates of association state a simple fact, that there is a connexion amongst our ideas.' (p. 126.) We exhort him to *read* Hartley; or a more recent work, which has done far more for Hartley's theory, than Hartley himself, Mr. Mill's 'Analysis of the Human Mind.'

As a specimen of argumentation which Mr. Blakey considers to be conclusive, we quote the following:

'Association is the tendency of one idea to introduce another into the mind. Very well, then; but how do we come to set it down as a general fact, that one set of ideas has an invariable tendency to introduce another set of ideas? By experience, it must be answered. But what is experience? Why, it is the remembrance of that which is past.'

Therefore, association is nothing but memory.

We will treat Mr. Blakey with a specimen in return. The pretended science of chemistry is nothing but memory.

'Chemistry is the properties of simple substances, and their various

compounds. But how do we come to set it down as a general fact, that two substances, as oxygen and hydrogen, being compounded together, form a third substance, water? By experience, it must be answered. But what is experience? Why, it is the *remembrance* of that which is past. In what, therefore, does this chemistry differ from memory?

Mr. Blakey continues—

‘But to put this matter in as clear a light as possible, let us suppose that A is a present idea in the mind, and that it has a tendency to introduce another idea which has never been in the mind before, and which we will call B. To this tendency of A to introduce B into the mind, is given the name of association. Now how can we assert or deny any thing respecting the tendency of A to introduce B, till we have witnessed A’s power over B, and have had B present to the understanding? The very proposition that A has an influence over B implies that we have seen this tendency, and that B must have previously been in the mind, and *consequently an object of memory*. Thus we see then, when we speak about connexions among our ideas, we must consider them as connexions which have been known before; and therefore we ought to infer, that the treating of them comes within the province of memory, and not within any other intellectual power whatever.’—p. 117.

What a paralogism; we might almost call it a bull. Yes, certainly, the *proposition* that A has a tendency to introduce B, implies that we have seen this tendency at some former time, because otherwise we should not know it: but the *fact itself* implies nothing of the kind. When A for the first time introduced B, ‘which had never been in the mind before,’ B was *not* an object of memory; although it is so when we have observed and treasured up the occurrence. Because an event must be remembered before it can be talked about, Mr. Blakey imagines that it was a subject of memory when it first happened. It is upon the strength of such reasoning that he assumes such a tone as this:

‘What a dull and paralyzing effect has the reading of a book in which the principle of the association of ideas forms the philosophical *dramatis personæ* in the piece.’—p. 127. ‘There is no way of getting through the book, without violating the rules of politeness by enjoying a smile at the expense of the system.’—*ib.*

With much more of the same sort.

Of foreign authors Mr. Blakey seems to be profoundly ignorant. He affirms that in the majority of cases—

‘The continental philosophy of human nature presents to a well-constituted mind a repulsive aspect, and is profusely saturated with everything that is impure, ridiculous, profane, whimsical, and pernicious.’—p. 300.

Meaning, we suppose, some *French* writers only, and those only in the eighteenth century. The celebrated theory of Malebranche he states thus, that ‘all things *should be* seen in God;’ (p. 308.)

and he imagines that *Candide* was written to *support* the doctrines which are put into the mouth of Pangloss! (p. 289.)

At the conclusion of his abstract of the opinions of previous authors, which, it is but justice to say, is in general much fairer, and even more intelligent, than might be supposed from the specimens which we have given, Mr. Blakey sums up the result of the examination in the following words :

‘ All the systems we have examined may, I conceive, be referred to six distinct heads. 1st. The eternal and immutable nature of all moral distinctions. 2nd. That utility, public or private, is the foundation of moral obligation. 3rd. That all morality is founded upon the will of God. 4th. That a moral sense, feeling, or emotion, is the ground of virtue. 5th. That it is by supposing ourselves in the situation of others, or by a species of sympathetic mechanism, that we derive our notions of good and evil. And 6th, the doctrine of vibrations,* and the association of ideas.’—p. 317.

After declaring that ‘ there are none of these different systems that are not in some degree founded on truth,’ and that ‘ we cannot resolve all the moral feelings and habits of our nature into one general principle,’ he assigns, nevertheless, his reasons for preferring to all the other theories the doctrine, ‘ that virtue depends upon the will of God,’ as made known by revelation.

Mr. Blakey’s enumeration is illogical : it confounds two distinct, though nearly connected, questions; the *standard* or *test* of moral obligation, and the *origin* of our moral *sentiments*. It is one question what rule we *ought* to obey, and why ; another question how our feelings of approbation and disapprobation *actually* originate. The former is the fundamental question of practical morals; the latter is a problem in mental philosophy. Adam Smith’s doctrine of *sympathy* which stands fifth, and the doctrine of *association* which stands sixth in Mr. Blakey’s list, are theories respecting the nature and origin of our *feelings* of morality. His second and third are theories respecting the *rule* or *law* by which we ought to guide our *conduct*. His first and fourth involve, or may be so understood as to involve, *both* considerations.

These several theories, therefore, are not exclusive of one another. It is possible, for instance, to hold with Hartley, that our *feelings* of morality originate in association, and with Bentham that our *conduct*, in all things which depend on our will, and among the rest, in the cultivation of those very feelings, should be guided by *utility* ; or with our author, that the will of God is itself the foundation of the obligations of virtue. David Hume seems to have combined the recognition of utility as the standard or test of morality, with the belief of a moral sense, independent of association. Paley has no theory respecting the nature of moral

* The doctrine of *vibrations*, a mere physiological hypothesis, which has no connexion at all with Hartley’s theory of association, ought not to have been included in an enumeration of theories of morals.

feelings, but his notion of the moral *law* is compounded of the second and third of the theories enumerated by our author.

But of all those theories, whether ethical or metaphysical, whether declaring what our *conduct should* be, or what our *feelings are*, none surely is so utterly destitute of plausibility as Mr. Blakey's own doctrine, that virtue is *constituted* by the will of God.

If we believe this, we believe that God does not *declare* what is good, and *command* us to do it, but that God actually *makes* it good. Good is whatever God makes it. What we call evil, is only evil because he has arbitrarily prohibited it. The countless myriads to whom he has never signified his will, are under no moral obligations. This doctrine takes away all motives to yield obedience to God, except those which induce a slave to obey his master. He must be obeyed because he is the stronger. He is not to be obeyed because he is good, for *that* implies a good which he could not have made bad by his mere will. If we had the misfortune to believe that the world is ruled by an evil principle, that there is no God, but only a devil, or that the devil has more power over us than God, we ought by this rule to obey the devil. Mr. Blakey is evidently quite unconscious of these consequences of his theory. But, that they are legitimate consequences who can doubt?

And this theory Mr. Blakey believes to rest upon the authority of scripture.

‘I venture to affirm,’ says he, ‘that from Genesis to Revelation inclusive, there is not a single passage, which, when fairly examined, claims the attention and homage of mankind upon any other ground than what is implied in the command which accompanies it.’—p. 326.

The scriptures, as Mr. Blakey himself says elsewhere, do not enter into speculative questions; they tell us *what* to do, not *why*. But do they not say perpetually, God is good, God is just, God is righteous, God is holy? And are we to understand by these affirmations nothing at all, but the identical and unmeaning proposition God is himself, or a proposition which has so little to do with morality as this, God is powerful? Has God in short no moral attributes? no attributes but those which the devil is conceived to possess in a smaller degree? and no title to our obedience but such as the devil would have, if there were a devil, and the universe were without God?

Mr. Blakey insists much upon the sublimity of the scriptures, and the perfection of scripture morality; considerations which tell strongly against his own doctrine; for if we are capable of recognising excellence in the commands of the Omnipotent, they must possess excellence independently of his command; and excellence discoverable by us even without revelation; for whatever reason can recognise when found, reason can find. If the morality of the scriptures is admirable because it conduces to happi-

ness, this implies that the production of happiness is a legitimate purpose of morals: if because it accords with our sympathies, *that* implies that morality may be founded on sympathy. If the precepts of scripture have nothing intrinsically good, but are good solely by reason of the power from which they emanate, their character ought to be as mysterious and incomprehensible to us as the ceremonies of magic: nor could there on that supposition be any reason apparent to us, why we are not commanded to hate our neighbour instead of to love him.

Not being of opinion, with Mr. Blakey, that our reception of a philosophic doctrine ought to be determined, not solely by its truth, but by what we imagine respecting the arguments it may afford for or against our religious belief, we ought not, perhaps, to notice the claim which Mr. Blakey sets up for his doctrine, of being peculiarly favourable to the interests of revealed religion. But though such arguments go for nothing with those who can trust themselves to judge of the true and the false, who are resolved to believe the truth, *whatever* may be its consequences, and are not afraid of finding one truth irreconcilable with another; those who are diffident of their own intellectual powers, naturally dread any doctrine which they can be led to think tends to shake from under their feet, the foundation on which they have built all their hopes and purposes. Mr. Blakey, therefore, shall not be allowed the exclusive use of this argument. We tell him that *his* doctrine is more destructive to the foundations of Christianity, than any of the theories of moral obligation which he has enumerated; by taking away altogether its internal evidences, the only ones which are not common to it with a thousand superstitions. In Judea itself, both before and after Christ appeared, numbers of false Christs and charlatans of all descriptions had pretended to work miracles, and had been believed; believed not only by their proselytes, but by those who rejected them, and who ascribed their miraculous powers to the agency of evil spirits. If these impostors sunk, and were heard of no more, while Christianity spread itself over the earth, it was not that greater credence was given to the Christian miracles than to theirs; it was, that the simple-hearted men who gathered themselves round the founder of Christianity, far from believing the doctrines to be excellent because they came from God, believed them to come from God because they felt them to be excellent. The fervour of their love and admiration could not find fit utterance but in the phrase, 'he spake as never man spake.' Christianity had perished with its founder if Mr. Blakey's theory had been true. The world has acknowledged him as sent of God, has believed him to *be* God, because there *was* a standard of morality by which man could test not the word of man merely, but what was vouched for as the word of God; because of that *internal* evidence, which according to the repeated declarations of Christ himself, ought to have been suf-

ficient. It was out of the hardness of their hearts that they needed signs. Had all been right within, the precepts themselves would have sufficed to prove their own origin.

We have expended more words than were perhaps necessary upon so preposterous a doctrine. Our excuse must be, the infinitely mischievous tendency of a theory of moral duty, according to which God is to be obeyed, not because God is good, nor because it is good to obey him, but from some motive or principle which might have dictated equally implicit obedience to the powers of darkness. Such a philosophy, in proportion as it is realized in men's lives and characters, must extirpate from their minds all reverence, all admiration, and all conscience, and leave them only the abject feelings of a slave.

Such a theory cannot be combated too often; it should be warred against wherever it rears its head. But with regard to most of the other conflicting opinions respecting the primary grounds of moral obligation, it appears to us that a degree of importance is often attached to them, more than commensurate to the influence they really exercise for good or for evil. Doubtless they are important, as all questions in morals are important: a clear conception of the ultimate foundation of morality, is essential to a systematic and scientific treatment of the subject, and to the decision of some of its disputed practical problems. But the most momentous of the differences of opinion on the details of morality, have quite another origin. The real character of any man's ethical system depends not on his first and fundamental principle, which is of necessity so general as to be rarely susceptible of an immediate application to practice; but upon the nature of those secondary and intermediate maxims, *vera illa et media axiomata*, in which, as Bacon observes, real wisdom resides. The grand consideration is, not what any person regards as the ultimate end of human conduct, but through what intermediate ends he holds that his ultimate end is attainable, and should be pursued: and in these there is a nearer agreement between some who differ, than between some who agree, in their conception of the ultimate end. When disputes arise as to any of the secondary maxims, they can be decided, it is true, only by an appeal to first principles; but the necessity of this appeal may be avoided far oftener than is commonly believed; it is surprising how few, in comparison, of the disputed questions of practical morals, require for their determination any premises but such as are common to all philosophic sects.

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE MR. ROSCOE.

MR. HENRY ROSCOE's memoir of his venerable father is a book we should have noticed before this time, were we always as able to perform as to will. Ere now it is probably in the hands of most of our readers; and in giving an abstract of, or extracts from, its contents, we should merely be performing a work of supererogation. All, therefore, that we shall do in the matter is, to add our hearty commendations to those already offered to the worthy editor. He has performed his task in a manner most creditable to himself; has produced a book free from all appearance of exaggeration or pretension; has given to society an admirable picture of one of the most interesting characters that ever adorned it; and entitled himself to the gratitude, we hope, of many a reader. Respecting the excellent man whose memorials are thus presented to us, we feel how much, how very much, might be said. He commands our admiration nearly at all points; but we cannot forbear especially remarking upon him as a pattern for the many in the art of self-cultivation, in the diligent, laborious, patient preparation by which he rendered himself fit to be the minister of much good to his fellow-creatures. It is true that Mr. Roscoe was a self-educated man; and we know how often this phrase is associated with the idea of something superficial, presumptuous, and unsafe; but Mr. Roscoe's self-education was not of this sort. No one ever laboured more diligently, or was less contented with mental slovenliness, than he. He early gave society the best pledge of a strong desire to improve his species, by a vigorous improvement of himself. We could wish that this were an example generally followed, that men did not too often postpone the claims of their own minds, to other claims far less loud and imperative; but it appears to us, that this is the peculiar danger of our day; that a sort of bustling desire to be *doing*, in what we conceive the service of our fellow-creatures, precedes that steady discipline of the spirit by which only human beings are prepared to be really serviceable to one another.

With Mr. Roscoe and his band of friends there was a perpetual intermingling of offices of benevolence with individual research, inquiry, and improvement. Not one of them seems to have lost his individuality, or his mental self-respect, in the midst of social pursuits. They were always at work,—quietly, but most effectively; and now, when we look back on the long line of subjects which passed before their minds, how attractive do they appear! how noble! how truly worthy of men and of Christians! We hardly know, indeed, when looking at Mr. Roscoe's life, as considered with regard to his most extensive relations with society, where we are to find the boundary line of its influence. No doubt, the influence of

other hearts and minds may have been more potent in many of the several particulars which arrested his attention, but it may with truth be said of him, that he has, in a variety of important instances, given an impulse to good feeling and to active benevolence which is every day more deeply felt and more widely acknowledged. Fifteen years before the formation of the association whose object it was to do away with the slave-trade, we find him, then a young townsman of Liverpool, scarce, indeed, more than a boy,* eloquently protesting against that iniquitous traffic, in his poem of 'Mount Pleasant.' In his latter years, his zealous and vehement remonstrance with the American legislatures did very much, if, indeed, it did not do more than the remonstrance of any other person, towards procuring the substitution of daily labour in prisons, together with solitary confinement at night, for the horrible punishment of entire loneliness and absence of all employment.

'Against this inhuman and unchristian-like system,' says he, in a letter to Dr. Hosack, of New York, (dated 13th July, 1830, just a year before his death,) 'my humble voice has been raised, amongst those of many others of more importance, for several years past; but it is only a few weeks since I learnt, by a communication of authentic documents from Philadelphia, that the legislature have at length given way to the feelings of humanity, and have determined that the convicts shall be allowed to labour in the day, and shall be instructed for that purpose, as well as in whatever else may be requisite for their reformation. * * * By this decision, I conceive the great question of prison discipline, as far as regards the United States, is finally settled; every other place, except Philadelphia, having already adopted that plan, thereby making crime to counteract itself, and repair, as far as possible, the evils it has occasioned. In no country has this principle been so well understood, and carried so far, as in your own; and the relinquishment of it for the Bastile system of solitary confinement, would have grieved me more than I can express; but thank God, my dread of that is over. *I shall now die in peace, convinced that the time will come when my own country will follow the example.*'

On another occasion, still nearer the close of his career, we find this venerable man, then, as he says, fast approaching his eightieth year, starting up to dictate to La Fayette a most animated congratulation on the French Revolution of 1830.

'My dear Sir,—I can speak on no other subject till I have returned my earnest thanks to God, and congratulated you on the wonderful events which have taken place in France, &c. This is the first time in my life when I have seen the triumph of liberty complete, and a foundation laid for the perpetual extirpation of slavery and oppression from every part of the civilized world.'

And he then proceeds to seize this important opportunity for

* He was not more than nineteen.

the enforcement of those principles of humanity and Christian forbearance towards the guilty which were dearest to his heart.

‘Well do I remember how deeply I lamented the overthrow of all my hopes in the early part of the former revolution, when the most precious blood of France was poured out on the scaffold; and now my chief object of anxiety is that the French nation may finish, with magnanimity and humanity, the glorious work it has so well begun. I allude to the situation of the wretched individuals who have been the cause of all this commotion, and who are deeply stained with the blood of their fellow-citizens, but to whose criminal temerity it is owing that France is free. Will she require their blood in return? I hope not. I should be sorry to see the same unsparing maxims acted upon by a free government, as have in all ages characterized despotic monarchies, to whom the *ultima linea rerum*, is always at hand; but it is time that Europe should change its maxims, and that an example should be given which should not derogate from the character that France has already obtained, and show that a better era is opened upon society. What! it may be asked, would you suffer these traitors to their country to go unpunished? By no means; but I would punish them in a manner more consistent with the character of a great nation, which has nothing to fear, than by depriving them of life.’—vol. ii. p. 387.

So firmly did our venerable philanthropist adhere to his emphatic declaration in ‘Lorenzo de Medici,’ that ‘no end can justify the sacrifice of a principle, nor was a crime ever necessary in the course of human affairs.’

While adverting to Mr. Roscoe’s interest in the subject of criminal jurisprudence and prison discipline, we cannot forbear remarking on the mingled independence of judgment and love of human sympathy which appears so strikingly manifested in the memorials of his zeal in this cause. We all know that he was frequently regarded and often spoken of by some of those whose opinions he highly valued, with some slight degree of disdain, as a benevolent visionary, whose ideas could never be realized on earth. Now those who know this, ought also to know that Mr. Roscoe was not a man who could harden himself against these things. He felt, keenly felt them. His heart was too susceptible and too affectionate not to long for the suffrages of all who were dear to it. He did not want to feel superiority over any human being, not even over a child, if he could but bring that child into a participation of his views. There was not in his composition one spark of the pride of being original for originality’s sake, or of the wilfulness of opposition. Altogether, perhaps no man ever existed whose benevolent purposes were pursued with more entire simplicity and singleness of heart, who was less fettered by his human attachments, and yet more alive to their value. He was essentially social; sympathizing with and taking to his heart at once all in whom he perceived the bright beamings of good will to man,

yet never stopping at their point, or ceasing to pursue a just principle to its legitimate consequences, through fear or favour. Against the delusions of a temperament somewhat sanguine, he was not perhaps wholly proof. The principles and the feeling of Hope and Faith were strong within him, and he *did* probably too often ‘think the world without like that within.’ His imagination also sometimes brought before him shadows, on which he vainly expended a portion of his strength; but every failing was frankly exhibited—no sophistry darkens the pages of Roscoe.

As a writer on elegant literature, we are disposed to regard him rather as a most useful auxiliary, and as a striking example of perseverance, and of the happiness which accrues to individuals from the cultivation of pure tastes, than as the producer of any thing intrinsically splendid. His style is neither brilliant nor very much calculated, by its strength and nervousness, to leave a powerful impression on the mind. In a few of his shorter poems, particularly in his Songs on the French Revolution, he rises to a degree of animation which was not common in his printed compositions, his translations from the Italian are also highly poetical and spirited, and his private letters are delightful: but, generally speaking, Mr. Roscoe is content to be sensible and correct; and though all he writes bespeaks an intimate acquaintance with elegant literature, the flow of his language is placid and even. That he always took the side of what he considered true liberty, in all he wrote and said, no one can question. We are not so certain however, that in his contest with M. Sismondi, respecting the Medicis, he was on the right side—the probability is, from the too uniform strain of panegyric which pervades the memoirs of Lorenzo, that Mr. Roscoe’s imagination was in a degree dazzled by the congenial splendours of his hero. He saw in him a man truly extraordinary in his time, endowed with the most noble and useful tastes, and exercising his political power in a manner highly calculated to improve the human race; but still we are afraid M. Sismondi is right; the means by which Lorenzo acquired and endeavoured to perpetuate power savour strongly of craft and statesmanlike absence of sound principle.

Some have thought Mr. Roscoe disposed to severity towards Luther and his brother reformers, and undoubtedly he may be charged with occasional forgetfulness of their sources of irritation; but, as he well says, in his own defence,—

‘In adverting to the persecutions of which Protestants have been guilty, my only object has been to excite that abhorrence of persecution, under every shape and pretext, which is the surest safeguard against its return. If it should appear, as has been imputed to me, that I have animadverted with more severity on the Protestants than on the Papists, it is because better things were to have been expected from them: because they who asserted the right of private judgment in themselves, ought not to have denied it to others: because they who

have represented the cruelties and persecutions of the Church of Rome as the greatest of her abominations, ought to have been peculiarly cautious how they gave rise to similar charges against themselves; and lastly, because it is more painful to perceive a disgraceful blot among those with whom we are nearly associated, than among those who are further removed from us in principles and opinions * * * *. It is not on any doctrinal tenets of any established church, whatever its adherents may believe, that we are to rely for the rejection of those intolerant principles which have for so many ages disgraced the Roman See. Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox, the founders of the Reformed Church in their respective countries, inflicted, as far as they had power and opportunity, the same punishments that were denounced against their own disciples by the Church of Rome, on such as called in question any article in their creeds. To have freed the human race from the dread of violence and persecution, in the exercise of religion and the pursuit of truth, would have conferred greater honour on Luther than the enforcement of any dogmatical opinions whatever. To his good intentions and incorruptible integrity the following work bears uniform and ample testimony, but with the restraints of his superiors, Luther could not shake off the trammels of his education: *and his highest aim was only to establish another despotism in the place of that from which he had himself escaped.* In thus sanctioning, by his opinion and example, the continuance of an exterior and positive control over the consciences of mankind, he confirmed the pretensions of the Roman See: and may more justly be said to have shared its authority, than to have invalidated its unjust assumptions. But the principles of toleration are derived from higher views, &c.'—*Life*, pp. 337, 338.

This is boldly, and, with the exception of the passage we have marked in italics, we think most justly said.

We cannot forbear expressing the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of that part of Mr. Henry Roscoe's work, in which the domestic history of his father is sufficiently, though sparingly, exhibited. His humble beginnings—the manner in which his character grew and expanded, morally and intellectually—his early, self-denying, and unswerving attachment to her who was the companion of by far the greater part of his course—the character of this chosen being herself, her love of whatever was beautiful in art or nature, her pride in him, the pleasure with which she ministered to his pursuits, and the strong good sense and incorruptible integrity which kept guard over his tastes and her own, her deep maternal affection—all this is outlined only, it is true, but it is touched with a masterly hand, and much is supplied by the short extracts from the correspondence of both parties. We have met with few things in biography more affecting than the history of this guileless and unbroken attachment.

On the whole, Mr. Roscoe's literary, public, and domestic life presents an union of great and varied excellencies, such as we cannot recur to without feeling a glow of heart, and a pleasure

allied to triumph, for *his* were the triumphs of good over evil. We feel that his spirit has touched many dark places. It has beamed on the most degraded scenes of savage life, it has helped to unlock the fetters of slavery, it has descended into prisons, it has entered and will enter much more into the spirit of our criminal code, it has given historians lessons of toleration, inculcated on statesmen higher principles of action, and associated with the poetical name the remembrance of a pure, serious, and devout spirit. These things cannot be, and be in vain. Shakspeare says—

‘ The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;’

but, for once, we find ourselves completely at issue with him. The *evil* is perishable and transitory ; but ‘ the sun may as well discard its own rays, and banish them from itself into some region far remote from it, where they shall have no dependence at all upon it, as God can forsake and abandon *goodness* in the world, and leave it a poor, orphan thing, that shall have no influence from him to preserve it and keep it.’* To think of it as left in the silent grave to mingle with the dust, while the spirit of evil is allowed to walk the earth triumphant and unperishing, is one of those suggestions which we must put down to the account of momentary thoughtfulness or misanthropy. It did not emanate from the spirit of man’s better nature, from the spirit which is of God. To us, on the contrary, it has often seemed as if the fruits of a good life were only perfected in death—as if the dissolution of the earthly fabric were generally ordained to precede the full influence of a noble example.

A NIGHT AMID THE SEA-WARD HILLS.

The brow of Heaven wears
No frown, nor storm-cleft wrinkle ;
The fountain’s gentle tears
Amid the silence tinkle ;
The lake it formeth in the meadow
Is kiss’d by many a trembling shadow
Of flower and blade ;
Reflected stars, its depths amid,
Gaze heavenward as with furtive lid,
And by the moon a pyramid
Of light is made.

The water-fowl supine
Crowd close, with hidden bills
The ruminating kine
Move not upon the hills ;
Moths on the warm air dimly flit,
And insects in a slumb’rous fit

* Cudworth.

A Night amid the Sea-ward Hills.

Stir all the leaves;
 One bird, amid the hazel fluttering,
 A sleepy cry of fear is uttering;
 And the scarce-audible sea, low-muttering,
 A dull sound weaves.

The fishermen's old boats,
 Like shore-cast things asleep—
 And nets, with shapeless floats,
 Lie on the shingle deep;
 Amid them, one rough sentinel
 Strides as a lynx within his cell,
 Still to and fro,
 Tracking a smuggler's veering skiff,
 In the dim distance fugitive;
 The sere grass stirs upon the cliff,
 With motion slow.

The Ocean's foamless lip
 Scarce breaths upon the beach;
 The Moon and Hesper clip
 Its depths with amorous pleach,
 Beaming their love from south and west
 Over its mutely-panting breast,
 In paleness splendid;
 And by the gush and crisp retreat
 Of its calm swell, their reflex fleet
 Is curved from my advancing feet,
 Or dim-extended.

The gather'd constellations
 The infinite blue bestud,
 Whose twinkling coruscations
 Cleave its ethereal flood,
 And yield the deep pale influence,
 Dim-scrutable to striving sense,
 Of shade and light:
 Murmurs pervade the concave hills,
 From echoed sounds and trickling rills;
 And over all, the Night distills
 A dew-shower bright.

A solitude sublime
 Breathes on my breathless heart,
 And thoughts of death and time
 Into its depths depart:
 Immortal dreams above them gushing,
 My soul in all my veins is blushing
 With love divine—
 Spirit! from me, let not this symbol'd story
 Of thine immensity pass transitory;
 Let me not lose of thine in-hidden glory
 This outward, visible sign!

JUVENILE LESSONS.

FATHER !

Why dost thou call me father, boy; thou art no blood of mine ?

But you love me, and you teach me, and you care for all my wants. There are many boys with fathers and mothers who are not cared for, and they are not so happy as I am. And one day, while I was drawing from the model of the steam-engine you gave me, I heard you say to * * * * * that the teacher of the child was its real parent,—that the shaper of its disposition, and not the accidental giver of its life, was the being entitled to its love. I have no father, no mother, but you have been a parent to me, and you have made me a happy child. Had I a father and a mother, I could not love them as I do you.

What ! not if they were a good father and mother ?

Are there any good fathers and mothers ? I have seen none, none whom I could love.

Thy knowledge of human nature is limited, boy !

I have made long long journeys with you, and seen many whom you called good people, but their children were not happy children.

Circumstances are sometimes adverse.

But they were not poor people.

Thou hast yet to learn, boy, that there are many circumstances, besides poverty, which debase people's natures.

And could not those circumstances be changed ?

They will change, boy, as human wisdom increases. The ill arrangement of social intercourse causes much of our unhappiness, and unhappiness amongst the elders is visited upon the children in bad training. But these are things yet difficult for thy years, and thou must think much to understand them.

Are they harder than the political economy you taught me ?

They require deeper thinking.

Pray teach me, I understand all you say.

Not now, boy. Thou wilt learn much of them unconsciously, as thy life advances. Thy knowledge of facts will increase, and my care will only be needed to guide thy judgment aright. How old art thou ?

Nine. To day is my birth-day.

I had forgotten. I remember thy birth, boy. Some day we will visit thy birth-place.

Where was it ?

Far, far away, boy. It is a lovely spot in a glorious clime. My heart gushes while my memory dwells on it. Thou wert left an orphan in my charge. I watched thine opening faculties, and I now behold them bringing forth good fruit.

I remember all our travels.

Not all, boy. Thou didst learn to sit ere thou didst learn to stand. A horse bore thee on his back at speed ere thy limbs could sustain thee on the grassy turf.

Do you remember the evening when we rested near the dried-up lake, when we were thirsty and could get no water. You had saved a

little in the horn at your girdle, and made me drink it before we lay down to sleep on the long grass with the horses tethered around. The water was hot, and it almost scalded me to drink it, for I knew how thirsty you were yourself.

Bless thee, boy! but talk not now of those things. My blood is chilled when I think on the peril of that night. Even now the rapid beat of a horse's hooves will sometimes startle me from my self-possession. But thou wert about to ask me something, boy. What is it?

First tell me, may I not call you father? I would not call you by any other name.

Why not, boy?

It seems that I love you more when I call you father.

Then call me so, boy. I would not have thine affection lessen; it is a treasure above all price to me. What else didst thou want?

You promised to take me a ramble, as you formerly used to do. It is long, long since I have been out with you, and I want you to show me London, which I have not yet seen.

Show thee London, boy! It would take a generation; *i. e.* to show it inside and out. Volumes without end might be written about it, full of romance and poetry, as well as business and calculation. A street might furnish matter for a painter's existence—all of pure artificiality. Show thee London! What, in a day! Thou mayst ascend St. Paul's and overlook it, which, perchance, many would call seeing London, but we will do rather more. We will get a sketch or two, and thread some of the main avenues. What is the hour?

Nine.

Then we will set forth, and we shall find London living, its denizens all in a hurry, pushing, and bustling, in breathless excitement; yet ask one of them what his ultimate object is and he will tell you only 'money.' Ask him what is the purpose of money, and you will at once plunge him beyond his depth. He knows not that the legitimate end of human life is human happiness. For human 'happiness' he has been taught to read human 'accumulation.'

Let us go quickly, father.

Yet a word, boy. Remember, that if to-day is to be a day of excitement, to-morrow's lessons must be doubled. Thy tools, thine instruments, thy books, they must be left in order, that they may be found when next needed. And the animals dependent on thy care, are they fed?

All is done, father. Let us go.

Yes, when thou hast changed thy garb, boy. The world is not yet quite rational. Thy cap and tunic are commodious and graceful, but the boys in the streets would bait thee for not being clad so inconveniently as themselves, and their elders would exclaim against me for 'making such a figure of the child.' Thou must even put on the worldly garb that painfully girds thee, and remember, that liberty of mind, and the free supervision of thy fellows, can only be achieved by deferring in outward appearance to their taste, or rather to the want thereof. Wear not thy heart upon thy sleeves, boy, or it will be torn into very shreds, and constant pain will at length eradicate thy benevolence of spirit. Love thy fellows, and abstain from irritating

their prejudices unnecessarily. The world is wide enough for all; and even as soft water wears the rock, so will the gentleness of a loving spirit soften the rugged harshness begotten by long habits of worldly calculation. Let us away, boy, when thou art ready, and remember, that thy somewhat nimble tongue has full license to ask what questions thou wilt as we advance.

Look on that beautiful green slope, father!

It is called the Green Park, boy. It is but a small patch, but it is a treasury of health. Look at the children sporting in it. How glorious looks the old abbey yonder, towering up over the tree tops, and glittering in the bright sun's rays, with the clear blue sky for a back ground. It seems as though we could leap through the balmy air from this crowded noisy street, and perch upon the summit. Ha! boy, thy impatient, wandering eye has roved around the horizon and rests upon yon mishapen pile of hewn stone. Thou art wondering how it has happened that yon ancient abbey has so much of beauty, and that this modern pile is less beautiful than a stone quarry. Thou art pondering how it is, that while the world has advanced in other arts it has retrograded in architecture. It is the fruit of misrule, boy. Tyrants and fools and sycophants possessed the irresponsible control of the funds of a great nation, while the nation was asleep. Waste has been the consequence, but heed it not. Capital is made by human labour, and human labour is each day increasing its results by improved processes, and the pile of stone is left to be used up for other purposes. The Guelph, who delighted in costly follies, and with whom yon pile originated, is no more. He died, and a nation could only afford him contempt to wait upon his memory. He was cruel, he was selfish, he was mean, and basely vindictive. No one good quality was his attribute, but yet the nation could not hate him; they could but despise him. It is a mark of the advancement of the national intellect. Time was, that such beings were to be feared, and as a consequence they were hated. They are now only ridiculous, and reap only contempt. They are powerless, and therefore mischievous. Look at that enclosed garden, with a large piece of water, and artificial islands, and shrubs, amidst avenues of trees, which is spread out in front of the mishapen stone pile. It was once a sort of cow-field, with a long pond in the centre. The Guelph who died, ordered it to be laid out and planted. It could not well be spoiled. Vegetation will grow after its own beautiful fashion when once planted. The Guelph wished to build upon a portion of the park, and promised the public admission to the new garden by way of stopping the mouths of complainants. He meant to have cheated them, but he died in the interval, and was cheated himself. The Guelph who came after him affected popularity, and liked to hear the little boys shouting 'hurra!' He was ever fond of noises, and has wasted much gunpowder in salutes and rejoicings; but, however, better thus than in human slaughterings. What a propensity there is in boys and kings to play with cannons, gunpowder, crackers, and fireworks! Thou art beyond such tastes, boy. I did not mean to reproach thee. Thou likest not the noise, but the skill of the fire-weapons, and I do not prohibit them to thee. He who knows how to kill, is least likely to be

tempted to kill. Hack at the 'wooden soldier,' and the taste for hewing will be harmlessly gratified. But to return. The Guelph wanted popularity, and he ordered that the public, whose money had paid for making the garden, should be admitted to walk in the garden. But he put lackeys at the gates to riddle the public as a brickmaker does the materials of his art, and the ill-dressed public, such as were not 'respectable,' were excluded. Those without the means of procuring fresh air, were the most studiously excluded from fresh air. The 'respectables,' the well-dressed, could not bear to inhale the same atmosphere with the ill-dressed; and it would seem that it has never entered into the contemplation of those who rule, that the simplest mode of improving the poor people's taste in dress, as well as in other matters, would be to provide them with additional public walks, and all other matters tending to refine a coarse imagination. But come away, boy; yonder closed garden named Buckingham, is not worth looking at; it is, at best, like an unwholesome wood springing from an undrained bog.

This is Regent Street. What a glorious view opens over the tree tops as you look towards the park. My boy, my boy! thy deep set dark eye is lightening towards the distant hills. Thy taste is still true as it was in infancy, when thou wert not content to walk in the delicious green elastic grass, but wouldst roll in it, and bite it in wild joy, like the gamboling of a young greyhound. The hill, the wood, and the grass land, are more beautiful than the city, even when man has accomplished all that his art can bring to pass. But this is a pleasant street, boy, though much of its beauty consists in its animation. The architecture is vile enough, but that stucco is more cleanly than bricks, and in order to appreciate it, thou must visit some of the close streets near the squares, wherein the aristocracy of the last generation were wont to dwell. Waterloo Place—Regent Street. The first was named after a piece of monstrous cruelty, of human slaughter, called a battle, wherein a number of legitimate tyrants succeeded after a severe struggle in vanquishing an illegitimate tyrant. And the English nation was absurd enough to pride itself, because much blood and treasure had thus been wasted; because human beings had been slaughtered like bullocks, and a national debt had been swollen in amount. But the egregious delusion has passed away, and the 'hero of Waterloo,' the 'drowner of men,' has lived to be baited by the rabble in the public street, on the anniversary of the victory, now known amongst the common people as the field of 'blood and mud.' Bear this in thy memory, boy. The intoxication of evil deeds passes away, but the reverence for works of beneficence increases with time. Yonder square building on the right hand is worth thy notice. It is in good taste throughout, and well fitted for better purposes than those to which it is applied—collections of men without women amongst them. It is called the Athenæum Club-house, and literary people like to belong to it, in order that their merit may duly shine by being mingled together in a large mass, just as the cobbler's candle with two wicks, whose flames mingle, gives more light than two separate candles with the same joint amount of tallow.

Boy! thou hast never yet seen a *littérateur*. He is a kind of small

light shining upon small subjects, a sort of flickering Will-o'-the-wisp, powerless to burn, but sufficiently annoying by unfixing the sight, like the scrap of looking-glass in the hand of a waggish boy. He is a man who literally deals in letters, and good naturedly transposes them into all sorts of forms, in order to amuse idle people. Ideas of his own he has none, he runs about and gets them at second-hand, but seldom knows how to use them rightly, and he never ventures upon many at a time, for fear his mistakes should be too glaring. He has a deadly aversion to politics, and political knowledge; to the latter, because it is all 'Greek and Latin' to him; to the former, because he knows by experience that they offer more excitement than his lucubrations, and take customers away from his shop. He therefore tries to persuade every body that they are a low pursuit. Towards his customers, the public, he is civil in general, and somewhat apt to be sycophantic, but beware that thou become not his friend or acquaintance, more especially if the disease of writing take hold of thee, and still more especially if the consciousness of the power of knowledge and judgment, and the desire of being useful to thy fellows, imperatively force thee to write. In the spirit of his trade—rivalry, the *littérateur* is more jealous than a beauty, a mindless beauty, whose charms are fast failing. His best friend he would 'damn with faint praise,' did he mark any thing of shining talent in him. Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, are the canker-worms of his existence. But remember that his living depends upon his notoriety, and his dinings-out will be diminished by any increase in the numbers of the *clique*. He is eaten up with pride, and looks down with contempt upon all whom he calls 'low people,' that is to say, those who get their living, not by a 'profession,' but a business, or who wield any tool but a pen. While he is doing the business of a mountebank for people's amusement, the overweening creature deems that he is performing the business of instruction, mistaking animal feelings for the essentials of mind. He is pragmatic as an ape, and dogmatic as a pacha. He thinks that what he writes is a sort of needful lubrication for the axis of the world, without which there would be such an accumulation of friction as to alter the seasons. He is especially annoyed at the pretensions of tradespeople, and thinks it scandalous that they should make larger profits than authors, whom he holds to be so immeasurably their superiors, as scarcely to be named in the same breath with them. All people of one hobby or pursuit, are disgusting enough; the shoemaker will talk about the price of leather, the discourse of the carpenter is thickly sprinkled with sawdust, the tailor cannot separate himself from the fashion of garments, the timber dealer must exult over the last trick he played a customer, the gravedigger thinks of turning out for an increased price, as the stature of human beings is on the increase, owing to the lessening of disease; the horse dealer, the horse-hair dealer, the tanner of horse-hides, the horse-shoer, the stable keeper, and the groom, all in short connected in the remotest degree with horses in every quarter of the world, continue to be born cheats as usual, and to talk of nothing but roguery; the coffin-maker tells for the fiftieth time the story of his cheating the dead man, by putting feather-edged boards into his last box-coat, and

so on through the whole variety of trades. All these are wearying and disgusting enough, but give me each and all of them, day after day, rather than condemn me to be talked to by a *littérateur*, all whose faculties are so taken up by books, that he has neither time nor inclination for ideas. If he be in addition a professional writer for a fashionable publication, eschew him as you would the plague. He is infallibly one of the people described by Goethe, 'whom you can teach nothing to, and whom you can learn nothing from.' In the coming age, such people will be prohibited from marrying, in order that the world may cease to be deluged with a nuisance, a professional critic! Bound to read all the books that come out! His brain, if brain he have, must be a mere word-basket, and he must keep his opinions ready within to be taken out of a sack like lottery tickets, whence it follows that so many misfits take place between books and opinions. There were plagues in Egypt, but verily the poor people might contrive to exist, for in those days the plague of literary critics existed not.

Father! what is that flight of steps with a column on the top?

That, boy, is an entrance into the park. The fourth Guelph was so intolerably selfish, that he refused the people a right of way through the site of what formerly was Carlton Palace. The fifth Guelph, wishing to 'do popularity,' granted leave, but needlessly piled up a mass of granite, to oblige people to go up and down stairs, as if a hill road were better than a level.

But the column, father. It looks as if it were intended to put something on the top of it?

That column, boy, was built by subscription, by the officers of the army, in sycophantic adulation of another Guelph who ruled the army, and paid his harlot the wages of her iniquity, by giving her the patronage and sale of commissions. He was not even a soldier. He commanded British bull-dogs, and so paralyzing was the influence of his imbecile mind, that even Dutchmen beat them away from the land they had a footing in. He was once nearly taken prisoner, and an adverse general remarked that it was a fortunate thing he escaped, for he was as good as an army of reserve to them. There is a huge block of granite somewhere, carved into his semblance, which it was intended to place on the top of the column.

And why have they not so placed it?

Because in these latter days there is a thing come forth of new and boundless power, called public opinion. This power proclaimed that the departed Guelph was no honour to the community to which he had belonged, that he was a gambler and a sensualist, who, after disappointing a host of creditors, and bringing many of them to ruin, left the world with their curses on his head. Public opinion has decreed that it would be held an insult to decency to erect the stone effigy of such a man, and the subscribers have wisely abstained. It would only have given trouble to a future popular government to overthrow it, as will eventually be done by that of the charlatan Canning. Public morality imperiously demands that the statues of wicked men should not be set up in high places.

Would not the populace throw them down?

It is not desirable, boy. It would be a breach of the law. It is a

mischievous thing to break any law. If the laws be bad, the clamour of public opinion should be directed to accomplish their alteration. But let us on, boy.

Father, what a large open space!

It is, boy, and a fine breathing hole for the metropolis. Many nests of misery stood on that ground, wherein human beings were cooped and misused till their natural faculties were almost lost, and they became almost animate machines. Too much of this thing still remains in this huge Babel; but steam will in time effect a total cure by the destruction of distance. People will not live as in pigeon-holes when means are provided for locomotion with little consumption of time. Glorious, glorious science! Ay, glorious physical science! for thou art the willing servant waiting at the beck of moral science to do all its drudgery, and without which its endeavours in behalf of human happiness would be fruitless.

What building is that, father?

That square-looking mass of stone, or stucco which looks like stone, and is really at present better than stone, for it will be worn out by the time a better taste shall arise. It would be a pity that such buildings should be in durable stone. One could swear that the fourth Guelph planned that United Service Club-house himself, it is so nondescript. Look at the front and end, as we now see it angle-wise. Look at those long spiring columns, devoid of all proportion, which the architect—or builder taking the name in vain—deemed to be Ionic.

But what is the building for?

Soldier and sailor officers, whose time hangs heavy upon their hands at home, meet there to eat and drink and gamble and talk over their hopes of a new war, by which they individually may profit while others suffer. They call themselves the United Service, *i. e.* they are the king's servants, and wear red and blue liveries, being liable to the kicks and cuffs of the aristocracy at large, who, however, use them well, as the numbers are kept up from their own body. But this club is only composed of the higher rank; there is another called the Junior United Service, where sucking slaughtermen delight to congregate upon the scent of battles. None of the juniors 'dare say their souls are their own.' They are the people who do the dirty work of pretending to try culprits when it is resolved to torture a spare soldier or sailor to death by the lash. But for the cruelty, it would be a most ludicrous farce. They go into a room together like jurymen, as if they dared to have an opinion of their own, as if their chance of promotion did not depend upon their being as subservient as the 'leg of mutton juries' of the Marshalsea court.

What is that long, ugly building, father?

It is called the King's Mews, probably because in ancient days falcons for sporting were kept there; but it has been principally used as a barrack. It was once a scene of great excitement. A man named Francis Burdett declared in the House of Commons that flogging soldiers—not sailors—was degrading cruelty. The oligarchy shut him up in the Tower in consequence, and his courage broke down. Many of the soldiers were excited almost to a state of rebellion, and

there wanted little at that time to effect a revolution similar to that of France. Some regiments were shut up in that very Mews.

Would it have been good or evil had the revolution happened?

Evil, boy, at the time, for men's minds were not then enlightened, and strong parties would have been mustered both ways, to the perpetration of much cruelty and bloodshed, and consequently to the hinderance of public enlightenment. The revolution has now happened peaceably, and the oligarchy will be scoffed down. But it might possibly have happened that a blighting, blinding despotism was about to extinguish the free spirit of the nation. In such a case it would have been the duty of all good men to gripe their death weapons for a death struggle, be the amount of bloodshed what it might. From such a ruin,—and all violent revolutions, however successful, are ruinous,—from such a ruin the nation would again have arisen by its own inborn energy; but the blight of a despotism would have destroyed all good seed, and hope herself would have perished.

Oh! father, what church is that with the beautiful portico of Corinthian columns which look like palm-trees?

Martin, boy, is its patron saint. Thy simile is like. Often have I looked upon their beauty since the time that space was first afforded for my gaze, with a dim consciousness that they were like nature in some of her works. They are stone palms, supporting an entablature. The differing chemical composition of the various courses of stone of which they are built has been variously acted on by the atmosphere; they are of all shades, from greyish white to black, and the concentric rings make them look as natural as though they were palms petrified. Would that some architect would chop away that unsightly pagoda-looking thing of a steeple, which cumpers the roof, and is in addition too lofty, like an over-masted vessel. Were it away, you might arch your hands, and looking through them to shut out the surrounding buildings, deem that you beheld a portion of the 'marble waste' of Thebes or Tadmor. How majestic that portico looks, in spite of the pagoda on it. The United Service House opposite is, when compared with it, like an Arab hut by the side of an Egyptian temple. Look a little to the left; that is the parson's house. Those lurdane priests always contrive to get well lodged. One would have no objection to it or to their large payment, if they did any thing useful for it. Even the tithe might be bearable, were the men really what they ought to be; not teachers of blind, unreasonable submission, but moral instructors for the people, elevating their nature to high things, such as Christ inculcated, but which his disciples have ill understood, being content to take the letter instead of the beautiful spirit, the husk and not the kernel.—By heavens! these new streets gladden one's eyesight, even though the taste of them be vitiated. They have the effect of physical enlightenment. The statue thou art looking on is the semblance of a Stuart king, about whose descendants a number of unreasoning people thought it was proper to be enthusiastic for many years. The name is now extinct, or nearly so.

What was the cause of dispute between the Stuarts and the Guelphs?

They both wished for the kingly authority. The Stuarts wished to

hold despotic power, but the aristocracy, and others composing the oligarchy, determined to have the largest share of the power. They therefore called themselves Whigs and patriots, and so forth, and turned out a James Stuart to make way for a William of Orange, which act they christened by the name of a 'Glorious Revolution,' and have referred to it ever since as an apology for never doing any useful thing. Bear in mind always that the Whig revolution was like the revolution of the Barons under King John. As far as regarded the mass of the community, neither revolution was of any importance, save as a type to work by. The Barons and the Whigs were, it is true, alike fond of liberty, but it was only liberty for themselves. They regarded liberty in the light of a loaf of bread, and believed that increasing the number of the sharers, diminished the share of each. In both revolutions alike, the people only changed a single master for a body of masters, and the late Reform Bill has only increased that body in number. However, their power is now merely legal, not moral, and is unavailing for the purposes of mischievous coercion.

But how came the Guelphs here?

After William of Orange, another Stuart, named Anne, succeeded to the throne. Being a nervous woman, the oligarchy ruled as they pleased in her name. When she died they were afraid of losing their power, if an energetic legitimate Stuart were to succeed, wherefore they sent to Hanover and brought over a puppet named George Guelph, a person of strong animal passions and little mind. Him they made King, and have ruled in his name and the names of his descendants ever since, just as the priests of Thibet rule in the name of the human puppet whom they call their Dalai Lama, or god. The oligarchy could scarcely have made a better selection. They had but to supply these men with a sufficient portion of the money they wrung from the people, in order to enable them to gratify their brutish appetites, and they did all their masters' biddings freely.

Would it not be well to get rid of such a family?

In some senses it would, boy, for they are waxing too numerous, but it is of little comparative importance. The business is to get rid of the oligarchy; to do this it is necessary to turn all men's attention to the fact, that until all rulers shall be made *responsible*, good government cannot exist. With responsibility, *actual* responsibility, it matters little what may be the form of government, and the only sure check upon rulers, is the diffusion of moral and political knowledge through the mass of the community. Kings are like other men. When badly trained—and it is impossible they should be well trained—they make bad men. They are to be pitied, boy. They have no chance of happiness, and what excitement they have is of a self-destructing nature.

What beautiful gallery is this?

It is called the Lowther Arcade. Can it be possible that the same man who planned this most commodious and elegant nest of shops, was the contriver of the unsightly lamp-top turrets at the turnings. Even thus it must be, so long as architects fail to dive into the hidden depths of their art, to study its poetry or spirit as well as its externals. At present they seem to stumble on the right by accident.

Lucre must bear the blame. Talent exists now as it ever did, but population presses against the means of subsistence, and the consciousness that they might by possibility starve, causes the sons of art to make gain their primary consideration. Not to build the best specimens of art, but to build the largest masses of masonry, or stucco work, is the desirable consideration. They are paid by a per centage on quantity, and not on quality. But good is on the increase. Look at yon market opposite, called Hungerford. It was formerly a hot-bed of human diseases, where people purchased food, and absorbed poisonous gases gratis. It can now be cleaned. Let us walk on. This is Covent Garden. It is like a butterfly emerged from a chrysalis. It was formerly a dung heap, studded with hovels, and people crowded upon one another, wet or dry, and steamed like a simmering caldron. Three times the amount of business may now be done in the same space under cover. It is a goodly erection, and the motto of its proprietor, the Duke of Bedford, carved in stone beneath his arms, is pregnant with meaning, *Che sara, sara*, What will be, will be. But the 'will be,' most probably will not be precisely what the house of Russel most covets. They are a Whig race, living on their founder's repute, the noted Lord Russel, who, after all that has been alleged respecting him, really died in a Whig quarrel, and not for popular freedom. 'What will be, will be.' The 'will be' henceforth will be in favour of the many, not of the few. The 'will be' bids fair to be after a while with a responsible house of representatives. The must be, or rather the must *not* be, will be left for the house of aristocrats to digest.

What bridge is that, father?

The 'Strand Bridge' was its original name, but it was rechristened 'Waterloo,' after the 'field of blood and mud,' when the 'drowner of men,' and many of his royal colleagues in arms, passed over it for the first time. Verily there must be a new christening some day, of many of our public places. Public morality is influenced by names. We do not say Nero-bridge, or Heliogabalus-street, or Caligula-square, because they call to mind brutal actions, and modern names to which similar qualities are attached produce a mischievous effect. We would fain forget them. That is a noble structure for a matter of private speculation. It is what a bridge should be; but while it proves the excellence of our physical science and skill, it also proves the deficiency of judgment for which our monied capitalists are somewhat remarkable. The proprietors did not build the bridge on the score of its beauty, or as a fine national monument, but as a money-getting speculation, and thus far their funds were wasted. But there it stands, and a magnificent mass of granite it is. We could as easily build a pyramid, ay and three times the size of the large one of Gizeh—large as all the pyramids of Egypt put together—were there any object in doing it. But the days of building without utility are passed away.

What is that ugly gateway built up across the street for?

It is a remnant of fendal barbarism and ought to be cleared away. It serves only to impede the traffic. In former days, when it was the fashion to cut off people's heads, it was the custom to place them on

spikes, on the summit of the chamber above, and call them traitors. Such doings as these it was which taught the revolutionary mobs in France to mangle the bodies of their vanquished rulers. In modern days the gate is made to serve the purpose of some antique city fooleries; it also serves for heralds to knock against, when peace is proclaimed, dressed in laced jackets like chimney sweeps on May-day, and sundry other absurdities. There is a new church erected just beyond the gate on the left. Were St. Dunstan to come to life again, he would take the architect by the nose with his tongs, for spoiling so much good stone. It is as great a nuisance to the eye-sight as the former building was to the roadway.

What crowds of people are in the streets!

This glorious day has brought forth people of all temperaments, those who seek pleasure as well as the animated machines of business. The sun has kindled the fire of humanity. Mark, boy, how numerous are the intellectual faces which pass us. Ay, even in the men of business whose hands are worn in their pockets, as a cheap substitute for gloves, while ten per cent. is written in their countenances, even in many of them may be marked the outward and visible signs that mind is within them, wanting but training to bring it forth. That is a banker's clerk; you may swear to him by his coat close buttoned to guard the sacred pocket-book, and the long strides he takes in order that he may get back by three o'clock. His age seems about nineteen, his salary may be some fifty pounds per annum, and his friends have given security for his honesty, to the amount of five thousand pounds. Mark his keen eye, which glares with impatient disappointment, and fierce hatred of his drudgery. Ere three years elapse he will fall a prey to consumption, engendered by withered hope. God! were thy creatures made to be thus marred? He is one of eight children, and population has pressed against the means of subsistence beneath his father's roof. And it was considered essential to make him a *gentleman*. He is but one of myriads labouring under the same evil, and till people shall become wiser, the evil will go on. Look at those endless rows of shops, which are simply contrivances of competition how five people shall do the work of one, and all get badly paid alike. Mark the shops that look gayer than the others, where women's gear is sold. There are some twenty young men in each, of capable bodies and incapable minds, measuring out trifling webs of various looms. Were the master of one of those shops to make known that he wanted another hand, he would have an hundred applications within the next twenty-four hours; and the poor creatures can do nothing else in the world but measure tapes, and ribbons, and laces, for which they get the wages of domestic servants. And yet they are well-grown men, and had they been properly trained would have made good colonists for Van Diemen's Land, or the Swan River, or the Cape of Good Hope.

The carts and coaches make so much noise I can scarcely hear you speak. They make a noise like the rushing sound of the river ford at the pass of Las Vacas when the water rises above the saddle flaps, and echoes to the mountain masses above and around.

I remember it, boy, as well as the yell of the mule when the torrent

once nearly swept her from her foothold. But look how many beautiful women there are in the streets to-day. It seems to me that handsome women have a peculiar temperament, which is acted on by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, and induces them to go out simultaneously. There are some days, also, when neither love nor money, nor any other inducement which ordinarily acts upon humanity, could find a handsome woman in the streets. There must be something in this perfectly natural, 'if philosophy could find it out.'

What huge church is that, father?

St. Paul has it in his especial keeping, boy. Is it not a monstrous mass? It is old, and a cathedral, and therefore all the world says it is very magnificent; but it would speak no poetry to me, were it not for its size and peculiar colouring of grey, white, and black, which nothing but a London atmosphere can bestow. But this is not the time to see it.

We could not have a finer day.

It is not a day we need, but a night, or rather a morning, and more especially now there are no watchmen to vex the ears—nothing but a dark blue police, silent and slinking into corners, like the 'uncooked lobsters' to which they have been compared. When every shop is closed, and the streets are in silence and solitude, when the unearthly looking gas burns brightly as the flames to which Christians have too often condemned each other, and the bright moon is sailing—an uncommon thing in England—over the clear blue vault, and yonder huge clock strikes the solitary hour of one, then is the time to fold the arms and survey that enormous pile. The city is then not of the living but of the dead, and the statue of Anne Stuart seems to glare out of the last century, and call to mind things long passed away. Her egg-looking face with the lobster eyes and vile nose projected on it, in unsightly relief, seems trying at indignation, but cannot get beyond the aspect of a scold. Strange is it that five generations of kings should have filled her place in turn, after such a sample. But it would almost seem as though our ancestors had been prophetic, when they erected the 'Royal Exchange.' The niches of the line of kings are nearly filled.

Can we not go into the church, father?

Yes, boy, by the payment of sundry twopences each.

Then what do the people do who have no twopences?

Go without, boy. We are, as the Frenchman said, 'a commercial nation, and turn every thing to profit.' Nay, so absurdly bigoted are we on the subject, that we would rather commit injustice, even upon ourselves, than suffer any thing to be given for nothing. That church, for example, was built with the people's money, and is kept in repair by the people's money; huge revenues are assigned to the bloated priests who have it in charge, and notwithstanding they charge fees to such of the people as wish to look at its interior—more marvellous still, the people unrepiningly pay them. But the matter is working its own cure, by the aid of the greatest champion of religious reform which has appeared in modern times.

Who is that, father?

A thing called tithes, boy. When population is unduly thickened,

people get peculiarly sensitive as to the payment of imposts, and just at this time the clergy have revived claims long laid in abeyance, exacting the tithe of poor men's labour, who by their utmost exertions can scarce keep body and soul together. Cupidity has driven the black priests mad; they call themselves Christians, and forget that Christ expressly said his kingdom was not of this world. They are the buyers and sellers of their flocks, and their flocks will cast them out. We might almost suppose the priests mad, and bent upon setting the hand of every man against them; bent upon setting the labouring people to destroy them like wolves or rats, or other vermin, but Christian charity would rather induce us to believe that their object, as ministers of the gospel, is to set the question of tithes in so full a light, that all its hideous deformity may be at once perceived, and thus secure the prompt abolition of such a swollen mischief. A half-starving man to be robbed of the tithe of his earnings! It is not in human nature to bear this patiently.

Father, who are those boys walking in a long train, in strange looking garments?

They are a portion of a large class called 'charity boys,' a designation which I hope will ere long be known only to antiquarians. They are specimens of the wisdom of our ancestors, which has descended upon our hereditary legislators, who think that the things of this world are not progressive, and therefore that rules may be made which shall last for all time. Look at that hideous garb! It is of the fashion of the day when the original founder first gave his money to establish the school. His short wit could not see that fashions would alter, and he made a set of absurd regulations as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, and the breaking through of which would incur a forfeiture of the property which maintains the school. Look at the garb again. That detestable thing called a coat, unsightly and cramping to the free movements of the body, is made of a material only manufactured for that specific school, and which costs three times the price of numerous better-looking fabrics now in common use. Look at the cap of worsted, a name which would seem to imply that nothing could be worse. It neither serves as a cover nor as a shade, neither to replace the hair which has been shorn to the quick, nor to hide the unseemly want of it, which makes the poor boys look like something between felons and soldiers. And the absurd nether garments, which recall De Foe's satire vividly to us—

'In clouted iron shoes and sheepskin breeches.'

Fancy the poor boys wetted to the skin in this rainy atmosphere, and that yellow sheepskin—previous to greasing—with as great an affinity for moisture as any deliquescent salt, obstinately refusing to cease to resemble uncooked tripe for a whole month. Why even the troopers have been rescued from the misery, and are now clad in a material of warp and woof. Yet a profound respect for the will of a man who died some three hundred years back, still confines a number of poor boys to the garb of mountebanks, and probable ill health. How admirably those coarse and close fitting 'worsted' stockings are adapted to catch the driving shower in their meshes, and convey it to

the huge ill-fitting shoe, thus retaining the foot in a portable bath, though the doctors have an axiom about a 'cool head and warm feet.' There is probably a good reason which might be alleged by the trustees of the charity in behalf of keeping up a strict attention to externals, in compliance with the founder's will; for were they to break through the custom, it might provoke some inquiry into the abuses which have taken place in the disposal of the funds for the end of private profit. Oh! that a *responsible* government would take all corporation and charity funds under a general system of rational management, and remove the degrading badges of charity, which exercise an evil influence upon all those who have unfortunately been doomed to wear them, which influence frequently lasts a whole life.

How so, father?

The brandmark of the slave is upon the child of charity, pressed daily deeper and deeper by the coarse-minded and vulgar of both high and low classes. The iron enters into his soul with the names of derision he is addressed by, and the result is, that he becomes either a crouching menial or a fierce malecontent. The high and ennobling feelings of erect independence, and the humanizing influences of beneficence, are alike unknown to him, save in casual instances. Look around on those boys; many of them are, it is true, helots in mind and body, only capable of thriving under the direction of those who are more skilful than themselves: but there are others whose physical organization is of the most perfect kind, in whom proper training would develope faculties which might make them the benefactors of their species. It is a vile thing that they should be thus wasted, while abundant means exist for producing exceeding happiness to themselves and those around them. And shall this most iniquitous degradation of human beings be suffered to continue? No, no! We will make unto ourselves tongues of flame, and words of fire, to call forth the justice which lies buried in sloth. We will seek to procure for every child of man an equal chance for instruction according to his faculties, whether he be the child of a peer or of a peasant; whether he be a king's son or a mechanic's orphan; we will save the first from inflicting misery, and the last from the necessity of enduring it. Who shall say that in that very line of children there might not be found Lockes, and Miltons, and Bentham's, and Cuviers, and La Places, and Goethes, were they but placed in the same set of circumstances which drew forth the intellects of those benefactors of their species. But let us on, boy! Thou at least hast been saved from the degradation which awaits so many of thy fellows, perchance as capable as thyself.

Sept. 2, 1833.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

To be continued.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER V.

——— What, lingering still?

Upon the ocean's threshold, Sir, I stand;
And gaze across its billows: and beyond,
Where earth confines, and rugged cliffs forbid
His rolling conquest:—to the inner lands
I'm borne by fancy, now—and verdant hills,
And dreary wastes, and yawning gulfs,—
Beauty and richness so commingling there
With frowns of art and nature, dash my thoughts
With fear that holds me pausing ere I fly.

So, then, I was on board a tender: mingled in the destinies of a press-gang-gathered herd. I had bound myself in the chains which fettered and galled, indiscriminately, the worthy and the vile; the reckless and semi-savage, with the prudent and the instructed: for among that collection of imprisoned and miserable beings, there were the instructed; there were the morally pure as well as the wickedly depraved, the hardened in vice and the shrinking from contamination; and nothing but an inborn heroism of resolution, and inflexible spirit, could have escaped untainted after immersion in that foul reservoir; and few things ever showed more strongly the natural preponderance of good in man, than the fact that they could, and did come forth uncontaminated. But was I to be associated with, an ingredient in, such foul admixture? No, no; then I did not dream of this. At first I entertained no dread of the probability of such degradation. Degradation? Could I be degraded? Could I sink lower than I was in my original condition? Was it possible that human beings existed, who were by any circumstance placed in a lower scale of social estimation than myself? I—degraded? I could not be degraded: I was down as low as accident or nature could sink humanity. I had never seen the being compounded of the materials of which God's images are fashioned, whom I could have regarded with other glances than those of deference. Yet here I was at once elevated to a pinnacle of incalculable height above creatures of the same flesh and blood with myself. In all my dreams, I had formed nothing earthly that could parallel the occupants of that dreadful den. But, struck into utter gasping dismay as I was by what I saw, not the remotest supposition, nor shadow of a fear that such men were at any time or in any place to be my companions, crossed my senses. They were of another world—a world to me unapproachable—an impassable gulf lay between us. But time and place did come—over that impassable gulf I was soon thrown—I was not long in learning that I was one of themselves: I was soon taught to expect the horror of companionship with them—if that shuddering contact of body, similarity of pursuits, and equality of conditions, while all the mind and soul are absent, or present only in sickening aversion, can be called companionship. Not yet—not yet was I to know this misery—it was deferred awhile. In the midst of sorrow and destitution, some commiserating spirit has ever addressed its sympathy to my sufferings, and anodyned my dis-

tresses. So now, in the passionate grief and horror which I exhibited, as I fell back from my glance into that dismal den, this sympathy came to my relief. A mulatto man accosted me. 'What's the matter, boy?' I looked a meaning which I had no voice to speak—I glanced toward the grating and leaned my forehead against the mainmast, while I sobbed hysterically; 'Don't be frightened,' said he, 'you are not to go down there;' and the kind-hearted fellow led me away, and showed me and my companion how to descend to our *apartment*—berth he called it. This *was* better than the other place: but, what a lodging!—furnished with a few greasy chests—a tar bucket and two or three other buckets which were used for washing decks—ends of old ropes—and pieces of junk; and a cable, coiled like an enormous boa-constrictor, diffused its tarry perfumes through the gloom and up the hatchway. But I was elastic in thought, as well as in habits—any description of the latter would fit me—will fit me in a few days. I was not long burthened with apprehensions, or twisted with inconveniences as to wants and appliances. There was the excitement of novelty in every thing, and it rushed to my relief. How to dispose of my day's allowance of ship biscuits (a baked coagulum of flint and sawdust) and grog—was an occupation to my inquisitorial faculties; and I was not a little amused by the aptness of my scholarship in taking lessons in the art of cracking biscuits, by laying each in the palm of one hand and hammering it with the opposite elbow; the process of mastication was somewhat slower. But the grog! the sailor's boasted elixir!—pah! how nauseous! Is this the stuff which I have heard so extolled in claptrap sea songs, and flummeryised nautical tales? Though I could not touch it, others had mastered the difficulty—and my grog did not go a begging: there was my hammock to be slung; and a volunteer for my pint, spliced a pair of *grummetts*, and twisted a number of tarred yarns into what he called *netles*, for *clews* to my hammock, and tied it up to the ceiling, *triced it to the battens* was his phrase, and there was my bed, ready *rigged for turning in*. Difficult of access and loathsome as such a bed was at first, I learned, ere long, to prefer it to any I had ever slept in before, or have ever slept in since—and the grog too—how affection grows upon companionship and use! though, indeed, my tenderness for grog never became so great as to prefer it to every other beverage: the nausea soon wore away.

I was among sailors—men whose lives had passed in adventures—who had become familiar in the encounter with perils of storm, battle, and wreck; and, what to me was more promiscuous of delight than all else, they could tell me of those far countries, and climes, and people, and trees, and animals, of which I had read so much—in which I had revelled as I read. But, what a woful disappointment! They either knew nothing of these matters, or deemed them unworthy notice; and when they did allude to some far, far off cape, or bay, or port, they exhibited pictures of them so very unlike any thing which reading had drawn on my mental retina, that I received them as wilful falsehoods, or I regarded them as jests. No, they were giving me the forms of their own impressions; and I afterwards found there was some truth and likelihood in their descriptions, but I had to borrow

their eyes, or their mode of using eyes, to perceive this: and so very childish, so whimsically puerile their descriptions and impressions appeared to me, that I was astonished at their imbecility; but more than all, at their grovelling superstition: they seemed to be in possession of no ideas; not a glimpse of the qualities of rational creatures; not a grain of comprehension or thought beyond the use of the ship's ropes: and their contorted impression of facts—*that* was not a vapour oozing from the dullest ponds of hobgoblinism, for these muddy superstitions had nothing fanciful to recommend them to the ears: they had not even the merit of barrenness of imagination, or crippled invention; they seemed like senseless jargon handed down from father to son, generation after generation, the meaning of which had been lost or forgotten: so excessively stupid were they, but not less firmly believed on that account: the stubborn positiveness of the men actually amazed and bewildered me. I might have uprooted the pillars of Hercules with a needle's point, as easily as I could have removed one of their superstitions. They would not think, they could not think; a putting two ideas together to make a result, seemed to be beyond the reach of their faculties; these men were ship machinery: as senseless furniture—except that they breathed, and ate, and drank, and articulated words—as the running rigging or the belaying pins. I have since been thrown among savages, barbarians, people whom these sailors would have sported with and despised as creatures far beneath them, as puppets for their amusement, or animals for their use, but I have never encountered any men who were so idealess, or knew so little of the use of moral faculties as these. I never knew men whose speech and action exhibited so little glimmering of intellectuality. They had been trained into breathing automata; every thing they said was the dribbling of idiocy; but unlike that, it forbade compassion; a self-satisfaction dwelt with it, in rugged, gnarled, muscular forms and gruff voices; and the only flickering of mind which they seemed to possess, was exhibited in the contempt, hard and rigid, with which they visited my disbelief, the pity or scorn which they lavished on my ignorance. Ignorant, indeed, I was; but these were the men to be held in check by authority, these were the men to glorify the tact of a disciplinarian, these were the men to be driven by petty tyranny, and scourged by pampered insolence. Oh, these were men, the right sort, to be ruled by the 'privileged,'—not the men to be directed by the wise, or persuaded by the generous. But what would become of the navy, if its seamen were instructed to think, or allowed to reason? their daring intrepidity would dwindle in calculations, their reckless bravery would evaporate in foresight and caution. 'Ah! to this it is fast coming,' sighs the reverencer of the good old times, the conservative of exclusive right to reasoning faculties—'I knew how it would be. The nation's honour declined when other than hoop petticoats were once admitted at court, and the wooden walls of old England were doomed to decay and disgrace when that cursed Dalilah, the march of intellect, cut off the sailors' pigtails; we are fast losing our empire of the ocean:—men wont fight, if ever they acquire the knack of asking whom or what for.' Well; now though I do look forward to the time when the trade of war will be as

respectable as shop-lifting or pocket-picking, and not more so, when the profession of mere soldier shall be as honourable as that of street bully, or retail cut-throat; or (if not having a stamp of infamy, exactly) when the jingling of spurs and the clank of scabbards shall herald the approach of a muchacho, and notify to all decent people to put away their fractibles and frangibles, being, in sheer merriment of heart and good humour, disposed to allow him to amuse himself with a few gambols:—when military achievements and military establishments shall be as useful as fires in fields of ripened wheat; when prayers for success in battle shall be as great proof of religious confidence and feeling as was the crucifying of Christ, and a *Te Deum* for victorious slaughter as acceptable praise and grateful homage as buffeting the Creator's face; when 'fight and die for your king, my brave countrymen,' shall be understood to be the text from which knaves have preached to fools, and fools have been cajoled into knaves; when the text itself shall become a dead letter, and the right lineal descendants of kings themselves shall rejoice that it is so; when the festivities which celebrated each victory, and the laudations that hailed each warrior, shall be known as the rivetting and the rattling of new links in the chain which fettered humanity, and put additional strength into the hands of villany to draw them tighter round the enthralled; when a conqueror shall be known as the universal foe; when names and monuments of 'glory' shall be detested as records and symbols of blood, indurated selfishness, and as the food which fattened oppression; when Achilles, in Hyde Park, shall tell a tale that shall be interpreted beyond Apsley House; when our great-grand-children shall discover that the morality of their ancestral teachers was an opiate that put honesty of purpose and sincerity of communion to sleep, and the policy on which they moved was a pig's swimming; and shall wonder that we had no better wisdom than to fire our own barns, and lock-up storehouses in order to spite our neighbours. Yes, though I do look forward to all this, reader, I cannot see that man will abate one jot of his corporeal courage, or lose an atom of his physical daring, by mingling in them the intellectual boldness that leads him to an examination of the plea which calls on him to exercise them, which bids him use his right of scrutiny into the cause, and assert his freedom of refusal or rejection if he find it based on sophistry or bigotry; and especially then when he will guard against the selfishness of a class, which masks its diabolism of will, and greediness of advancement, in the hypocrisy of 'national honour,' or the puffery of 'patriotism.' 'Old England's Glory' has been a pestilential wind, which has desolated thousands of homes, and withered tens of thousands of hearts, even as their voices shouted the cry, to fatten and gorge a few; and the hungry have been told to look on the red and trampled field of slaughter, and banquet on their murdered and mangled brethren, to peruse the records of victory, and grow full upon its fumes. Ay, ay, ye poor and vital-gnawed of England! look on yonder magnificent triumph of art, that bridge which throws its stately grace across your noble, treasure-bearing river, Thames;—it has a name—sound it—does not your heart throb with exultation? Perambulate this great city; it is the abode of Plutus, and his hundred thousand faithful adorers—

but that's a trifle: at every turn your eye encounters splendid streets, terraces, and lines of palaces, that flash the words which call up visions of triumphant battles, and your country's heroes, and your victor chiefs; they speak of gorgeous spoil and booty won, of nations conquered and of thousands slain, of hosts of enemies laid low, of mighty warrior guides who fled before a 'Briton's arm,' of kings who crouched to you and prayed for succour, and you gave it; and they thanked you for it—how?—as you deserved to be thanked; but they have not touched your 'glory.' No, here are its monuments, here are its proofs. this is no dream. Here are the substantialities:—bound along, leap, leap in ecstasy, and cry, 'I too am an Englishman!' You feel not the chilling blast; you do not shiver in the searching mist; the flame of patriotic fire has thrown its glow down to your foot-soles, you are warm, you are cordial by the sparkling lights in crystal lamps and gilded chandeliers; and the cheerful blaze which paints its laugh on damask curtains close and snugly drawn, converting the dulness of quiet comfort's gifts to winking-eyed, voluptuous luxury. You see England's victories on every wall, her laurels at every step, her heroes at every portal. Her glory blazes from a thousand windows—shout again, 'I too am an Englishman!' Then home to the scanty and exhausted ashes that lie on your shiver-giving chimney-hearth—your foodless board; search each dim nook the twentieth time, for a chance morsel—with no hope of finding it—it is a habit you have acquired—for that moaning child; it has not strength to cry. Look, its features are all wan and senseless, except those large glistening eyes: all other faculties of thought are dead; in them is gathered and concentrated a sum of intelligence, which glares out from the protruding balls, '*want—want—want, chill and misery.*' Look around—another, another, and another. '*Well, let him work—an industrious man need not want I am sure.*' Be silent, dolt, leaden-hearted dolt! There are thousands, who at the instant they are most profusely sweating under their toil of to-day, feel suddenly at their marrow the freezing apprehension, that to-morrow industrious search, and eager entreaty, can find no toil to perform; and the earned bread of to-day will be exhausted ere the sun dawn again. '*Then let him go to his parish; we pay enough I think.*' Silence! How you, or any man who talks thus, has the folly to believe himself a christian, it is not in the compass of my thoughts or imagination to conceive. Why you can have the impudence and hypocrisy to call any other man an infidel, is indeed clear. Warm this hearth with the nation's glory. Feed these starving with the honour of old England. Bid these cold and hungry be cheerful and rejoice, for England has won renown, and ocean owns her as its queen—ay—ay: and distant earth has felt the footsteps of her conquering sons upon its bosom. Point east, and west, and south, and tell this man, THERE his country's banner floats; tell him that all the soils by myriads tilled and by nature smiled into spontaneous abundance of life's blessings, shall pour those blessings into England at her beck: hear his exulting reply,—'*I am cut to the marrow by this sharp wind and sleet, and I want bread.*' Then laugh, or scoff, or spurn him, as a low, vulgar, incorrigibly discontented wretch, insensible of patriotism. Or send him a score of

'penny tracts' to comfort him—Pish ! they are not half sufficient to ignite the six ounces and a half of coal which he has borrowed from his neighbour. Send him ten thousand at once: they will weigh a few pounds; there is bread and beef for himself and family for the day, and he will recover part of them in wrappers to his farthing candles and ha'p'orths of cheese. Do this, and you will be doing good, though it is in a queer, roundabout way; and you will have your reward. The affair will swell an item in your next annual report, and your brethren of the committee will compliment your zeal, and you shall be tea'd and gossiped; and all good people will admire you, and all the empire shall be blessed with the joyful news of this spread of comfort, and all the empire shall be taxed with importunities in furtherance of these blessings. Tell the hungry and the naked to be resigned and patient, that those who strip them and starve them may loll undisturbed in lazy luxury.

O, verdant, flowery, and lovely England ! I look upon the soft, and bright, and gladdening decorations which nature has spread over thee with lavish hand. I cast my memory's eye over all else on which I have gazed, over all on which my foot has trodden; and to thy demi-paradise delighted turn again with an increased ardour of affection from the comparison—and while I exclaim, 'Oh beautiful, most beautiful !' I feel as I could cling to each tree, and shrub, and flower, with a lover's fondness, as my bosom swells with admiration, joy, and rapture. But when I look among thy people, all the glorious exultation dries up from my heart, and bitterness succeeds the draught which heaven mingled. I see one third of thy twelve millions have no other use for sense or reason than to study new indulgences, and find fresh sources of life's enjoyment; all the others are toiling to administer those indulgences, and supplying those sources; struggling to endure existence, or battling with misery while life endures.

But, when will the time which I have prophesied arrive? Will it ever arrive? Yes. MAN IS GOOD TILL HE IS TAUGHT TO BE OTHERWISE. Let this good be cherished. I think it will be—it has *not been* cherished. For one who dared to whisper his conjectures ten years ago, there are a hundred now who deeply think and dare speak aloud; in ten years more, that hundred will multiply itself. Mass after mass will be detached from the mountains of *bad*, and on the increasing ratio will bounteously run. Many, who adventure in this cause of truth and benevolence universal, will be shivered in the collision with established notions; already some have recoiled from the shock—others will falter; and over each recoiler and each falterer a shout of triumph will be raised, has been raised, by the worshippers of things as they are, the wiser, worldly jeerers at Utopia. They will exult that the recoilers and falterers are convinced of their error, and have recanted. Each recantation has been in the spirit of Galileo's; 'but it does move nevertheless,' whispered Galileo. The falterers and recoilers have found, that too great a strength was possessed by the wolves of society. Wolves—not figurative wolves—once ranged throughout our island, and were thought to be as difficult of extermination as the moral wolves of to-day. Yet, exterminated they were; though, doubtless, there were many conservative

sportsmen who inveighed against the process and attempt, as an infringement on their privileges and 'vested rights'—'and, moreover,' (this was unanswerable,) 'the national character was jeopardied if the manly English sport of hunting wolves were annihilated; the kingdom would become a prey to any upstart invader who had courage to jump over the Picts' wall, or paddle across the English channel.' Logic equally rational, arguments quite as cogent, and not more so, are nightly spouted forth in our two legislative assemblies in 1833, and are common stock laughter for all nations. Was ever mirth-exciting wit uttered by man equal to that precious gem from the Archbishop of Canterbury? 'Men of birth and attainments would not be lured into the ministration of religion by so paltry a bait as four or five thousand pounds per annum.' Laugh, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Faith, they do laugh! Good as the jest is, we in England cannot laugh at it; the vulture's beak is in our vitals.

At present the wolves are too numerous; they are triple-fanged and long-clawed. Now, we may diminish their numbers without slaughtering one; we may extract their teeth and root out their talons without inflicting on them bodily pain; many will shed them voluntarily. By taking from them the *will*, they may be induced to resign the right and power to tear and mangle. This, however, is the chief difficulty; they have been instructed in a love of the privilege of using their claws and fangs; and it is hard to conquer the appetite for power. I have been told by clever, close, and long-thinking and practical men, that all efforts to improve the moral and social condition of the people at large, high and low, will be useless till a great political improvement and better government be established; but I think the political bettering will and must tread on the heels of the social and moral advancement—that the political bettering cannot advance without that precursor;* or at best it will be an illustration of the snail's pace on the wall, one foot up, and eleven inches and three quarters down, and there are thousands of miles to climb; for every struggle will be made in the eagerness of self-interest only, by one party, in total indifference or wilful injury of another. No expansive and general good will be effected or attempted—all will be the strife of *meum*; while the mass, those who most need the benefit of good government, will be squeezed, ground, and tortured worse than ever. No! reform education—teach the teachers; God knows they are most in want of teaching; reform education in the 'upper classes,' ay, and in the 'middle classes' too; both need this reform much more than the 'lower classes' require political reform. Instruct, enlarge the minds of all; education is now a narrowing of the mind: let the warm currents of *good*, which are fountained in every man's heart, be permitted to flow; not curdled, nor thrown back, by a teaching which makes the precepts of virtue a mockery. Let every one be taught that his best security for happiness is not in a selfishness of defence, nor in a skill in attack. Let him learn that suspicion is a

* In as far as we have advanced, is education the consequence of any political improvement?—No; every petty, the least legislative boon to the people has been extorted, wrung from our governors by the extension of knowledge among the people. *Ergo*, the political bettering is *consequent* on the intellectual advancement.

false watchman, and caution an unnecessary guard. Tear the whole fabric of education, as it is called, into atoms; the particles, then, are easily separated; the good may be retained, the rest be buried and forgotten:—or if it live, let it live to the scorn it merits. I insist on it that the bettering of the condition of mankind can never be effected but by a reform in education. Let this be done, and a vicious government will sicken of its labours, and die of sheer feebleness. As the matter of education now stands, its ethical purport to the wealthy is, ‘acquire and secure power;’ to the poor, ‘comply with the will and authority of the rich;’ and to the latter so much instruction is given as shall further this purport, no more. Exquisite dovetailing of interests! amiable reciprocity of morality and affection! ‘Educate the people to our purposes.’ This is the sole principle which, for ages, has stirred sects and parties to activity in forming the minds of those whom they coveted as disciples. ‘Throw the light around *us*, and leave all else in darkness. Do not let them have a farthing-candle’s worth of glimmer, that shall enable them to grope through the dark avenues, which it is our interest to keep for ever unknown.’ How willingly would they have all in pitchy night, rather than those avenues should be explored! How they have wished, ay, and struggled and railed, to keep all dark! and nothing but the fear that the poor man would strike a light for himself, to scan and scare *themselves*, has ever inclined them to ignite their own lamps. Thank heaven, the misty halo round the flame has made itself visible too; but fools mistake the mist for radiations of the light, and knaves conspire to call it so.

It is time education should have other objects, be promoted on other grounds, productive of different results; for this purpose the system must be changed. Scatter, annihilate those hot-beds in which the precocious love of domination, and selfish right to exclusive power, in the wealthy and high born, are nurtured; and even in childhood taught to burst their buds, and become ranker of growth through foliage, flower, and fruit; and as vicious in the last sear of the leaf, as in the first unfolding of the verdure, for then the shrunken-sinewed and peery-eyed grandpapa wheezes forth his approbation of the tottering infant’s first practical essay in tyranny. Let us no longer slander and disgrace good principles and virtuous-meaning words, by using them as panders to bad passions. Let contention for superiority and sway, no longer be nick-named emulation. Let good-will be taught as the only laudable ascendancy, and it will be found easy of acquirement, and delightful in practice. Then shall we see a political regeneration, we shall then have good government, and legislation will be based on justice to all. Then will the words ‘happy, beautiful England,’ become the one outspreading, grand choros of joy—not till then will they cease to sound like the ‘pleasant day, sir,’ of Jack Ketch, when he slips the noose round the neck of a victim. Then should some despot legitimate, hater of the free, arrange his legioned slaves and ruffians for the battle, every heart will throb with sterner courage, and every arm be nerved with tenfold vigour. Authority need not fear the amplest instruction of the governed, if authority be honest. If it be otherwise, let it shake and tremble, and be driven as the smoke before the gale.

And you that have ventured to advance through the mists, and have passed the marsh-fed meteors—you who see, and point to the notice of others, the sloughs into which the ignes fatui have led mankind—who have dared to think for yourselves in behalf of your fellow men—step on with full firm foot; fearless and calmly bold, smile at the scoffs that will hurtle in your ears. Remember that nothing truly great or truly good, no outbursting of mighty genius, no grand flood-light of intelligence, no measure of expansive benevolence, no generous, universal utility, has escaped the scathe of ridicule. Remember that every discovery which has revolutionized science has been opposed by sneers and contempt, and afterwards adopted by the sneerers. Remember the bitterness of disappointed efforts, the mockery of his entreaties, the contumely and scorn which Columbus endured,—yet America holds its ground. Remember that Galileo was persecuted, even to the verge of death,—yet the earth revolves. Remember that every medical man in the nation poured his phial of derision on Harvey,—yet the blood does circulate. Remember that ‘Fulton’s folly’ was the by-word, and the sneer, and the jest, and the pity, of all who watched, and all who gaped in brainless and vacant curiosity,—yet steam-boats and steam-ships do traverse rivers, lakes, and oceans safely. And do not forget that the loudest scoffers have, in all cases, been foremost and greediest in grasping at the pecuniary profits which these martyrs in the cause of human nature placed within the reach of dull insolence and cupidity. Among the greatest gainers by the Erie and Hudson New York Canal, are those who jeered most plentifully at ‘Clinton’s big ditch.’ The greatest of men have withered away existence in labouring for their species. Martyrs? Martyrdom? The noblest spirits have not yet received their apotheosis—the worthiest of martyrs are not canonized. Their glory is now enveloped in obscuring clouds, which futurity shall waft aside, away and away for ever: then shall its vast and purely luminous globe irradiate the universe, and not scorch a single nutritious herb, nor defile the tint of a flower: it shall gladden all men, without dazzling the mentality of one by its splendour. More honourable, more worthy, more divine are such martyrdoms, than any which have been consummated at the stake in stubborn adherence to a mysterious creed. For such were seldom the benefactors of man. They did not love God’s own family of nature. Shift the rod of power into their hands, and these adherents even to burning, would have become the burners.

Will the reader be good enough to pardon, if he have not skipped, this long digression? He will perceive that it was thought growing out of memory, and reflection warming upon thought.

Preparations were made for going to sea. Here was new bustle and fresh excitement, which, for a time, took away the moping dulness that succeeded my astonishment on discovering the quality of my new comrades. There was none of the wailing and sorrowful leave-taking between sea-farers and their friends, of which I had read such very pretty and interesting accounts. To the miserable wretches in the hold, the first indication of a movement was a joy which they acknowledged in a rattling cheer from their dungeon; it promised a termina-

tion to that disgusting portion of their captivity at least: no change could be for the worse to them. I was soon called to assist; ordered to 'clap on the jigger,' i. e. pull upon a tackle which was attached to the cable to take in the 'slack,' as it was hove in by the windlass. This was stirring amusement for a few minutes, but my hands, in a very little time, gave me notice of their dislike to the toil, as they became sore and blistered. No matter; they would soon become callous to such trifles. With nothing more to fear or annoy, I should not repine, though that taught me the difference between hard work and amusement. Oh! how grand the ship did look when her sails were loosed, topsails sheeted home and hoisted, and she moved along at the pilot's word, leaving houses, town, ships, fields, and trees, slipping backward! But to gaze on this, to me so beautiful a vision, was not permitted; every pausing glimpse was broken by an authoritative order to 'lay hold.' I thought trimming sails a most tedious thing, and that it would never be at an end; nor was the order given for coiling down the ropes till we had rounded Black Rock, and were fairly in the Irish Channel, at sea, with the great arch of sky stooping down to the water on one side, and the Cheshire hills, composedly staying at home, on the other, looking at me to tell me how much wiser they were. The short swinging motion of the vessel soon taught me to expect what I wished to experience, till I did feel it; for it was the seasoning; and there was something in being sea-sick which I was ambitious of knowing; but I never made any acquaintance whose company was so irksome and nauseous; it caused a suspension of life, in which actual death would have been welcomed or despised. If any one had offered to toss me overboard, or put a rope round my neck to run me up to the yard-arm, he might have done so without a resisting effort on my part; but, for the first time in my life, the utter absence of sympathy occasioned me no regret, no reproach, no uneasiness. Nor was I at all concerned at the jeering laughs and the coarse jests which my distress called forth, neither during my sea-sickness, nor any other mishaps or inconveniences which attended me here; for there was none with whom I could claim kindred or sociability. I was alone, and they were each of themselves; my miseries were not increased by the thought that none cared for them; that if I complained I should be repulsed; therefore my unhappiness was isolated in the fact that I felt the fact of being so. True, there was the mulatto man,—a stranger to my country and my blood, did enable me to feel the value and beauty of sympathy. Am I here speaking harshly? Am I, after this lapse of years, and my many lessening vicissitudes, venting the splenetic humour of a boyish inveteracy? No, no. I acknowledge, with thankfulness acknowledge, that I had daily met with affection and kindness; but it was dispensed in so unattractive a form, veiled over in so cold a demeanour, and chilled by such prudential accompaniments, that affection itself looked like an exercise of authority, and solicitude wore the aspect of aversion. But all this was right, I suppose: it was meant to train me for the *world*.

But with what a mingled sensation of longing and dread did I look to the probability of the waves rolling 'mountains high,' when a change of wind, accompanied by a gathering of black clouds in the

south-east, announced a 'blow,' as the sailors called it; and after taking in the smaller canvass, and reefing the larger, the ship turned her broad beam to the one side, and dipped her bulwarks in the water on the other, making a steep hill of her flat decks; and as I had not yet found my sea-legs, mocking every attempt I made to stand or move without clinging to ropes or cleats, to catch at which I pitched as courage-gathering intervals permitted. And when the sea was up, how terribly grand it appeared to be! as the green hills rose higher and higher, hills chasing hills, and bounding after each other, in magnificent delight! The whole sea was alive—as one vast spirit that threw its ten thousand huge limbs out and abroad into its cloud-encompassed domain, tossing its mighty arms aloft, and now sweeping its hands along the verge of the horizon, elevating them as if to crush, by a ponderous stroke, the adventurous but feeble intruder on their path, and dropping the upheaved limb for the purpose of lifting her out of the gulf, and over the sparkling, foam-splintered crests, and dashing her down again, to leave her as the sport of each succeeding billow; each in turn sweeping on with destruction in its sinews, and each in turn, as the crushing blow was pending, in the very act of falling, mercifully stooping to lift the trembling victim out of its course; then rolling onwards till it seemed to sink in the slumber of fatigue, and all smoothing their monster gambols into repose as they melted in the distant horizon sky. The first feelings on beholding such a scene are fearful; the gazer gasps in the inevitability of destruction, and wonders at escape; each buoyant uprising of the ship seems to drag him from a depth of death; another, and another, and another green hill, in densely sounding march, comes on, and then looks toppling downwards on him, and ere he can shriek, 'we are lost,' the masts are upwards soaring, as they'd pierce the moon: less and less the danger dims; the ocean music, as it roars, and howls, and screams through the invisible strings of its mighty harp, and wailing faints among the cordage of the bark, becomes a lullaby to terror, and dread is rocked to rest. Thus, by 'the aid of use,' confidence triumphs over fear, and that which lately shook us with alarm, now bids the spirit spring elastic in enjoyment. The leaping hills of waters yield to the fancy, the ship is mistress of their strength as she rides a moment on their arched backs, and laughs as she scatters the foam from their crests, then swings herself down into the deep gorge, and, with the impetus, remounts and laughs again amid the cloud of spray that breaks and flashes forth its million globules of light that radiate around the lady of the billows.

So it was now; so with my feelings I soon learned to look saucily on the sea. A sort of braggart spirit rose in me, as the ship lifted me with her in her overtopping sovereignty of the billows. I fancied myself their master; an impertinence which they retaliated by slapping my face with a cold slice of wave that took away my breath, and drenched me from head to foot, and then rolled on in contempt of my discomfort, not deigning to cast a look back at the effects of their reproof, and heedless, too, of the rough laugh which their malicious sport drew from the sailors. Still I held on to a belaying-pin, ensconced under the lee of the bulwark, and peeping above it to catch occasional

glimpses of the grandeur. Sea-sickness was completely suspended during the gale; it is in the short, wabby sea, and the dull swell, only, that I have ever experienced that prostrator of existence, that killer of the soul, which leaves the body in living death; its remedy is, 'get over it how you *may*,'—how you *can* is out of the reach of science: the only preventive is staying on shore. But with all the pitching, rolling, and rocking of the ship, no sickness had I. We buffeted the storm for six days, in the hope of the wind's veering; but after its high rage had subsided, a steady and still strong southeaster bade defiance to our efforts to double the Long Ship's Light, and I heard them talk of bearing away for Milford Haven. Milford Haven! and joy kindled as my imagination awoke at the sound. That was one of the universe's hallowed spots, the sacred abode of some of Shakspeare's creations,—Imogen, Pisanio, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Posthumus, ay, and that vain, simple, noble, nothing Cloten, too, all started up before my eyes; and as we stood in between the rocky confines of the port, I looked for some place which might have been the cavern home of the exiles, or the hills on which they chased the deer, the spot from which they bade 'hail!' to the sun, or welcomed Fidele; jerking mechanically, meanwhile, at the ropes. There my body was; my mind had flown back two thousand years. Well, well do I remember those sensations—but my fancy's eye could select no spot. We anchored off Huberstone, and I cast a longing look higher up, to the narrowing of the water; for there were rocks mingled with verdant and cultured undulations, and visible access to the distant hills, and vales, and cottages; and for the first time I felt that I was a prisoner. It was a heart-sinking bitterness: but it was not on that my penitence grew, nor on my comfortless lodging; nor was it because I broke stubborn and mouldy biscuits with my elbow, and performed my ablutions with sea water in a bucket, and converted the end of a wrung swab into a napkin; not because I was my own laundress, and washed my shirt without soap, and hung it up in the rigging that the water might evaporate, and leave the salt to scrub my skin; it was not because my hands were blistered by pulling ropes; nor because I was frequently drenched by the waves which broke over the ship; not from a dread of the boatswain's mate's rope's end, or the knotted nine-tailed cat on my bare back, of which I heard such harrowing, and, as I afterwards found, true accounts; not from an apprehension of kicks salved by curses; nor thirst, nor privations, nor storms, nor shipwreck, battles, dangers, nor death, called up a wish to avoid them, or shook me with any fear that made me sorry I had left home. My companion, George, had not passed an hour since our embarkation, without complaints that made my heart sad on his account. I believe his compunction began ere we were twenty miles from home; yet he was more sinewy than I was; my fare and labour had not been so inuring to roughness as his; he was deficient in that which supported me: but at length something did bruise my spirit. It is only by a stretch of comprehension and a little faith, that you will admit the likelihood, reader, that I, so humbly cast, reared in poverty as I was, should shrink from the contact with any human beings, because they were so coarse and ignorant—yet such was the case; I

pondered by day, and lay awake half the night, in reflecting on the degrading communion into which I had thrown myself. I endeavoured to scan the probabilities of the future ; and though a light of hope did occasionally flash, my mind's inquiries always closed with a dread that my lot was cast irrevocably ; if I remained at sea, these, or worse, those wretches in the hold, would be my comrades. I have told you, reader, that I was a day-dreamer ; that is enough to show that I was not without ambition, that I could soar in fancy, if not in reality. I had a notion that I should not pass through life without doing something—that I should burst through obscurity, and humble poverty would not, for ever, be my portion ; but now I could not flap my wings, they were torn from their sockets. But one other circumstance in the whole of my varied life, has goaded me with such moral anguish, as my reflections did when I had been a few days on board that *Tender* : my mind must become a desert, or the whole of its scanty vegetation would be thorns to prick the dull machine of body out of inertness only to be sensible of pain and punishment. I despaired, and wished to die : for the thought of declaring my penitence, and asking pardon at home, and praying for release, did not yet enter my mind ; to that worst of extremities I was not yet driven, or rather I had not acquired the tone of reflection and feeling which could blunt the edge of that pang. Besides, my thoughts were not confined to myself : perhaps the daily increasing distress of my friend somewhat lightened—it did, I am sure, suspend—the full and intense action of my own. He proposed to attempt escape, which I seconded ; but his entreaties did not prevail on me to join him in it. I resolved on remaining almost entirely hopeless as I was.

We both thought that the distance from the ship to the shore rendered escape by swimming any thing but difficult ; the only obstacle was the fear of being caught in the act ; for he and I had frequently crossed and recrossed a sheet of water which seemed to be of little less extent—this was the great mistake : we were unskilled in calculating distances as we looked along the water from an elevation—I learnt this some time after. The supposed four or five hundred yards, was more than a mile and a half—and the tide-set we did not take into account. We whispered our arrangements ; he was to drop into the water a little before daybreak, and I would remain below, seemingly asleep—he came to me—wrung my hand without speaking, and was gone. I lay still for half an hour perhaps ; then, unable to endure the suspense, I went on deck, and looked towards the land, but did not see him, and my heart leaped with joy—he was safe—a cough arrested my attention—I turned, and there stood an old seaman on the forecastle, who glanced at me significantly, and then turned his eyes upon the water, which direction mine followed, and there, not one fourth of the distance from the ship to the shore, I could just perceive a hat, and the action of the arms in the water as they struck out in swimming ; he was buffeting against the influence of the tide, but this I did not then understand—I was dismayed at the little progress he had made. I knew he had been discovered by the seaman, but the old man never mentioned the fact to me, or to any one on board, I believe. He saw it was a victim escaping, and would not betray him.

I continued watching with a feverishness of sense, which was relieved as I marked the gradual diminishing of the object in distance; and descended again to the steerage, but could not rest. After another interval I looked out: not a speck was visible; I was sure that at that moment the solid earth was gladdening his foot, and he was bounding over the verdure. Two or three hours elapsed before he was missed from the ship, and all questions and inquiries resulted in the supposition that he must have fallen overboard during the night, and was drowned. I, of course, affected to believe this, and took my cue accordingly to be as sad and afflicted as I could prevail on myself to appear; but it was a very difficult task to be sorry at all; for I was counting over the number of miles he had progressed, and joyfully anticipating the pleasure of receiving an account of his safe arrival at B—. There was much kindness in the altered manner of the sailors; they subdued their uproariousness, and laid aside their rude jestings, as if they sympathized in my sorrow, but I remember I was not pleased with this. There was a poor old woman too, who had been allowed to come on board for passage round to Plymouth, to see her son in one of the ships of war there. How she annoyed me by her condolences! I really disliked her. My hypocrisy transformed her sincerity of sorrow into a seeming; and the proffered apples and pears, of which she had brought a stock on board in a box, I declined; they were nauseous from her hand. What a metamorphosis was there in my palate, that it should be averse to apples and pears. I felt that her sympathy was undeserved, and shrank from it. Truly this essay at counterfeiting was a most vile employment: but I was more desolate than ever in a day or two, and after much painful pro and con I sat down to write an imploring letter to my father; but to the chief source of my penitence I did not once allude. I imagined he would ridicule my idea of degradation from the society into which I was thrown; that he would laugh at any fear of disgraceful companionship. I am better informed now, and I do most heartily rejoice that I omitted the only arguments which were likely to prevail with him. I consider it one of the most fortunate events of my life, that my father paid no attention to my letter; he never replied to it, perhaps he did not receive it. I have some consolation in hoping it never came to hand, for I am sure, although I should have escaped much of other kinds of misery, if I had been released from that particular one, I should have lost most of the happiness which I have experienced, and have acquired hope and capacity still to feel. I rejoice that I was not released from that captivity. How much the mind and disposition of youth are bent and swayed by trifles, may be as strongly illustrated by my history, as by that of any other living man, perhaps. It is because mine were so influenced, that I think it advisable to relate trifling circumstances, which, isolatedly taken, must be regarded by the reader as very insipid (or *rapid*—is that the phrase?) While the ship was yet lying at anchor, I amused myself by climbing the rigging, and making my way into the tops, and soon growing superior to the road through ‘lubber’s hole,’ I mastered the ‘futtock’ shrouds: in doing so one day, a book, containing scribbled thoughts and memoranda, dropped from my bosom, and fell on the forecastle. The lieutenant, who was then walking the

quarter-deck, seeing the accident, called out, 'Bring that book here!' I stood in the top shivering with fear, while he examined the leaves, read, and then walked over to a gentleman on the other side, to whom he showed it; as they spoke, both occasionally cast their regards up to my perch; then the authoritative, and, as I thought, angry voice of the lieutenant hailed me with 'Come down, youngster.' As I descended I scanned the matter of the writing in my memory, supposing he had discovered something offensive, and anticipated a taste of man-of-war discipline. 'Is this your writing, youngster?' he asked, as I stood pale before him. 'Yes, sir.' Some undertoned talk then passed between the two gentlemen, as they moved away a few steps—then the lieutenant, turning quickly round, exclaimed, 'What the —— do you do here?' I stammered out something in reply. 'Have you any friends?' said the gentleman: by friends I understood relatives, and readily answered 'Yes, sir.' 'A father?' 'Yes.' 'Who is he?' I told him. 'Can he or they assist you?' I did not know the meaning of this 'assist,' and replied 'I do not know.' 'Your name is not ——?' 'No, sir.' 'This is your proper name?' said my querist, pointing to 'Peregrine Verjuice' on the page. I shook all over as I faltered out 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I shall want you, by and by; and, hark ye, mind what you are about—don't take a fancy to grog, d'ye hear? and you won't remain long as you are. You may go now—here is your book: scramble up to the foretop again, if you like.' Now, reader, do but fancy a wretch whose terror has left him only a fraction of life, as he stands shivering on the new drop, and the word 'pardon' rings in his ear at the moment the rope is round his neck—do fancy this, paint it all in imagination, and gaze at it with your mind's eye, and you, belike, may understand my condition. And I repented having written to my father. The same day I was set to write up the lieutenant's arrears of log, and to do other matters of penmanship; and the hard-visaged sailors were glad of it; for they said 'such a *skillogolee* fellow was not fit to man-handle the signal halliards.'

No intelligence of George—and eleven days had elapsed since his escape: a boat came along side, bringing a note to the lieutenant; and a whispering between the people on board and the men in the boat, accompanied by glances towards me, somewhat alarmed me, but I had not the least suspicion of the cause of their so glancing; the lieutenant went on shore immediately, he was required to give his evidence at a coroner's inquest. My friend's body, mangled by fishes, had that morning been found clinging with one arm round a brig's cable, and drawn up as she was heaving anchor; a weight of copper pence in his coat-skirt pocket—a few shillings and his watch in his trowsers—his not having even taken off his coat, together with the distance between the ship and shore, precluded the possibility of the design to attempt escape; a verdict was given accordingly. There was no need of affectation now: I had as much difficulty in enduring my grief as I formerly had in pretending it, and all the kindly nature of that good old mother poured upon me a consciousness of its beauty and worth. Her tears of sympathy and her tones of consolation were now true blessings: and, reader, I took to liking apples and pears again.

Next day the wind chopped round to the northward, and the ship put to sea.

TOKENS.

‘Nevertheless He left not himself without witness in that He did good.’ ACTS xiv. 17.

Thou leav’st not man, the creature of thy hands,
 O God! without a witness of thy love—
 Without appeals and powers to loose the bands
 Of doubt and dread—around him and above—
 Yea, thou hast spread bright lures throughout all lands
 To draw him to Thee—to recall the dove
 Of peace into her ark—the human breast
 Toss’d on the stormy sea—afar from rest.

Thy word is full of promise, and thy fair
 And wondrous works are eloquent no less
 With all that gladdens and forbids despair;
 The light of hope is in their loveliness!
 The clouds soft-sailing through the azure air,
 The fields and forests in their emerald dress,
 The crystal rivers, and the silvery sea,
 All ask the faithless to confide in Thee.

The midnight skies—oh! what a splendid page
 Of love do these to mortal sight unfold—
 That silent deep, the same from age to age,
 All studded o’er with isles of glistening gold—
 The eyes of heaven! ne’er kindled into rage,
 But ever shining, calm, and chastely-cold,
 Undamp’d by sorrow, and undimm’d by years;
 Oh! who can gaze *all* hopeless on the spheres?

But lesser things beneath the solemn skies
 Are equal tokens of thy tender care;
 Objects of beauty that detain the eyes,
 Tones on the gale, and odours in the air,
 Sweet flowers that scatter their unnumber’d dyes
 From cup and bell—and buds and blossoms rare,
 The voice of cattle, and the songs of birds,
 And all glad things that praise Thee without words!

The blade of grass, the leaf, the moss, the weed,
 All show thy goodness!—there is nought so small
 But man therein thy love may plainly read:
 The unfelt dews reveal it as they fall,
 The tiny insects tell it as they lead
 Their airy revels, wavering, one and all,
 In the long sunshine, when the vesper hour
 Pervades the spirit with a hallowing power.

Nor do sad-seeming things thy love belie,
 The howling winds, the sable-coiling cloud,
 The death-fraught fires in forkèd streams that fly,
 The pealing thunder that appals the proud.
 Nor the cold sorrow of the wintry sky,
 Nor earth pale-folded in her snowy shroud,
 Nor rivers stagnant in their icy sleep,
 Nor all the living fury of the deep—

Nor blighted flower or bloom, nor mildew'd grain,
 Nor faded leaves, nor leafless branches sere,
 Nor hoary trunks unhelp'd by sun and rain,
 Nor noxious vapours lowering damp and drear—
 Nor harvests withering on the sultry plain,
 Nor dismal shades that blast the spirit's cheer—
 None, none of these thy gracious will gainsay,
 For good endures, when ill hath pass'd away.

But most in Man thy goodness is confess'd—
 He is thy mercy's noblest monument!
 The pure affections of the human breast,
 Its love untiring, and its zeal unspent,
 Its truth when tried, its patience when oppress'd,
 Its grateful fervours and its calm content,
 All these, when seen, thy bounteous Nature praise,
 And show its beauty by reflected rays.

E'en as the moon by her mild lustre shows
 The brighter glory of the orb whence she
 Imbibes her light, so each faint flame that glows
 In human souls reveals itself from Thee!
 In every loving heart thou dost disclose
 Of thy perfections an epitome!
 And man below attains his duty's height,
 When he is ever drinking-in thy light!

Nor less in the endowments of his mind
 Thy goodness shines—the judgment cool and wise,
 The subtle reason, and the wit refin'd,
 The lightning-fancy that all bounds defies,
 The taste by whose fine feeling are combin'd
 Beautiful forms, that fascinate the eyes
 And heart—these beamings from thy mind sublime
 Proclaim thy love, and make despair a crime.

But more than all, thy blessed Providence
 Is yet attested by the law deep-writ
 Within his heart,—the priceless moral sense,
 The bright pole-star of piety, that's lit
 From thine own spirit's purest light intense!
 He ever finds smooth seas who steers by it!
 Who heeds it not, on stormy waves doth roll
 Forlorn—without the 'anchor of the soul!'

Yet spite of all these revelations free
 Of thy rich love, the shadow of despair
 Ofttimes falls cold on poor humanity!
 'Father of lights!' enlighten me, and tear
 Aside the veil betwixt my heart and Thee.
 Bid me find hope in all I view of fair,
 Of bright and glad. Be aye the season brief
 Of base distrust.—'Help thou mine unbelief!'

T. N.

JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, OF WHEEDLE-HALL.

MR. JOHN BULL is very self-complimentary on his character for straightforwardness. Are you a stranger to him, reader? If you have lived only with *him*, and heard only *his* account of himself, you are, indeed. If, however, you have looked much among other people, you may have been tempted into a little thinking; (though this does not always follow—I have known many of his family who returned as *unprejudiced* as they set out on the journey;) you may have compared him with others. However the case stands, I caution you, if you have any trade with this straightforward gentleman, do not venture at him straightforwardly; if you do, you will pitch upon his horns; or, take my word for it, (if you have not tried the experiment,) he will slip aside—and 'rattle' and 'crack' your scone cries out against the wall, to which he delegates the office of receiving and welcoming you. 'He likes a man to be straightforward; he hates all circumvention and all circumlocution; he is mathematician enough to know that the shortest road between two points is in a straight line.' This is part of that system of morality, the *words* of which he has been *told*: the matter taught is different. You must tell him you know he does, and is, &c., or you can never prevail with him. 'Tickle him, dose him, stuff him with flummery, oil him, grease him, give him his pap with a ladle, daub him with honey and treacle; but, oh! carefully and diligently eschew all mustard and cayenne in your administered mixtures. How he will bellow, and roar, and butt, if you offer them to him! Though these are ingredients he cannot abide himself, he is bounteous in his dispensation of them,—really so; and is thrown into ecstasies when he sees them bite, excoriate, and exacerbate his friends and neighbours. Do not forget this; you can try it on emergency; it will be your point of refuge when all things else fail; a *dernier ressort*, in which you will be certain to meet safety, and Mr. John Bull's most liberal patronage. But other matter for *him*: though your gorge may rise, yet persevere; you cannot satiate, you cannot cloy him. Go on, I say, and you will be the victor, he your dupe. As sure as you are born you will be impaled if you attack

him in any other way; or if once, after you begin to dose him, you grow ashamed or sick of the work and draw off, expect to die in a ditch; for all his first impressions are the offsprings, the shootings, the twitchings of his habitual suspicion. I was about to call it his natural suspicion, but it is not that. It is true, he imbibes it so early that you may trace it as far back as his first draught of mother's milk; it is irresistible; mechanical to him as a spoon to his soup. All first advances, he eyes with a knowing, suspecting, detecting glance. A clever fellow is Mr. John Bull! 'He is not going to be taken in!' not he! Never mind that, but on—on—on, I say, and he will soon close both his eyes, as a cat does when you tickle him under the ear; then it is that Mr. John Bull thinks his vision most perfect, most clear, and you may plunge your hands each into a pocket of his breeches; *then* be sure you call him generous Briton or Englishman, for 'he detests flattery,' he *says*, (which is a bit of the system,) or woe betide you for 'an ungrateful vagabond,' &c.

O glorious and renowned Mr. John Bull! Look! yonder stands his castle, entrenched by a ditch of caution, fifty feet wide and sixty deep, triply circumvallated by suspicion, bastioned by mistrust, barriered by stamp-receipts, portcullised by a certificate, drawbridged by a document. Casements barred and closed—loop-holes spiked—crenelles, every inch of them, cheveux-de-frized. There is the gate—there is the drawbridge—up—and a road here directly leading to them. Blow the horn—ring the bell—knock, knock, knock at the outer barrier. All in vain! He is not to be seen. Ha! there he is! peeping through a loop-hole: again—higher up—shaking his sapient noddle at the crenelles. 'This house is *mine*.' Hear you his absolute *mine*? It is exploded with a *pluff*, as if a barrel of soap-suds had blown out the bung. 'Every brick in these walls, which you are staring at, is *mine*.' (Mrs. and the young ones use the plural, but Master scorns all cases except the possessive singular.) 'Gate, doors, windows, chimneys, here are mine. The mud in that ditch is mine; every bubble that spirts up on it belongs to me: they are my bubbles, sir! That is my road which you are on.' The sky over head is his, but he does not say so: he fears you would laugh at him: (another bit of the system:) nettles, weeds, and cobwebs are all his. The vermin in the garret, the mice in the pantry, and the rats in the barn, are *not* his; he absolves them from all allegiance; else they belong to his neighbour, who sends them here to sponge on his good-nature and plenty. 'How do you do, sir?' 'Bow! wow! wow!' 'You are quite well, I hope, Mr. John Bull.' He hears you not; he is gone to unchain and unmuzzle the mastiffs. You cannot find entrance that way; but do not despair; look round; reconnoitre the fortress. Ha! there you see a vulnerable crown-work; that is BASTION GULLIBLE: fire away! again!

again! there, you batter in breach; he welcomes the assault; he capitulates; down drawbridge! up portcullis! 'Knaves, make haste; do not keep a gentleman waiting at *my* gates.' He greets you heartily; 'Welcome, sir; welcome to Wheedle Castle.' (I have translated the name of the place with a view to your better understanding it; it *goes* by a different appellation.) Take me as your invisible Mentor, be you Telemachus, reader, through the mansion and grounds which he obligingly shows to you. From wine-bins in the cellar to lumber in the attics, from porch at entrance to the dunghill behind the stables, the hospitable, courteous, free-hearted fellow escorts you, communicative, descriptive, and explanatory in all. Up to the turret-leads with him you go. There is a glorious prospect! every way, far and near, all around,—rich, verdant, various, beautiful! 'My land extends about half a mile over the hill; you see the hill yonder?' 'Yes, I see it; with a carpet of eye-gladdening verdure, surrounded on three sides by a crisp and clumpy copse halfway down it, and at its foot a liquid ribbon sparkling, fluttering, and waving: beautiful! Nature! here, indeed, thou art lovely. I bow to her in worship, sir.' 'Mad as a March hare,' stares Mr. John Bull; but he is silent, and becomes semi-sulky. Hark ye, Telemachus, you will be swamped to a certainty; that is not the kind of talk you are to hold to Mr. John Bull; you must admire and envy the *owner* of the beauty, for all his sense of it is in *possession*: it is *his*. So let it be thus: 'Ah, sir, you have a noble estate, a magnificent one, in high cultivation; does you honour, sir; honour to your taste, and skill, and agricultural knowledge.' 'I am glad you like it.' Mended, Telemachus; but not exactly the thing yet. Remember, it is the *ownership* which makes the cockles of his heart 'to leap.' 'And there, just turning the eastward of that plantation, is a most charming and inviting spot; fertility embraced by seclusion; there, the willow, and ash, and shrubs, bending to gaze at their own beauty in the mirror that flashes below them. I am sure you are often tempted to sit there, with a book or a'—'That, sir, is not mine.' Blank again! Get back into the house. He has something else to show you: no hope of you here.

'You have not seen my pictures—and my sculptures: here they are, sir.' A *coup d'œil* from the collection at once enchains your faculties before you examine more closely and in detail. 'Admirable effect, excellent judgment in the arrangement, sir.' 'Yes; I paid a man five guineas a-day while he was doing it, and all his expenses.' 'What! doing all his expenses? Oh, I understand.' That was a slip, Telemachus; he half suspected you. 'Money well expended, Mr. John Bull. That is a Correggio. Beautiful! divine emanation of genius!' 'Fine picture, is it not, sir?' 'Indeed it is, Mr. John Bull. Exquisite. Correggio! And that statue, too. Canova has waved the marble over with lights and

shadows of spiritual beings, and breathing existence. Correggio and Canova, side by side, brothers in immortality.' 'The fellow is cracked!' again *stares* Mr. John Bull. Pish! you simpleton, Telemachus; what cares he for Correggio or Canova? You should say, 'They have cost you a great sum.' He loves to be elicited on these matters: or, 'You are a fortunate man to possess these treasures.' 'Why, yes,' says he, 'I love to patronize' (that is his phrase) 'the arts, as every gentleman ought whose fortune will enable him to afford to do so.' Ha, right, right now, Telemachus; you may elaborate safely; you have struck the right chord; his drowsy soul awakened at the sound. It is *he* who must be the object of your admiration; *he*, the possessor; *he*, the owner of those pictures and sculptures. Correggio and Canova be d—d! What were they but two onion-munching, saffron, bilious-faced Italians! he can buy them both. Now proceed onwards through that door; within the recess is another—baized, brass-nailed, gilt-leathered, and noiseless; no creaking, no jar; it turns in deferential silence on its hinges. It is the portal to the sacred precincts of the library. Enter. How calm is every thing here! how mildly subdued the light! Imagination, wisdom, knowledge, thought, inspiration, beautiful intelligence in repose; and all is in pin-breadth order; nothing displaced, nothing disturbed; the position of that portfolio—the inkstand—central and rectangular, measured to their place with the accuracy of compass and rule. Your eyes rest upon the marshalled volumes—an army of spirits—and how splendid their backs and bindings! plethoric in *tooling* and *gilding*, (as the binders call it;) gay as the gingerbread in a booth at Greenwich fair: do but examine the richness of the carving of those shelves, the pilaster divisions, &c. They are all *his*, all Mr. John Bull's, who is standing beside you. 'I am the proprietor of all at which you are gazing with so much admiration,' is in his thought. Approach nearer; bring your optics within reading distance of the *lettering* of the tomes; run up and down and laterally—all favourite, fashionable, well-known, well-bepuffed, and all 'standard' works. Some, too, you may see, on which enthusiasm may exhaust its essence in laudation, and yet wish for power to speak the sum of half that is due and deserved. Is Shelley there? No. Is—or—or—or? No—no—no; not one whom the system excludes. Shakspeare? Ay, ay; he would not be English were Shakspeare not in his library. A thought flashes; you would refer to Shakspeare for it. Look, there is the volume. You advance your hand; it is upon it; not quite. 'Hah!' from Mr. John Bull, checks you; he sees your hand is ungloved: such is his reverence for Shakspeare, you think, perhaps; but he is touched with remorse a little, and permits you to draw it from the ranks, first casting a glance at your fingers in question of their need of ablution. You open the tome; the leaves adhere to each other; as fresh and as free from touch is

every page as at the hour the book was taken from under the binder's press. What should you say? What but, 'Mr. John Bull, you have the most elegant copy of the divine bard I ever saw.' Telemachus, your fortune is made; he will give a hundred, ay, a thousand dinners on the strength of your so saying: no man in the world like *him*; so hold to that, if you can; but no, you burst out again with some absurd stuff, some silly enthusiasm on 'the greatest man that ever lived to bless men with fellowship; the unapproachable, yet free; the vast, the magnificent spirit,' (Mr. John Bull, if perchance he has picked up antiquarianism enough, thinks of the butcher's shop at Stratford-on-Avon, and turns aside to smile,) and 'nature's most playful, simple, sinless child.' A bell: dinner waits. Your host respectfully bows, begs you will precede him; your last observations have battered him into the most dignified politeness; he is now the very pink of courtesy, for you are such an ass. Pass through the hall toward the dining-room; he begs your pardon for an instant while he retires; can you guess for what purpose? No, not you. Innocent creature! you have no curiosity that way. Guess: you cannot. Hear it from me: he goes to countermand the order which, in your hearing, he gave an hour ago to the butler to bring up 'some of the old 1805:' it is his supernaculum. Your last burst has undone you. You are not a guest to his liking, so an humbler vintage will do for you, and he to-day will do a violence on his own palate, a most heroical self-sacrifice. See what affliction you have brought upon yourself! what loss you sustain by neglecting my counsel. However, mend your play, and you may recover the lost trick.

His table reeks abundance: I hate enumeration of these things, I care little for their presence. I do not run from them, but I will not seek them—scarcely credible, you say, because you do not know me sufficiently. The best dinner that ever displayed the skill of the cuisinier, would not allure me to a walk across the street for it, if the cravings of hunger could be appeased by a readier access to food; even a roasted potatoe I prefer to many dinners, because I am, at these, expected to partake of entremets and sauces which I somewhat nauseate; yet do not imagine I am so much of a philosopher as to hate 'good living;' but it must *come to me*. Hold! I am talking while you are eating. 'Now, sir, do you know you are eating a piece of one of those very oxen that were passing when the mob pelted his majesty's carriage at Brentford?' Oh noble beef—oh worshipful bullock! you drop your tools in astonishment, check your mastication's speed, let your jaws civilly distend, stare with both your eyes on the wondrous roast, draw a huge breath to inflate your lungs sufficiently, then explode with 'Ha! indeed!' or you are a ruined man: 'tis done, a glass of wine in honour of the bullock's memory; now eat away again. 'A slice of that ham with your turkey, I can recommend it; you

have read Johnny Gilpin?' 'I have, Mr. Bull.' 'Well that ham is from a pig bred from the one his horse ran over at Ed-monton'—'Hah?' 'Yes, sir, my grandfather bought the whole farrow, sow and all; and they and their children have been in our family ever since.' Oh, sacred pork! oh John-Bull-honoured pig! 'Well, Mr. John Bull, you have laid me under eternal obligations—this is kindness, sir.' 'Sir, I am glad you like it.' 'Nothing, Mr. John Bull, can exhibit *your*,' (I have emphasized the *your*, be you very gentle in doing it)—'nothing can exhibit your taste and judgment more decidedly; I am sure I am fortunate, rendered happy by this day. Pray, sir, if I dared tax your liberality to such a degree, may I—you could not, could you, sir?'—'What?' he responds—'anything that is in my power,'—you see he melts. 'I shall be happy to oblige such a gentleman as you always, sir.' 'Why, sir, you are very kind; may I venture to ask, can you permit me to carry from your hospitable mansion some token, some memento of the owner's liberality and taste? It may be I am asking too much, but pardon the desires which yourself have created. Can you spare me a few of the bristles from that pig, if they are not all gone, and a paring from the horn or hoof of that ox?' 'Certainly, I shall have very great pleasure, but we'll have our dessert and wine first: you may rely on me; and, Wilkins,' (aloud,) 'where is the old 1805, that I ordered you to bring up? come, let us have it.' 'Yes, sir, yes,' says Wilkins, and exit. There—well done, well done: keep it up thus, and the best in the house, garden, or cellar is at your command; the first peach, strawberry, or pine from the hot-house that season, is gathered for your welcome; he entreats, he presses all on you, becomes joyous, free, hearty, communicative, the bristles and hoof-paring have vanquished his *dignity*. Then comes the lively interchange of thought. He withholds nothing; now will he show you his secret, most mysterious and sacred treasures. There is one in that or-molu and rose-wood cabinet which he, speechless, unlocks; from it he draws a small case, it is something exquisitely precious—open—so: within it, bandaged and rebandaged, folded and refolded is the *precious*—he lays it under your dilated eyes. Now, sir, what do you think of that? 'Why, you think it is a bit of dried mud, or particles of sand and earth mingled. After a pause of minute inspection, 'I cannot guess, Mr. Bull.' 'Well, sir, I will tell you: that is a bit of the identical spot of ground on which Dennis Collins planted his wooden leg, when he threw a stone at his Majesty, at Ascot races!' 'No—o—o—o!' you exclaim, 'can it be possible?' 'True, sir, the very same, sir, I gave the constable that captured him three guineas for it; and here is a certificate of the truth, sworn to, on oath, sir, in the presence of two of my brother magistrates!' 'Oh, for one single grain of that sacred sand! Mr. John Bull, you, indeed, *are* a man—if—how I envy you the possession of that precious trea-

sure!'—'You shall have a grain, two grains, sir, to put you in mind of Wheedle-hall occasionally.' Here you become the most social of friends, the happiest convivialists that ever hob-and-nobbed together. So you go on smiling at each other, delighted with each other's agreeable companionship, and he blesses you by putting into your hands the objects of your desires—the last and holiest pledge of his respect for you, viz : six bristles of that pig, an inch of hoof-paring of that ox, and two grains of that sand : and you bid 'good night.' He is alone—look at him, as he now sticks his thumbs into his breeches becketts, now uniting them in repose behind : look at him, I say, as he stumps up and down the room ; he moves as no other man on earth moves ; his head, neck, shoulders, arms, chest, trunk, are labourers to his legs ; the upper part of him is employed in carrying the lower from place to place : they are not at all reciprocants. Well, there he is, repeating to himself, 'What a —— generous, gentlemanly, hospitable, and wealthy man that fellow must think me !'

Exceptions do not make rules.

P. V.

THE TWO KINDS OF POETRY.

Nascitur poëta is a maxim of classical antiquity, which has passed to these latter days with less questioning than most of the doctrines of that early age. When it originated, the human faculties were occupied, fortunately for posterity, less in examining how the works of genius are created, than in creating them : and the adage, probably, had no higher source than the tendency, common among mankind, to consider all power which is not visibly the effect of practice, all skill which is not capable of being reduced to mechanical rules, as the result of a peculiar gift. Yet this aphorism, born in the infancy of psychology, will perhaps be found, now when that science is in its adolescence, to be as true as an epigram ever is, that is, to contain some truth : truth, however, which has been so compressed and bent out of shape, in order to tie it up into so small a knot of only two words, that it requires an almost infinite amount of unrolling and laying straight, before it will resume its just proportions.

We are not now intending to remark upon the grosser misapplications of this ancient maxim, which have engendered so many races of poetasters. The days are gone by, when every raw youth whose borrowed phantasies have set themselves to a borrowed tune, mistaking as Coleridge says an ardent desire of poetic reputation for poetic genius, while unable to disguise from himself that he had taken no means whereby he might *become* a poet, could fancy himself a born one. Those who would reap without sowing, and gain the victory without fighting the battle, are ambitious now of another sort of distinction, and are born

novelists, or public speakers, not poets. And the wiser thinkers begin to understand and acknowledge that poetic excellence is subject to the same necessary conditions with any other mental endowment; and that to no one of the spiritual benefactors of mankind is a higher or a more assiduous intellectual culture needful than to the poet. It is true, he possesses this advantage over others who use the 'instrument of words,' that of the truths which he utters, a larger proportion are derived from personal consciousness, and a smaller from philosophic investigation. But the power itself of discriminating between what really is consciousness, and what is only a process of inference completed in a single instant; and the capacity of distinguishing whether that of which the mind is conscious, be an eternal truth, or but a dream—are among the last results of the most matured and perfected intellect. Not to mention that the poet, no more than any other person who writes, confines himself altogether to intuitive truths, nor has any means of communicating even these, but by words, every one of which derives all its power of conveying a meaning, from a whole host of acquired notions, and facts learnt by study and experience.

Nevertheless, it seems undeniable in point of fact, and consistent with the principles of a sound metaphysics, that there are poetic *natures*. There is a mental and physical constitution or temperament, peculiarly fitted for poetry. This temperament will not of itself make a poet, no more than the soil will the fruit; and as good fruit may be raised by culture from indifferent soils, so may good poetry from naturally unpoetical minds. But the poetry of one, who is a poet by nature, will be clearly and broadly distinguishable from the poetry of mere culture. It may not be truer; it may not be more useful; but it will be different: fewer will appreciate it, even though many should affect to do so; but in those few it will find a keener sympathy, and will yield them a deeper enjoyment.

One may write genuine poetry, and not be a poet; for whosoever writes out truly any one human feeling, writes poetry. All persons, even the most unimaginative, in moments of strong emotion, speak poetry; and hence the drama is poetry, which else were always prose, except when a poet is one of the characters. What is poetry, but the thoughts and words in which emotion spontaneously embodies itself? As there are few who are not, at least for *some* moments and in *some* situations, capable of *some* strong feeling, poetry is natural to most persons at some period of their lives. And any one whose feelings are genuine, though but of the average strength,—if he be not diverted by uncongenial thoughts or occupations from the indulgence of them, and if he acquire by culture, as all persons may, the faculty of delineating them correctly,—has it in his power to be a poet, so far as a life passed in writing unquestionable poetry may be considered to con-

fer that title. But *ought* it to do so? yes, perhaps, in the table of contents of a collection of 'British Poets.' But 'poet' is the name also of a variety of *man*, not solely of the author of a particular variety of *book*: now, to have written whole volumes of real poetry is possible to almost all kinds of characters, and implies no greater peculiarity of mental construction, than to be the author of a history, or a novel.

Whom, then, shall we call poets? Those who are so constituted, that emotions are the links of association by which their ideas, both sensuous and spiritual, are connected together. This constitution belongs (within certain limits) to all in whom poetry is a pervading principle. In all others, poetry is something extraneous and superinduced: something out of themselves, foreign to the habitual course of their every-day lives and characters; a quite other world, to which they may make occasional visits, but where they are sojourners, not dwellers, and which, when out of it, or even when in it, they think of, peradventure, but as a phantom-world, a place of *ignes fatui* and spectral illusions. Those only who have the peculiarity of association which we have mentioned, and which is one of the natural consequences of intense sensibility, instead of seeming not themselves when they are uttering poetry, scarcely seem themselves when uttering any thing to which poetry is foreign. Whatever be the thing which they are contemplating, the aspect under which it first and most naturally paints itself to them, is its poetic aspect. The poet of culture sees his object in prose, and describes it in poetry; the poet of nature actually sees it in poetry.

This point is perhaps worth some little illustration; the rather, as metaphysicians (the ultimate arbiters of all philosophical criticism) while they have busied themselves for two thousand years, more or less, about the few *universal* laws of human nature, have strangely neglected the analysis of its *diversities*. Of these, none lie deeper or reach further than the varieties which difference of nature and of education makes in what may be termed the habitual bond of association. In a mind entirely uncultivated, which is also without any strong feelings, objects whether of sense or of intellect arrange themselves in the mere casual order in which they have been seen, heard, or otherwise perceived. Persons of this sort may be said to think chronologically. If they remember a fact, it is by reason of a fortuitous coincidence with some trifling incident or circumstance which took place at the very time. If they have a story to tell, or testimony to deliver in a witness-box, their narrative must follow the exact order in which the events took place: *dodge* them, and the thread of association is broken; they cannot go on. Their associations, to use the language of philosophers, are chiefly of the successive, not the synchronous kind, and whether successive or synchronous, are mostly *casual*.

To the man of science, again, or of business, objects group

themselves according to the artificial classifications which the understanding has voluntarily made for the convenience of thought or of practice. But where any of the impressions are vivid and intense, the associations into which these enter are the ruling ones: it being a well-known law of association, that the stronger a feeling is, the more rapidly and strongly it associates itself with any other object or feeling. Where, therefore, nature has given strong feelings, and education has not created factitious tendencies stronger than the natural ones, the prevailing associations will be those which connect objects and ideas with emotions, and with each other through the intervention of emotions. Thoughts and images will be linked together, according to the similarity of the feelings which cling to them. A thought will introduce a thought by first introducing a feeling which is allied with it. At the centre of each group of thoughts or images will be found a feeling; and the thoughts or images are only there because the feeling was there. All the combinations which the mind puts together, all the pictures which it paints, all the wholes which Imagination constructs out of the materials supplied by Fancy, will be indebted to some dominant *feeling*, not as in other natures to a dominant *thought*, for their unity and consistency of character, for what distinguishes them from incoherencies.

The difference, then, between the poetry of a poet, and the poetry of a cultivated but not naturally poetical mind, is that in the latter, with however bright a halo of feeling the thought may be surrounded and glorified, the thought itself is still the conspicuous object; while the poetry of a poet is Feeling itself, employing Thought only as the medium of its utterance. In the one feeling waits upon thought; in the other, thought upon feeling. The one writer has a distinct aim, common to him with any other didactic author; he desires to convey the thought, and he conveys it clothed in the feelings which it excites in himself, or which he deems most appropriate to it. The other merely pours forth the overflowing of his feelings; and all the thoughts which those feelings suggest are floated promiscuously along the stream.

It may assist in rendering our meaning intelligible, if we illustrate it by a parallel between the two English authors of our own day, who have produced the greatest quantity of true and enduring poetry, Wordsworth and Shelley. Apter instances could not be wished for; the one might be cited as the type, the *exemplar*, of what the poetry of culture may accomplish, the other as perhaps the most striking example ever known of the poetic temperament. How different, accordingly, is the poetry of these two great writers! In Wordsworth, the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought. The thought may be more valuable than the setting, or it may be less valuable, but there can be no question as to which was first in his mind: what he is impressed with, and what he is anxious to impress, is some proposition, more or less

distinctly conceived; some truth, or something which he deems such. He lets the thought dwell in his mind, till it excites, as is the nature of thought, other thoughts, and also such feelings as the measure of his sensibility is adequate to supply. Among these thoughts and feelings, had he chosen a different walk of authorship, (and there are many in which he might equally have excelled,) he would probably have made a different selection of media for enforcing the parent-thought: his habits, however, being those of poetic composition, he selects in preference the strongest feelings, and the thoughts with which most of feeling is naturally or habitually connected. His poetry therefore may be defined to be, his thoughts, coloured by, and impressing themselves by means of, emotions. Such poetry, Wordsworth has occupied a long life in producing. And well and wisely has he so done. Criticisms, no doubt, may be made occasionally both upon the thoughts themselves, and upon the skill he has demonstrated in the choice of his *media*: for, an affair of skill and study, in the most rigorous sense, it evidently was. But he has not laboured in vain: he has exercised, and continues to exercise, a powerful, and mostly a highly beneficial influence over the formation and growth of not a few of the most cultivated and vigorous of the youthful minds of our time, over whose heads poetry of the opposite description would have flown, for want of an original organization, physical and mental, in sympathy with it.

On the other hand, Wordsworth's poetry is never bounding, never ebullient; has little even of the appearance of spontaneity: the well is never so full that it overflows. There is an air of calm deliberateness about all he writes, which is not characteristic of the poetic temperament; his poetry seems one thing, himself another; he seems to be poetical because he wills to be so, not because he cannot help it: did he will to dismiss poetry, he need never again, it might almost seem, have a poetical thought. He never seems *possessed* by a feeling; no emotion seems ever so strong as to have entire sway, for the time being, over the current of his thoughts. He never, even for the space of a few stanzas, appears entirely *given up* to exultation, or grief, or pity, or love, or admiration, or devotion, or even animal spirits. He now and then, though seldom, *attempts* to write as if he were; and never, we think, without leaving an impression of poverty: as the brook which on nearly level ground quite fills its banks, appears but a thread when running rapidly down a precipitous declivity. He has feeling enough to form a decent, graceful, even beautiful, decoration, to a thought which is in itself interesting and moving; but not so much as suffices to stir up the soul by mere sympathy with itself in its simplest manifestation, nor enough to summon up that array of 'thoughts of power,' which in a richly stored mind always attends the call of really intense feeling. It is for this reason, doubtless, that the genius of Wordsworth is

essentially unlyrical. Lyric poetry, as it was the earliest kind, is also, if the view we are now taking of poetry be correct, more eminently and peculiarly poetry than any other: it is the poetry most natural to a really poetic temperament, and least capable of being successfully imitated by one not so endowed by nature. All Wordsworth's attempts in that strain, if we may venture to say so much of a man whom we so exceedingly admire, appear to us cold and spiritless.

Shelley is the very reverse of all this. Where Wordsworth is strong, he is weak; where Wordsworth is weak, he is strong. Culture, that culture by which Wordsworth has reared from his own inward nature the richest harvest ever brought forth by a soil of so little depth, is precisely what was wanting to Shelley: or let us rather say, he had not, at the period of his deplorably early death, reached sufficiently far in that intellectual progression of which he was capable, and which, if it has done so much for far inferior natures, might have made of him the greatest of our poets. For him, intentional mental discipline had done little; the vividness of his emotions and of his sensations had done all. He seldom follows up an idea; it starts into life, summons from the fairy-land of his inexhaustible fancy some three or four bold images, then vanishes, and straight he is off on the wings of some casual association into quite another sphere. He had not yet acquired the consecutiveness of thought necessary for a long poem; his more ambitious compositions too often resemble the scattered fragments of a mirror; colours brilliant as life, single images without end, but no picture. It is only when under the overruling influence of some one state of feeling, either actually experienced, or summoned up in almost the vividness of reality by a fervid imagination, that he writes as a great poet; unity of feeling being to him the harmonizing principle which a central idea is to minds of another class, and supplying the coherency and consistency which would else have been wanting. Thus it is in many of his smaller, and especially his lyrical poems. They are obviously written to exhale, perhaps to relieve, a state of feeling, or of conception of feeling, almost oppressive from its vividness. The thoughts and imagery are suggested by the feeling, and are such as it finds unsought. The state of feeling may be either of soul or of sense, or oftener (might we not say invariably?) of both; for the poetic temperament is usually, perhaps always, accompanied by exquisite senses. The exciting cause may be either an object or an idea. But whatever of sensation enters into the feeling, must not be local, or consciously bodily; it is a state of the whole frame, not of a part only; like the state of sensation produced by a fine climate, or indeed like all strongly pleasurable or painful sensations in an impassioned nature, it pervades the entire nervous system. States of feeling, whether sensuous or spiritual, which thus possess the whole being, are the fountains of that poetry

which we have called the poetry of poets ; and which is little else than the utterance of the thoughts and images that pass across the mind while some permanent state of feeling is occupying it.

To the same original fineness of organization, Shelley was doubtless indebted for another of his rarest gifts, that exuberance of imagery, which when unrepressed, as in many of his poems it is, amounts even to a vice. The susceptibility of his nervous system, which made his emotions intense, made also the impressions of his external senses deep and clear : and agreeably to the law of association by which, as already remarked, the strongest impressions are those which associate themselves the most easily and strongly, these vivid sensations were readily recalled to mind by all objects or thoughts which had coexisted with them, by all feelings which in any degree resembled them. Never did a fancy so teem with sensuous imagery as Shelley's. Wordsworth economizes an image, and detains it until he has distilled all the poetry out of it, and it will not yield a drop more : Shelley lavishes his with a profusion which is unconscious because it is inexhaustible. The one, like a thrifty housewife, uses all his materials and wastes none : the other scatters them with a reckless prodigality of wealth of which there is perhaps no similar instance.

If, then, the maxim *nascitur poëta*, mean, either that the power of producing poetical compositions is a peculiar faculty which the poet brings into the world with him, which grows with his growth like any of his bodily powers, and is as independent of culture as his height, and his complexion ; or that *any* natural peculiarity *whatever* is implied in producing poetry, real poetry, and in any quantity—such poetry too, as, to the majority of educated and intelligent readers, shall appear quite as good as, or even better than, any other ; in either sense the doctrine is false. And nevertheless, there *is* poetry which could not emanate but from a mental and physical constitution, peculiar not in the *kind* but in the *degree* of its susceptibility : a constitution which makes its possessor capable of greater happiness than mankind in general, and also of greater unhappiness ; and because greater, so also more various. And such poetry, to all who know enough of nature to own it as being *in* nature, is much *more* poetry, is poetry in a far higher sense, than any other ; since the common element of all poetry, that which constitutes poetry, human feeling, enters far more largely into this than into the poetry of culture. Not only because the natures which we have called poetical, really feel more, and consequently have more feeling to express ; but because, the capacity of feeling being so great, feeling, when excited and not voluntarily resisted, seizes the helm of their thoughts, and the succession of ideas and images becomes the mere utterance of an emotion ; not, as in other natures, the emotion a mere ornamental colouring of the thought.

Ordinary education and the ordinary course of life are con-

stantly at work counteracting this quality of mind, and substituting habits more suitable to their own ends: if instead of *substituting* they were content to *superadd*, then there were nothing to complain of. But when will education consist, not in repressing any mental faculty or power, from the uncontrolled action of which danger is apprehended, but in training up to its proper strength the corrective and antagonist power?

In whomsoever the quality which we have described exists, and is not stifled, that person is a poet. Doubtless he is a *greater* poet in proportion as the fineness of his perceptions, whether of sense or of internal consciousness, furnishes him with an ampler supply of lovely images, the vigour and richness of his intellect with a greater abundance of moving thoughts. For it is through these thoughts and images that the feeling speaks, and through their impressiveness that it impresses itself, and finds response in other hearts; and from these media of transmitting it (contrary to the laws of physical nature) increase of intensity is reflected back upon the feeling itself. But all these it is possible to have, and not be a poet; they are mere materials, which the poet shares in common with other people. What constitutes the poet is not the imagery nor the thoughts, nor even the feelings, but the law according to which they are called up. He is a poet, not because he has ideas of any particular kind, but because the succession of his ideas is subordinate to the course of his emotions.

Many who have never acknowledged this in theory, bear testimony to it in their particular judgments. In listening to an oration, or reading a written discourse not professedly poetical, when do we begin to feel that the speaker or author is putting off the character of the orator or the prose writer, and is passing into the poet? Not when he begins to show strong feeling; *then* we merely say, he seems to feel what he says; still less when he expresses himself in imagery; *then*, unless illustration be manifestly his sole object, we are apt to say, This is affectation. It is when the feeling (instead of passing away, or, if it continue, letting the train of thoughts run on exactly as they would have done if there were no influence at work but the mere intellect) becomes itself the originator of another train of association, which expels or blends with the former; as when (to take a simple example) the ideas or objects generally, of which the person has occasion to speak for the purposes of his discourse, are spoken of in words which we spontaneously use only when in a state of excitement, and which prove that the mind is at least as much occupied by a passive state of its own feelings, as by the desire of attaining the premeditated end which the discourse has in view.*

* And this, we may remark by the way, seems to point to the true theory of poetic diction; and to suggest the true answer to as much as is erroneous of Mr. Wordsworth's celebrated doctrine on that subject. For on the one hand, *all* language which is the natural expression of feeling, is really poetical, and will always be felt as such,

Our judgments of authors who lay actual claim to the title of poets, follow the same principle. We believe that whenever, after a writer's meaning is fully understood, it is still matter of reasoning and discussion whether he is a poet or not, he will be found to be wanting in the characteristic peculiarity of association which we have so often adverted to. When, on the contrary, after reading or hearing one or two passages, the mind instinctively and without hesitation cries out, This is a poet, the probability is, that the passages are strongly marked with this peculiar quality. And we may add that in such case, a critic who, not having sufficient feeling to respond to the poetry, is also without sufficient philosophy to understand it though he feel it not, will be apt to pronounce, not 'this is prose,' but 'this is exaggeration,' 'this is mysticism,' or 'this is nonsense.'

Although a philosopher cannot, by culture, make himself, in the peculiar sense in which we now use the term, a poet, unless at least he have that peculiarity of nature which would probably have made poetry his earliest pursuit; a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher. The poetic laws of association are by no means incompatible with the more ordinary laws; are by no means such as *must* have their course, even though a deliberate purpose require their suspension. If the peculiarities of the poetic temperament were uncontrollable in any poet, they might be supposed so in Shelley; yet how powerfully, in the Cenci, does he coerce and restrain all the characteristic qualities of his genius! what severe simplicity, in place of his usual barbaric splendour! how rigidly does he keep the feelings and the imagery in subordination to the thought!

The investigation of nature requires no habits or qualities of mind, but such as may always be acquired by industry and mental activity. Because in one state the mind may be so given up to a state of feeling, that the succession of its ideas is determined by the present enjoyment or suffering which pervades it, that is no reason but that in the calm retirement of study, when under no peculiar excitement either of the outward or of the inward sense, it may form any combinations, or pursue any trains of ideas, which are most conducive to the purposes of philosophic inquiry; and may, while in that state, form deliberate convictions, from which no excitement will afterwards make it swerve. Might we not go even further than this? We shall not pause to ask whether it be not a misunderstanding of the nature of passionate feeling to imagine that it is inconsistent with calmness, and whether they who so deem of it, do not confound the state of *desire* which un-

apart from conventional associations; but on the other, whenever intellectual culture has afforded a choice between several modes of expressing the same emotion, the stronger the feeling is, the more naturally and certainly will it prefer that language which is most peculiarly appropriated to itself, and kept sacred from the contact of all more vulgar and familiar objects of contemplation.

fortunately is possible to all, with the state of *fruition* which is granted only to the few. But without entering into this deeper investigation ; that capacity of strong feeling, which is supposed necessarily to disturb the judgment, is also the material out of which all *motives* are made ; the motives, consequently, which lead human beings to the pursuit of truth. The greater the individual's capability of happiness and of misery, the stronger interest has that individual in arriving at truth ; and when once that interest is felt, an impassioned nature is sure to pursue this, as to pursue any other object, with greater ardour ; for energy of character is always the offspring of strong feeling. If therefore the most impassioned natures do not ripen into the most powerful intellects, it is always from defect of culture, or something wrong in the circumstances by which the being has originally or successively been surrounded. Undoubtedly strong feelings *require* a strong intellect to carry them, as more sail requires more ballast : and when from neglect, or bad education, that strength is wanting, no wonder if the grandest and swiftest vessels make the most utter wreck.

Where, as in Milton, or, to descend to our own times, in Coleridge, a poetic nature has been united with logical and scientific culture, the peculiarity of association arising from the finer nature so perpetually alternates with the associations attainable by commoner natures trained to high perfection, that its own particular law is not so conspicuously characteristic of the result produced, as in a poet like Shelley, to whom systematic intellectual culture, in a measure proportioned to the intensity of his own nature, has been wanting. Whether the superiority will naturally be on the side of the logician-poet or of the mere poet—whether the writings of the one ought, as a whole, to be truer, and their influence more beneficent, than those of the other—is too obvious in principle to need statement : it would be absurd to doubt whether two endowments are better than one ; whether truth is more certainly arrived at by two processes, verifying and correcting each other, than by one alone. Unfortunately, in practice the matter is not quite so simple ; there the question often is, which is least prejudicial to the intellect, uncultivation or malcultivation. For, as long as so much of education is made up of artificialities and conventionalisms, and the so-called training of the intellect consists chiefly of the mere inculcation of traditional opinions, many of which, from the mere fact that the human intellect has not yet reached perfection, must necessarily be false ; it is not always clear that the poet of acquired ideas has the advantage over him whose feeling has been his sole teacher. For, the depth and durability of wrong as well as of right impressions, is proportional to the fineness of the material ; and they who have the greatest capacity of natural feeling are generally those whose artificial feelings are the strongest. Hence, doubtless, among other reasons, it is, that in an age of revolutions in opinion, the contem-

porary poets, those at least who deserve the name, those who have any individuality of character, if they are not before their age, are almost sure to be behind it. An observation curiously verified all over Europe in the present century. Nor let it be thought disparaging. However urgent may be the necessity for a breaking up of old modes of belief, the most strong-minded and discerning, next to those who head the movement, are generally those who bring up the rear of it. A text on which to dilate would lead us too far from the present subject.

ANTIQUUS.*

THE SPIRIT OF AN INFANT TO HIS MOTHER.

A VISION.

MOTHER, I've lain upon thy lulling breast,
 And felt thy gentle breathing on my brow;
 My little frame is in the earth at rest,
 But my young spirit hovers near thee now.
 I cannot leave thee, though on ev'ry beam
 A beck'ning angel hails me from above;
 (Sleep, mother, sleep, I'm with thee in thy dream;)
 O e'en for *them* I cannot leave thy love,
Thou who would'st murmur to me till I crept
 Into thy blameless bosom where I slept.

There is my little cot—no tenant now
 Presses its pillow—all is still as death;
 The night-light gleams like moonbeams on her brow,
 Her lips apart are rosy with her breath;
 Moveless is that white arm on which I've lain,
 And veil'd that bosom where I us'd to rest;
 See, see a tear from the fair lid has stray'd:
 Mother! sweet mother! thy young boy is blest,
 He lies no longer near thy beating heart,
 But thou and he will ne'er be far apart.

Inform'd with new intelligence, I float
 On the day's ether, and the night star's beam;
 But, O, my childhood's memory! I doat
 With deathless fondness on that faded dream,

* This signature is only used to identify the authorship of the present article with that of a paper headed, 'What is Poetry?' in a former number of the *Repository*. The writer had a reason for the title, when he first adopted it; but he has discarded it in his later articles, as giving a partial, and so far a false, notion of the spirit by which he would wish his thoughts and writings to be characterised. As Wordsworth says,

Past and future are the wings

On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,

Moves the great spirit of human knowledge;

and though the present as often goes amiss for lack of what time and change have deprived us of, as of what they have yet to bring, a title which points only one way is unsuitable to a writer who attempts to look both ways. In future, when a signature is employed, it will be the single letter A.

And I would be again that thoughtless thing,
Caress'd and car'd for with that lulling love
That made me nestle to thy succouring,
And coo—the language of the babe and dove,
Both eloquent—both breathing of a heart
That but in murmurs may its bliss impart.

O, gentle mother, now that I can view
The realms of space with spiritual eye,
I see what, could it be beheld by *you*,
Would wake that bosom with too wild a sigh.
But let my murmurs melt into that ear,
That lies amid thy silken tresses hid ;
O mother, speak to mothers when you hear
Their trembling little ones by tyrants chid,
Tell them they guess not how young spirits feel
The wanton wounds that petulance will deal.

O bid them leave us less to sordid care,
That heeds not what impression we may take ;
Bid them the threat, the promise to forbear,
That they will rashly breathe, and basely break—
Spoiling the fair, fresh fountain of our youth,
With distrust dashing its reflecting stream,
Loosing the pure integrity of truth
In its first basement, making it a theme
For precept not for practice, till we stray
Further with falsehood ev'ry future day.

Tell them to give our *very* morning hours
All unto softest peace and sunny love ;
Leave us all folded, like the infant flowers,
Drinking the dew and sunshine from above.
But when our smiles with consciousness have shone,
Kindling to eyes with answering smiles imprest,
Then know that mind has quicken'd, that the throne
Of sympathy is seated in the breast ;
Then from *that* moment is neglect a sin—
Then, education, must thy task begin.

But, gradual, graceful, gracious, as the dawn
That comes with tender twilight scarce unfurl'd,
Sprinkling pale splendour over lake and lawn,
Nor rolls the sun till noonday on the world,
When the warm light the awak'n'd eye can bear,
And *all* is bath'd in the broad beam of day,
That paints not parts, nor pierceth here and there,
But kindles with a UNIVERSAL RAY.
Thus, thus must mind be wak'd and warm'd and won,
To the meridian of the mental sun.

But there are dews as well as beams, and they
Teach how to nurture our unfolding hearts ;
The brain grows parch'd and arid, till the play
Of feeling's flow its gentle dew imparts ;

That verdures all—*that* draws the hidden soul
 Of fragrance from the leaf, the fruit, the flower ;
That wakes, and warms, and bids the mind unroll
 Its truest treasure, and its purest power,
 Bathing the sources of all soul and sense
 With holy love and bland benevolence.

Tell mothers, if their fondled first-born thus
 Be moulded, nurtur'd, half their task is done ;
 Example and communion are to us
 More than to flowers are the dew and sun.
 Here I have twin'd a wreath for thy dear brow,
 Each flower reflects its hue upon the other,
 The red rose kindles the pale lily now—
 Thus sister sister, and thus brother brother.
 Impress these precepts on each parent's brain,
 And *thou'll* not dream, nor *I* have liv'd, in vain.

M. L. G.

ON THE RELATION OF THE WEALTHY AND EDUCATED CLASSES TO THE POOR.*

ONE of the most decisive indications of an improved state of public feeling is the increased attention which is now paid to the condition and happiness of the poor—of that mass of human beings who constitute the vast substratum on which the fabric of society rests, and who ultimately furnish all the wealth which is distributed through it. The consequence has been, a more accurate acquaintance with the wants and capabilities of the humbler classes, and a juster conception of the legitimate objects of charity. Poverty—or the want of adequate means to satisfy those desires which from habit or education have grown into necessities—is a condition not limited to the lowest grade of the community ; it is the accident, in a greater or less degree, of every grade, from the highest to the lowest ; but it adheres chiefly, and in its severest form, to that class which is doomed to manual toil, and which, as it can rarely command more than what may be regarded, in the actual state of civilization, as absolute necessities, has no superfluities to relinquish when its ordinary sources of subsistence fail, but must drop at once into a state of complete destitution. It is of course to this lowest and most extended form of poverty, that our present observations are designed to apply.

Poverty, however, is not the *necessary* condition of any class, though the lowest is most liable to it, as well from the cause just mentioned, as from its too general deficiency in those habits and views, which result from good moral training, and its want of extended sympathy and connexion with those members of the com-

* 'The Visitor of the Poor,' &c. translated from the French of the Baron De Gerando, with an Introduction by the Rev. J. Tuckerman, D.D. of Boston, U. S. London : published by Simpkin and Marshall, 1833.

munity, who are best able to afford advice and assistance. Unhappily a misdirection of that divine principle of benevolence, which is so strongly inculcated in the gospel that no Christian nation has yet been found altogether uninfluenced by it, has fostered the very evils intended to be removed: it has depressed and degraded, instead of elevating, the objects of its bounty; and converted *poverty*, which in a well-constituted society would be a mere accident of individual position, and fraught with the best moral effects, into *pauperism*, the permanent characteristic of an immense and increasing class, sunk in the lowest immorality and wretchedness. Such have been the effects of the actual administration of our own poor laws, and of that indiscriminate almsgiving, which a vague application of the letter of Christianity has too often substituted in place of an enlightened exercise of its spirit.

In the present state of society, our existing means of moral and religious instruction rarely extend to those classes who stand most in need of them, and to whom the benevolent founder of our religion peculiarly addressed himself—the forlorn, outcast, and abandoned. In our great towns the churches and chapels are well filled with the educated and respectable, while the inferior streets, the alleys, and the suburbs are deformed every Sunday by scenes of drunkenness and brutality, utterly disgraceful to a country that calls itself civilized. The all-pervading spirit of aristocracy has penetrated into our religious institutions;—they are too glaringly invested with the pretensions of rank and wealth;—they are repellent of the kindly and generous sympathies of brotherly love;—and they do not provide, even to the degree that may be seen in some Catholic countries, for that humbling and equalizing of all human distinctions in the presence of the supreme and universal Father, which is at once the most salutary and the most sublime of all the influences of public worship. Even in the arrangements of private families we sometimes witness more consideration for the devotions of the master and the mistress than of the servants, as if the factitious distinctions of this world stretched into the momentous interests of eternity, or could influence the free, impartial communications of the Creator's mercy. Who must not have been struck with the inconsistency of the spectacle often exhibited at the doors of some fashionable church at the west end of the metropolis, where the servants may be seen waiting for hours, like excluded heathens, exposed to the worst influences of profane and licentious conversation; while the noble, the educated, and the rich are enjoying within the privilege of the sanctuary, the luxury of their religion! Should these things be! We do not say that religion is not *as* necessary for the rich as for the poor; we only contend, that it is not *more* necessary; we believe, that it is equally necessary, and may be made equally delightful and consolatory, to both. But the rich have sources of comfort and admonition in books, in facilities of intercourse with the enlightened

and the virtuous, and even in the treasures of their own well-stored minds—which are shut up from a vast majority of the humbler classes—so that to the poor man the house of prayer (if the house of prayer were to him what it ought to be) furnishes almost the only opportunity which he now enjoys, of learning to know himself, and of comprehending the magnitude and dignity of the rights, duties, and hopes, which attach to every rational and immortal being: and if the spirit of true devotion were felt by those who partake in the privilege of exercising it, it would prompt the unceasing endeavour to bring the whole family of man within its sheltering influence, and to make it a bond of universal sympathy and brotherly love.

We are aware of the difficulty, which is often alleged, of adapting the public services of religion to the taste and capacity of the opposite grades of the social scale; and for ourselves we should most sincerely regret, if, in the mistaken view of obviating this difficulty, the tone of religious instruction and eloquence were designedly lowered, and the high themes of religious contemplation, instead of taxing, as they might do and ought to do, the deepest and most comprehensive intellects, and calling forth for their advancement and illustration the most splendid efforts of the imagination, the most varied contributions of literature and philosophy, and the choicest effusions of a pure and lofty sensibility, were left exclusively in the hands of those inferior workmen, whose confidence in their own ability to teach is often in exact proportion to their ignorance of the qualifications which effective teaching requires. We hope we are not misunderstood on this topic. We would have no privileged class of teachers. We would have nothing approaching to an order of priesthood—for which there is not the shadow of a provision in the original records of Christianity, and with which its whole spirit is at variance. We would require of no man any other commission to preach the gospel of love and peace, than what he finds in the consciousness of native powers, and in the sincere impulse of his heart to do good; for we have known men, without the advantages of early education, and taken from the humblest walks of life, who have been, in their particular sphere, the most able, efficient, and eloquent teachers of the sublimest truths, and whom it was impossible to regard without deep veneration, as amongst the greatest benefactors to their species. But still we maintain that the tone of religious instruction should be rather above than below the general standard of intelligence in the circle where a particular ministry is exercised; that the mind, instead of being allowed to slumber under the powerless repetition of exhausted commonplaces, may arouse and exert itself to reach the level on which the preacher stands, may feel itself drawn upward to a higher sphere, and find its moral sensibilities only the more vigorously touched through the kindred excitement of the understanding. To stir and elevate, rather than to deaden and depress, should be

the great object of all popular influences; and the adoption of this principle would increase, we are persuaded, the efficiency of the ministry among all classes. We have often thought that the intelligence of the poor on questions of morality and religion is greatly underrated by their superiors in worldly station. Such questions do not require extended reading and a variety of literature to be understood, like matters of science and criticism; the proofs and the applications of them lie within the compass of every one's experience; and as far as our observation has extended, we should say that the humblest classes, when they have received sufficient education to teach them the habit of reflection, discover a sagacity, a soundness of judgment, and a power of apprehending what is said on such subjects from the pulpit, which is not surpassed by the most educated; and that, in some respects, they reason the most clearly and consequentially of the two, because they are less fettered by the prejudices which worldly interests engender. The finest and noblest minds have the tenderest sympathy with the moral wants of their fellow-beings; and in that sympathy they find the secret of reaching the hearts of the humblest, while their intellectual power and accomplishment furnish them with a greater choice and command of means for accomplishing their object. We believe, that the late eloquent and philosophical Robert Hall ministered, during the greater part of his life, most effectively and acceptably to a congregation consisting chiefly of the poorer class; and of Herder, we are informed by his biographer, that, with all his fine taste and exquisite erudition, and fondness for abstract speculation, he was so successful as a preacher even in a remote parish, that the peasants used to come, for miles round, with their Bibles in their hands to listen to his sermons. Oberlin, the benevolent and devoted pastor of Waldbach, was distinguished for the cultivation of his mind, the courtesy of his manners, and his refined sensibility, and by these very qualities won his way to the hearts of the rude peasantry among whom he lived, and converted a moral wilderness into a paradise. We see no ground therefore for supposing, that a different ministry will be permanently required for the different classes of society; or that, after a previous course of moral discipline for regaining the confidence and affection of that large portion of our population which is at present attached to no religious communion, there will be found any serious obstacle to the weekly exhibition of that most truly Christian and delightful spectacle—the equal and cordial meeting together of the rich and poor before Him who is the Maker and the Lord of all.

We are, however, aware that much remains to be done to bring about this desirable result. Unfortunately, the minds of many of the poor are prejudiced against the rich, and against the ministers of religion, whom they regard as the friends and agents of the rich. We can hardly wonder at the existence of these feelings.

There has been a coldness, a reserve, an assumption of superiority, in the general bearing of the higher classes towards the poor in this country, and even in the very mode in which moral and religious instruction has been dispensed to them, but too much calculated to produce such effects. It must be the object of the future exertions of an enlightened philanthropy to counteract the impressions of the long continuance of a too aristocratical form of society, by promoting a more easy and friendly intermingling of different classes, and by sending out into the midst of our alienated and demoralized population an active and benevolent ministry, to cooperate with the effects of a well-organized and national system of popular education; to probe the moral sources of the vice and wretchedness which exist; to bring within the influence of a refined and humanizing civilization the half-barbarous multitudes who form the heaving base of the social edifice; and to restore health and vigour to the empire by strengthening the friendly sympathies which knit the hearts of thousands in a community of interest and happiness.

The necessity for exertions of this kind in the present state of society, has been felt in other countries besides our own. France and America have set the example to England in this work of philanthropy. We have referred at the foot of our first page to a little work, translated from the French of De Gerando, with an introduction by an American clergyman, which has lately been republished in England. Its object is to point out the moral duties of the rich towards the poor; and it possesses a strong interest, not only from the spirit in which it is written, and from the reputation of its author, so well known by his philosophical works, but also from the strong evidence which it affords of the deep interest now felt by the most enlightened men on the continent in those vast moral questions which affect the condition and happiness of millions, and of the juster appreciation which is beginning to be entertained of the reciprocal duties of the different classes of society. The work, we think, will be found rather too sentimental and declamatory for the present taste of English readers; it wants that earnest and practical tone, that plain and business-like encountering of the immediate matter in hand, which belongs to most of our productions on such subjects, and which, with all our prejudice and our backwardness to learn any thing from our neighbours, may be taken as a tolerably decisive earnest that, when we once set about a work of philanthropy, we shall proceed in it with vigour, and accomplish it effectually. We think, too, that De Gerando, in his anxiety to explain the uses of poverty, and to justify its occurrence in the plans of Providence, has assumed too absolutely the permanence of its causes; so that the reasoning involved in his work almost amounts to this, that there must always be poor, in order that good people may have objects on which to exercise their compassion and beneficence. It is not

to be supposed that a time will ever arrive when inequalities of condition will cease to exist, or when the accidents of life, and even the power of the elements, shall no longer occasion misfortune and want; but the progress of civilization, the improved character of governments, the diffusion of knowledge, and those juster moral and religious views which may ultimately be expected to result from it, afford reasonable ground for hope that the most fertile sources of poverty may in time be so far diminished as to relieve society from that mass of wretchedness which has hitherto crushed its energies, and to make that, which has hitherto been the attribute of an immense class, a merely accidental variety in the situation of individuals. We cannot refrain from alluding with peculiar satisfaction to the introduction prefixed to this book by Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, as teaching the purest and most enlightened spirit of Christian philanthropy. This excellent and benevolent individual has devoted himself to a ministry of a peculiar but most important nature, and one which the acknowledged deficiencies of our existing religious institutions render the more necessary in the midst of an extended population. Divested of the charge of a particular congregation, and relieved from the calls of stated duty, he has taken upon him the holier and more arduous duty of ministering to the abandoned and friendless poor, seeking them out in their own homes, counselling and comforting them with the advice of a friend, and endeavouring to attach them again, by the ties of a restored worth and respectability, to the general communion of civilized humanity from which they had been severed. To this work he has consecrated the best powers of a vigorous and well-cultivated mind; and though he modestly professes himself merely the pioneer of the regular ministry, seeking the lost sheep that he may restore them to the fold, yet his work is infinitely more arduous, and demands far higher endowments of the heart and the head, than are needed in the stationary pastor and preacher. There are hundreds adapted to the respectable fulfilment of the duties of the latter office, for one who is equal to the devotion, the singleness of mind, the steady, tranquil enthusiasm of benevolence, and the clear insight into the wants and capabilities of human character, which are indispensable to the successful discharge of the functions of the former. Assisted by a very considerable share of public sympathy, and countenanced in his labours by the municipal authorities of his native city, Dr. Tuckerman has succeeded in warding off, to a considerable extent, those frightful evils of pauperism and crime which have hitherto trodden close on the heels of advancing civilization, which were such a deformity in the great and luxurious cities of the old world, and to which the poor-laws of our own country, instead of opposing any effectual obstacle, have proved, on the contrary, only an incentive and a nutriment. In his Introduction to this work of De Gerando's, Dr. Tuckerman has dwelt forcibly

on the necessity of such exertions to the preservation of the free institutions of that majestic republic of which he is himself so worthy a citizen. The lesson should not be lost on us. What, after all, are changes in the organization of government, if they do not lead to an effectual reformation in the habits, views, and intelligence of the people? What is the outward form, if a spirit of inward life be not developed, that is in harmony with it? This is the work now to be accomplished. We would make it the test of every man's patriotism, whether he advocates, in season and out of season, with singleness of aim and undeviating energy of purpose, the intellectual, moral, and religious training of the people.

Much may be done to prepare the way, by the spontaneous exertions of private benevolence. We are certain that no one can cultivate a friendly and constant intercourse with the poor, sunk and degraded as many of them are, without being comforted and improved. The author of the work before us, and the writer of the introduction to it, both express, in the most glowing terms, their admiration of the moral qualities which they have perpetually met with, in the course of an extensive experience in the humblest ranks of the poor. Their unostentatious, but often splendid benevolence; their affection, devotedness, and integrity; their kind and neighbourly concern for each other's comfort and happiness; and the sentiments of delicacy and tenderness which often exist under a rude exterior, and find utterance in a plain and homely language; make us, amidst all its vices, honour and love our kind; discern, amidst all its diversities, and in the very lowest grade of its social developement, the common rudiments of a glorious and immortal nature, and cherish, in spite of occasional doubt and disquietude, the brightest hopes of its onward progress and final destiny.

The three most powerful nations of the earth, England, France, and the United States of North America, have now formed, we are willing to hope, an indissoluble alliance in the cause of freedom and humanity. What an omen is this for the future prospects of mankind! The little work which we have just noticed, and to which we earnestly invite the attention of our readers, affords a pleasing emblem of their union. It is consecrated to the improvement of the great family of man. It was written in France, and translated in America, and has since been re-edited in England.

May the wishes so benevolently entertained by the authors of its successive appearance in the old and in the new worlds, be richly fulfilled! In France, in America, and in England, may the voice to which they have thus given utterance, awaken their countrymen to a deeper sense of the duties of their common humanity, and draw closer the sacred bonds of the wide fraternity of the human race!

SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY.*

'SOCIAL EVILS!' another labourer in the vineyard! then will I hail him as a brother; welcome to my heart is any one, who, in these times, joins the adventurous band of inquirers, and sets about the task that shall smooth the way to social improvement—the redemption from social evils. What will be the remedy which this new recruit proposes?—*nous verrons*. To point to the evils is, at least, a symptom of the free and philanthropic spirit, that now walks abroad smilingly, and fearlessly, and hopefully. His proposed remedy may not be an efficient one, no matter; we will take the good he provides us and be thankful. Something is done in showing how and where the evils exist; for the present form of the social system is as a smooth green turf, encrusting bogs and pitfalls, traps and fetters, into which the wayfarer plunges, flounders, and is caught in inextricable difficulties; mankind are, therefore, greatly obliged to him, who will shave off the velvety turf, and discover the dangers as they stand and lie, and lie as they stand, if one may aspire to a pun on so grave a subject; discover them, that the traps and dangers may be avoided, or, at least, known to be traps and dangers. Other engineers, if himself have not the requisite skill, will lay out in right direction, and beat into substantial firmness, a new and secure path; welcome, then, as a brother, be the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. albeit he is 'a country parson of the Church of England;' for if he be 'the man,' he is an honour to his cloth.

And with these sentiments I sought the newly published volume, as vivid in anticipated enjoyment, as a well-whipped, hard-tasked, 'emulation' stirred schoolboy is, when he looks for the morning of breaking up; or as little Miss longs for her new doll, or little Master for the mince-pie or promised sugar-plum for being 'good.' I worked a sum in multiplication of how many rods were in so many furlongs of road; how many yards and feet were in the rods, and got a total in inches; and how many minutes and seconds must I be kept in suspense between my first long-ing's dawn, and my having the book, *de facto*, in my hands; at length the inches were passed over, the minutes were counted through, and here it is.

Well, what a pretty purple cover! and the frontispiece, how elegantly ornamented! what a speaking device! do look at it. The title has, for supporters, two bishops' croziers, entwined by flowers; at the foot of the word 'mechanic' is a vignette; a black circle surrounding a cross, on the top of which cross is a little goose, asquat. Ha! now the meaning of the croziers is

* The Mechanic: No. I. of Social Evils and their Remedy. A Series of Narratives addressed to all Classes of Society, on the great Subjects of Political and Christian Economy, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, A.M.

explained, very pretty indeed, very clever, they are the goose-herd's hooks, which he throws round the necks of the flock when he wishes to pluck and roast them. Oh, Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, 'do all your protestations come to this?' or is it in derision you have thus embellished your title-page? 'Fie on't! oh, fie!' Is it thus you profanely jest with the sacred emblems, which to venerate, a parson of the Church of England is in duty bound?

'It is not a goose,' says a little chubby-cheeked rogue, who is looking over my elbow, 'it is a dove.' 'A dove, is it?' Well, so it is! I took it for a goose asleep, and, look, there is a motto on, in the black circle, but so deeply black is the circle, the words cannot be seen without close prying, although there is a glory radiating from the dove and cross. Spectacles, assist me! 'There is no other peace'—and that peace is buried in such a dismal halo! cannot we reach it without wading through so much murkiness and misery? No, certainly not; if we use the croziers for walking staffs. Dark, black, desolate and dreary, right under the abused ensign of the cross and dove, there has been enough of each! We know that under that ensign tens of thousands, and millions and millions of dark murders and monstrous barbarities have been committed, and has peace been attained? Has peace been sought? No; domination, power and tyranny. I shall see by your book what you aim at; but, Sir, this title-page looks ominous. That 'peace' is there, fairly, fittingly, and appropriately enclosed in the black ring, and foul are the streams and malignant is the venom which has gushed and gurgled under the screening shadow of that banner! and Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, you are right in placing the bishops' croziers as supporters; you ought to know how right, or you have read to little purpose. Let me read further: I shall see, anon, what is your understanding of the emblems.

First, there is a preface, with the intention and whole design of the work honestly avowed, and the reader need trouble himself no further, as I have done, for his remedy is, like the disease, fully stated in his preface, all the rest is supererogatory; but it was necessary that there should be a story, plot, and characters, to give it a relish. Something, however, in the preface is worthy note, which it shall receive when 'the end' gladdens or grieves the sight of the reader.

'Reuben Forster is my name, and England is my nation,
'Birmingham is my native place, and

My father was a Christian of an old-fashioned school,' thus sings the hero, or thus drones the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England for him. Reader, are you aware what kind of Christian this was? Not you. Hear it

from me. He was one who made it necessary for every house-keeper, in Birmingham, to chalk on his doors and window-shutters 'Church and King,' in order to secure his dwelling from plunder and destruction, and his person from the abuse and persecution with which the aforesaid Christians would else have assailed him, and all that were his. Lament with Reuben Forster and the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, that in Birmingham these Christians are shorn of their strength, and in their weakness lack the will to return to those Christian deeds which elevated their tribe—Reuben Forster's father one of them; one, too, who may have signalized himself in those celebrated and right old-fashioned Christian riots, in his native town, when Dr. Priestly's house was burned, and he himself industriously sought, in the pious hope to cast him on the funeral pyre of his library and philosophic apparatus, when each man who had distinguished himself by his intellectual wealth and upright philanthropy was hunted as a prey as he fled from the dwelling, which these old-fashioned Christians had wrapped in flames. Grieve, lament in sackcloth and ashes, that to those happy times and 'Church and King!' we have so little prospect of returning. Such old-fashioned Christianity, sighs the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, is dwindled into scarcity; so small is the number of its professors, that they, oh, pain to think! blush to avow themselves! the reverend gentleman, having 'a higher mission,' does not blush. Blame be to the shameless licentiousness of the press; blame be to Mechanics' Institutes and 'lectures;' blame be to Miss Martineau; and especial blame to the 'heartless Socinians' of Birmingham, for this mischievous undoing of Church and Kingism, there, was mainly their '*sensual, earthly, and devilish*' work. But, proceed we now to Reuben Forster's history. Reuben begins the world as a clock and watch-maker; his father dies; for his father's memory he entertains a grateful distress; but in the midst of his grief he receives a salutary lesson of resignation, from a cat in his kitchen; 'where' (Reuben *loquitur*) 'the fire had gone out, and my aunt's favourite cat sat upright in her usual place, the middle of the hearthstone, looking as dull as myself;' not quite, Reuben; *i. e.* not quite so dull as your reverend friend has made you; 'her tail was drawn close under her, and she sat staring at the empty grate. However, on throwing myself into one of the arm-chairs, she sprung into my lap! *A thing I had never known her do before, for she was an old cat of very orderly habits!!!* I might have taken a lesson from the poor animal, who seemed so ready to make the best of a desolate change, and to seek comfort where it was to be found.' This lesson, though Reuben Forster did not, I trust ye gloomy and grumbling mechanics will, take. Reuben Forster was master and had the key of the cat's-meat. So be you resigned and

patient to the Reuben Forsters who hold the keys of your meat ; purr to them, and perhaps they will give you a bit.

About a year and a month after his father's death, he takes to him a wife ; not within a year and three weeks, that would have been highly improper, irreligious. His wife 'was worth her weight in gold,' one of her points of worth was she had little schooling, 'I mean as to scholarship,' says Reuben, 'for she was a slow reader, even in the Bible, and she wrote a clumsy hand enough.' Ye mechanics, be warned how ye select wives that have book-learning, and can read without spelling the long words and skipping the hard ones, for if they are so learned and do not write a text as if a hedgestake were the pen, they will never darn your hose, nor scour your pots and pans, nor are they likely to have the audacity to choose instructors to your offspring.

Shortly subsequent to the birth of his first child, he made acquaintance with persons who instilled into his mind the devilish doctrine, that, mechanic as he was, he ought to have a voice in the affairs of his country, and to raise up his arm against oppression. This is the pivot on which the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M., country parson of the Church of England, turns his plot, dialogue, and catastrophe. To suffer himself to be influenced by such opinions was very silly, and very wicked in a mechanic, for, mark the consequence, as certain as that you will reap gorse bushes if you plant cabbages. Two of his new friends were suspected strongly of turning stage-players afterwards ! nay, it appears in a note which the reverend author has appended to the page, they actually really did so disgrace Reuben Forster, for 'they were seen performing together in the Wood Demon, at Bartholomew Fair !!!' Another swindled him out of fifty pounds, in the hope of recovering which, Reuben Forster goes to London, and there plunges deeper into the infamy of Political Unions and Reform Meetings, and what any common foresight would have shown him, was as certain as that the moon is made of green cheese, becomes horribly infused with infidelity and bold sceptical effrontery. However, his heart is touched by remorse, as he sits ensconced in a profane bookseller's shop, and listens to the words of 'a pious and aged gentleman, whose appearance was remarkably pleasing ;' he was the pink of parsons. What impression the worthy gentleman made on Collinson, the bookseller's mind, we are left to guess ; not so with Reuben Forster, he became admiringly disturbed, but his pride and vanity was full-blown, he thought himself a great speaker at the clubs, a *lecturer* as the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, calls it, 'and he was not come to himself ;' but an incident at the 'Rotunda' completed his restoration ; his pocket was picked there of his watch and money. Poor Reuben Forster ! There, let this be a warning to you all, mechanics ! Note you the evil consequences of attending reform meetings ;

diligently eschew the dangerous counsels and hints of all men who shall attempt to pour the poison of political rights in your ears. Reuben Forster was a brand thus snatched from the burning; may you be so lessoned, and may you follow his example! On London he resolves to turn his back; high time, now his watch was stolen and his money too. In great discomfiture and blistered feet he arrives at his house, in Birmingham, goes into the kitchen, where the pots and saucepans shine him a welcome; here, fatigued, he falls asleep, with his eyes fixed on a large inlaid clock. 'One,' says he, 'I was very proud of. My father and I had taken a great deal of pains about it, (Church and King again,) and the case, for a good bit of mahogany, and the brass-work, and other work about it, though I say it that should not say it, (modesty,) could not be matched in town or country.' Here he has a dream, such a dream! Read it, mechanic, and check your presumption; you will never attempt to mend the works of a clock again, or the penetration of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, is a nullity; or, mayhap, he deems yours to be no better. 'This clock had been a gentleman of most regular habits, never missing or gaining a minute, a model of good order and punctuality to all the ill-going clocks and watches that would not submit to his regulations.' A very right-worthy Tory and justly-venerated Church-and-King clock, to be sure! Well, this dream completes the good work which the aged, pleasant, and mild-spoken gentleman in the bookseller's shop had begun. The reformer is reformed; the proselyte is converted; or, as the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, would say, the infidel unbeliever is regenerated. Then comes a beautiful, startling, and powerfully dramatic *dénouement*. Reuben Forster takes his wife to a farm-house, in Shropshire. (I venture to insinuate to the reverend author, that there is more Christian feeling inculcated in his description of the country landscape in this page of his book, than in all his other hundred and twenty-two pages put together.) He attends the village church on the first Sunday of his visit, his back is towards the preacher, but he hears the voice, and it perplexes him! he turns, and, lo! and behold! he looks again; 'it is he!' The preacher was the same, the very man; the same aged and gentle pastor whom he had seen and heard in the profane bookseller's shop! 'How mysterious are the ways!' Who does not see the 'finger' in this? What a romantic incident! one exclaims, heaving out a chestful of astonishment with the words. If this do not recommend the perusal of the book to every mechanic in England, and instantly calm his discontents, compel him to abandon all 'lectures' and Political Unions, and adjure them for ever, advice, opinions, criticism and puff, may shut up shop in bankruptcy and despair! Reuben Forster makes a vow to God, that 'he would not only

give up the service of ungodliness for ever, but would live a life wholly devoted to him and his holy word! Nothing to clock and watch making and mending, Reuben?

This is the sum of Reuben Forster's story. This is the spirit, the genuine, unadulterated spirit, of the advice and warning to the mechanic of England in 1833. Such is the counterblast to Miss Martineau's 'sensual, earthly, and devilish' writings.

I put it to the author's conscience whether it is fair thus to invade the rights and honours of the twopenny tract compilers, I leave it to the taste and judgment of the reader, whether there be any difference of ethical and philosophical value between the Rev. Charles B. Tayler's volume, and any one tract which has been published by the society for the last ten years or longer. The 'getting up' is better, the paper is good, and the typography beautiful—points certainly in its favour.

What are the social evils which the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England has the merit of discovering? these, viz. scepticism, infidelity, atheism, are the inevitable consequence of a mechanic's troubling his head about politics; that pocket-picking and swindling are the habits of associated reformers, in addition to their infidelity. I do not state him unfairly—he has not *directly said* these things, but he most certainly does leave *no* other inference to be drawn; a little more daring to his task was necessary, and we should have had it in plain English. The marrow of the mischief is, unlawful knaves have trenched on the plunder of legalized and authorized swindlers and pickpockets, and the mechanic is seeking means of disfranchising these swindlers and pickpockets. The Rev. Charles B. Tayler may say there is no word of politics or political partyism in his book. No, the design is smuggled into port with a view to evading the duties, but there is the design. But to the infidelity, swindling, &c. The evidence is more than conclusive, it is as clear as that two and two minus one are three; no man's pocket ever was picked in London, except at the Rotunda or at some meeting of political unionists, therefore these societies and meetings are the causes of pocket-picking. Nor was any swindling extant while people were orderly and well regulated in their belief and payment of taxes and tithes: and swindling is utterly unknown and unfelt by every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, except by such as attend reform meetings, or have doubts as to the divine origin of Bishop's revenues. That dram-drinking and profane stage playing were quite unknown till mechanics took it into their heads to look at the clockwork of government, and to think it possible that the machinery was sadly out of order, and needed a little of their skill. It was the irreligion of the people that accumulated the national debt. It was irreligion that ground the people down with taxes. It was irreligion that deluged Europe with blood. Lay the saddle on the

right horse, Mr. Tayler, and say the imposers of these taxes, the accumulators of this debt, the delugers were ever foremost in their professions, it was all done for religion's sake.

And what is the remedy for these social evils? submit—be patient—inquire not—say your prayers alone. Scrutinize not into the appropriation of the taxes and tithes; mechanic, touch not the machinery of the clock: beseech the clergyman to take your spiritual comfort to his care, and he will generously look to your national existence and freedom.

There is much and valuable advice and abundance of divine precepts sprinkled in every page. But the reverend gentleman would better and more usefully have addressed these where they are more required, viz. among the people in the high places, thus would he best prove the purity and disinterestedness of his zeal. When the poor man and the mechanic sees in the 'upper classes' a practice of those precepts which the author recommends to the poor and hungry man, he will be no more a poor and hungry man, nor a repining, nor an irreligious one. He will drink patiently of the cup which providence dispenses to him, or be more easily persuaded to do so. Let those people in the high places, the bishops and wealthy rectors, set the example, imitate the self-denial—the abjuration of worldliness and wealth of that heavenly-minded master whose conduct and doctrines they claim to themselves the merit of defending and teaching; let them 'take no care for scrip or satchel,' and walk forth unburthened by worldly possessions and uncontaminated with a desire to attain riches and authority, and their glad tidings will be heard with devout ears: then will there be a hope that the Rev. Charles B. Tayler's remedy will take effect—not till then.

How much would it gladden our hearts, and what a lesson would it be to sceptics, were the archbishops and bishops and all bewigged and belawned deans and prebendaries to sell their equipages, melt down their plate, and all rectors gather in their lost tithes, and pour all into the lap of Christianity; then going forth in purity of heart proving their belief 'not only in their lips but their lives also.' Then should we see, perhaps, his piteousness of Eldon, his holiness of Cumberland, his majesty of Wellington, his wisdom of Londonderry, and her gentleness of Londonderry, her sweetness of Jersey, and a long train of amiables and gentles, and 'condescending,' sitting at their gates dispensing food to the hungry and washing the weary traveller's feet. Only to think of the array of China basins and embroidered towels, that would be in requisition! And what a pretty paragraph it would make for the newspapers to let the world be told, that on such a day 'the right honourable and most noble the marchioness of Londonderry washed the feet of thirty-seven foot-sore Irish haymakers!' and the record would be cut over the gate at Holderness-house, for charity in England is especially partial to

being trumpeted on the high ways. Let me not be misunderstood as ridiculing scripture. I do ridicule the professors of the Christian religion, who, in their high places, are great sticklers for the church. With these examples to second him, the Rev. Charles B. Tayler may advise the mechanic with some hope of success. The *spirit* of Christianity is more generally diffused through people of the mechanics' class, than it will be found to be in the upper classes. Verily, then will the mechanic be regenerated. Remedies such as the rev. gentleman proposes have been advocated for centuries and centuries; and why are they of no effect? because the precept which is set forth, and talked, and babbled, is scoffed by the practice of the rulers and teachers themselves. In sweating under toil for his scanty portion of life's necessities, think you that the mechanic can be without a revulsion of feeling, when, as pure and holy precepts are spoken to him, or rise up in his memory, he reflects on the daily and hourly habitual mockery by practice and example which his spiritual guides and authorized advisers exhibit even at the instant of their exhortation, and while they ostentatiously profess those laws and instructions as the rules and graces of their own lives? Then rattles in his ears the bishop's carriage, and the clanking hoofs of his richly caparisoned and well-fed steeds; and think you not he says to himself, 'There is one who preaches to me of his master, the lowly Jesus—whose instructions and warnings against pomp and riches do so edify *him*—he shuns wealth as the root of all evil, and covets not the fatted ox in the stall. He has sold all his goods to follow the Lord.' Not he—he has sold the Lord to look after worldly wealth and worldly *dignities*. Blame not that man, or mechanic, if he sometimes think the priests of religion, whatever their tongues may have spoken, have said to him in their hearts 'Be quiet, goose, lie still, and be plucked.' On them the onus of his irreligion rests. Let your men and women in the high places show that they are Christians indeed, and the mechanic will amend his life, (his heart is better than the Rev. Charles B. Tayler thinks it is.) Of this 'Christianity indeed,' there is little hope in that quarter, none from this writer's 'social evils and their remedies;' and if only such advisers spring up, that little hope will be thrown into greater distance. Let him cure the scoffing in the high born and wealthy, who scoff their religion and their God when they are 'condescending' to the poor, and, as they call them, low born: then the impurity of the mechanic will be washed away with very little trouble. But, no, this will not be done: therefore let the mechanic take every means of improving and bettering himself, by an accumulation of knowledge, which leads him to a sense of his *rights*, and teaches him a judicious mode of securing those rights, and rightly using them when he has obtained them. Then may he be led silently and securely into doing of 'God's will on earth as it is done in heaven.' Such is the current course of those rights which the mechanic of England

seeks. Though, perhaps, not immediately perceived by him, the object of his seeking them is such. The petition will be as 'sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal' as long as authority, force, or craft withhold them from him: and the author of the work under notice exhibits any thing but an inclination to let the man of 'low station' know that he has rights, or feel his ability to demand and employ them. But the mechanic is, even now, so far acquainted with those rights, that fifty Rev. Charles B. Taylers and country parsons of the Church of England will find it somewhat difficult to reason him out of them. And there are many mechanics quite as capable of putting the deranged clock in order, as nine-tenths of the bunglers who, by privilege, are suffered to fiddle with the works, and call themselves hereditary movers and makers of the machinery, superintendents of all clock-wheels and dial-fingers, by divine authority.

The Rev. Mr. Tayler thinks he has been writing down to the level of the understandings of his readers. He and many of his superiors would find it difficult to write up to the intelligence of the great body of the mechanics; this error in estimating the capabilities of the 'lower order,' he has exhibited most conspicuously, but the 'gentry' will pronounce this little work to be 'very wise and very proper for the poor to read.' It is better fitted to their own mental calibre, nevertheless. It is owing to these blind calculations of theirs, that the 'respectable' find themselves so frequently knocked into the mire, when they get into collision with the 'unwashed.' That Mr. Tayler would assist in throwing the artisans of the country back to the ignorance from which they have emerged, and far outstripped their 'betters,' is neither a false nor a forced, or tortuous inference: no, nor is it an irreligious or an unchristian one; and that he would keep them back, when so thrown, it is not uncharitable to conclude: giving to the mechanic a sense of his political injuries and means of redress, sharpening his perceptions for the detection of political and priestly chicane, is, according to this writer, subversive of religion. If religion can be subverted by such a process, I pray devoutly it may be subverted. 'O' God's name let it go.* The purported wish of this book is, that the mechanic may again raise the shout of 'Church and King' as lustily and as stupidly as ever; though I really believe, (since reading his 'Montague, or, Is this religion?') I should wrong him if I said he wished to raise the cry to the old deeds of ruffianism, but the ruffianism would certainly grow out of it, to give the otherwise insipid cry a pungency in the mouth. This little book is a sort of feeler, perhaps, an in-

* He only dreads the scrutiny of the parish beadies, whose balance is false, whose weights are clipped. The *housemonger* who knows the foundations of his tenements are rickety, and their timbers rotten, votes the inspecting surveyor to be 'a horrid bore!'

roduction—a step to a ‘Russian Catechism in the English Tongue.’

Throughout the Rev. Charles Tayler’s one hundred and twenty pages there occur indications of the estimate he makes of the poverty of information and intellectual culture of the mechanic’s mind. He is surprised at one of them using the word *metaphysics*—‘a fact!’ says he, in a note—‘a wheelwright once asked me what I thought of Voltaire’s *Candide*?’ no doubt Mr. Tayler was astonished. And what a source of mirth will that ‘metaphysical mechanic’ be to the select circles!

He has also spoken some wholesome truths—truths which many an unsophisticated reader will acknowledge, at page 25 and 26. ‘Look at our parson now—I cannot say he is much of a shepherd but many a bad shepherd makes a rare shearer.’ Mr. Tayler puts this into the mouth of a coarse, burly, fat farmer—in order to make it appear like a falsehood, or a bit of grumbling spite; but how true it is of many, most of these reverend shepherds, there are thousands ready to avouch. I remember hearing a very pretty, gentle-toned lady quoting the severest scandals which were in circulation against herself, in order to convince her circle of hearers of their falsehood—to show the extravagant pitch to which malicious scandal stretched its inventions; yet the worst of her quotations was short of the truth. I knew her well, but her auditors acquitted her on the very ground that they were too bad to be believed. Her success was most triumphant; she was from that moment spotless—till, they found her out.

We are ever and anon told that the advocates of national and social improvement, of the great measures of glorious and universal reform, are fiercely anxious to excite the hatred of the ‘lower orders’ against the ‘upper classes.’ Few works which have issued from the press of late years, are so well calculated to excite the *contempt* of the poor and labouring towards the wealthy and enjoying, as is this of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A. M., country parson of the church of England. But the contempt will not leave their other senses to inertness. They will actively employ their expanded and expanding faculties to prevent the advent of that to which his book is a prolusion, an *avant courier*,—the English version of the Russian catechism. In the time of the good old Church and King—the fire and faggot and pillory era, this book would have helped us bonnily along the current; to day it is good, inasmuch as it puts us on our guard. It will be read, or purchased, by many, for there are many who will wish it success, but the readers will be any but those for whom it is ostensibly written; not one in a thousand of them will get beyond the preface. This is to be regretted, for the poor man and the mechanic would have his perceptions brightened by a perusal of it: and he might find much to amuse him: which would be so

much added to his little sum of enjoyment, which little this writer would willingly abridge, I fear; but bless his simplicity, (or his profundity, which is it?) he unwittingly counteracts his own design. It is a *Punch's* pathos, and sets the spectators in a merry grin. I beg his acceptance of my thanks for the mirth he has afforded me.

In his preface he informs us his mission to write arose from 'the fearful and unnatural absence of any kind of religious principle, indeed of any high moral principle whatever, in Miss Martineau's *Illustrations of Political Economy*,' from her '*Socinianism*,' and her declaration, in a prize essay, that 'the practice of righteousness is not essentially connected with any religious belief.'* Whether Miss Martineau here means any *particular religious* belief, or not, is of no consequence. But if he insist on it, that the necessity of what he calls religious belief is an indispensable article in the creed of Christianity, I will tell him *that article must be expunged from the creed*, whatsoever may be its source, before Christianity of conduct and feeling can pervade this or any other nation. That, and two or three other dogmas must be entirely obliterated; they induce the continuation of a system of education and moral training which make the loveliest injunctions of the great teacher, impracticable and impossible. But, again, can he see no religious, truly religious not dogmatically religious, tendency in Miss Martineau's writings? In pages 67 and 68 of *Sowers not Reapers*, there is more of the veritable spirit of Christianity, than in the whole of the rev. gentleman's pages put together. The tendency of all she has written is Christian justice and an extension of God's blessings to the poor. He, perhaps, may say Chatham, a quarry man—a delver of mill-stones, is a fictitious character. 'Such a reasoner, such an intellectual being cannot be found among that class of people.' Again I tell Mr. Tayler he is utterly ignorant of the minds of those to whom his book is professedly addressed. Miss Martineau has done them simple justice in her estimate of them. When the Rev. Charles B. Tayler has learned how to estimate them, he may hope to write to the mechanics more persuasively.

P. V.

* It grieves him 'to see this essay constantly advertised on the covers of her *Illustrations of Political Economy*.' Yet he follows the example in advertising his own works on the cover of this Tale.

THE CHOICE.

Dram. Pers.—COUNT ERLSTEIN; EDGAR, *his* SON; KARL, *an embodied Demon, subservient to the Count.*

SCENE I.

A Banqueting Hall, splendidly illuminated, guests departing in the distance.

COUNT [*solus*]. Now, heav'n be praised! the farce at length is o'er,
And my guests' lips so lately wreathed in smiles—
Smiles that so ill become mankind!—may enrl
In mingled scorn and envy; or, compressed
In the self-torturing hate that fills their hearts,
Scantly leave passage for a heartfelt curse.
And I, who scorn Earth's lying things too much
To hate the proudest or the greatest of them,
I, too, may smile in scorn, and speak aloud
Without a wish to cheat deceitful hearers.
False friend, and faithless wife! how deep a curse
Have ye not laden my career withal!
But for your treason, I unwisely still
Had trusted, and unknowingly been cheated;
Nor had the horrid curse upon my soul
To lose all happiness in finding truth.
But for man's baseness how I could have loved
The meanest of mankind! No less ye clouds
Whose fleecy clearness robes, yet hideth not,
The ever twinkling stars, creation's gems;
No less ye pine-clad mountains, from whose summits
I stretch mine arms in madness tow'rd high Heaven,
As if to grasp it; Nature! no less than
I love whate'er is *lifeless* on thy bosom.
So! The first dawn is darting from the sky,—
Heaven's smile while gazing on the sleeping world,—
The hours of hollow revelry have flown
Swiftly, as though Love sanctified the scene.
'Tis well: the time has come when thou, my Son,
Must choose, if grasping at my wealth and pow'r,
Thou'lt prove the many miseries of life;
Or, cleaving to thy fairy solitude,
Live on in ignorance and innocence.
Oh! if thy Sire's behest could aught avail
Belov'd one! never more should'st thou emerge
From thy sweet solitude: but *thou*, alas!
Must choose, and I obey.—Ho! Karl.

KARL [*entering*]. My Lord?

COUNT. Deformity! attend: know'st thou the day?

KARL. Humph! Slaves too sadly count the lagging hours
To make mistake in days. Deformity,
Hard words and harder usage, curses, blows,
Have been my daily guerdon for long years.

To-night I cast the slough of mortal form,
And, soaring high above your strife-full earth,
Shall——

COUNT. Babbling and ill-nurtured beast be still !
As yet the tiny island in the lake
Hath shielded my fair boy from guilt and sorrow,
But now his choice must make his fate : do thou
Hie to the boat, and straightway seek the island ;
And there exert your utmost fiendish cunning
In conjuring to my Edgar's sight such scenes
As best may promise to disgust his mind
With the realities of worldly life.
Beware thou play me fairly.

KARL. Doubt it not !
Self-love and ever-'during hate of man
Forbid me to play falsely. Freedom ! Freedom !

COUNT. Thou know'st my pow'r ?

KARL. And eke your will to use it !

COUNT. Again ! be silent, lest in very spite
I grant your master-demon's utmost wish,
And thus prolong your slavery for years ;
And make them seem eternity to you,
And doubly painful, that your 'prisoned spirit
Tends to its spirit state. Away ! Begone !
And let your gibes, suppressed before me, ring
In my boy's ears until he shrink from contact
With the proud, loathsome, smiling liar—Man.

KARL. But if I fail ? If, haply, novelty
Seduce the springald ?

COUNT. Thou'lt no less be free,
If that thou fairly battle his desire.
Exert thy fiendish cunning to its utmost
To make him dread, at once, and loathe mankind.
Show him the fiercely servile soldiery
Reeking in carnage at a tyrant's nod ;
The parent squandering the children's rights,
The children basely plundering the sire,
The lying demagogue evoking ruin
To millions, that *his* lot may be the fairer.
Show him MANKIND : from the precocious varlet,
Who distances in guilt his hoary teacher,
To the imbecile, yet still grasping, senior,
Who, as Death smites him, hungers for more gold.
Show him the world as 'tis : and make him hate it.
That task performed, thou shalt at once be free ;
And I shall be——no matter what or where.
Away ! and see thou be as zealous as
Thou'rt prompt, and subtle in thy devilishness.

SCENE II.

A lake ; KARL rowing a boat in the distance ; a youth walking on the shore.

KARL [*sings*]. Hurra ! the waters glide beneath,
The foul bird screams above,
The one like man's deceitful smile,
The other like his love.

The water's sheen hides foulest things,
And so doth man's false smile ;
The wild bird preys without remorse,
Man loves—and slays, the while.

[*Boat touches the shore and KARL lands.*

Ha ! my young Lord ! Thus early looking for me ?
Hath aught been wanting in the invis'ble hands
That should supply your wants ?

EDGAR. No, no, good Karl !

The spirit's ever watchful, ever tending,
And ere my wishes warm themselves to words,
Their objects greet my sight and woo my having.
But sure, my Karl, thou dost forget the day ?
Said not my fond, though frowning, Sire, that I
To-day should see a portion of the world,
Which, small to the whole, as far exceeds our isle
In vastness, as this lake yon gushing fountain ?
Oh, how I pant to see it in its wonder !

KARL. 'Tis but unknowing youth that makes you thus
Anticipate delight from what is hateful.
You have your books, and must, from them, have learned
A something of man's vices and man's baseness.

EDGAR. But those who chronicle them scourge them, too,
And thus I learn that virtue is no fable.

KARL [*aside*.] A goodly prospect of disgusting him !
[*Aloud*.] Ascend we this sky-piercing hill, and by
My secret pow'r I will display some portions,
Ay ! and the fairest, too, of the wide earth,
And you shall judge of them.

[*They ascend*.] This climbing's tedious !

EDGAR. And well the prospect pays the toil of climbing.
See ! Karl, how beautifully the early day
Lies on the waveless lake like molten gold !

KARL. Fit mirror for our work : a moment spare me,
While I evoke, and task, superior spirits.

* * * * *

'Tis done : and as each pictured scene shall rise,
To thy young ear I will explain its features ;
Nor fear you that my wisdom will disdain——

EDGAR. Hold ! What is that ? My Sire's vast armoury,
With the small oratory at its end !

KARL. 'Tis like ; but not the same ; long weary leagues
From your sire's castle is that gothic hall.

EDGAR. I see a single tenant.

KARL. Mark him well !
He's of earth's best and mightiest ; his grey head
Is hoared far more by toil than years ; his brow
Hath fewer furrows than his heart hath virtues :
Rarely, indeed, can that be said of man !

EDGAR. He writes !

KARL. He writes, although disease is gnawing
The very throne of his surpassing mind.
His midnight hour is past, his lamp is dull,
And sheds a faint and sickly ray around,
As weary of its watch ; *he* slackens not,
Though the dull ticking of the antique clock
Each instant falls upon his ear in warning,
And tells, in tones of dismal prophecy,
Ere long the grave shall lap him in its foulness.

EDGAR. For fame ?

KARL. His fame resoundeth through the world,
E'en to the bloody and the barbarous north.

EDGAR. To teach mankind ?

KARL. No man can do it better ;
But ample stores of precious wisdom he
Already hath provided for the nations.
He hath taught the human heart the way to peace
By teaching it the way to charity ;
And, calling up alike the serf and lord,
The dead of ages, to the living world
Hath shown how greatness, when deformed by vice,
Must shrink from contrast with hut-sheltered virtue.

EDGAR. How they must love him ! How his name be prized,
A spell to rule their wildest hearts to peace !

KARL. *They* love him ! Ay ! e'en as your lordly sire
Doats on his hawks and horses—selfishly.
They love his noble gifts, but leave the man
To perish in his grey integrity,
As there thou see'st him, wasting by degrees.
Deem you the wealthy thousands he has raised,
As far as might be, from the native mud
Of their dull souls would care an he should starve,
Or see his best-beloved ones starve, and so
Be stung to idiocy or raving madness ?
Not they indeed !

* * * * *

You see the cavalcade
That treads the umbrageous walks of yon grey abbey ?
They have laid the mighty one you lately saw
In the dank earth : his mortal toil is o'er ;
The giant frame was bowed, the giant mind
Dwindled and flickered, till the final pang
Extinguished for aye earth's brightest light.

Lo ! does the blood rush back upon the hearts
 Of those he honoured ; studied, loved, and died for ?
 Do men look awe-struck, and, *as feeling death*,
 Gasp in unspoken horror ? Save the few
 Bound to him or by friendship, or near kindred,
 No creature weeps the havoc death has made.
 But the scene changes : what do you behold ?

EDGAR. A mourning city ! Surely pestilence
 Hath done its drear and awful work upon it ?
 Crowds in funereal raiment throng the way,
 And anxious features, pale with woe or watching,
 Flash ever and anon as with a pang
 Of grief renew'd well nigh to reason's ruin.
 What is their cause of grief ?

KARL. A woman's death.

EDGAR. Their benefactress ?

KARL. Few of them e'er saw her ;
 The many of them had their hard-earned pittance
 Abridged, that she might live in idle pomp,
 Bedight in costliest gems, and looking down
 In insolent scorn on those who starved to feed her,
 And groaned beneath her grandsire's lust of war,
 And her sire's love of—every thing but virtue.
 'Tis a brave world you sigh to rush upon !
 The man of many minds ; the giant-child,
 Giant in intellect and child in goodness,
 Descends untimely, hoary though he was,
 To the appalling darkness of the tomb.
 What then ? The magnates of his nation feast
 And trifle on in their ignoble wont ;
 The peasant—thousands whom he lov'd and taught,
 Rush hot as ever to the low debauch ;
 Half-naked harlots trill lascivious lays,
 Featly buffoons display their brutal conynge,
 And the unthinking and ungrateful thousands
 Roar their applause and shake with low delight.
 The proud one's child whom Death,—uncourteous Death—
 Alone prevents from grinding in her turn
 With iron hand and wayward intellect
 A mighty, ignorant, and thoughtless people.
 She, the young minion of an accident,
 Is followed to her grave by mourning thousands,
 Who sacrifice bread-winning industry
 To honour her who would perhaps have scorned them !
 Who would not serve so grateful and so wise,
 So sympathetic and so just a people ?

EDGAR. Karl, Karl, forbear ! I will not hear you thus
 Insult the living and malign the dead ;
 Some reason good they must have had to love her.

KARL. So they all said : her beauty and her virtue
 Were trumpeted by hireling tongue and pen.
 Thanks to my ill-matched limbs, and extra share

Of shoulders, I've but small experience
In matters amorous, so for her beauty
I'll not deny it ; you'll best judge of that,
If you do seek the world and woo its pleasures,
For in our Austria, faces such as hers
Are rife enough—were they a trifle paler.
Then for her virtue ! I gainsay it not—
Married at twenty, it could scarce be wanting.—
I only wonder that should seem a virtue
In her, which is so common in their daughters,
Whose virtue has, withal, so much temptation,
And is rewarded with so little praise.
But we will have new scenes from other lands.
I'll show thee—

EDGAR. Show no more ! I am resolved.

KARL. But I am charged to show—

EDGAR. I'll see no more.

My sire by ill experience is deceived :
You by your love of evil. There is much,
Too much, to hate and to despise in man ;
But your own testimony proves that much
Is also to be loved and cherished in him.
My path is chosen : be it mine to hate
What's evil in mankind and shun their follies ;
But not apart from them will I exist,
Who have so much to combat and to bear.
Prepare we to descend : this very day
I'll hansom my new life—

KARL. And I my old one
Shall recommence, despairing and in hate.
Fresh toil, fresh blows, fresh curses will the Count
Inflict on me for this. For what ? Because
Truth conquers guile, and Earth's not *all* a Hell.

W. T. H.

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

COME to me, my young life, and let me trace
The type of Heaven and love in thy sweet face—
Read in those eyes, so innocently bright,
The soul within—the sentiment of light.
O let me still remember, still beware
To let no darkness touch the lustre there !
How shall I guard thee, thou young heir of mine,
And keep thy infant spirit still divine ?
Soft as the satin of the summer rose,
Thy little cheek against thy mother's glows ;
Sweet as the rose the breath of heaven stirs,
Thy smiling lips kiss tenderness from hers ;
Calm as the moon-beam on the billow's crest,
Lies thy *dear* head upon her doating breast ;

Fond as the ivy or the eglantine,
 Her arms about thee, boy, for ever twine.
 But is *this* love, that tends thus to excess,
 Which grows by giving, given her to bless—
 To nurture thee to glory and to grace—
 To make thee monarch-man—to give thee place
 'Mid earth's high sons, 'mid heaven's holy train—
 Fit thee to live *for us*, and live *again*?

Yes, or it had not been implanted here,
 Born ere thy birth, thou idol of my care!
 How without this unwasting, vital ray,
 Could hope, unwearied, watch thy dawning day?
 Bear each bereavement a fond mother knows,—
 The lack of rest, the absence of repose.
 Surrender'd vanities—relinquish'd joys—
 Praise, power, and homage, and the thousand toys
 That folly fabricates to spoil the gem
 That fools at first corrupt, and then condemn!

O fair affection, with redeeming power
 Thou sav'st the tree, in pity to the flower!
 For this young being, grown from out my heart,
 I bid my vestal vanities depart.
 I am a matron, and a mother now,
 To heaven I lift my consecrated brow,
 And sit with looks 'commercing with the skies,'
 To ask the power that holy love supplies.
 Vain 'twere to weep o'er all my wasted hours—
 My desecrated skill—insulted powers!
 Be *thy* prond task, *improvement*, all my own;
 I'll win the wisdom I was never shown;
 I'll do mine office by this little one,
 I'll be a *mother* to my first-born son!

O my young cherub, I will be thy book,
 And its first lesson—(love in every look)
 Shall teach thee that pure principle, that might
 Make earth so holy—that makes heaven so bright.
 And while progressing in our loving lore
 I'll *show* affection less, but *feel* it more;
 Lest love too lavish, like a clime too warm,
 Should spoil the spirit, I shall try to form.

Shame on the world! in madness or in pride,
 Has woman's mental birth-right been deny'd.
 Be she the weaker—kindly give her right—
 Be she man's equal—then it is her right.
 Whether or not, 'tis *policy* to dower
 Woman with wisdom, since she *must* have power;
 The power to sear or sooth, to blight or bless,
 To mar or make *all* moral happiness.

M. L. G.

UTILITARIAN REFLECTIONS ON THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HAIL to thee once again, old Norwich, dear old Norwich, whom I venerate as if thou wert, not indeed my mother, but my grandmother, or at least my mother's great aunt, or somewhere thereabouts. Thou art sadly and sorely changed; but as the poet, if the most gentlemanly of professors be indeed a poet, says of his Maria, if he ever had a Maria,

No change will I see,
But 'old Norwich' shall still be 'old Norwich' to me.

I love thy old looks and old ways; thy substantial red brick houses, those especially with their gables to the crooked street; thy two o'clock dinners, not yet superseded by the multiplication and velocity of those country-refiners the London coaches; thy primitive population whose seniors even yet boast that their city is only fifty years behind the metropolis, forgetting the date at which their comparison was instituted; thy little river the Wensum, that 'winsome wee thing,' which runs through thee between brick walls; thy multitudinous churches with clocks that strike the hour all the hour round, forgetting their allegiance to St. Peter who here keeps (or used to keep, perhaps they have superseded him now) the keys of time, as he does, above, those of eternity. Yes, I venerate all thy venerabilities, from the grace of the cathedral and the majesty of the castle, down to the very pebble pavement, the unchanging pebbles, that like Wordsworth's dutiful heavens 'are fresh and strong,' their rotundity not visibly impaired by an authenticated century of hob-nail friction. Why will they modernize thee here and there, making thee neither old nor young, but a semi-renovated patriarch in the caldron of Medea? They can never cook thy old English bones into the fashion of an omelet; they can only make thee an-omalous. To boil thee from black to red, like a lobster, was practicable; but there thy capacity of transcoloration ended, and thou wilt never bleach nor blanch into white brick and stucco. O! they have committed many abominations upon thee. One modern appendage to the castle might be tolerated; it recalled an Edinburgh simile, and was 'like a chieftain old and grey with a young and bonny bride;' though after all, the new gaol, which stood for the bride, was somewhat a-miss; but now there is a whole brood of them, blocking up the public way, making people walk round and round, as if in a show shop, to see that noble civic panorama, instead of having it cast before their eyes, a stray benediction, while they pursued, over the hill, their path of business. And the Gildencroft again; now hidden by brick and mortar, but once covered not with marble, but with marbles; where every ragged urchin might have his fancy ball, and many a soaring kite brought down lightnings from heaven into the dust of young imaginations; all gone now.

How could the patriots and philanthropists of Norwich tolerate these encroachments on the pleasures, which are the rights of the poor? Even Mousehold is no more, which in my boyhood was such a glorious moor. The extent of Mousehold was to me the mystery of infinity; I never could reach the end of it; I did not know that it *had* an end; and *beyond it*?—imagination never conceived the beyond of Mousehold. And there it is, cut up, hedged in, ‘cabbined, cribbed, confined;’ Kit’s castle taken prisoner like Rob Roy, and guarded by a detachment of sentinel fir trees, and all the greatness and the glory of the scene made as paltry as the parchment which legalized the enclosure, banished the fairies, broke the spell, and turned the telescope the wrong end towards the object. I am not addicted to lamentations over the past, but at these changes I sigh forth a dolorous *sic transit*, and indeed I am myself made sick by such a *transit*. True, there is some compensation. Poor old Mousehold’s wounded sides are picturesque in their scars and gashes; and though the enclosures, like the private boxes of a theatre, have almost left ‘no room for standing, miscalled standing room,’ yet as you pace the narrow ridge towards Thorpe you have glimpses of new created villas, full of prettiness for the living, and of that lovely resting place, the Rosary, for the dead. These for the residents; and for them conjointly with ‘all people that on earth do dwell’ within a practicable travelling distance, there is the Festival. It is but triennial; would that it were perennial.

Do not expect, reader, either a history of, or a critique upon, that which was held in the present year. I threaten you with no such infliction. You have probably had enough of both in the newspapers. I only mean to make a few reflections, according to my own Utilitarian notions of things. Previously, however, it may be mentioned that the best account, both historical and critical, which the writer has met with of the Norwich Festival is in the *Spectator* newspaper for the 21st September. It may there be seen how that St. Andrew’s Hall, in which the Festival was held, is 134 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 63 feet high; how that the band consisted of 375 persons, 256 vocalists, and 119 instrumentalists; how that the band and the Hall made the most of one another’s ample capabilities; with many facts and opinions thereunto appertaining.

It is a noble pile, this quondam church of St. Andrew; stately gothic, with no fitter or fillagree about it; no ceiling to hide the massy timbers of its roof, and no niches or projections to break its length, save only the two rows of clustered pillars; the portraits of civic worthies which hang around the walls were mostly hidden by the temporary galleries which ran round three sides; and the only conspicuous ornament, a very simple one, was over the orchestra (which occupied the west end of the hall,) the cross of St. Andrew formed by two colossal lances with which the sons of

Anak might have tilted, with just beneath them, and of like colossal proportion, the standard of Le Génereux festooning its tricolor and solitary drapery. There was the band, the instrumental in the centre, the principal singers in front, forming the chord of the arc, and the choristers on each of its projecting sides; an orderly and organized pile of living beings, and of instruments that almost seemed instinct with life and harmony. And then along the thronged area, and around the thronged galleries, what plumes were fluttering and what eyes were glancing, the assembled pride of the city and the county, all gay and gorgeous as at a tournament of old! There are few sights so splendid; especially when, in the evening, the lambent gas running along the pillared and pointed arches, and following their graceful curves, flickered in the musical undulations of the air; or when, more beautiful still, in the morning, the partial sunlight streamed through some one or other of the gothic windows, making long radiant groups of lovely heads and faces, a troop of 'shining ones' amid the shadowed gaiety of the surrounding mortals. It is worth while going a pretty long journey to Norwich only to see the Festival; it is a festival to see it. I know of few buildings that would allow of such a *coup-d'œil*, and those few are not likely to have the opportunity. Moreover I could almost think that the skies love, and do somewhat, at times, to grace the spectacle. I have seen there strange effects of light and shade, as on a landscape, and more than once have heard together the rolling of the drums and of the thunder. Last time, when Braham was singing the Battle of the Angels, peal after peal accompanied his 'big manly voice,' and the lightnings blazed athwart the hall, as if the reminiscences of the heavens were awakened by the song of that strife of Gods, which once shook them to the centre, and decided their dominion. Nor does the commonest state of the atmosphere, which would not be a common state were it without changes manifold, in the many hours which the morning performances occupy, fail of bestowing on the visual sense sundry outgushings of light and glory, intermingled with dim curtainings of gloom, and rich streakings and shiftings of variegated colouring, which blend their prismatic harmonies and magical alternations with those of the auditory atmosphere, the element of sound in which for the time we 'have our being,' contributing to an influence over the sensations which altogether is probably without a parallel.

We see no reason why musical festivals should be an aristocratical luxury; but many reasons why they should be rendered much more popular than they are. Nor would the process of so rendering them be a very difficult one. Our observation of what passed at Norwich suggested many considerations illustrative of its facility, and of its favourable influence upon the progress of musical taste and science, as well as on the enjoyments, and thereby, the improvement of the people.

In opposition to an opinion held by many, and repeated by more, we maintain that *the best music produces the greatest popular effect*. Of this position the Norwich Festival, in accordance with what we have often witnessed elsewhere, furnished a striking continuity and variety of evidence. The great sensations were all produced by the finest passages. The Chorus and Fugue from Mozart, 'O heavenly Lord;' Spohr's 'Destroyed is Babylon,' with the Quartet which follows, 'Blest are the departed;' the well-known beauties of the Creation, never so efficient as in their connexion with the entire composition; the opening of the Deluge; (E. Taylor's Solo and the Chorus 'God is righteous;') the succession of choruses ending with 'Sing Jehovah our Redeemer;' the air 'On the dwellings of thy Children;' and the entire selection from Israel in Egypt: these might have been picked out by a deaf person watching the countenances of the auditory, during the morning performances. They had a visible electric action on the assembly.

The musician who by his art produces any effect upon a multitude, may safely calculate that he shall produce a similar effect upon almost any multitude. If the Norwich auditory had been differently constituted; if the price of admission, instead of being a guinea and half a guinea, had been a crown and half a crown, the same thing would have happened as did happen in the proportionate effect of different parts of the performance. The capability of being 'moved by concord of sweet sounds' is no appendage of station or fortune; nor of what is called education, nor even of intellectuality. It is a physical and connate or innate privilege of certain constitutions, which are generated indifferently in all ranks of society. The proportion of such constitutions to the entire population may probably be varied by many influences, some within and others above the reach of human control; but whether they be few or many, they are the centre and the source of what may be called the *public enjoyment* of musical performances. In the bestowment of this gift, nature is strictly impartial. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county may have it; and so may the journeyman weaver of the city. It is a spirit that breatheth where it listeth; and they who possess it are the true patrons of musical festivals.

The musical temperament is often hereditary; and it is hereditary under circumstances which show that it must be the result of original constitution and not of early training. It is often manifested in childhood under non-exciting and even unpropitious circumstances. Neglect may impair, or exercise may strengthen and refine it. No education can produce more than its semblance, or a very low degree of the sensuous enjoyment of sound which it imparts.

There are two secondary species of musical enjoyment, which may be added to this primary one, or which may be produced

independently of its existence. One is the pleasure which every Art affords by a scientific acquaintance with its principles, and a consequent perception of skill in the application of those principles to the production of novel combinations, and the overcoming of difficulties in the execution. The other is the pleasure which musical sounds excite from the associated images or emotions, and which is strong, rich, and varied, in proportion to the general cultivation of the intellect. We may call the one of these the technical, and the other the poetical enjoyment of music. It cannot be expected that either of them should be possessed in a high degree by the uneducated classes of society. So far as what is called the goodness or fineness of music, consists in the production of the one or the other, it must be allowed that its goodness is no presumption of its general popularity. But these are only secondary modes of enjoyment, and the former in particular is very inferior to the primary.

The first of these kinds of enjoyment has tended to pervert the taste of professional men and amateurs; and it would be greatly for the advantage of the Art, as well as for that of the community, that they should be kept to the true standard of musical excellence by the performance of concerts and oratorios, to audiences of a more popular description than the price which tickets usually bear can possibly admit. The taste for technical and mechanical difficulty in music, as in any of the Arts, is a taste as false as it must ever be unpopular. The production of the most original combination of sounds, whether in the succession of melody, or in the synchronism of harmony, is but wasted labour unless that combination produce a proportionate effect, not on the amazed intellect, but on the nervous system of the musically constituted hearer. Otherwise, it only yields a cold, technical gratification, which is scarcely so much musical as mathematical; and which ought not to be indulged at the expense of the pockets and the patience of the public. A display of this sort produced the only good musical criticism ascribed to Dr. Johnson. 'That piece is very difficult, sir,' said an admiring lady; 'Yes, madam,' was the reply of Ursa Major, 'I wish it were impossible.' The taste for merely elaborate composition and execution is affected by many who have it not, but who aim at whatever is exclusive. Such is always the spirit of patronage in an aristocratical country. The performers who minister to it are alike false to the dignity of their profession, the progress of their Art, and the refinement of the people. The reception of the *Last Judgment*, and of the *Deluge*, at Norwich, is a triumphant proof of the fact, that the deepest mysteries of musical science are only the secret of producing the strongest impression on a popular auditory.

A cultivated musical temperament is as unerring in its appreciation as the profoundest science. Indeed, what is science, but

a collection of the principles and rules according to which sounds act upon that temperament? Its possessor feels how they act. If his ears have escaped sophistication by familiarity with bad music, he is a living Philharmonic, and deserves the reverence of the Art in its professors. To delight them, however humble their station, is the best thing the Art can do in proof of its own excellence. The Right Reverend Father in God, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, an illustrious patron of difficult and exclusive instrumentalism, beats time in the wrong place to a very familiar chorus of Beethoven's. How do the mechanics in the chorus benches use hands and feet when the band sends forth the multifarious thunder of the most intricate harmonies of Sphor? Who, that is not a mere mercenary, would not rather play, for the glory and progress of the Art, to a dozen well-organized Norwich weavers than to the Right Reverend Father in God, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York. It is no disgrace to his Grace, simply as a prelate, that he neither feels enough, nor knows enough, to beat time correctly, and that the mechanics beat him out and out; but the example of such patrons may allay apprehension of any deterioration of the Art by rendering more popular the performance of its noblest productions.

The patrons at Norwich occupied the worst places in the hall for hearing, although the most conspicuous, and paid for them the highest prices. This magnanimous act afforded an opportunity for observing, whether the wealth of the county was differently, or more strongly impressed by the music, than the mediocrity of the city. We traced no symptoms of deeper sensibility; in fact, down to the lowest class, of those who in any capacity had obtained admission, there was an evident unity of impression, independent of station, the diversities being resolvable into those diversities of individual character and temperament which belong alike to all stations.

The poetical enjoyment of music is a far superior pleasure to that of its scientific or technical enjoyment. *Ceteris paribus*, it is realized most largely by those who have the highest degree of the musical temperament. The more strongly musical sound acts upon the nervous system, (until its effect is absolutely overpowering,) the more vivid and varied are the associations which it calls up; it enters the brain's 'chambers of imagery' like a despoiling conqueror, and makes gorgeous with their treasures the procession or the banquet of its triumph. Susceptibility to music brings into action all of the poet that there is in a man's nature; and all of the materials of poetry which instruction has accumulated in his mind. Probably the musical is only a branch, disproportionately developed, of the poetical temperament. It may be the same kind of physical sensibility, determined to the ear, (and, in the painter, determined to the eye,) which, diffused over the whole system, constitutes the poet, or

rather the poetic nature. Hence it is difficult to disentangle the exclusively musical, from the properly poetical, excellence of many of the finest compositions. The latter is essential to good vocal music; and even instrumental music produces comparatively little effect, unless there be developed in it a poetical idea. What would be that famous passage in 'The Creation,' where the instantaneous production of universal light is expressed by the crash, which, in like manner, momentarily fills all space with sound, but a trick to make people start, if it were not for the poetical conception conveyed by the sublime words which are so accompanied? The whole would degenerate into *Toodle loo, loodle loo, loodle loo, loodle loodle*; *toodle loo, loodle, loo, loodle, BANG!!!* Some composers, and men of name too, would perhaps maintain, at least to that point do their principles tend, that these words would have been as good for the purpose as the words of Moses. But it will not do; language must be more than a peg to hang the notes upon, or the poetical, and a large portion of the popular interest in the performance will be sure to break down. A good subject will often bolster up the success of a poor composition. That old sweet Scotch song, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' produced an encore for an insipid and inappropriate melody, from a crowded and well-dressed auditory, which had been listening very patiently to a fine German ballad, finely sang too, by Mr. Edward Taylor, and the Italian of Paer and Cimarosa, merely because its simple poetry was understood and felt by everybody. They would have encored the recitation of it, just then; in fact, they would have done so more enthusiastically, for the wistful regret of the verse had to struggle against the false emphasis and false sentiment of that jolly and jingling air. There are very few people who have German and Italian enough to have any poetical enjoyment of the music of untranslated compositions in those languages. With a few stock pieces, eternal repetition makes them familiar; as to the rest, it is only the sense of sound, guess-work, and affectation. This barrier to the popularity of great musical performances might as well, therefore, be at once removed. It would do good to the Art, and improve people's morals. We should be relieved from the formal assumption, that pearl ear-drops are conductors of intelligence from an unknown tongue to the brain. A fallacy which pervades most concert-rooms, kept up by mutual consent, and much outward effort, while all are internally conscious what a fallacy it is. In some cases, education contributes largely to the poetical enjoyment of music; it furnishes the material of costume, character and scenery; it gives the words their significance and power; but, happily, the highest kind of poetry, and that on which the noblest powers of the greatest musicians have been employed, is of a description essentially popular. There is universality in its sacredness. The Bible is the people's book, and

education does comparatively little for such themes as those of the Creation, the Deluge, Israel in Egypt, and the Last Judgment. We only speak of the Norwich selection; almost all the master-pieces of the Art are of a similar character. Such works as these combine the highest of all the varied effects which music, elaborated by science, and acted upon by, and re-acting upon poetry, is capable of producing. This intense pleasure descends lower, and spreads more broadly in society, than any other which the Art can realize. For the Art, therefore, there would be nothing to fear, but every thing to hope, from throwing open more widely the doors of our Festival Halls. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, let him come.' And if we may not yet say, 'he that hath no money,' let it nevertheless be an object to make as little money as may be, suffice for admission.

It is a favourable circumstance for our views, that most of the finest effects of the finest compositions, are choral. It is so even in Handel and Haydn, and much more in Spohr and Schneider, and this is, no doubt, the true mode of Oratorio composition. Now a prima donna has often cost more for the heartless and artificial warble, repeated every week all the year round, of a few bars of unintelligible difficulties, than would a whole legion of capital chorus singers. Materials for choral bands exist in all large towns as well as in Norwich; and what the happy union of public spirit, with musical taste, in two or three individuals, has accomplished there, may with like facility be realized elsewhere, even in London itself. The attempt would answer every way, pecuniary, artistical, and philanthropic; it would make money, cultivate taste, and refine the population. But the sowers should begin by being reapers, that they may be incited to sow. The first means is the cheapening of the best musical performances, without lowering their character, so as to render them more popular.

The last Norwich Festival was at once the most economical and the most perfect set of performances which has yet been presented there, and, *à fortiori*, in the whole country. Even as it was, much of the expenditure had no necessary connexion with the best parts of the Festival. The morning oratorios must, we suspect, have contributed handsomely towards the evening concerts. It is pity there is no Joint Stock Company to venture on the speculation of music good and cheap, without patronage. 'But the company should be select.' True; we would have it more select than it is. The principle of selection should be the capacity, not of paying highly, but of highly enjoying.

If professional musicians understood their interest and loved their Art, they might surely effect such a change as we desire; the temporary diminution of profits and increase of exertion would soon be compensated. We believe the best of them are well enough disposed; only it is difficult for them to get upon the

right track. There were but few exceptions, and those there was no reason to regret, to the readiness with which the reduced remuneration, offered by the Norwich committee on this last occasion, was accepted. It seemed, and we have no doubt it was, quite as much of a festival to the performers as to the audience; any one might perceive that they were in it, heart and soul; they enjoyed every thing; all the new German novelties, and all the old German novelties too; for how else can we describe the second and third acts of the Creation? But, oh! the gladness and the glory was to see them all at last, when they got fairly afloat with Handel upon the billows of the Red Sea; then how they blew and scraped and banged and shouted, till all the first-born of Egypt trembled in their graves. Majestic, then, was Jupiter Tonans aloft, with his 'double double beat of the thundering drum;' and, far below, Lindley's round face grew rounder, and his twinkling eye glanced up at Dragonetti's long form which was growing longer; and the weaver boys made thorough-stitch work all '*trou* the wilderness,' and galloped the '*hoss*,' poor fellows, as beggars are said to do when mounted; and amid them all, as lovely and as mighty as the poetic angel of the old couplet, Malibran '*rode in the whirlwind*,' and '*triumphed gloriously*.'

Malibran! There's one who loves her art, and understands it too, and the nature without which that art is nothing. There were three things for which she was not paid at all, the sight of which repaid all who saw them. 'The first good joy' was to see her crying, as at the quartet in the Last Judgment, when other people were singing. The next was, to see her singing away, bless her heart, when nobody could hear her, in the loudest choruses. And the third was, her sitting, on the Sunday, in the gallery of St. Margaret's little out-of-the-way church, with the charity-girls, chanting the '*old hundred*,' and dismissing the bewildered clergyman, who would have bowed her to the first seat in the synagogue, with, '*Go your ways to the desk; where should a singing-girl sit but with the singing-girls?*' The act was like her acting, unconventional; as was her volunteering, at the last concert, in the gladness of her spirit, a comic song, which some of the quidnuncs said was '*not treating the patrons and the audience with proper respect*.' Perhaps it was not. But never having cared about *proper respect* ourselves, we cannot pretend to judge. So far from objecting to such '*liberties*,' we only wish they were rights. Beautifully did the arch witchery of that song contrast with the lofty enthusiasm and deep feeling which she had previously evinced. '*Ye sacred priests*' was sung by her, for the first time, on the Friday morning. Was it feeling or study which made her discard the traditional whine of the recitative, and by her dignified rebuke of the hesitating priests give new and far more touching pathos to the commencement of the air, and thus heighten the devout jubilancy of its close?

Malibran has a magic in her own poetic being which creates poetry in every thing she touches ; she breathes soul into music. We trust that she will do yet more (she has already done much) towards that popularizing of highest and finest Art which will be a greater good to the nation than the Reform Bill itself, or the repeal of the Assessed Taxes.

Good people of Norwich, make your Festivals cheaper, hold them every year, cherish your chorus-singers, and never care whether the music be blue and white, or orange and purple. Your gentry have abominably demoralized your commonalty, for all political purposes ; you have to regain a character in the country, for every where they call you all sorts of rascally names ; and you cannot do better than carry on, as you have already commenced, a great Musical Reform for the good of the nation at large. It is quite a godsend for you ; as good a thing as Greece was for Lord Byron, when Don Juan began to pall. You cannot be more honourably or usefully patriotic ; it will be better than returning a milk-and-water brace of blues at the next election, for that will be a great wickedness if done for money, and a great folly if done for nothing. There are better qualifications for legislating than cash, colours or connexions. The ancient city ought to be represented by men combining the intellect and eloquence of William Windham, with the integrity and industry of William Smith, and disposed to dedicate all these qualities to the amelioration of the condition of the great mass of the community. The faction leaders will keep down for some time what political virtue there is in you ; but it is there, and a great deal more of it than your accusers imagine ; let it sleep awhile, and sooth its slumbers with sweet airs. It may awake, like a giant refreshed, or disenchanted knight, and make your old streets ring with the shouts which announce the triumphant conclusion of a pure and popular election. I should like to come to that Festival.

JUVENILE LESSONS.

(Continued from page 690.)

FATHER, I am hungry. Can I have some bread ?

Doubtless, boy, provided thou hast ' money in thy purse ; ' otherwise hungry thou wouldest probably remain. Are we not in London, where, as the phrase goes, ' nobody gives nothing for nothing, ' and a man may starve in the midst of the provisions of Leadenhall market.

How different is the land we came from, father. The Pampas peasants laughed at the foreign travellers who wanted to pay them for the roasted beef.

That, boy, was because the beef was in surplus, and the half of every ox was invariably wasted for want of consumers. As they could not conveniently kill half an ox at a time, even supposing the occurrence

of so extraordinary a thing as economy, the travellers might well have the preference to the wild hogs, or wilder vultures, condors, hawks, and eagles. But the travellers would have had some trouble in procuring bread from the peasants, either for love or money, if by any strange chance the peasants had possessed any. Bread in the Pampas is like a plum-cake in the poor-house of an English parish.

Yes, father. I remember when you drew the loaf from your wallet at the hut of the mare-hunters on the Indian frontier, to give it me to eat with the roasted beef, the children all came round me, and looked at it so eagerly, that I could not help giving it to them, and they devoured it as rapidly as I did the water-melons at the ford of the Tercero river, the day the American traveller said it was so 'awful hot that the sun had gone clean out of the thermometer,' and you laughed for half an hour. While the children were eating the loaf, their mother thanked God 'that they had lived to taste bread.'

Was there not another reason, boy, for giving away thy loaf? Didst thou not prefer beef alone? Thy colour mounts, boy! I did but jest. I know well thou wouldest have given beef and bread and all away, for the gratification of feeding those children. But when thou wert younger, scarce three years of age, thou didst live for months without other food than half-roasted beef and brackish water. Of a surety thou wert half a savage in thy externals; bare-headed, bare-footed, bare-armed, and thy skin sun-burned like to a tree's bark. Yet was thy voice of pleasing treble, while thy speech evinced all kindly thoughts. The Scripture says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' After so long going even beyond the letter, abstaining altogether from bread, it seems to me marvellous strange that thou canst now be content to eat bread alone, and think it a cure for hunger. Of a surety it would choke me, though I fall not under the anathema of Lavater: 'Keep him at least three paces distant from you, who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.' But yonder stands a baker at his door in that wide street. Let us bend our steps thither. He is a Scot by his name; ay, and his physiognomy confirms it.

How happens it that there are so many Scotch bakers in England?

Scotland, like other places, produces more people than food, and the surplus, who cannot procure a living at home, are forced to export themselves. These, with few exceptions, will mostly be found of two classes—those possessed of considerable intellect, and those of inferior intellect. The first go forth principally from a desire of bettering their condition in life, *i. e.* becoming rich. The last are moved by the absolute necessity of procuring the means of bare existence, being principally mere labourers, with little skill. One of the coarse jests formerly in vogue was, that when Scotchmen came up to London from the north, they stopped on the top of Highgate-hill, and borrowed a halfpenny of the first passenger, to toss up 'heads or tails,' thereby to decide whether they should become bakers or gardeners, *i. e.* beaters of dough or diggers of ground, the amount of skill in either being very trifling.

But how could they get from Scotland to London without a halfpenny in their pockets!

By the same process which Irishmen use when they come over to the English harvest—invincible perseverance and economy, added to that faculty which people brought up in misery mostly acquire, when not killed off in the seasoning, the power of eating when they can procure food, and of going without when they have it not, by no means considering eating as a matter of regular business, but chiefly as a casualty.

But do they not get ill in health?

Questionless, and many die outright, while the average length of days is lessened; but worst of all, both themselves and children are deteriorated both in body and mind. Sudden death might be endurable to contemplate, but the deterioration of the germ, the debasing of the standard, is pregnant with monstrous evils.

There is the baker's man coming out with the basket. He is a Scotchman, and he looks stout and strong.

He has widely improved his condition by leaving his own country. He is now well fed and lodged. You must not judge of the condition of either Scotchmen or Irishmen in their own countries, by the condition of those who are permanent settlers in England. Call to mind the Irish hordes of beggars we saw on the road from Liverpool. They scarcely looked human. Ragged, squalid, abject, and speaking an unknown tongue, there wanted but a wilderness instead of a peopled country to convey the perfect impression that a portion of the wild followers of Peter the Hermit were bent upon a new crusade. Poor, wretched people, my heart grieves over them, and the more miserable hordes they had left in their own country, of whom they were a sample even too favourable.

Can nothing be done, father, to improve their condition?

They should not have been produced; but being in existence they have an undoubted claim to support, so long as they are willing to work, to do their share of the task of food-producing.

But who should support them?

The land they were bred upon, in the first resort, even though it were to absorb the whole of the rents of those calling themselves the *land lords*; a strange kind of title, into whose propriety the community will some day examine more deeply than at present. The old Greek *land lords* cultivated their land by slaves, *i. e.* by bought and sold men and women, and consequently were saddled with the cost of their maintenance. When they became too numerous, they got rid of the surplus by planting colonies. The modern Irish *land lords* cultivate their estates by real though not nominal slaves. Their short sight can only see the apparent advantage of having a numerous tenantry whom they are not obliged to support, bidding one against another for the possession of a misery patch, yecept a potato ground, and they overlook the gradual deterioration of the soil, and the entire stoppage of all improvement, owing to poverty. Their ignorance cannot see the advantages accruing from a wealthy tenantry. A wise legislature, notwithstanding all that has been said against poor laws, would establish poor laws in Ireland. The *land lords* would then become interested in the prosperity of the people under them, and learn to consider themselves as *land holders* for the benefit of others as well

as themselves. As a matter of course, the Irish peasantry would be quickly taught to consider it as sound morality not to produce more mouths than there were existing means to fill. Exhortations are of little use to those who hold irresponsible power; but they are susceptible of a lasting impression through the agency of their pockets.

Is it not said that the poor laws in England make paupers who would not otherwise exist?

The maladministration of the poor laws may cause some evil in this way, but not to any extent. England has poor laws, and her paupers are not numerous. Ireland has no poor laws, and she is overrun with paupers.

But, father, suppose Ireland were overflowed with people, even after the rents of the landholders were absorbed by the poor's rates, what then must be done?

They would continue to flow over to England, boy, in increased numbers, if means were not taken to diverge the current to other countries. And were such a system to continue, when no further outlet existed, it would become a question whether England might not justly shut her ports against immigrant Irish. But all such cases must be prudentially considered. Were two men to live together on one island, the one industrious and the other idle, it is quite clear that the industrious one might fairly refuse to feed the idle one. But if the industrious one were capable of producing with facility much more than might be necessary for his own consumption, it might perhaps be a wiser plan to feed the idle one, and endeavour to teach and reform him, than to set him at defiance, and thus take the chance of all the evil his desperation might prompt him to commit. If indeed the industrious one, by his utmost exertions, could only procure barely sufficient for his own maintenance, it would then become imperative on him to resist the demands of the idle one by force of arms. Thus, if England were in a state of comfort owing to the prudence of the people in adjusting the mouths to the food, and all the rest of the world were in a state of misery owing to a surplus of population, she might fairly refuse admittance to foreigners who could only serve to reduce her to the same condition. But this is an abstract case, not likely to happen, inasmuch as people are each day growing wiser.

But, father, I have heard it said that the Scotch are a more moral people than the Irish.

They are upon the average a more prudent people, boy; and with many persons prudence is the only virtue recognised as morality. Yet the poor Irish, who come over to England to the harvest, are also prudent, and carry back with them in their ragged garments almost every farthing of money they earn, starving themselves to accomplish it. The real morality of both Scotch and Irish is, I take it, like that of the English, much upon a par, and depends much upon their relative means of subsistence. No *very* poor people can be very moral, for poverty begets hard selfishness, and causes them to approach to the nature of the wild animals of prey. Amongst the very poor and the very ignorant, drunkenness prevails in Scotland, as it does in Ireland and England.

But they say that the Scotch are all educated.

Then, boy, they say that which is untrue. A larger portion of them may perhaps be able to read and write than among English or Irish, but that is not education; it is no proof either of good moral or physical training. The poverty alone is sufficient proof of the absence of education. No educated people, *i. e.* no people whose judgment were duly trained and ripened, would remain poor. There might be individual examples of poverty, but not national ones.

But, father, is it not said that it is a good thing to be brought up hardily?

There is a distinction to be made, boy. To be brought up hardily is good; to be brought up in hardships is evil, because misery begets selfishness. This it is which has given a peculiar character to the Scottish people of the poorer classes. Here and there finer natures than ordinary burst through the evils unscathed, and retain their excellence; but it is a fearful ordeal they pass through, and is mostly fatal to the growth of beneficence, as well as to physical beauty.

Father, do you remember the Scotch colonists at *** *****?

Perfectly, boy, and the pain I felt at witnessing their daily degradation by intoxication.

What very ugly people they were, and how filthy in their habits. And then their voices; they sounded harsh in mine ears as the groaning of the marsh frogs. I did not understand their speech, but the tones were far more coarse than the deep guttural notes of the Pampas Indians. There was nothing musical about them; and when I spoke to them in Spanish, they looked cross at me, and afterwards made signs for something to drink. The Gauchos of the Pampas were quite handsome people when compared with them, both men and women. Their faces were smooth and plump, though dark coloured; but the faces of the Scotch were white and freckled, like the leprosy I have read of; and they were wrinkled; and their eyes were like those of cats, and altogether I could not look on them with pleasure. The first time I was ever looked crossly at, it was by those people. The Spanish people were always kind to me, and their voices were musical, and they answered all my questions cheerfully.

Thou wert surprised by the contrast, boy; and the want of language to communicate with them aided the painful feeling. But in truth thy disposition lacks love to those who do not cheerfully answer thy questions. Yet in the case of those Scotch colonists thy perceptions were true. Their language and their ideas were as coarse as their voices, and altogether they were worthless people. They were drunken, idle, and filthy, with scarcely an exception. They had no recognition of moral worth. Having eaten food without labour, bestowed by the inhabitants of a plentiful land, they had learned to be shameless beggars, regarding industry as a thing fit only for a negro. And all this was the result of the extreme poverty and hardship in which they had been brought up. Having never experienced the comforts which the possession of property can bestow, they cared for nothing but sensual excitement, and that of the coarsest kind. Consequently, when they reached a plentiful land their excitement became almost frantic, like the hunger of starving men after long abstinence from food.

But did they not afterwards improve ?

Some few, but many killed themselves by excess. But the next generation will improve by imperceptibly assimilating themselves to the manners and customs of the country.

But, father, I have heard people here say that the manners and customs of Spanish countries are very immoral.

That is simply because the definition of morals is different in the different countries. If by morality and immorality we understand good and evil, we may readily come to a general definition. That which produces more pleasure than pain, viewed in all its bearings both upon ourselves and our neighbours, must be good, by which word we commonly understand an emanation of God, or the good principle. And that which produces more pain than pleasure, viewed in all its bearings both upon ourselves and our neighbours, must be evil, by which word we commonly understand an emanation of the devil, or the evil principle.

But, father, are there not some things which are all good or all evil ?

Very few, I apprehend. The proverb says, 'It is an ill wind which blows nobody good ;' and it might be readily reversed. It is a good wind which blows nobody evil.

Yes ; I remember when the locusts came in swarms, and were devouring all the fruit in the orchards, and the crops on the ground, a Pampero gale swept them all into the sea ; and then Don ***** was miserable for two months, for his ship parted her cable in the gale, and was lost.

There, boy, was a general good, and a partial evil. There cannot be a doubt that the former far outbalanced the latter.

But, father, would it not have been better to have no locusts, and no gale, and then the ship might have been saved ?

Thou art now diving beyond my vision, boy. Perhaps, though, Don ***** , who was a lazy, careless man, might take warning by the accident to get his ships better found afterwards. There can be no doubt of the extreme misery which arises at times from over-population, yet even that evil has been accompanied by one advantage.

What is that, father ?

The extinction of the feudal system.

You mean the system under which all the people were a kind of slaves to a few rich men called lords and barons.

Even so. Though the vassals were not actually bought and sold slaves, still they were tied to the soil, and the feudal lord was obliged to find them land for their support. But when they waxed too numerous he was glad to emancipate them, for they were more expense than profit to him. The extinction of the feudal system has commonly been attributed to the influence of Christianity, but, when opposed to profit, Christianity would have availed as little with the oligarchy in those days as it does at present. Had the barons carried their brutal disregard of human feelings a step further, killing off the supernumerary children of their vassals, as they were accustomed to regulate the numbers of their cattle, it is to be feared that personal slavery would have continued for a much longer period.

But, father, would the people have submitted to have their children killed ?

It is hard to say, boy, how far people may be degraded when kept in ignorance by skilful taskmasters. Not many years have elapsed since the house of the philosopher Priestley was burnt by an ignorant mob at Birmingham, and the very instruments and papers dedicated to the service of humanity destroyed.

But, father, the populace of Birmingham could not well be more ignorant than the Roman slaves, who more than once rebelled and placed Rome in jeopardy.

That was because the cruelty of their masters exceeded the bounds of endurance. But when physically well treated, and carefully debarred from the exercise of mind, human beings may be rendered as tame as cattle on a farm. The Tories understand this, and that is the secret of their apparent familiarity with those about them. But they have not understood the whole matter. Had they been wise, they would have discouraged the too great increase in the numbers of the people, and then they might have continued their Corn Laws, and the subservience of their tenantry. But the people have overbred them, physical misery has forced the sufferers to think, and the days of tyranny are passed. The era of education has commenced, and the knowledge hardly and painfully gained by the poor, will be forced on the rich.

But will the knowledge gained by the poor improve their morality ?

It may not in all cases with the present generation, but that will be its general effect. As knowledge increases, physical misery will decrease, for ignorance alone is the cause of the greatest amount of physical misery, and remember that sound morality can scarcely exist where physical misery is constantly tempting to crime. Immorality may frequently accompany wealth as a matter of choice on the part of the possessor, but the poor man is most commonly forced to adopt it as a means of living.

How is it, father, that the payment of the different workmen is regulated, so that some get more than others ?

That kind of labour which is easiest performed, or requires least skill, is most abundant, and consequently is the lowest in price. Skilled labour rises in proportion to the amount of skill required, for the most skilful workmen are always the fewest in number.

But may not the time come, when all men will be skilled alike, at least all men who practise the mechanical arts ?

Then they will be all paid alike, or at least the increase in the rate of payment will be in proportion to the disagreeable nature of the employment. Ordinary copying clerks are at present better paid than labouring men, but as the arts of reading and writing become more universal, they will be worse paid, for the labour is much less, unless indeed the comparative unhealthiness of it be considered an equivalent.

What do common labourers earn in a week ?

They are considered well paid at fifteen shillings.

And carpenters and cabinet-makers ?

About thirty shillings.

Then there was a much greater difference in Southern America.

The country labourers there get a dollar a day, and the carpenters and cabinet-makers four dollars. But father, you remember the cabinet-maker's shop in the Calle de *****. He could earn eight dollars a day at making rose-wood furniture. That was a good man, he taught me to work when I went to play there.

He was a remarkable man, boy. He could do more work than any two men, and he was industrious into the bargain. Thou didst not know that he also was a Scotchman. His history was somewhat remarkable. He left Scotland at twenty, and went to Canada, where he earned money easily, and expended it in the same way, in what workmen are accustomed to call 'enjoying themselves.' At twenty-five he first resolved to become a rich man, and began to save his money. After a few months, he received information of the want of cabinet-makers in Southern America. His mind was soon made up, and he embarked for *****. The rosewood of Brazil was in abundance, but there was no one to make it up into articles of furniture. He hired a large room, took orders, and set to work in earnest. For six years he scarcely ever stepped out of his workshop, which served him both to eat and sleep in. He lost no time. His dinner was brought to him, and placed on his work-bench, ready cut up, and he ate while he wrought, the stroke of the plane accompanying the movement of the jaws. If any one came to him with an order, he did not cease working. He gave them a piece of chalk to write their commission on the wall, while he continued his labour. When the light of day ceased, an artificial light enabled him to continue, and when worn out with sleep, his hard bench was his only couch, and a mallet his pillow. Nay, to such an extent did he carry his perseverance, that on many occasions he was accustomed to place a sharp piece of wood beneath his head, to prevent his sleeping long together. While he was thus disciplining himself to labour, foregoing all relaxation, others in a similar situation were accustomed only to work two days in the week, and pass the rest of their time in excitement. He continued this course of life several years, and accumulated many thousand dollars, when he found his health somewhat affected, and he relaxed in his exertions. He was then informed that there was a city of the interior, which was a perfect Eldorado, in want only of cabinet-makers, and he determined to go there on a speculation. He consequently engaged several workmen, and carried with him a considerable amount of property. The speculation failed, and he lost several thousand dollars. He did not repine, but returned to his old quarters, and his health being improved by travel, he recommenced his work, though not so intensely as before. It was at this period that thou wert acquainted with him, and in conversation with me, he repined that he had not a wife and children to help him to look after his constantly accumulating property. His habits had become grave, and to some austere, and he began to ask himself what was the utility of wealth, yet from long custom still went on accumulating.

What became of him, father, afterwards?

He deliberated long upon returning to Scotland, but all his kindred, *i. e.* his near kindred, were dead, and at last he resolved to purchase a large cattle-breeding estate in the *****. It was a glorious

place, of many thousand acres, hill and valley, wood land and grass land, limestone rocks and crystal streams, running over pebbly sandy beds. Herds of black cattle and horses ran wild on it, and there were no dwellings but a few rushen huts, occasionally inhabited by the wandering Gauchos, who fed upon the cattle without leave of the owner. He was not a man to go half-way in any thing, and this Scot who had worked hard half his life with mechanical tools, within four walls, after a twelve-month's practice, became a fearless and skilful rider, passing whole days and nights in the open air, as though he had been born and bred a cattle herd. He took to the garb of the country, and was known far and wide amongst the natives by the cognomen of *El Gaucho Inglese*. For a considerable period his new mode of life was a source of great happiness to him.

But, father, could he not have done all this just the same without working so hard for so many years ?

Undoubtedly, boy. And he was one of many examples, how necessary a part of education it is, rightly to train the judgment in early youth, in order to proportion our means to our ends, without unnecessary exertions, and without falling into the other extreme of poverty. This man's exertions were for the most part wasted.

But where is he now, father ?

Residing in, or rather, I believe, wandering over his estate, mostly well armed, in order that his hand may keep his head, for there are many of his wild neighbours, who, although they do not dispute his legal title, claim equal right to occupancy and produce with himself. After he had been two years in possession, he determined to turn his cattle to account, by salting them down for beef. He consequently attempted to prevent the Gauchos from stealing them, but in vain, and only excited their enmity, which once or twice has put his life in peril. Afterwards the war broke out, and almost all the cattle were consumed by the opposite parties. He was thus ruined, if a man can be called ruined who possesses thousands of acres of land, and the means of procuring sufficient food and clothing. As for lodging, there is to my mind none like that with the grassy turf beneath, and the diamonded canopy above.

Will he ever take to work again ?

Never, boy. The spell is broken of patient industry. His mind is not of the class which can reason deeply. He had but one object in view when he commenced—riches. They came and went, and his longing has been satisfied. He is more of a philosopher than he was, philosopher enough to know the fruitlessness of wealth, but not philosopher enough to understand its true uses.

Is he happy, father ?

No, boy, he is restless. And a restless man, unoccupied, endures a constant martyrdom. A life without an object is worse than no life at all.

But, father, can people live without objects ? I do not understand it. I am never without an object. The only trouble I have, is that my time is too short for all I want to do.

And it shall be my care, boy, so to train thee, that it may be ever thus with thee, and then thy life will be one tissue of happiness.

Tell me, father, how I was brought up when young, before I could remember things.

Hardily boy, at least as hardily as the beautiful climate would permit. Thy limbs were uncramped by bandages, and all thy motions were unimpeded. The water from a crystal stream was thy daily bath, wherein thou wouldst sport in wild delight, and white and curly was the carpet of lamb-skins, which served thee to roll on ere thou hadst learned to walk. Older grown, thy food was coarse, though plentiful, and partaken of at no stated intervals, but when hunger demanded it. A wild orchard and wilder wood were thy chosen haunts, and thy companions were two noble looking dogs, who constantly hung upon thy footsteps, serving as thy guard against the wild cattle, who, at times, burst through the enclosures into the mellow patches, while thy mimic lazo was whirling around thee, and thy shrill voice shouted forth imperfect accents, such as thou hadst heard from the lips of the hunters.

Oh, father! I can just recollect the boar attacking me.

It is vividly present to me, boy. Thy dogs were away after a bull on the hill, and thou wert plucking a ripe melon, when the savage animal rushed through the hedge and overthrew thee. But for the lazo of the peasant who was hoeing the maize, the brute would have slain thee. Only that morning the hedge had been made seemingly secure against the ferocious brute's intrusion. But he was never ferocious afterwards.

Was he killed?

No; he was what the sailors call spritsail-yarded. A roller of wood, some three feet in length, was rivetted to the ring in his nose, which, while walking, he was accustomed to balance as carefully as a rope-dancer, but with all the gravity of an Alcalde when he first takes office, and grasps the gold-headed cane. He never again attempted a hedge.

Father, do you remember when we set out on our travels across the great mountains?

Ay, boy; and the peril on the green hill slope above the precipice which overlooks the river. We had slept in the grass in the valley below, and at early dawn the muleteers aroused us to proceed on our journey, while the grey mist hung around and impeded the view of the morning star. I had saddled a lean and half-vicious black horse, and was leading another fastened by the tether to a ring in the saddle-girth, while thou wert sitting before me on the pommel, prattling about each indistinct object which we passed. Suddenly a huge vulture arose directly before us on the narrow track, and his hoary wings flapped against the eyes of the steed, who first reared, and then sprang up the steepest part of the mountain in affright, dashing towards the cliff. Reining him back, the girth slipped, and I felt the saddle turning. Barely time had I to throw thee into a prickly bush, which held thy garments fast, ere horse and rider came to the earth together, on the extreme verge.

I remember how furiously he kicked till he had got clear of the saddle trappings, in which your spur was hitched, while the rifle at your back went off in the struggle.

Ay, boy, and the mischievous animal gave me full half an hour's work to catch him again, and another half hour to collect the saddle-gear which he had scattered far and wide. Thou wert an excellent traveller, boy, as all children are when they are rationally treated. No word of complaint ever passed thy lips, though thou wert afterwards both cold and hungry in the barren pathways of the mountain range, where the cold winds whistled, and the running streams froze as we lay by their edges, fireless, and the rough coats of the shivering mules and horses gave forth a torrent of fiery sparks whenever the hand passed over them. It is good that human beings should move from place to place, and prove all varieties of life, for only thus can their prejudices be extinguished.

And, father, do you remember the guanaco which you shot at the ford of the river, as he came down to drink?

Ay, boy, and his flesh was roasted for supper, and we found it delicious. How the fire-flame roared round the old rock in the rushing breeze, as we sat cross-legged on our saddle-gear, at supper. Our muleteers sang patriotic songs, till *El Peñon Rasgado* rang again, and the wine-cup meanwhile passed merrily round. Oh! but there was something rapturous in that life, with the blue starry heavens above, and the river making wild music below, even though no level spot of ground could be found on which a man of six feet in length could comfortably stretch himself, without feeling the inequality of surface make his bones ache.

But, father, you remember the next night, when we stopped at the dry bed of the mountain torrent, where the coarse sand was heaped in drifts?

Ay, boy, that was indeed a luxury. We nestled into it till it fitted us like one of Arnot's beds, just as the sparrows do in the dusty road in summer. Our sleep was sound, for exercise had earned it. Oh! that indeed was life. Would that we might live it over again for a time! Often as I lie waking within the haunts of civilization is that sand bed of the dry torrent present to me. I see the forms of our bodies printed in the flickering glare of the fire-light, gleaming on the thorny shrubs that served to sift but not to keep off the mountain blast, which yet howled angrily that it could not pierce the wetted poncho, which bade it defiance with its icy surface.

When shall we travel here, father?

There is no travelling here, boy. Thou mayst move from house to house, or from town to town, but where is the excitement of travel when you are positively sure that a house and a bed, and a supper, await the close of each day; and, in addition to that, a certain number of interested people, whose only value for you is the profit you can help them to? No, no; the true delicious excitement of travel must ever consist in its uncertainty,—the hunting after the unknown. English travelling is like English hunting; the result is settled and known beforehand. To be conscious of this is to feel like a locomotive machine. But thou hast eaten thy bread, therefore let us depart.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(*To be continued.*)

MIND.

WHAT is thy emblem, Mind ?

The earth—now wearing on its forehead young
 Unopen'd leaf-buds, and a few pale flowers ;
 Now with the summer's green and blossom hung,
 And lavishing warm love on all the hours ;
 Now with its myriad globes of rich ripe fruit,
 And its arboreous leaf-work, million-hued ;
 Now cold in winter's winding-sheet and mute—
 But its deep heart with brooding life imbued :
 Its early flowers and bursting buds
 Struck by chill winds and cloud-rain'd floods ;
 Its summer mantle rent and sodden,
 By all the elements down-trodden ;
 Its golden fruit and foliage scatter'd,
 And its dead limbs oppress'd and shatter'd
 By the strong wings of wind and storm,
 And frozen in its heart-dépths warm !

What should be thy emblem, Mind ?

The weltering ocean,
 In calm or commotion—
 Now with heaven's own hue
 On its bosom blue—
 Gentle and slow, with lustrous shadows
 Of clouds thin-woven,
 By light airs cloven,
 And studs of light o'er its azure meadows ;
 Now dark and still
 As intents of ill,
 And a mighty mirror
 For every terror—
 And inly-folded, like resolved will ;
 Now rolling and foaming
 In thunder and fire,
 Like the turbulent coming
 Of rending desire ;
 Now vailing to midnight its quivering crest—
 Wearing starbeams and moonlight in love on its breast.

What is thy meet emblem, Mind ?

The holy beauty of the sky,
 Dim shroud of that vast Deity,
 To whose veil'd ray, all rays we see
 Are cloud ; with all the spirits that roam
 Beneath its ether-woven dome :
 The sun, whose space-enfolding flight
 Steeps the inebriate earth in slight ;

The unresting moon, the love-beloved ;
 The planets, and pale constellations ;
 The cloud-stars, where the soul, reprov'd,
 Dreams of immensity, and quivers ;
 And ever-changing clouds, that flee
 Before the wild wind's inspirations,
 Like oceans dark and gleaming rivers,
 And in tempestuous exhalations
 Work change eternal o'er the earth and sea.

As heaven upon the deep descendeth,
 God—or whate'er that Spirit's name, }
 Whose torch lit up the undying flame
 That lampeth in the eyes of space—
 Falls on the mind :
 As light and wind
 Blend on the many-colour'd ocean's face,
 So with our common thought that Spirit blendeth :
 As the sea shakes the earth
 With every billow's birth,
 The mind with all its strife
 Shatters the nerves of life !

* W *

THE ESCAPE.

‘ What holiness is in that placid face !’

ON an evening in December, some years ago, I was walking on the banks of the Ohio, when the river was full of floating ice ; a boat, containing several negroes, attracted my attention, as the men were struggling the boat through the masses which were borne along rapidly on the strong current. If there were danger in the process, the men seemed insensible of it, for they screamed with laughter. They were in their holiday clothes, and coming across from the Virginia side, as I learned on their landing, for a merry-making, it being Christmas eve. There was a stirring excitement in the transit under such circumstances, which increased my desire to effect a passage to the opposite bank, where the visible number of houses promised a better chance of lodging for the night, than I saw in remaining on the Ohio side, where the dwellings were more thinly and widely scattered. The sun had now set. Four or five of the negroes disembarked, and other two were about to push off for a second cargo of their comrades, when I asked them if they would give me a passage across ? ‘ Yes, massa,’ was the ready reply. Forthwith I stepped into the boat, and united my labours in the toil, which I found to be much greater than the merriment I had witnessed led me to expect. I, at that time, carried my *plunder*, as the Kentuckians

have it, my all, in an oil-skin case, and a leather portfolio, suspended over my shoulder. In taking these off for the purpose of carrying them more conveniently into the boat, I laid a stick down and forgot it. When we had been battling with, and twisting and sinuosing among the ice for fifteen minutes or more, without having made much progress, for the blocks of ice rather increased in size and number, I suddenly recollected my stick—I was very unwilling to lose it, for it had been my only companion through a pedestrian journey of more than two thousand miles; and, besides, it had another value, it was given to me by an English settler at Albion, in the Illinois. When I mentioned my loss, the boatmen very readily offered to put back, troublesome as was the task of doing so, On re-landing—from what cause I need not say—I am sure it was not a presentiment of danger and disaster, for I saw nothing to awaken such a feeling, I changed my mind, and decided on remaining on that side of the river, to seek a home for the night; I gave the men half-a-dollar, thanked, and bade them good night; then I remained looking at the men and boat. While one was employed at the oars, the other laboured in thrusting the obstructions aside with a boat-hook; when, in the act of lifting a mass from the boat's bow, he brought the gunnel low in the water, and at that moment a block of ice struck her—rolled into the boat—she lurched, and instantly filled; the men threw up a loud and scattering shriek, and boat and all were gone, overwhelmed beneath the ice!

‘And you instantly fell on your knees, and returned thanks for your escape,’ were the words which I heard from a female in a circle in which I once related this incident. I was not looking in the direction of the speaker at the moment, but I answered in that intensesness of voice which indicates much more than is spoken; it was that subduedness, that suppressed tone, which is used by one who compels himself to laugh at the recollection of a strong and painful excitement, which excitement arises again as memory recalls the circumstances.—My words were—‘Oh, no, indeed!—I was intent on other thoughts then;’ and as I spoke my eyes turned, and I saw the lady, who with the sweetest calmness, and most beautiful composure of countenance, sat looking at me; the palm of one of her delicate hands turned out towards me—fingers open and pointing upwards; the gesticulative expression of ‘keep off’ and indignant deprecation combined: the wrist of that hand rested on one of those little knick-knackery, bijouterie tables, which we see in drawing-rooms. The hand excepted, the keenest scrutiny would have failed to discover any sign of thought or feeling in the face, form, or figure. It was exquisitely beautiful substantial nothing on which I gazed; she was as vivacious as the arm of that fauteuil which held her; had she suspected I was so skilled in the meaning of gestures, that hand would have reposed as quietly as her face and eyes did.

Next day I was informed how much my conduct, &c. &c. &c. (for there was a long story of it) had shocked 'Mrs. Snodgrass.' The influence extended to the friends at whose house this occurred: they were unusually reserved on my next visit, and soon after were 'not at home' when I called. This affair set me thinking.

How well do I hear, now, the gentle, smooth, liquid evenness of tone in which the lady syllabled those words! I would defy the most sensitive ear to discover whether they carried any intention of reproach, hope, sympathy, feeling, meaning of any kind beyond the positive signification which would be given to them if they had been read from a dictionary: if they had been arranged in a perpendicular line, and conned over like a sum in addition, they would have expressed her meaning quite as forcibly. I have frequently listened to the same kind of evenness since, more frequently from men than from women; in which it is the more horrible I shall not say—nor will I ever use a gentler term than *horrible* in speaking of it. It is the process by which

They show to circling eyes they're too genteel
To laugh, or smile—to weep, or sigh, or feel:
Convey, in placid tones, their bitterest spite;
To prove, while stabbing hearts, they are polite,
And coat decocting venom o'er with ice—
For such is dignity.

Not Pope.

I have, a hundred times since, related this anecdote—(not the lady's conduct)—I have used it as a touchstone, a key by which I unlocked the temper, and obtained access to the morale of the individual to whom I applied it. Many have spoken or ejaculated the words of the lady—others tearfully exclaimed, 'poor creatures!' Two I can remember, who remarked, 'what you must have suffered at seeing this painful disaster, yourself, probably, in some measure, the cause, though the innocent cause!' Indeed, I did suffer. That shriek rang through the evening twilight for months afterwards, and I saw the piled blocks of ice toppling into the boat as I lay dreaming on my bed—I felt, over and over again, the almost burning eagerness with which I ran in search of another boat and assistants—(this portion of the story I relate now for the first time)—how, while others were reluctant in the supposed impossibility of rescuing the poor fellows, I was armed in triple strength, and utter insensibility to peril—obstacles diminished or vanished at the will; effort seemed unnecessary; I made none: energy and power came without a compulsory bracing of the nerves; I remember my dumb indifference to remonstrances and the charge of 'foolishness,' as I leaped out of the boat, when an island of ice blocked up our progress, and made use of it as a fulcrum, my legs the lever, for propelling her; sinking, as the fulcrum did, beneath my

weight and pressure, till I was up to my waist at times; yet I felt as secure as if I were treading a rock that had stood from the foundation of the earth, and I could calculate the distance I was able to spring to and from the boat to the certainty of an inch; I was sure I was safe; and I saw a head above the water, and arms splashing and uplifted, trying to grasp a mass which was floating by—and I redoubled my efforts: three persons besides myself were in the boat, and on seeing this they became as confident and eager as I was. The object was scarcely fifty yards distant, but between us and it lay, collected and aggerated, a thousand smaller and larger masses, concreting as they floated along, and presenting a seemingly impenetrable barrier. But skill is the ductile child of resolution. Under other circumstances,—circumstances not demanding the gathered-up energies, nor calling upon resolution with so earnest a voice,—the boat might have been craunched into fragments as the ice whirled in the sawing eddies, which the united efforts of feet, oars, and poles occasioned in forcing the boat through the obstructions; the crashing and jingling of the broken ice, then its harsh grating against the sides and bottom of the boat, rolled and wheeled over the water; the whole river seemed alive with hisses, as if ten thousand millions of voices were subdued into breathing whispers; and, far above all, rose and rung through the evening sky the shriek of the poor fellow who was clinging in death's anticipated agonies to the ice. We set up a shout of encouragement. The shriek was our only direction now; for darkness and the intervening masses hid him from the view. He was found when no longer capable of uttering a cry, yet still he clung; his fingers were actually fastened into the ice. With what eager joy, to each of us, he was taken into the boat! Life seemed to be utterly extinct. We stripped him, and with my coat, which, as I had thrown it off, was fortunately dry, we rubbed the benumbed body, and, oh, warmth—breathing, returned! Each man willingly took off his outer garments, to wrap round the poor fellow; and thus we safely carried him to the shore. There were many persons by this time gathered on the river's bank, with pine-knot torches burning, and one voice among them repeated the inquiring wail, 'Is it David? Is it David? Do tell me if it is David!' She pressed forward to satisfy her agony of anxiety:—*it was not David*—David had perished! Reader, do you think I soon forgot that negro woman's wail, or that rising shriek which stopped short in her throat, as if it were *snapped* off by death, with which she dropped among the feet of those who were carrying the rescued man?

The first part of this incident I have frequently told, as I before said, as a touchstone to try the characters, the dispositions, the modes of thinking of my hearers; and I obtained the different results, drew forth the *self-illustrating* remarks, to which I have

referred. One to whom I related it, and with it my *sensations and thoughts* on the occasion, said, 'Oh, that was the right thing.' I was thus taught that there might be a distinction between a person of religious reputation and one of Christian feelings; that they might be wide as the poles asunder.

Generous and honest reader, which or what inference will you draw from this? Perhaps, though, you will say, my nice recollection of these things, or, rather, my ability to note them so closely, so minutely, is an evidence that I was not much moved by the circumstances. My friend,—let me so call you,—I have gathered them together since, by rethinking them over. Do not fall into the error of believing that that which is stirring us most, which produces the wildest riot, or most bustling variation in our thoughts, is least likely to be *remembered*. Even in its smallest or remotest particulars, it may sharply and deeply cut its records on the brain. I have dissected myself a thousand times. I have analyzed my sensations, and lived my life over and over again; and there has been in me this faculty of watchfulness, or, rather, this power of minute retrospection under all circumstances. When every thought scalded my veins and dashed the hot waves of agony on my heart, they have left their clear and distinct impressions on my memory; and though I could not knead my thoughts into a subjugation of my sufferings,—could not press the feverishness of the rocking heart into a calmness of beating,—no, nor steer my conduct, manner, and actions on the currents of a composing rationality under such influences, nothing was omitted to be entered on that book. There is not a highly exciting circumstance in my existence, of which I have not a perfect remembrance; of every thought which passed through my mind, and every sensation of pain or pleasure, self-approbation or reproach, of gladness or regret, which accompanied it, as accurately as at the moment of its occurrence. All over again, I think, feel, and live. There are thousands of men who do so, but perhaps no one has hitherto ventured to speak freely or illustratively on this subject. I can remember each current and bubble; I can trace the fount and course of thoughts thirty years old, and lay bare the recipient, or the awakened feeling, answering to those thoughts; how one feeling broached the channel for another, and that ran till it discharged into a third. These things are the result of habit, solitude, intense companionship with myself. I am a history of sensations; then marvel not that I am an egotist, but indulge me in the humour of an avowed one. I have yet to discover,—but I think I never shall make the discovery,—that such egotism is either criminal, silly, or weak.

Perhaps the reader, on a little reflection, will perceive why I have recorded this anecdote; one inference he will be sure to draw from it. There is, however, another corollary, viz. verbal

lessons and verbal practice are by too many considered illustrations, evidence of moral goodness, and efficient guards against the growth of ill-will, selfishness, and indifference to others. A silent example, an unconsidered action, even though affection prompts that action, is very often productive of an enduring mischief that will counteract all the purposed utility, or momentary influence of verbal precept. The teacher, perhaps, is innocent of the mischief; innocent, certainly, in so far as the intention is considered. The evil grows out of the teacher's ignorance, or, more gently to speak, want of reflection. I have seen parents of the most affectionate and benevolent dispositions, in their very solicitude for their children's comforts, even in their anxiety for their moral well-being, sow the seeds of future crime. We all know what sort of thing 'a good child' usually is; how the child is made 'good' we know.

P. V.

AN INDEPENDENT IN CHURCH AND STATE.*

OF all the 'signs of the times,' not one is more hopeful than the quantity and quality of intelligence which is developing itself amongst the 'producing classes' of the community. It must needs be, that 'those who think, will govern those who toil,' but much oppression will infallibly result from this arrangement until the union be effected of 'those who think,' and 'those who toil' in the same persons. We shall then arrive at the most desirable of all political consummations, a self-governed community. Ignorant labour is sure to be kept on short allowance. The trite moral of the story of Samson loses, in its triteness, neither its truth nor its applicability; his blind strength only availed to grind in the mill of the Philistine lords, and to pull down the temple on their heads. And so it ever is. If a bandage be the crest, the motto can be none other than '*slavery or vengeance*.' The apprehension of such an alternation may be some check upon the selfishness of 'those who think,' but so long as they are a separate class, they must be under stronger temptations to think *for themselves* than humanity ought to be exposed to. If they be philanthropists, there is nothing they will more earnestly covet, than to be out of such temptation. They will see how intimately the diffusion of enjoyment is connected with the diffusion of intelligence. Any way, therefore, that the toilers should become thinkers, is the heart's desire of all good men. The desire is becoming realized faster than could possibly have been anticipated.

Here is a symptom of the progress, in the little book now before us. The threepenny tract, whose title we have just given, is the production of a poor Irishman, by name Francis Ross, a journey-

* The Examination of an Independent in Church and State. Dublin, Young and Cunningham; London, Effingham Wilson.

man printer, who for lack of time or means, or of both perhaps, *composes* with the types, as did Thomas Jonathan Wooler in the days of the Black Dwarf, and prints from the fair copy in his brain. They be good brains, which by such a *modus operandi* produce useful matter. The aforesaid Thomas Jonathan did sometimes, in spite of his motto, *run a muck*, and so perhaps might Francis Ross, if his typography were in weekly employment, but so he has not done in this tract, which is a capital compendium of the doctrine of civil and religious liberty. It is clear and sound, pithy and comprehensive; no froth and stuff; no verbiage and claptraps; neither dry logic, nor bitter and bad feelings; but a MAN, with a soul, telling out great principles in plain and forcible language. Were we poetical, we would indite an ode to him:

‘Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross.’

And yet that would seem as if we were chronicling a miracle, which is far from our meaning. This man is one of many, as well as one of *the* many. *There* is the beauty of it. There is the evidence of human progression. There is the pledge of human improvement. There is the rainbow; and never mind the clouds. If the ‘lower orders,’ the yet unemancipated artisans, produce such men, a great reform must be at hand. And do they not? Look at the poetry of Elliot, the ironmonger. There are strokes to make the fire fly. Listen to the lectures of Detrosier, the fustian-cutter. He cuts all fustian in them, and fills them with sense and science. Mark the industry and acuteness of Wade, the wool-comber. There is much to mark in the ‘Black Book,’ and the ‘History of the Middle and Working Classes,’ and to be inwardly digested too. Trace Samuel Downing, the cabinet-maker, in the Mechanic’s Magazine. What delicacy, as well as power in his touch! There will be much making and unmaking of cabinets, until intellects like these find their true position in the social system. They are all, and there are many more such, *men of their class*; made so, by its being a repressed class; and championing the rights and interests of the community in that class. Were the nation represented, their voices would be heard amongst those of peers and merchants. And the peers and merchants would be none the worse for it, provided they have taken shares in the great joint stock of human happiness.

But we must return to Frank Ross, and introduce him to our readers. He shall introduce himself. He thus prefaces:

‘The great principles of civil and religious liberty are even yet very imperfectly understood. It will be a new thing in the history of the world when entire nations are found to live in harmony, and when the bond of union between man and man is—“WE AGREE TO DIFFER.”

‘The United States have exhibited for some time the example of a civilized nation growing to greatness without the aid of an Established Church. And all over Britain the feeling is becoming very strong

that we could ourselves be religious and powerful, even if we were disencumbered of the trappings of a state religion. Only in Ireland there exists a misapprehension—there is more hatred directed against the Established Church itself, than against the *principles* on which it is founded.

‘This little tract, therefore, is intended to convey a few of the leading and more prominent principles of liberty to the minds of the people. Originality is not pretended; nor is there any attempt made, in so small a compass, to enter into argument. A few simple truths are expressed in a manner which may probably give offence to some, who are favourably disposed towards things as they are—but the writer claims the usual privilege of a free subject in giving utterance to his opinions.

‘Such, gentle reader, is all the apology, reason, or excuse which can be offered for presenting you with this little work. But do not rashly reject it because it probably bears on its face an air of boldness. Plain speaking is not unfrequently very disagreeable; but the truth should not be suppressed. So good bye; if the little book is acceptable, we may meet again; if not, there has been paper and ink wasted.’

The examination of our independent then commences as follows :

‘I also am a MAN.’

‘Who and what are you?’

A human being, one of God’s rational and accountable creatures.

Then you believe in the existence of God?

I do, firmly and devoutly.

How do you worship him?

According to the forms of the religion which is known by the name of CHRISTIAN.

Are you aware that there are different and contradictory forms of worship in that religion?

No.

No! Are you not aware that different sects of Christians consign each other to perdition on account of their differences?

If they do, they are fools for their pains.

Why?

Because they might as soon boil an egg on a cake of ice, or drain the ocean into a quart bottle.

That is a strange expression.

Not more strange than to say that finite beings can usurp their Maker’s prerogative.

Then you are a friend to TOLERATION?

No.

Will you explain yourself?

The word *Toleration* is a stupid and unmeaning word, and yet it has done more mischief than any other word in the English language.

What is the meaning of the word?

If it has any meaning, it signifies to *allow*, to *permit*, to *suffer*; as applied to *OPINION*, it means *not to hinder* that to which we are opposed.

What then do those who use the word necessarily imply by it?

They imply that one class of men have a *RIGHT*, natural or divine, to tolerate others; and of course, if they have a *right to tolerate*, they have also the right *not to tolerate*, as often as they please.

Have any body or class of men this right?

No! God be thanked! no! We are accountable to none but God.

Then how is the word *Toleration* retained in the English language?

By a perversion of ideas.

How did this perversion of ideas originate?

In the vain attempt of one body of men to make an entire nation think as they did themselves.

What motives led to this attempt?

In some it doubtless was mistaken sincerity, which led them to compel others to think as they did; in others it arose perhaps from selfishness combined with ignorance and the grossest folly; but in the great majority it arose from pure cunning and craftiness, in order to live in splendour on the credulity of the people.

Like a jeweller investigating or exhibiting the qualities of a precious stone, holding it up to the light, turning it this way and that, and presenting all its reflecting and refracting powers to the eye, our independent displays his principles under a rich variety of forms or aspects. We have them in the garb of a catechism, a creed, a prayer, a king's speech, and a series of maxims. This is a very good process with those elementary truths which require little more than enunciation, when once the mind is in a state to attend to them. With the axioms of politics, as with those of geometry, the teacher's task is rather to obtain attention and induce clear comprehension, than to parade a host of arguments. People see at once, if they see at all. The chief thing is to try them with different lights, till that be found which is to them the true light. After some doubt, whether to favour our readers with the 'Creed,' or the 'King's Speech,' each excellent in its way, we take the 'Maxims' as more comprehensive than either, though not perhaps so striking.

'The following are my *theoretical* opinions. Of course the *practicability* and *wisdom* of some of them is controvertible.

1. That there is a great and good God, who is the Creator and Friend of the human race.

2. That all men are in his sight "*FREE and EQUAL*," having no precedence one above the other.

3. That the human race is gradually and firmly advancing, year after year, in wisdom and knowledge.

4. That the science of government, like every other science, is becoming every day more clearly and distinctly understood.

5. That old governments ought to be all re-modelled, and adapted to the altered and continually altering state of society.

6. That all government is intended for the good of the people, and not for the pleasure of the governors.

7. That all governors are the servants of those whom they govern, and responsible to them for their conduct.

8. That no government should be constructed for the benefit of the few, but the good of the many.

9. That religion should be wholly excluded from forming any part of the materials of government.

10. That no sect of religionists should be established by law in a country, or taken into the favour of any government.

11. That no man has a right to interfere with the religious opinions of his neighbour, or can compel him to contribute to the support of his own.

12. That where evils exist in a government, they ought to be very promptly remedied.

13. That the existence of an Established Church is a very great evil, and that it ought to be abolished.

14. That the word *Toleration*, as implying the right of one sect to suffer or endure another, should no longer be used in the English language, on account of its tendency to pervert the minds of the rising generation, and to mystify their ideas of truth and justice.

15. That the title *Spiritual Lord* is a very profane and impious title, an insult to God, and an imposition upon man.

16. That the title *Temporal Lord* is a very absurd and laughable title, unless understood as applied to those troublesome characters who used to knock each other on the head, steal sheep, and burn castles, and whose existence was generally very *temporary* indeed.

17. That the *aristocracy* or *nobility* of a country should be composed of those only who are truly noble and illustrious in character and conduct; and that when a nobleman is proven to be a gambler, a drunkard, or an infamous person, he should be immediately stripped of his dignity.

18. That it is a matter of no consequence whether the chief magistrate of a country is called a King or a President, provided that the government is framed with a due attention to the interests of all who form a part of it.

19. That the existence of any ruler, legislator, or governor, over whom the people have no control, and to whom they must submit whether they will or no, is contrary to reason, truth, and justice, unless a direct commission can be produced from God.

20. That persecution, restraint, or punishment on account of religious opinions was first invented by the devil for the annoyance of man, and is still much used by his servants for the same wicked and diabolical purpose.

21. But as men grow wiser, they will each learn to yield to his neighbour the freedom which he demands for himself.

22. And therefore he who promotes the interests of man will be an enemy to persecution, will hate tyranny of every description, whether under civil or religious prettexts, will detest humbug, hypocrisy, and fraud, though clothed in sacerdotal robes, and sheltering villany and oppression under the most solemn and sacred names, will recognise in every face which bears on it rationality and intelligence, the finger and the signet of God, a brother and a friend, and tearing down the wall of partition which has hitherto divided classes of men, will proclaim a peace to the petty dissensions of rival sects, and pointing to

one common bond of union, will exhort the PEOPLE to join together and pull together for free government, for cheap government, for rational government—not for a party but the nation, not for a sect but for Christianity, not exclusively for the rich, but equally for the poor—and Britain would then be what she has often boasted she was—*The envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world.*

On one point the independent is at fault. After proposing to abolish the established church immediately, he is asked

‘And what would you do with the property and clergy of this church?’

‘Leave the clergy at once to be supported by their flocks, and gather the property into one general fund, to be placed at the disposal of the nation.’

This would be penny-wise and pound-foolish as to the nation, and harsh and unjust towards individuals.

What is called church property, is in fact a public trust of property, assigned in perpetuity for a particular purpose, the spiritual and moral culture of the people. The community would be little benefited by its being seized and thrown into that great quagmire, the National Debt. Still less is there occasion to make a present of the tithes to the landlords. The best thing would be for the property to remain intact; commuting the tithes for land, or land’s worth in money; and for the nation to reap the benefit of its original appropriation, that appropriation being interpreted in accordance with the knowledge which mankind have gained since the endowments were founded. The donors thought that the essence of moral and spiritual culture was in the rites and ordinances of the Romish church. It was long ago discovered that they were mistaken; and that the funds which they left were properly applied to the purer and ampler instruction of the episcopal church. Very well; the people are ripe for, and need a more pure and ample instruction still. The church of England is in the same predicament now as the church of Rome was, three centuries ago. Then, the old mass book and the mysteries would not do any longer. They were found insufficient. And the services and sermons of the clergy are found insufficient now, and they will not do any longer. We want something more and better for the money; and the nation has a right to the most and the best which that money will procure. Not only religious worship of so comprehensive a form, that few would dissent from it; or so varied, that almost all might join in that which they preferred; but education also, a thorough education for the entire population; the apparatus of scientific experiments; lectures on all topics which can be illustrated by lecturing; institutes and libraries; in short, the complete mental culture of the people might be provided for out of what is called church property, and would be the enlightened direction of that property towards the end which the founders contemplated in their blind and superstitious way. This would

surely be much better than breaking up the establishment, and allowing all the world to scramble for the spoils. Instead of putting up the cathedrals and churches to public auction, as our author proposes, we would keep them in good repair, let all the denominations share with the episcopal, in the use of them on Sunday, under such regulations as time and locality would require; and in them, and in the chapels which would thus be vacated, there would be noble accommodation through the week for the lecturer, the schoolmaster, artistical exhibitions, and social meetings. The episcopal clergy will cry desecration, as the Catholic clergy cried before them, in the ears of their predecessors. But when the sons of the church cry, they should remember, that the fathers of the church were deaf on a similar occasion. They were wise and righteous men in their time, those fathers of the church of England.

The country would thus derive a rich harvest of good from the liberality of our pious forefathers; who, if they did not look to any such plan of universal education and instruction, of culture which benefits the soul of man while living, as much as they thought that masses could avail it when dead, at any rate did not contemplate the endowment of a schismatic, apostate, and rebellious band, whom they would not have acknowledged for a church, defying and vilifying that Pope whom they venerated as a God on earth. The application of their bequests must be regulated either by the letter, or by the spirit. Church of Englandism has no title either way. It can neither plead the immediate intention of the founder, nor the liberal exposition of that intention, according to the views of a more enlightened age.

But bad as is the title of the body, individuals must be dealt with fairly, and even kindly. Our author's analogy is not altogether applicable.

'Suppose your wishes were to be carried into effect, what would become of the numerous clergymen who have spent their youth in preparing for their profession, and who now subsist by it?

'Pray what becomes of the numerous artisans who, when a newly-invented machine is brought into operation superseding manual labour, are turned adrift?

'They seek new channels of employment.

'Then let the clergy seek new channels of employment, if their own fail them of *voluntary* support. The cause of justice and liberty and truth must not be retarded to accommodate them. The application of the principles of eternal rectitude must not be obstructed to suit their convenience. The great example of a mighty nation shaking itself from the thralldom of centuries, and declaring all men's minds to be free as the mountain air, and *untaxable* as the eagle of heaven, cannot be delayed to gratify them. No! Church establishments are falling all over the globe. Mahometanism is falling—Hindooism is falling—and *Englandism* is falling. Let us dig decent graves for them, and while we wait patiently for the funeral, let us be active in

instilling into all around us an abhorrence of injustice, craft, fraud, and every description of imposture, a proper idea of themselves, and a just respect for the consciences of others.'

Decent graves should be dug, and the funeral waited for patiently. The state is, by implication at least, a contracting party with the clergyman, and the terms are, the discharge of the duties of his office, and the permanent security to him of its emoluments. The mechanic's bargain is only with his employer. His contract is only private and contingent, not public and permanent. In receiving his wages for the time, he has had all for which he bargained. Not so the clergyman, if discharged as our author proposes. And the hardship would be greater in proportion to his helplessness. In such a change, the country could well afford not only justice, but liberality. The change ought not to be obstructed by the existing occupancy, neither should it be sullied by their needless sufferings, nor need it be long delayed on their account. To a real responsibility for their doing the good to the community, which was their implied part of the engagement, the clergy might reasonably be subjected. The legislature has also the right of modifying the service required of them, provided the nature of the employment be not essentially changed. So that what with employing the able and well-disposed, cashiering the incorrigible—who might and ought to be cashiered on the present system, and bearing awhile the dead weight of those who come under neither description, this great reformation might be effected with less delay, and much less attendant evil, than any reformation or revolution recorded in history. It would be much more glorious and beneficent.

It is time to think of these things, and not have our navigation to study when the storm is up. Selfishness and ignorance, both without and within the church, will be active enough in the fray. Changes there must and will be, and it is well to consider beforehand on what principles they should be made, and towards what result of public good they should tend. Let Francis Ross think this matter over again, before he takes type in hand to set up a second edition, which we hope will be called for speedily.

ENGLISH MORALITY.

ENGLAND is a prude among nations. As long as she preserves external propriety, she plumes herself on the possession of superior virtue, and shakes her head at flirting France, glowing Italy, glorious America, and romantic Poland—nay, towards the latter she has exhibited an utter indifference, regardlessly beheld her torn and tortured, like an antelope in the fangs of a wild boar! Such conduct was at utter variance with England's professed love of freedom, and hostility to spoliation. But liberty, though long

our watchword, has been more talked of than enjoyed or understood among us, unless it be the liberty of paying taxes; *that* luxury we are acquainted with in its fullest extent. Our freedom, like our morals, is more apparent than real, more in sound than substance, and may be aptly illustrated by the conduct, common, a few years ago, to our populace, who, while yoking themselves like cattle to the car of a popular candidate, kept roaring 'Liberty!—Liberty for ever!' all the while. Such is man, so loud in theory, so little in practice, so inconsistent every way!

Perhaps, (especially since philanthropy has come into fashion, for we are a most fashionable people, that is, we have always *some* reigning fashion that it is a high crime and misdemeanour not to follow,) perhaps there is no country on the face of the earth in which there is more *talk* of social feeling, and so little practical sociality. If not telegraphed by a previous acquaintance, that such and such an individual is admissible, it is in vain that he appears among us with the expression of good feeling, the aspect of intelligence. Though according to all creeds, every one of which abounds in *professors*, he is a brother, he has as little chance of being taken by the hand, and greeted with a smile, as if he were a stone statue instead of a breathing fellow-creature. Thus beings, in all probability gifted to attract and attach each other, are frequently in proximity; but if the moral chemistry necessary in England to unite two parties be not present, they remain as distinct as oil and water. Our talkers of sociality, therefore, are something like the aforesaid roarers of liberty—satisfied with sound.

England has the best inns and the least hospitality of any modern nation. Hospitality is now rarely heard of, save when a bulletin is issued, announcing that dinner will be on the table at such an hour, and that the honour of your company is requested. Incidentally we often content ourselves with the mere verbal form; and refinement, a sort of dull, cold delicacy, which serves as a screen for deficiency of feeling, and is a degree or two better than affectation, has banished all that expression which gave warrant of welcome, and token of cordiality. True hospitality, like all that is real, deals in things, not words; it does not defraud the modest school-boy of his slice of cake by failing to put it into his hand, or stint by stiff inquiry the glass that should be filled unquestioned. The warm heart brims the cup, and breaks the bread ere the cool head has thought of 'popping the question.'

Our charities even may now be ranked in the list of our moral appearances; many of them bear the form, but lack the spirit, and all are to be approached through the avenue of interest, by which the really necessitous can rarely make way; while servility and hypocrisy are universal pauper badges, for who would relieve a wretch that could think on any point for himself, and dare to give his thoughts expression! Our public benevolence is a sort

of set-off against our political abuses. Our charities are pumps, often choked, and always ill-manned, that just serve to keep the leaky vessel of the state from utterly sinking under the vast deluge of distress pouring in upon it on all sides. But of all the farces enacted under the pretence of charity, the fancy fairs were the most palpable pieces of mere appearance, but they did not *save* appearance; and unfeeling frolic, wanton vanity, and extravagant fashion, made waste while affecting to supply want—made a game of sport of the office, once serious and sacred, of ministering to sickness and famine.

Courage is a quality about which we have the good sense no longer to play the braggart, as we used a few years ago. Of our *physical* courage I shall not attempt to speak, though it is universally allowed that the sight of one *horse* soldier is quite enough to *cow* an English mob, and prize-fighting is rather the hot-bed of brutality than bravery. But on our lack of *moral* courage, even an old woman may be permitted to descant, since the signs of that are open to the most casual observer. A mere name is in England ‘a tower of strength;’ *that* will bear out any thing and any body. We look for the ‘*hall mark*,’ and if *that* appears we praise; and if not, we would as soon give a bank note to a beggar as an opinion any way. Who has the noble daring to stand by the unknown, to eulogize the obscure? Who lacks the grovelling servility that heaps

‘The shrine of luxury and pride,’

and panders to the already popular?

The paucity of honest speakers and actors proves how limited our number of the really noble, and how aristocratic institutions still rivet the feudal badge upon our characters. Our very manner, making our natural phlegm more hideous, is a servile imitation of aristocratic indifference, leaving our faces devoid of animation or expression, our voices of variety or inflexion, our delivery of emphasis or energy, and our whole bearing of any thing that would keep attention awake through half a winter’s evening; *striking* manners are pronounced *bad* manners, and nothing but the *clock* is allowed to strike in a strictly-ordered English house.

But of all the items in the account to be made out against us, what is more specious than our private morality? Falsehood in the way of trade acts as no impeachment on a man’s veracity; words said over a counter or in a counting-house are insured, like the property they descant on, from damage, whatever they may do. Then we have a morality for men and a morality for women, and no two things can be more unlike than these two moralities. Is mind so different in the sexes, that what taints the one leaves the other untarnished? ‘At lover’s perjuries ’tis said Jove laughs,’ so must the arch fiend at our morality. If morality

means any thing, it is the ethics on which happiness is based. It is equally essential to both sexes in effect, and why is it not the same to both in essence? May the one be debased, and the other remain undefiled? No; but selfishness likes half measures, likes to demand *full* and give *false* weight, to leave loopholes and make reservations; but there is no power can secure their sole use to their nefarious framer. The serpent sin has his tail in his mouth, and the recoiling shaft brings back the venom it was designed to dispense. When contagion is abroad, it is impossible to tell whom it will touch; it may reach the most guarded home of the most cautious criminal, and a faithless wife and fallen daughter consign him to the desolation and disgrace he has inflicted. But then in lieu of pure morality for men, have we not punishment for women? Have we not the gibbet and the axe, public scorn and utter abandonment?—do we not propitiate virtue by making the victim the sacrifice? ‘Here are marks of civilization,’ as Mungo Park said when he saw a gallows!

In the same manner that we have distinct moralities for the sexes, have we such also for the classes; an offence is enormous if it attack wealth or rank, and proportionately innocent if it assail poverty and obscurity; the privileged criminal is allowed to expiate his offence by a disbursement from a plethoric purse; the unprivileged criminal is compelled to submit an emaciated body to a prison, perhaps to abandon, in the interim, a helpless family, who thus become guiltless sharers of his calamity. I remember the deep disgust with which, a few years ago, I read, in a case of seduction, the speech of a learned counsel, who pleaded for mitigation of damages on the score that the injured girl did the menial work of her father’s house! inferring that a less indemnity was due to humble industry when insulted, than to the less useful but more refined. Here is morality, hollow, specious, infamous; morality for the people, like the morality for men, qualified for convenience.

The principle upon which such actions as that to which I have just alluded are brought, is a disgrace to the age. What is the wrong sought to be redressed? Injured, outraged, insulted feeling, blighted affections, disappointed hopes, why cannot these be pleaded, and as far as may be redressed? Let us not boast that we have loosed the feudal collar from the neck of the serf, while an Englishwoman cannot go into an English court of justice but as a nominal, if not actual, vassal of some liege lord, the loss of her services to whom must be pleaded to obtain damages. Our legal fictions assuredly prove law to be what lawyers pretend it is, ‘the perfection of reason!’

While we are thus unsound in principle, we shall be untrue in practice; and notwithstanding fine natural capabilities, devote ourselves to social and political misery and degradation. Instead of taking prayer-books to church, we ought to take *masks*, and

would, if custom had not made us callous, and enabled us to look each other in the face instead of out of countenance, at the consciousness of our practical contradictions to our unpractised professions.

AN OLD WOMAN.

DREAMS.

SHADOWS—with no reality, but pain ;
 Or fancied joys that turn to waking woe :
 Ye midnight despots of the oppressed brain,
 Whence and what are ye ? Whither do ye flow ?
 Are ye the spirits of our former selves,
 Flitting from buried worlds, to gaze on this ?
 Bearing from chaos withering memories,
 Of by-gone grief, and love, and hope, and bliss,
 Gather'd in misty shrouds from past life's drear abyss ?

What is the *infant's* dream ? why should there steal
 A tear into that sinless creature's eye ?
 What worlds of wordless anguish may it feel !
 How old a soul, in that young frame may lie !
 Primeval thoughts may wring that sleeping child,
 Loves of another sphere, joys left behind ;
 Heart-stirring visions, mingled strong and wild,
 All that through life can blight or joy mankind,
 May haunt its slumb'ring soul, but not its waking mind.

Sweet dreams are hopes asleep ; our hopes may die ;
 Yet *hopeless* wretches dream ; nor dreaming weep ;
 Grief has glad visions ; *waking* lethargy
 Is mated with strange energy in sleep.
 The murderer may be guileless in his dreams,
 The unstain'd soul will, in its visions, slay.
 Are these but mockeries ? Or, revealing gleams
 Of scenes, times, souls, worlds, long since pass'd away
 Ere chaos caught, or nature render'd back, our clay.

Mem'ry seems lull'd to twilight, while the soul
 Sails upon fancy's unknown sea, at night ;
 Yet 'mid the boundless space of wave and shoal
 Glimmers there forth a guiding beacon light,
 When gleaming thro' veil'd time we see some face,
 On which the memory lingers as a spell ;
 Who, where, or what, we know not ; yet some trace
 Is there, on which 'tis dear to us to dwell ;
 Haply, in ages gone, of one we lov'd too well.

Do sightless creatures in their slumbers see ?
 Does sleep give sound unto the deafen'd ear ?
 A rainbow in the dark man's dream may be,
 And midnight teach the soundless child to hear.

Of what strange hues may be the maniac's dream,
 Does slumber give him reason once again?
 May not its rays on the wild sleeper gleam,
 'Till wakefulness unlinks again the chain,
 To cast him on the wayless waters of his brain ?

Are dreams of horror scourges of the soul,
 Retributive for crimes of far off years,
 Holding through sleep our spirits in control,
 Swaying at will our agonies and tears ?
 The dreary penalty of former crime,
 These couched visions not alone may be ;
 But, whilst annihilating space and time,
 They lift a veil, in which our souls may see
 A glimpse of life to come, figuring futurity.

WM. LEMAN REDE.

CHURCHCRAFT.*

WE have here another 'Independent in Church and State,' but one belonging to a very different class, and formed in a very different school, from the honest Irishman who is described by that title in a previous article. In purpose, integrity, and mental boldness, they may be identified, but not much further. For this pamphlet we are indebted to the pure, amiable, free, and accomplished intellect of the author of *Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber*, and of other able and interesting publications, which have from time to time elicited our commendations. With a happy adaptation of the phraseology of the Lord's Prayer, the author, (who had before addressed the Mechanics' Institutes on the nature and necessity of that 'Daily Bread' by which the popular mind should be fed,) looking towards those who profess to be the feeders, prays for 'deliverance' from the crying 'evil' of clerical incapacity and insincerity. Before we exhibit a specimen of the contents and style of his work, which, like that of the Irish labourer, is also a cheap publication, its rich intellectuality being as good a bargain for a shilling as the sturdy sense of the other is for three-pence, we shall trouble the reader with a few remarks on the extent to which the offence, charged especially by him upon the bishops, pervades the whole structure and constitution of the Established Church.

It does not follow as a necessary consequence, that wherever there is a church or priests there should also be *priestcraft*, although it must be allowed that the tendency that way is rather strong, and requires constant counteraction. No permanent

* Deliverance from Evil ; or Rational Mysticism Explained, and Episcopal Insincerity Exposed. London: Hunter.

class can exist, whether hereditary, or recruited as vacancies occur from the population at large, without imminent danger, a moral certainty, unless they be well watched, of its members pursuing their peculiar interests as a class in opposition to the common social interest, by a set of expedients which are gradually systematized into an occupation, trade, or craft. Priests are under stronger temptations than, perhaps, any other set of persons to commit this offence against society. They have greater facilities. Something of the sacredness of the religion which they administer attaches to themselves. A habit of mental submissiveness towards them has been generated, which invites them to its abuse. The interest which they are presumed to possess above, makes the devout believer desirous of being on good terms with them. They are often supposed themselves to keep the keys of paradise, and are almost always thought to know where they hang, and to be able to say a good word to the porter. And as they have superior opportunities for setting up a gainful craft, so is their craft, when established, of the most oppressive and mischievous description to society. Religion soon suffers by becoming an article of trade. Its influences are immediately perverted, and in time it seems as if its very nature were transformed. Instead of correcting and purifying mankind, and uniting them in mutual goodwill, it degrades, demoralizes, and fills the world with divisions and persecutions. Mr. Howitt, in his '*Popular History*,' which we recently reviewed, has given a rapid but faithful and impressive sketch of these enormities. He has tracked priestcraft around the globe, and from the earliest to the present times. The same extortion, hypocrisy, ambition, and cruelty, are everywhere apparent. Like other travellers, after having wandered over the world he rests at last at home. John Bull finds nothing to beat old England anywhere; no more does Mr. Howitt. With due allowance for the external restraint, for the checks of popular intelligence and political freedom, English priestcraft may compete with that of any nation, ancient or modern. We speak of it as it is; not merely as it has been. We refer to the character and tendency of the system; not to the men trained in it, and who are just what the system makes them, with the exception of some few who are worse, and other few who are too good to be spoiled by it. The system itself is one multitudinous device for getting money under false pretences; it is a craft, and a dishonest craft.

Enormous as are the revenues of the church of England, we should scarcely grudge them did it really accomplish, or even did it wisely and heartily aim at its professed objects. No money would be too much for the work of making the people of England, through all their gradations of rank, and in all their various capacities, private or corporate, an instructed, moral, humane, and benevolent people. At no cost would such a consummation as this be too expensive. Could it be done, indeed, it would not be costly.

The nation once brought into such a 'blessed condition,' would find such means of perpetuating the good which had been produced as would not burden future generations very heavily. But nothing of this sort has been done by the Establishment. It once had the entire population in its fold, and it has lost nearly a moiety. Thousands and millions, born into it and taxed for it, are yet compelled to seek elsewhere the religious instruction which it ought to furnish, and for which they are so desirous as to tax themselves over again sooner than go without it. How a large proportion of the remainder are taught, and what the Church does for their improvement, we need not describe. The clergy themselves will not boast of their success. The institution is a failure, a gross and obvious failure. Nor can it be otherwise. It is like the razors with which Hodge scarified his chin, and which were not made to shave but to sell. The Church is not framed for popular instruction, but for clerical gain. There would be a miracle in the case if its ministers were appropriate agents for the moral guidance of the people. They are trained to a craft.

The office of a minister of religion requires a peculiar aptitude, mental and moral, which would very early in life manifest itself, and without which none should be allowed to fill that office. Not a step should be taken towards it unless the mind of the individual be strongly imbued with the religious principle or feeling. Otherwise he is condemned to hypocrisy for life. He should be a man of warm and expansive sympathies, of strong benevolence; and he should possess that facility of entering into the minds of others, and adapting himself to their diversified modes of thought, without which his conversations or his sermons can never generally benefit his flock. These dispositions and qualities are seldom acquired in mature life. Our finding them in the youth is the security for the hope of their being possessed by the man. The first thing done by a church which honestly intended to furnish a succession of spiritual guides, and not to keep up a corporation of craftsmen, would be to inquire after these qualities in candidates for the sacred office, and sternly to close its doors of admission against all who were deficient in them. Is any investigation of this kind ever made, to any useful purpose, in the Church of England? Whatever may be the formalities gone through with the bishop's chaplain, may not, and do not continually, persons obtain ordination who are notoriously destitute of these essential pre-requisites? Promotion in the Church does sometimes follow what is called merit; but the merit is of quite a different description from that which makes a good priest. And, moreover, the promotion takes a man out of the very semblance of active and useful service in his vocation. What trade, art, or science could flourish under this total neglect of original aptitude? Suppose that in order to cultivate the public taste, professorships of painting were richly endowed, and the nomination to them left with indi-

viduals. Any thing would do for a painter then, as any thing will do for a parson now, provided there be a living in the family. Professorships of painting would be sold, by public auction or private contract, would be advertised in the newspapers, would become payment of tutorships for the sons, and marriage portions for the daughters. No doubt the art would flourish greatly. Who would not laugh to scorn the appeal to all lovers of the art to uphold such a system? Who would not despise the barefaced trick to enrich a class, which could only depress the taste it pretended to cherish? To form a painter there must be an original fitness, an organic susceptibility to the beauty and harmony of colours, and the fancy, invention, judgment, without which only servile copying or tasteless combination can be expected instead of design. All the endowed professorships in the world would only do mischief without previous selection. But that mischief is trifling compared with the evil of an endowed priesthood without previous selection. The needful qualities, in the latter case, are just as rare. The Dissenters try to find them. Hence the hold which their preachers have upon the community. The minister has access to the minds of his people, from the wealthiest to the poorest, from the most educated to the most ignorant; and he generally knows how to turn that facility to account. We do not mean by this contrast to bestow unqualified praise on the ecclesiastical system of any class of Dissenters. In most, or all, there are monstrous evils; but the patrons of their colleges will not, at any rate, waste their resources upon hopeless subjects. They are in earnest for the support and dissemination of their religion; the Church is not, or it would adopt similar means.

The next step which Dissenters take in pursuance of this object, is to adapt the education of their preachers to their future occupation. Not so the Church. If by some rare good luck the right man be sent to the university, it is ten to one but he is spoiled there. As his vocation will include the delivery of a public oration or address once, or perhaps twice a week, it might be expected that some care would be taken to form the orator. There is an art or knack in addressing an auditory, which is seldom well acquired unless it be early in life. In no department is this art so essential, as in that of the clergyman. He has no new thing to tell his hearers, his task is to render interesting and impressive that which all the world knows beforehand. There is none of the excitement which is occasioned by the prospect of influencing some immediate event, and which acts upon him like the result of an election on the speaker from the hustings, the verdict of a jury on the pleader in a trial, or the numbers of a division on a member of parliament. He has none of that ample supply of appropriate material for the occasion, which is furnished in those cases by the principles of the candidates, the lawyer's brief, and the political question at issue. Nor does he address an auditory pre-

viously instructed and prepared for, and interested in, the matter in hand. He has to select the topic, to create the interest, to vary the mode of treating it, and to adapt himself to a great diversity of minds and characters. And this he must do, and do it well too, if the professed object on account of which the country is taxed for his support is to be accomplished. Where and what is the ecclesiastical training to prepare him for this branch of his ministry? Hundreds, after having done all that is required of them, are equal to nothing better than buying lithographed sermons, the composition of some hack writer, and heavily reading them from the pulpit, with false emphasis and tripping tongue. A clergyman who reads decently is a *rara avis*. A good pulpit orator is nothing less than a phoenix. We have met with some scores who could not enunciate even the Lord's Prayer correctly; who failed, not merely of investing it, by their manner, with appropriate feeling, but who did not, by their emphasis, give correctly the meaning of the words. But we are told of their learning. They would no doubt have read the verses of Horace and Virgil, so as to have displayed the sense of the one, and the euphony of the other. It may be so; this belongs to the education of a gentleman, not to that of a clergyman; and accords with the fact, that the instruction contemplates the enjoyment of property, and not the performance of labour. A good New Testament critic the clergyman should doubtless be made; but the *learning* most closely connected with his future usefulness, is not that of dead languages, but of living arts and sciences. He should not be grossly ignorant of every thing about which his parishioners are occupied from day to day. He should be able to enter into their concerns, to sympathize in their difficulties and their achievements, and occasionally to save them from the bad consequences of their imperfect acquaintance with scientific principles. He will thus become their friend, and they will listen to him with respect and affection.

Whatever may be said of the education which clerical novitiates receive within the walls of our universities, the habits which it is the tendency of a residence there to form, are any thing but an appropriate training for the functions of a parish priest. They are not of this world, but still less are they of a better world. Isolated from the people, mingling with the scions of aristocracy, with every inducement on the one hand to dissipation and licentiousness, or on the other, if they aspire to the honours of learning, to the cultivation of such branches of it as have least connexion with public utility, they may become pedants, monks, or debauchees, but it must be by a rare virtue, that they qualify themselves for their future duties.

And how is it that they enter upon the discharge of those duties? In a very few cases indeed, they are called to it by the voice of the people. But this best method, the only method which can

generally avail when adults are to be the subject of instruction, is completely vitiated by the influence of other portions of the established system. Dissenting congregations choose their ministers in a decorous, peaceful, and rational manner, and thereby lay the foundation of mutual confidence and sympathy, through the whole of the connexion. But few elections exhibit scenes more disgraceful and disgusting than those which often occur when the parishioners have the right of nominating their own clergyman. Such an election is to them like any other election. They have not been qualified by previous instruction for the use of their suffrage, the majority of them probably belong to a different sect, or to no sect at all, and they enter into a contest with feelings and views of the same description as those which have been produced by the faction and corruption of political contests. By such freedom of choice little is gained. Generally, their instructor is selected for them, and imposed upon them. Rather more than half the livings in the country, that is to say, 6453 out of 10,872, are the property of private individuals, who may be either Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels, or what is quite as disqualifying, may be only influenced by the desire of turning their authority to the greatest account, either in the way of pecuniary compensation, or of influence and patronage. Such is no doubt the motive of the appointment in the great majority of this class of livings. A very few instances there may be in which the patron only thinks of bringing into a parish the individual who is best qualified to instruct its inhabitants. Such cases are extremely rare. When they occur, it does not follow that the object is gained. The information or the judgment of the patron will sometimes be at fault. In the rest, it is only an affair of sale, barter, or family emolument, a convenient provision for illegitimate children, younger sons, or dependents. The remaining livings are about equally divided amongst the government, the bishops, the chapters, and the universities, and other corporate bodies. The government, that is the Ministry for the time being, also disposes of the higher dignities of the church. The university livings are chiefly monopolized by the fellows of colleges, who have the choice of them in rotation. Interest, personal, family, or party interest, is as a golden chain running through the whole. Every class, if not every individual of every class, must be under strong inducements to employ his power for some other purpose than simply that of nominating the best qualified and best disposed person to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of the people over whom he is to be placed. What worse contrivance has the world ever seen for bringing together pupils and a teacher whom they must respect and love in order to profit by his instructions? And as the greatest unfitness and uncongeniality does not prevent, so neither is it allowed to dissolve the connexion. To the right of voluntary choice, the Dissenters find it needful to add, though they rarely

use it, that of dismissal. The possession of the right has considerable efficacy in preventing occasions for its exercise. In the Establishment it costs a bishop several hundred pounds to cashier even a grossly immoral clergyman. This is a pretty satisfactory pledge of impunity to the offender. The 'devil's chaplain' has not forfeited his surplice by the acceptance of that appointment.

No Church intending to send forth a succession of useful teachers would ever make such a requisition as that of previous subscription to a long, complicated, mysterious, and continually disputed creed. The practice evidently tends to put down freedom of speech, independence of thought, impartiality of research, improvement, and sincerity. The future teacher of morality begins his preparation by repeating the bad lesson of equivocation and mental reservation; he is stripped of qualities essential to his aptitude for his work; he enters the course of inquiry with thirty-nine articles strapped to his back, and tells others to 'lay aside every weight.' It is not possible that the clergy should, at the time and ever after, believe all that they swear to. From the nature and number of the propositions contained in the formulary which they subscribe, we may be sure that they do not; the inference is warranted by facts; in various ways many give evidence, either direct or incidental, of their diversity of opinion; many more give very sufficient evidence of their having no opinion at all about the matter; they are guiltless of all heresies, save the worst, that of choosing a faith which they have never investigated for the sake of the worldly advantages thereunto appended. The people, at least the more observant and intelligent portion of them, cannot and do not believe in the mental integrity of their admonishers: no man worthy of being the intellectual leader of other men can submit to this vassalage; he would feel himself degraded and unnerved; he would as soon go into Parliament under a solemn obligation, in spite of all he may hear, see, or think, to support all his life some three or four hundred political propositions. No 'scheme of instruction' can ever avail with such a yoke on the neck of its teachers.

There is no encouragement in the Church for a man to do his duty; servility to a noble patron may wriggle its way through the dirt to a fat recompense; relationship to a bishop is a good title; to a premier still better; it is piety, learning, eloquence, and diligence, all in one. A well-timed pamphlet on a ticklish question may turn to good account with the administration. 'The ox knoweth his stall.' Now and then, a man who has nothing but learning, and inoffensive habits withal, gets promotion for the look of the thing; but the really earnest and active man, who sets about doing good amongst the poor and ignorant with all his might, may spend his life in a curacy of sixty pounds a-year. Who supposes that if he were to follow the hounds instead of visiting the sick, his chance of preferment would be one jot

diminished? He may have his reward in heaven, but the Church neither gives him that, nor can take it away.

We do not advert at all, on the present occasion, to the infringements by a Church Establishment on the rights of conscience; to its heavy and vexatious pressure on the resources of the community; to its abominable prostitution to the political and selfish views of the aristocracy; to the hostile attitude continually assumed by it towards mental light and political liberty; of these we shall probably take our time to say something, while what has now been urged may, we think, suffice to show that taking the Church upon the ground of its own choice, looking at it simply and solely as a professed means of religious instruction, it is not honestly constituted for the realization of that profession. The religious instruction of the public is not the aim and tendency of its arrangements; from first to last, they bear in a different direction; instead of an essential good, with incidental evils, the evil is in its essence, and the good an accident.

The particular instance of insincerity which Mr. Potter (for we know not why we should not name the author of a succession of enlightened and beneficent publications) more particularly exposes, is that of retaining in the authorized version of the New Testament the celebrated text of the three heavenly witnesses, 3 John, ch. 5, v. 7, which biblical critics have long known to be a forgery, and which was shown to be so, before its rejection from the text of Griesbach, by the demonstrative Letters of Porson to Archdeacon Travis. We quote his remarks at length, partly on account of the touching delineation which they contain of a superior mind, as was that of Porson, sacrificed to the demoralizing system which had yoked him to its car.

‘ We ask the learned and politic friend of Porson, the Bishop of London, who in his sermons defends the Athanasian Creed as declaratory (forsooth!) and not judicial, and who assures his readers that “ the disrepute into which this formula has been brought is to nothing more owing than to its habitual omission by many of the parochial clergy;” we ask the prelate who insisted upon “ this formula” being duly read in all the churches in his diocese, in which it had been “ omitted by the parochial clergy,” whether the bishops, by enforcing or even by sanctioning the reading of the Creed of St. Athanasius and the text of the three Heavenly Witnesses in the church, have not proved themselves inefficient guardians of truth, and false shepherds of the flock? We have much sympathy with men who, to use an expression of Paley, are *too poor to keep a conscience*, and have no heart to urge on them that man does not live by bread only. But we have small sympathy with those who are *not rich enough to keep a conscience* themselves, nor to allow others to keep a conscience. When the Bishop of London brings forward that promised bill by which he proposes to propitiate the times; the bill which is to relieve thoughtless collegians and reckless smugglers from what is to them the mere formula of an oath, we trust he will give a thought to the

temptation and wretchedness which makers and enforcers of creeds (which have a more deliberate awfulness of asseveration than oaths) inflict on persons of deeper thought and keener feelings.

‘But perhaps we shall be told by the friend of Porson, on the authority of the biographer of that great scholar and divine,—for we think he will hardly dare to vouch the assertion by quoting his own acquaintance with the secret mind of Porson,—that the Cambridge professor, though he gave up the text of the three Heavenly Witnesses, held his orthodoxy with his professorship. The Bishop of London is by nature a dry joker, whatever he may be by high-church policy and low-church feeling, and will relish that well-known ecclesiastical joke which says, “Hold your tongue, and you may hold any thing.” And respecting the hypothetical orthodoxy of Porson, even were the assertions of the biographer sanctioned by the assurance of the bishop, we would answer, pointing to the blotted pages of Porson’s life, that though we cannot estimate Porson as a scholar quite as well as he is estimated by his episcopal friend, we know and feel that we can estimate Porson as a man much better than the biographer and the bishop have proved either that they can or that they will estimate him.

‘Poor Porson! it is impossible to speak of the three Heavenly Witnesses, of the Athanasian Creed, and of High-Church Orthodoxy, without thinking—and as we think so shall we speak—of that great scholar, that great divine, and that most unhappy man. Poor Porson! the vastness of his learning and the acuteness of his judgement fitted him, so far as these qualifications could fit him, to lead men out of a second house of bondage, carrying with him all *the wisdom of the Egyptians*, and leaving behind all their idolatries. This might Porson have at least laboured to accomplish, and made himself a happy man in the exercise of an energy adequate to his great powers. The letters to Archdeacon Travis prove that he was called to this service, and that he had heard and understood the call. But instead of undertaking the duty his knowledge and talents and, we are convinced, his conscience imposed upon him, Porson consented to be “Greek Professor,” to edit “Greek Plays,” and so sank into a slave, with the locks of his knowledge shorn, and the eyes of his sincerity put out, making sport, exquisite sport it must be admitted, for the Philistine lords of orthodoxy, and their Delilah of worldly patronage. But even a delicate sense and deep feeling of the beauties of the Greek theatre was not sufficient for such a mind as Porson’s, (what was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?) and so he went on year after year producing some consummate specimen of scholarship, and sinking deeper into self-contempt.*

* It will perhaps be said that the self-indulgence into which Porson sank during the latter part of his life argued a lowness of moral nature as remarkable as the splendour of his talents. Those who judge after this sort know nothing of the necessity of stimulus, which such natures as Porson’s are subject to. If their craving of energy have no satisfactory indulgence, excitement of the senses will be resorted to as a *pis aller*. Is not the Edinburgh reviewer of Pellico’s Narrative aware that the sympathy given to Lord Byron arises rather from an indignant conviction of the unsatisfactoriness of common principles than from a defect of fellow-feeling with human affections, or any contempt of brute indulgences? Will the Edinburgh Review ever cease beginning at the middle, and wondering that others, whose in-

'Yet has Porson left behind him a work of power to overthrow the unreasonable and uncharitable interpolations which those who shorn his locks and put out his eyes still force as genuine and reasonable and charitable, on ministers and on people. The spirit of Porson is abroad, not in his learned work, which two-thirds of the church, striving doubtless to keep a conscience void of offence, have never read, but in the reason and in the feelings of the people. This is the Samson whose eyes they have put out, and bound him in fetters of brass. This is the Samson of whom they still think to make sport, but whose hair has grown since he was shaven. This is the Samson who will be led by the lad, a yet young but rapidly growing knowledge, to the pillars whereupon the house standeth, the pillars of bigotry and fanaticism which support the house of falsehood. This is the Samson who will bow himself with all his might, and the whole building of falsehood will fall on the interested persons within, and with the foolish persons without, but especially on the lords of the Philistines.

'When the people turn their attention more and more to a national debt of eight hundred millions, and feel that even the yearly interest of this enormous debt presses on industry with an overwhelming weight, they will expect to be lightened of all burdens which are at once useless and onerous. The hierarchy of the church, archbishops and bishops, deans and chapters, are too costly besoms to be kept in these days of hard labour and small remuneration, for little more than the idle purpose of sweeping empty cathedrals. Even the most orthodox, who insist that genuine ordination depends on spiritual influence having been handed down through an unbroken series of bishops from the times of the apostles, may still agree that two archbishops may be sufficient for the service of ordination, and will consent to get rid of the rest of an expensive hierarchy, which if it had the will to labour has no field for exertions which may deserve such remuneration from an impoverished people.* If indeed it should be thought that the political services of the fifteen English and three Irish prelates who sanctioned the enforcing of tithes and the building of parsonages in parishes where there is no cure, are worth retaining, let the ecclesiastical sinecurists be removed, but let the ecclesiastical politicians be rewarded according to their services. If these services be estimated according to their manifest effects, the impossibility of getting rid of rebellion in Ireland so long as these spiritual lords are attended to, and the necessity of keeping up a standing army in Eng-

terests are not the *juste milieu*, insist on beginning with first principles? M. Cousin is philosophically as well as practically right in founding national education on pious feeling and religious conviction. But if he does not honestly and boldly clear his foundations of falsehood and contempt, he has read *his Plato* to very little effect, or rather he has learnt from Plato to believe in the possibility of deceiving the people for their good. It is remarkable that Plato practises pious frauds frequently, in direct opposition to some of his own clearly developed principles.

* It is a fatal mistake respecting the interests of the working clergy to identify them with the claims of an useless hierarchy. Let the sincerity of the clergy be set free from the surveillance, and their energies released from the repression to which their spiritual superiors subject them, and the Church will become at once the national temple and the national school, and in both ways dear to the people. At present the working clergy is weighed down by the imputation of uselessness, mischievousness, and costliness, which are fastened upon it by its connexion with an unwieldy hierarchy.

land,* it must be acknowledged that in one sense at least the bench of bishops is very dear to the people.

‘It is too much to expect of those who have made no sacrifices or exertions to promote religious truth even according to their own estimate of truth, that they should make sacrifices and exertions to promote the reception of that religious truth which they do not yet even acknowledge to be true. If we judged of the future by the past, we should say that it will be necessary to wait patiently till some Person arises to demonstrate the truth respecting the *language of mystery*; and even then that we must wait patiently till it shall seem good to the bench of bishops to sanction by their authority truths of which themselves are convinced long before. The fact that the spuriousness of the text of the three Heavenly Witnesses has long been demonstrated by a Person to the bench of bishops, and that they have taken no steps to remove it from Bible and Liturgy, but have left it to confirm and sanction the creed of St. Athanasius which they ought long ago to have discarded from the service of the Church, as interpolated, unreasonable, and uncharitable, proves what may be expected from their love of truth.

‘As we trusted to the sense and resolution of the people, more especially of the Mechanics’ Institutes and Political Unions, to demand of the Church a daily bread of sound knowledge, so we expect the people will demand of the Church a deliverance from the evils of fanaticism and bigotry and scepticism. The people need only reflect on the gross errors into which they have been led, not only by Southcotites and Irvingites, but by all the preachers of the new birth in their turn, to feel that they do indeed need instruction in the history of religious opinions in order to protect them from the workings of an ignorant enthusiasm. And the people need only to reflect on the gross ignorance in which they have been kept respecting the real workings of God’s Providence through the extended fields of nature and art, both in the physical and moral world, to feel that they need instruction in the objects and means of nature, in order to attain the physical and intellectual and moral state for which God has given them capacities and powers,’ p. 28—38.

* A discussion has taken place within the last week which puts this matter in a plain point of view. We shall give a few extracts from the parliamentary report of the *Times* for August the 12th, 1833:—

‘Mr. Littleton proceeded to state many instances in which resistance had been made (in Ireland) to the collection of tithes. On one occasion a magistrate, accompanied by a large body of police, a troop of cavalry, and a troop of infantry, had gone out with a process server. They were opposed by a large body of peasantry, and repulsed with the loss of one soldier killed. They therefore retreated; but as it was necessary to assert the authority of the law, they obtained a larger force of five companies of horse and foot, and the processes were at length served.

‘Mr. Hume would ask whether, after paying for a military establishment of more than 20,000 men, they were now to pay 1,000,000*l.* from the pockets of the people of England to keep up that rotten establishment; were they prepared to go on paying this sum of 1,000,000*l.* from year to year? He was sure, if the present House did it, the people of England would, when the opportunity offered, mark their sense of the conduct of those who dared to dispose of the public money in such a manner. He would say, then, let the Church Establishment in Ireland be reduced to its proper limits, and if there were any deficiency in the amount of tithe, or difficulty in the mode of collection—as no doubt there would—let that deficiency be made up out of the temporalities of that overgrown establishment.’

We had intended, but have not room, to introduce the beautiful examples adduced by the author, in explanation of what he calls Rational Mysticism. We demur to the inconsistency of these typical uses with historical verity; at the same time that we think his suggestions well worthy the attention of free and inquiring minds.

COMPARISON OF THE TENDENCIES OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH INTELLECT.

THE following letter appeared in a French dress, with some omissions and alterations, about a year and a half ago, in 'Le Globe,' the journal of the political and religious sect of Saint-Simonians. It was intended to be the introduction to a series of letters, principally relating to the moral and social condition of Great Britain. In consequence of the discontinuance of the journal to which it was addressed, the design was never prosecuted. The original of the only letter which appeared has been communicated to us, and as it contains remarks which, though addressed to Frenchmen, concern Englishmen, and draws a parallel between the intellectual biasses of the two nations, which is at least not common-place, and is drawn (as we can certify) from nearly equal familiarity with the literature and politics of both, we offer it to our readers. In doing so we are requested to state, by way of apology for its somewhat egotistical style, that (although the observation may sound epigrammatic) the tone of French composition is naturally egotistical, and it is hardly possible not, after much mixing with Frenchmen, to assume the external of egotism in discussing with them, whether orally or in writing.

'You ask me to correspond occasionally with the editor of the "Globe" on those subjects on which an Englishman, well acquainted with your doctrines, has more to tell of what you would desire to know than is attainable by any Frenchman. I accept your proposal. The idea had already occurred to myself; and the honour which you have spontaneously tendered to me, I should probably sooner or later have solicited as a favour to myself.

'But before I commence, it is due both to myself and to those for whom this correspondence is intended, that I should state somewhat more fully than I have yet done, even to yourself individually, the motives and views with which I undertake it. I do so the more readily, as this is in itself no unimportant element of that knowledge which you have done me the honour to suppose that the readers of the "Globe" may be able to derive from my letters. To a St. Simonian who desires to know England, it cannot be indifferent to learn what are the inducements which may lead an Englishman, himself no St. Simonian, and agreeing with the St. Simonians though partially on almost all points, entirely perhaps on none, to place himself in communication with the St. Simonian Society.

'You will imagine, perhaps, that the motive is a desire to do my part towards what you are labouring for with so much success, namely, to enable two nations, each of which possesses so many of

the elements of greatness and goodness, but developed in an unequal degree, to understand each other ; to make them do justice mutually to each other's merits, and acquiesce in the necessary results of those laws of human and of external nature which have made the characters of the two nations different, and in so doing have marked out to each of them a different vocation, and commanded each to pursue the end of our common existence by separate, yet not by opposite, roads. An arrangement which, viewing it as St. Simonians, you cannot but regard as providential. Viewed in any way in which it can be looked at by an enlarged intellect, and a soul aspiring to indefinite improvement, it is a subject of rejoicing ; for it furnishes the philosopher with *varied* experiments on the education of the human race ; and affords the only mode by which all the parts of our nature are enabled to move forward at once, none of them being choked (as some must be in every attempt to reduce all characters to a single invariable type) by the disproportionate growth of the remainder.

‘ You are not wrong in supposing that I have this object deeply at heart, and that the earnestness with which you on your part pursue it, is not the weakest of the ties of sympathy which connect me and you. I am sensible, moreover, that at the point of view at which you are placed, this must be the principal source of any expectation of good which you can entertain from my correspondence. But such is not the only, nor even the principal, of the motives which induce me to choose the “Globe” as a vehicle (so far as your permission extends) of many of my feelings and opinions. There is a stronger still ; it is, that among the readers of that journal I find a public capable of understanding those opinions, of entering into those feelings ; and in the members of your society, a body of thinkers and writers with whom I think it may be of use publicly to discuss them.

‘ It is not necessary for any one to remind you, that the St. Simonians are, just now, the only association of public writers existing in the world who systematically stir up from the foundation all the great social questions ; even those which have been settled long ago upon a footing which revolution has not yet completely carried away ; even those on which the ancient doctrines, howsoever they may have declined in their practical efficacy, have not yet ceased to be speculatively acknowledged by every one. You declare that all social questions must receive a new solution ; and while you propound with that view the best ideas you have, you call upon all who are capable to do the same, and are yourselves willing to hear and desirous to understand all men.

‘ If even in France to have done this has exposed you to the misinterpretation and the odium of which you are the objects, it is more utterly impossible than you yourselves are as yet able fully to understand, that any set of public writers should for a long time to come stand up openly in England and do the like. In England there is no scope at present for general theories ; unless, indeed, they be generalizations of such narrow views as make no call even upon the most uncultivated mind to look beyond its own miserably contracted horizon.

‘ M. Michael Chevalier has frequently propounded in the “Globe,” the

doctrine that Germany excels all nations in *science* and *intellect*, England in *industry*, France (as having the most widely-spread sympathies) in *MORALITY*. This was doubtless intended merely as a general indication, not to be taken literally, but with many explanations and modifications ; some of which you are, I know, aware of, and I may have opportunity of suggesting others in the course of this correspondence. What I am now going to mention is, however, literally true, and is, I think, the principal truth contained in M. Chevalier's remark. It is, that the German nation is eminently *speculative*, the English essentially *practical*, and the French endeavour to unite both qualities, having an equal turn for framing general theories and for reducing them into practice. As far as this goes, the palm of intellectual superiority, you see, belongs to France, and not to Germany. Considered in other points of view, I could prove that it belongs to England. In short, I conceive it might be shown that every one of the three nations possesses some intellectual and some moral qualities in a higher state of developement than either of the two other nations ; and that each excels in some department, even of industry ; witness the woollens of Saxony, and the well-known superiority of your country in almost all fancy articles.

‘ But this is not the point I intended to enlarge upon just at present. What I meant to say was, that if any person has ideas which he thinks important to propound to the public of Germany, it is a positive recommendation to them that they are brought forward as part of a systematic theory, founded on a combined view of history, and on a general conception of philosophy, literature, and the arts. This would perfectly chime in with the tendency of the German mind. Views very extensive, and therefore, of necessity, promising only a gradual and distant realization, have a better chance of being listened to in that country, than those of a narrower kind. Even in France, though the general and systematic character of any opinions are no *recommendation* to the public attention, neither are they a positive *hinderance*. But in England they are so.

‘ The extremely *practical* character of the English people, that which makes them, as men of business and *industriels* excel all the nations of Europe, has also the effect of making them very inattentive to any thing that cannot be carried instantly into practice. The English people have never had their political feelings called out by abstractions. They have fought for particular laws, but never for a *principle* of legislation. The doctrines of the sovereignty of the people, and the rights of man, never had any root in this country. The cry was always for a particular change in the mode of electing members of the House of Commons ; for making an act of parliament to meet some immediate exigency ; or for taking off some particular tax. The English public think nobody worth listening to, except in so far as he tells them of something to be *done*, and not only that, but of something which can be done *immediately*. What is more, the only *reasons* they will generally attend to, are those founded on the specific good consequences to be expected from the adoption of the specific proposition.

Whoever, therefore, wishes to produce much immediate effect upon the English public, must bring forward every idea upon its own inde-

pendent grounds, and must, I was going to say, take pains to conceal that it is connected with any ulterior views. If his readers or his audience suspected that it was part of a *system*, they would conclude that his support even of the specific proposition, was not founded on any opinion he had that it was good in itself, but solely on its being connected with Utopian schemes, or at any rate with principles which they are "not prepared" (a truly English expression) to give their assent to.

'To you, who know that politics are an essentially progressive science, and that none of the great questions of social organization can receive their true answer, except by being considered in connexion with views which ascend high into the past, and stretch far into the future; it is scarcely necessary to point out that any person, who thinks as you do on this point, must have much to say, which cannot with advantage be said, just at present, to the people of England. In writing to persuade the English, one must tell them only of the next step they have to take, keeping back all mention of any subsequent step. Whatever we may have to propose, we must contract our reasoning into the most confined limits; we must place the expediency of the particular measure upon the narrowest grounds on which it can rest; and endeavour to let out no more of general truth, than exactly as much as is absolutely indispensable to make out our particular conclusion.

'Now, as the people of England *will* be treated in this manner, they *must*: and those who write for them, must write in the manner best calculated to make an impression upon their minds. When, therefore, I see, that parliament ought to enact a certain law to-day or to-morrow, and that it is my duty to exert myself for that purpose, I will state to the English people, such immediate advantages as appear to me likely to result from the measure:—but when I wish to carry discussion into the field of science and philosophy, to state any general principles of politics, or propound doubts tending to put other people upon stating general principles for my instruction, I must go where I find readers capable of understanding and relishing such inquiries, and writers capable of taking part in them.

'I come to you as *littérateurs* and artists come to Europe from that country of pure *industrialism*, the United States of America; because there is no call in their own country for the kind of labour which is their vocation. I conceive that, in political philosophy, the initiative belongs to France at this moment; not so much from the number of truths which have yet been practically arrived at, but rather from the far more elevated *terrain* on which the discussion is engaged; a *terrain* from which England is still separated by the whole interval which lies between 1789 and 1832. Every one, therefore, who can contribute any thing towards the elaboration of political principles, should carry his ideas, such as they are, to France, and if o France, to *none* rather than to you, who are in so many respects the furthest advanced of all persons in France at the present moment.

'I have yet another reason for placing myself in communication with the readers of the "Globe." Englishman as I am, I understand them better than I do almost any class of my own countrymen. The cause

is, that you have determinate views on all the subjects most interesting to mankind; and you keep none of these back, but state them to the public on every fitting occasion. In England, on the contrary, whatever may be a man's opinions, he never brings any of them before the general public, except those which are naturally suggested by the topics of the day; the rest he keeps to himself, or reserves for philosophical works. You can never tell what sort of persons those are who read the "Times," or the "Morning Chronicle," or the "Edinburgh Review," or the "Quarterly Review;" except that you can in some measure guess whether they are Tories, Whigs, or Radicals; even in this, your guess is often wrong, and at the best, how little this discloses of all that constitutes a man's real belief (if he have any) or the real furniture of his mind, no one knows better than yourselves. But whoever reads "Le Globe," tells you by that alone, an immense deal of his character and modes of thinking. And I, who have long read it assiduously, as well as almost every other publication which has proceeded from your society, may say that I now know the opinions of the St. Simonians, understand their language, desire to hear more of it on all subjects, and know in what manner my own ideas must be expressed, to find readiest access to their minds. I cannot say so much of any body of English readers, to whom I could address myself.

'To these reasons for corresponding with you, permit me to add one, which needed not to be backed by any others in order to render it sufficient;—the high admiration which it is impossible for me not to entertain for you, your purposes, and your proceedings. When I see men doing all that the St. Simonians do, and sacrificing all that they sacrifice, for a doctrine which has as much truth in it as theirs has, and which, though I am unable to adopt it, must, in my opinion, do infinitely more good by its good, than it can do evil by its evil; when I see this, it is enough for me that such men think I can be of any use to them, to induce me eagerly to obey their call, as far as is consistent with what I owe to my own views of truth, and to the superior claims of my own country upon my labours and sacrifices.

'This seems to be fully as suitable a termination to my letter as any *formule* of politeness, and with this, therefore, I will for the present conclude.'

RAMMOHUN ROY.—The Editor has, in another capacity, expressed his feelings on the decease of this illustrious man. He has reason to hope for materials which will enable him to insert, in an early Number of the Repository, a more complete and authentic account of the Hindoo reformer than has yet appeared. The Notices of New Publications are necessarily postponed.

CHURCH REFORM, CONSIDERED AS A NATIONAL AND NOT A SECTARIAN QUESTION.

It seems doubtful whether Ministers seriously intend to do, or attempt to do, any thing with the Church. The monition to the Bishops to 'set their houses in order,' is passing away like a *brutum fulmen*. The big beginning and little ending of the attempt on the Irish branch of the Establishment was a bad omen. It disheartened all who had great expectations from the 'Reform Ministry and Reform Parliament,' and mightily encouraged the legislatorial mercenaries of existing abuses. Ministers evidently had the Irish Church upon their hands because they could not help it, and were very glad to be well rid of it. They will be in no hurry to meddle with the English Church. But they may again find that there is no avoiding the question. Something must be done, and that at no very distant period. The public mind has got hold of the subject, and will not easily let it go. Some bits and fragments of a reformation the people happen to have in their own hands. Wherever there are open vestries the church rates have been assailed, sometimes on the ground of wasteful expenditure, but frequently on the broad principle of not compelling one man to pay for the religion of another. In not a few instances the rate has been either materially reduced, or refused altogether. This warfare, once commenced, is likely to continue until, wherever the parishioners have a voice in the matter, those who frequent the churches will have to bear the outgoings which are needful for their own religious services. But the rate is a very small portion of the public grievance, as is its removal of the reform which is required. We mention it only as a symptom of the state of men's minds, and of an inevitable tendency towards a great change in our ecclesiastical affairs. We look forward to that change with deep anxiety. One of two things seems not unlikely to happen, either of which is to be deprecated. We fear, on the one hand, lest some partial and sham reform should take place which would leave the Church stronger even than it is at present for all those sinister purposes to which it has been subservient; and, on the other hand, lest a sudden subversion of the Establishment should cast its treasures, like the cargo of a wrecked vessel, on shore, to be utterly wasted, or to become the prey of any plunderers who may be favourably situated for seizing the spoil. Almost as much as we dread the refitting and furbishing of this enormous aristocratical and anti-reforming engine, do we dread the utter loss to the community of resources which may be rendered productive of incalculable good to the entire population. These are the Scylla and Charybdis between which we have to steer. As the subject will probably occupy considerable space in our next volume, it may not be amiss to close the present year

with a brief statement of our general views of Church Reform, considered as a national and not a sectarian question.

The Established Church has signally failed of accomplishing its professed objects.

The only tolerable defence of an Establishment that we have ever met with, rests on the allegation of its being a system of religious and moral instruction. Much has been said of the deplorable state of ignorance, impiety, and vice, into which a nation would be plunged if it were destitute of, or should lose, the blessing of an Established Church. Now this is 'all theory and speculation,' as the anti-reformers say. Indeed we, practical persons, may go a step further, and point westward across the Atlantic.—Nowhere in the world does religion thrive more than in America. True, we shall be told that America is no rule for us, because America is a republic. As the same reasoners, however, hold that republicanism is a demoralizing principle, if not absolutely Atheistic, we contend that our argument (as against them) is strengthened by this fact, and that, *à fortiori*, religion must flourish under the British constitution, were there no Established Church. But the question of success or failure in the professed objects of that Church, is a plain question of fact, and very easily decided. What has the Church done, as the spiritual instructor of the nation? In the first place, it has driven about half the population out of its own temples into those of Dissent. Certainly a majority of the nation does not attend the established worship. We believe it also to be true, that a majority of those who attend any worship at all habitually, may be found every Sunday at chapel. Then, again, a much larger proportion of the one than of the other are mere formalists; persons who bring their bodies to a place of worship, but who, if they have any souls at all, leave them in their workshops or counting-houses, or at any rate take no concern about them: who feel no interest in the service at which they *assist*, and assist in no other way than by occupying twenty inches of pew during twenty minutes of sermon, and twice or thrice as much of liturgy and psalm. The various religious associations are gauges of the zeal of sects and parties. Accounts are published annually of the money subscribed to these societies. They demonstrate the Church to be far behind the Dissenters in zeal. Now, for a National Institution, a majority of the population not attending its teachings, and the minority which does attend comparatively uninterested and inert, is what we call a failure. What else should it be called?

The gradation of dignity in the Church has been celebrated for providing moral guides to take charge of all ranks of society. And which class of the community has chosen to play with it at this game of follow my leader? The middle ranks constitute the main body of Dissent. The Independents and Methodists in England, like the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, show how the

poor may be led ; and by contrast, how the Church does not lead them. Here again is failure. In the aristocracy there is no competition. For the very superior religion and morality to be found in that quarter, the Church may take credit. The remarkable piety of the peerage shall be posted to its account. There is a third order in the state yet to be mentioned. For as the human race has been divided into men, women, and fools, so may the nation be distributed into the rich, the poor, and the thinkers. For the last class an Establishment has been deemed especially necessary, inasmuch as it provides ample means and ample rewards for the production of learned books by learned men to put down the heresy and infidelity which is reckoned the besetting sin of the aforesaid thinkers. And how does this scheme turn out ? Whose works are still the storehouse for replies to Deistical objections ? Those of Leland, the Irish Presbyterian. Whose the most ample and authentic collection of the external testimonies to the Christian Scriptures ? That of Lardner, the English Presbyterian. Whose the most impressive statements of the internal evidences ? Those of Chalmers, the Scotch Presbyterian, and of Channing, the American Unitarian. The standard critical work on the New Testament is that of Michaelis the German. We give Bishop Marsh credit for its translation. Even for the best modern defences of its great doctrines of the Godhead of Christ and the atonement, the English Church has to go out of its own boundaries ; and if the one be furnished by Magee, the Irish Bishop, for the other it is indebted to Dr. Pye Smith, an English Independent. This is only a specimen of the case which might be made out against the Church of many endowments and high pretensions.

Many wise and good men, no doubt, have been educated in its seminaries, and have adorned its communion. Many and many thousands of different classes of the people have, no doubt, in each successive generation, found strength and consolation in its devotional offices. We have no desire to detract one atom from the amount of its good deeds and influences. But whatever that amount, it cannot destroy the facts just alleged, and which facts constitute failure in an institution claiming to be national.

Besides failing of the good, for the production of which it is avowedly established, the Church is in many ways the cause of public evils.

It has always strenuously supported despotic principles and measures. Every tyrannical monarch and tyrannical minister has had its hosts at his back to support his warfare upon the liberties of his country. The solitary exception is only an apparent one. The Church would have supported James the Second, but for the conviction that James the Second would not have supported the Church. There was no love of liberty, either civil or religious, in the part it took in the Revolution of 1688. Loud was the boast, not long before, of its singularity in the glorious work of preaching

the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. Throughout the oppression, taxation, and carnage of the ministry of William Pitt the clergy harnessed themselves to his car, and dragged him along triumphantly. Every body knows that they are still the same. The Reform Act put the final seal upon their character, and their doom.

The Church keeps up a spirit of intolerant sectarianism. It is itself an exclusive and anathematizing sect. It sets the example of threatening damnation for differences of opinion. The Puritans were worried by the most arbitrary and useless requisitions of conformity. The Act of Uniformity was a notable instance of sectarian despotism. Then came the Corporation and Test Acts, and a series of unrelenting persecutions. The sectarianism of Dissenters is, to a considerable extent, only a reaction of the established sectarianism. The manœuverings of the great brigade of bigotry occasion the corresponding movements of the hostile regiments; and so the country is distracted with the conflicts of sects.

Although only a portion of the tithe falls upon the public, and that portion might be removed to the right shoulders by a commutation, yet the total amount of taxation, direct and indirect, on behalf of the Church, makes itself pretty well felt amid the pressure of our fiscal burdens.

Libraries, institutes, schools, almost every device for enlightening the people, has either had to encounter the direct hostility of the clergy, (*as a body*) or been crippled and perverted by their insidious friendship.

The Church and the aristocracy play into one another's hands. The third in the game is sure to be pigeoned. The mutual advantages of an alliance between the ecclesiastical monopoly and the tax-levying influence are very obvious. The evil has not been confined to the pocket; it has been over the mind. There has been a diligent fostering of useful prejudices. *Useful* to whom? The third in the game is finding that out.

This failure and these evils are not accidental; they are owing to inherent defects in the constitution of the Established Church.

Almost all the plans of Church reform which we have seen are very inefficient, because they do not go to the root of the evil; they do not touch the sectarian character of the Church, its sinister interest as a close corporation, its connexion with the aristocracy as distinguished from the community, and its essential inadequacy, as a system of instruction, to meet the wants of the present age. So long as these remain, there can be nothing deserving the name of reform; nothing from which the nation can derive material benefit, although it may perhaps sustain injury. Enforcing residence more strictly, so that, instead of fewer than half the clergy living in their parishes, two-thirds perhaps might do so; taking a few thousands per annum from the episcopal

revenues and distributing them among the curates and poorer incumbents; removing the offensiveness of tithe and direct taxation:—what would such alterations as these signify, or who cares much about them, save those who think a tub may divert the whale? The probe must go deeper, however much the patient may wince.

What is called Church Property is a public trust for the spiritual culture of the entire population.

We except from this category all private donations and bequests bestowed since the existence of dissent was legally recognised by the passing of the Toleration Act. From that time the donors may have regarded the Established Church as a sect and not as the nation. They may have wished to endow it for qualities which distinguished it from other sects. The exception relates, we apprehend, to a very trifling portion of the funds in question. Up to that period, with the exception of the times of the Commonwealth, the Church was, in the eye of the law, the sole and universal source of religious and moral instruction to the community. Whatever treasures it inherited or acquired, were inherited or acquired by it in that character, which character it has ceased to retain, either in law, or in public opinion.

The series of enactments on behalf of Dissenters, which commenced with the Toleration Act and ended with the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, have reduced the Church to the legal position of a privileged sect amongst a number of equally recognised sects, each of which may thus claim to have a portion, varying in size, perhaps, of the once seamless robe of the national instructor. Legislation must retrace its steps to the Revolution, (meeting another revolution on the road,) in order to renew the sole claim of the Church to the funds which were assigned for the spiritual culture of the entire population. And if this were done, which is utterly impossible, the damning flaw in the title would still remain,—the failure, the complete and disgraceful failure of the Church to fulfil the requisite condition of actually instructing the people.

Tithes and other ecclesiastical endowments are in this predicament; a choice must be made between the form and the spirit of the original investiture. If we adhere to the form, the Church of England must forthwith hand over all its funds to the Roman Catholic hierarchy; if we adhere to the spirit, the Church of England must prepare to submit, as the Church of Rome was compelled to submit before it, to such arrangements as the Government, or now we would rather say the people, acting by their legal organs, shall deem best fitted for the advancement of sound morality and pure religion. It is to the formation of such arrangements that the best attention of all friends of their country should be promptly and strenuously directed.

Of what 'means and appliances' does the great mass of the community stand in need, in order to its being trained to wisdom,

goodness, and happiness? The answer to this question will define the objects to be aimed at in a new and better reformation.

There should be the entire repeal of all taxation for the peculiar advantage of any particular sect; and all sectarian privilege should either be abolished, or be extended into a common advantage.

Church rates, tithes, so far as they fall upon the consumer, grants of public money for churches to be only used by one sect, are all unjust and odious imposts, which provide some people with the apparatus of religion at other people's expense. How Christians can say their prayers, and sing their psalms, and partake of their sacrament, knowing that the hassock on which they kneel, and the organ to which they sing, and the bread and wine by which they commemorate their Saviour, are paid for by money which the strong hand of power extorts from the pockets of reluctant Nonconformists, passes our comprehension. They are used to it, or have not thought about it, and so it does not shock them. This system clearly ought to stop. Moreover, as it would obviously be inexpedient for a portion of the clergy of all religious denominations to be *ex officio* legislators, we see not how it can be for the good of the entire community that those of any one sect should. The conduct of the Bishops in parliament is one cause of the downfall of the Church in public opinion. There can be no shadow of excuse for their continuance in the legislature (unless by election) after the decision of the people has been constitutionally ratified that the sect which they represent has failed of the national purposes which it was intrusted with the endowments to accomplish.

If the episcopal clergy can frame services of public worship so comprehensive as that the entire population will join in them, the churches would be the proper places for such worship. If this cannot be done, as all have an equal right to the use of those buildings, they being national, it would be desirable for them to be occupied in succession by all who claimed such accommodation. The difficulty arising from the multiplicity of sects would be very much lightened by the adoption of simple, comprehensive, and scriptural forms of worship. We see not why even those who use no form of social worship might not have them in turn, for such moral lecturing as they may think conducive to their own edification.

It would be easy to have divine worship performed on every Sunday in every church, according to some three or four modes, one or other of which would satisfy any devout Christian. Persons with creeds so exclusive, or consciences so cranky, or chapels so convenient, as to determine them to stick to their own temples in preference to the church, might be exempted from assisting to keep the one building in repair on showing that they paid for the other. The repairing expense of places of worship for the whole

population would thus be pretty well equalized. The remuneration (if it were necessary to pay for praying) of the leaders of the devotions, that of organists or singers, and any costly ceremonies, should be provided for by each class of worshippers separately.

Thus far, then, the way is clear. The zeal of our ancestors enables the government to guarantee (subject to the cost of repairs only) to the people the use of appropriate buildings, in which each may worship according to the dictates of his conscience; leaving him untaxed if his conscience or his convenience require an exclusive consecration for his place of worship.

Beyond this point, the present state of opinion prevents the application of the national funds for spiritual culture to the purposes of religious ceremony, because beyond this point the sects diverge so rapidly and widely that comprehension is impossible, and selection would be a mischievous partiality. Let them alone, then; the episcopal church as well as the other churches. They will best settle all the rest for themselves, and by themselves; and as they should only be allowed to tax themselves, the Government would have no further concern about them but to make them keep the peace with one another.

But much more than this would the nation have a right to expect at the hands of an enlightened government, possessing immense funds, independent of taxation, devoted to the spiritual culture of the community.

All claims of individuals upon those funds should be honourably and liberally discharged. There should be no turning adrift to starve those whose prospects in life rested upon an implied compact with the State. To be as useful as they were able to be, in a new system, might be fairly required, and ought to be required, of those who have hitherto been the State clergy. The public has a right to their services; it has also, under existing circumstances, the obligation of their support. On this account it is necessary, as on many accounts it is desirable, that the reformation should be gradual.

The apparatus for that universal spiritual culture which should be the object of a new reformation would consist of the following particulars:—

1. Buildings to be freely used for public worship by all according to the dictates of their consciences.
2. Schools for the moral training of infants, from two to seven years of age.
3. Schools for boys and girls, from seven to fourteen years of age. These, as well as the infant schools, should be in sufficient number, and properly distributed, for the accommodation of the whole juvenile population. The latter should include schools of industry. Attendance, as in Prussia, compulsory, unless it could

be shown that by its parents, or private teachers employed by them, the child was efficiently instructed.

4. Universities for youth in all large towns, open to both sexes, and in the hours of attendance, and other arrangements, regard had to the convenience of those whose time is occupied in their needful avocations.

5. Colleges for the cultivation of the higher branches of learning, and for producing a succession of professors and teachers (not to the exclusion of those who should otherwise qualify themselves) to superintend the various establishments above described.

6. Assistance in the formation of museums, libraries, exhibitions, scientific institutions, theatres, and similar means for promoting adult instruction, and the popular cultivation of sound knowledge and refined taste.

7. Public provision for the support of men of learning, genius, or science, who engage in literary or artistical undertakings, which although unproductive of pecuniary profit to themselves, or to a very meagre extent, are yet of great moment to the instruction, happiness, and progress of society.

Of the various appointments involved in this scheme, those of the masters of schools should be made directly by the inhabitants of the district, or with only the intervention of a committee, according to the project of Mr. Roebuck in his masterly speech on national education. In the professorships, a more careful filtering might be necessary in order to secure competent judges of the qualifications of candidates, but still popular influence should pervade the whole; this would be essential to its vitality.

We believe that for this magnificent apparatus of public utility and national instruction, for this plan of spiritual culture of the entire population, the funds assigned to that end by our forefathers would be amply sufficient. No taxation would be necessary. Nay, there would be the remission of all that taxation which is now levied on the members of many sects for the benefit of one sect. Deducting Easter dues and offerings, church rates, and similar impositions, the national instruction fund, now in the possession of the great ecclesiastical corporation, has been shown by Mr. Wade, one of the most diligent and accurate of calculators, to be probably undervalued at eight millions sterling per annum. Now much may be done with eight millions sterling! And when it is borne in mind that the colleges, universities, institutes, &c. might, while necessary, support themselves by the voluntary payments of students; that the chief cost would be of the district schools; and that the plan would come gradually into operation as the incumbents died off, so that there would be a lively interest in its progress and the excitement of public exertion for its promotion; there can be no reasonable doubt, without going into detailed calculations, that the resources would be abundant.

And if not, we should feel disposed to cut the difficulty short by saying that the nation would cheerfully tax itself to supply the deficiency.

Some people may fear that such a change would leave the country destitute of religion; they are very much mistaken. Religion would flourish far more than it does at present. A hard blow would be given to the spirit of sectarianism, the demarcations of theological party might become less distinct, many springs of bitterness would be dried up; but these effects are decidedly favourable to pure religion. The Dissenters (as they yet are) would be in a position to exercise a wider and better moral influence over the community; and the Episcopal Church would be renovated in its spiritual life. Its bishops would be more apostolical, and might become loved and venerated, as they are in America. The voluntary support of their flocks would strengthen the hands of their pious ministers. No doubt after the death of the present State-supported incumbents, very many of the church congregations would hold together, and keep up the ministry, faith, and order, to which they had been accustomed. There would be plenty of preaching so long as preaching should be found or be thought productive of religion and morality. And moreover, the facilities for sustaining a worship properly national would be greater than they are at present. The country would not become less devout in becoming more enlightened.

We have but very imperfectly developed our ideas on this great subject. Our design is only to present a brief summary or outline. To different portions of it we shall have occasion to recur again and again. We do not affect to anticipate the adoption of our views. There are too many interests, too many prejudices, too many compromises, too many apprehensions in the way. But it is something to show that there ought to be, and must be, a change. It is something to warn against the fraud upon the public, which may probably be attempted, of patching up a thoroughly corrupt and rotten system. It is something to indicate the principles of that new reformation for which England 'groaneth and travaileth in pain,' and by the adoption of which alone can Church reform be national regeneration. Those principles are

The Universal Right of Private Judgment,
and

The Public Obligation of Universal Instruction.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH.*

'THERE is a soul of goodness in things evil.' No writer that we know of has a stronger feeling of this truth than Emily Taylor. It seems to be thoroughly wrought into her character. It per-

* 'Tales of the English.' William de Albini of Buckenham Castle. By Emily Taylor, author of 'Tales of the Saxons,' &c. Darton and Harvey. 1833.

vades all her compositions, whether they be long or short, poetry or prose, narrative or didactic; she seldom writes any thing in which its influence is not traceable. She has as keen an eye for virtue, or that which may become so, as the policeman has for a thief. She will ferret out something good in the darkest den, or on the dreariest moor. She has an instinct for it. However latent in the object, a sense of its presence is sure to come over her. And then how she delights to elicit, and develope, and describe it; cherishing it all the more for the bad company in which it was found. The quick and strong perception by the individual, of something the presence of which others do not apprehend, is frequently the result of an aversion. In her it is a sympathy. She institutes no search, she starts no chase for her own gratification, she seeks no display of ingenuity; but wherever the good exists, an elective affinity between it and the tendencies of her own moral constitution immediately manifests itself. This peculiarity seems to us an honourable and a beautiful one in itself, and one which should operate as a recommendation of her writings. It should do so the more strongly, as she often writes for the young; and those of her works which were not especially intended for them, are still admirably calculated to engage their attention, and advance their improvement. Few better things can be desired for them than a similar love of goodness, and a similar promptness and universality in the perception of its existence. The times in which we live are too antagonistic for the uninterrupted enjoyment of either natural or moral beauty; we are too apt, like old soldiers, to look at hill and valley with a military eye, and to be marking out imaginary redoubts, till we neither see the beauty of the forms which are before our eyes, nor smell the sweetness of the fragrance which is floating in the atmosphere around us. We are fighting for good rather than enjoying it; and they deserve thanks who keep alive through the conflict the capacity for pleasure, which might else wither before the attainment of the possession.

And Miss Taylor is right; she has the truth with her; the good which she perceives really is in man and in nature: it is scattered abroad over the world, and ought not to be heedlessly trampled under foot. She does not create, she only discovers. The eyes of Gertrude were said 'to love whate'er they looked upon.' That was by reflection. Her own overflowing love was sent back to her from any and every object on which it fell. It was only her own quality that she seemed to perceive inherent in all things else as their attribute. But Miss Taylor has a different species of perception from this. It is not that she loves what she sees in every thing, but she sees what she loves in every thing. It is, as we said, a sympathy between the world within and that without, and not a reflection merely of the world within back from the world without. Her moral sense is too pure and fine to

be imposed upon by her benevolence ; and she never palters with herself. She employs no effort to make out a case, to get up a pleasant picture. It is because she has first felt the good herself, that she so simply and naturally, often so beautifully and persuasively, points it out to others.

The desirableness of cultivating this disposition is very obvious, and therefore it is that Miss Taylor's writings have our warm recommendation. They are not the less efficient means for that purpose, from her not formally proposing it as an object, or perhaps not being always herself conscious of the tendency. The charm and the utility are not in what she intends to do, or in what she actually does, but in what, as an author, she is. The spirit which animates her writings is a moral influence to which the young cannot be too extensively subjected ; yet in these our troublous and conflicting days, we cannot let our commendation go without a caution.

The perception of good must not be allowed to cripple the energy which is required for the destruction of evil. Our ready recognition of the 'one virtue' of some royal or political corsair should not make us forget or less strongly feel the fact, that it is linked with 'a thousand crimes.' Nor should it make us less feel that his victims have probably a larger proportion of virtue, or that whatever the proportions may be, rapine and cruelty should not be perpetrated if we can help it. It is good to be sensible of the poetical and moral associations, which mantle like ivy over old abbey or castle walls, but that sensibility should not enfeeble the higher and holier though sterner impulse which prompts to the assault of time-hallowed piles, and, if needful, their total demolition when they have become fortresses of ignorance, resorts of reptiles, or dens of banditti. It would have been a weak reason for not routing the royal army, that the tyrant had a Falkland in his camp. And there is another way in which this disposition to delight in the beauty that sojourns amid deformity, tends to enervate the power of active usefulness to mankind. It is naturally accompanied with a strong perception of the converse of the proposition. It detects the evil that lurks amid things good, and is apt to be disproportionately repelled by that ; repelled even by its strong sense of the moral loveliness with which such evil is commingled. Thus many pure and devout persons so grieved at the violence of the reformer Luther, that they almost or entirely sank back into the bosom of popery, where they knew there had been and was so much of true religion amid all its errors ; and rather retarded than accelerated that most essential work of reformation which perhaps a less violent leader would have failed to accomplish. 'Woe unto you, hypocrites,' is not less gospel than 'Come, ye blessed.' They are different portions of the glad tidings to humanity, of which the one must be read through, to come at the other.

We are not imputing to Miss Taylor these undesirable but not unnatural adjuncts to her own true and lovely principle. We do not blame her for finding out, in the tale before us, so much of wisdom, gentleness, and goodness among Norman barons, Saxon churls, and Romish priests of the twelfth century ; yet the picture would have been not only more historically just but more efficient had the shadows been thrown in with a bolder hand. We are so grateful to her for having discovered (and she can plead history for most of it) so much moral worth in that turbulent period, that we can only say to her and her personages, ‘indeed you are too good.’ We want a little of the then abounding villainy for a relief ; it would make the virtue stand out. But it is enough, perhaps, for our author to go steadily on, without modifications or qualifications, in that peculiar, beautiful, and useful work for which she is constituted. The present volume is well entitled to a continuance of the approval which we bestowed on its predecessor, the ‘*Tales of the Saxons.*’ This, and every thing which Miss Taylor writes, should be in every juvenile library. We see no occasion for minute criticism upon it ; it is enough to say, that the narrative and characters are exemplifications, level to a child’s capacity, of that peculiarity which it has been our object to indicate. Other exemplifications, adapted to mature minds, cultivated taste, and moral feeling, may be found in Miss Taylor’s poetical productions. Many of these are scattered about in the annuals, and other periodical publications. They would make, if collected, a volume which few could read without being the better for it.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER VI.

A LIGHT veil of mist rose from the sea, and curled over the adjacent rocks and verdure, as we rolled along on the graceful swell of the Atlantic billows, urged by the western wind, on a morning in July, 1807 ; and as the sun veered from his eastern rising towards the south, the duskiness, in which the brows of earth and the breast of the billows were enfolded, swept gradually off, and left each, all objects in distinctness of form, varying in their shape and position, as the ship advanced on, rested by, or receded from them. There was on board, a quietness and order, which struck me as in singular contrast with the usual noisy bustle of trimming sails ; the orders were given in a subdued tone, and the sailors spoke in whispers : even the bidding to me, to ‘clap on there,’ was uttered as if there was a caution against disturbing some one, or something, with too loud a voice : and the ragged, wild, inhumanized group, which stood on the fore-castle, in their visit to the air from their foul abode, turned from

their gaze on the land, and the now opening Plymouth Sound, and glanced at each other in silence. The customary hallooing, cursing, and swearing, had sunk into murmurs, broken by a solitary harsh laugh, down in the den of the captives. Theirs, probably, was that feeling of suspense, which, on looking forward to a certainty of change of condition, is yet uncertain what may be the character of that change; the thoughts roam among doubts and probabilities, and create that nervous irritability, in which mind holds converse with itself alone. They all seemed to be soliloquizing on the future. Could the reckless and desperate among them be moved by thinking of the future? Ay, reader, for that future was an English man-of-war. With the officers and crew of the ship, the cause of this orderly quietness was different; they were entering a royal seaport; advancing among strictly disciplined ships of war; superior eyes were observing the lieutenant of the *Friendship*, and his discipline, and in deferential respect we, that is *they*, bowed, or seemed to bow, as they approached the gaze of the great ones. I know that my senses were highly excited, ay, and deeply stirred; mine was the vague and benumbing feeling, that, in a few hours, the die would be thrown, which should decide whether I should be freed from, or plunged inextricably in, the degradation which I so much dreaded. Thus did chilling apprehension and glowing hope mingle with that rapture and delight in which I fastened my eyes on the scene; the eastern side of Plymouth Sound, its rocks, cliffs, verdure and cottages, as we rounded the Mewstone; the sudden spreading, continuing beauty of the view, thrilled through every nerve: the rolling swell of the billows now subsided into an even rippling; laugh after laugh curled in orderly race along the shining water; scattered on the face of which were tall huge ships, and further down, in the many inlets and harbours, a thousand masts shooting up among, between, and above the rocks and houses; then the black-toothed batteries, citadel, soldiers' barracks, and magazines; Drake's Island, leaving open a glimpse into Hamoaze, with the mastless masses of black and chequered hulks, sleeping on the smooth water; then the projecting points of Mount Edgecumbe Park, carpeted with smooth verdure, and streaked and dotted with noble woods, looking like solid masses of emerald cut into fretwork. The glorious sun, blazing on the scene, threw its flashes of magnificence over love and beauty—crowded buildings struck one point of the view, and here and there, on some green and flowery slope, the villa stood blandly courting the gaze upon itself; or the whitewashed cottage, nestled under a cliff, and sitting by a patch of greensward, spoke beguilingly of peace and contented comfort; and the receding and distant hills, variegated with many hues, and swept with alternations of light and shade—old dusky Dartmoor solemnly reposing above and behind the wonders and beauties

at his foot. I had never beheld such a reality. I *had* fancied, I had dreamed more splendid and lovely visions. But I have not looked at the crowning beauty of that morning's gaze. We descended deeper into the Sound, and the curtaining hills gradually drew aside, opening more and more, till Cawsand bay completed the eye's delighted range, and rivetted every sense of feeling and thought on what lay there. Sweeping round in a most graceful bend, and lipping the sandy and shingly beach, the water sparkled, reflecting the ten thousand gems of beauty which smiled on its borders, and slept, or seemed to sleep, in their own shadows, which had laid their foundations in the translucent bosom of the liquid mirror: a molten crystal. And the gradually rising amphitheatre of meadow, upland, and hill and grove—here, and again, picturesque abruptnesses of rock, or an undulation, based by the clustered dwellings of the town, drawn out at each extremity in a diminishing line of cottages. Boats lying on the beach, others dancing under the fishermen's oars, and two or three ships, whose elegance of mould and slim tapering masts transmuted the objects of my admiration in Liverpool docks, into clumsy, dingy, heavy conglomerations of deformity. But there was one which sat enthroned upon the glistening surface of the mirror, the Queen of magnificence and beauty! What a wonder of creation did she appear to me! The most delicate and exquisite work of hands which I had ever seen, in imitation of a ship, was enshrined in a glass case; a corvette, built of ivory and ebony, and tackled with silken cordage. Smooth, brilliant, speckless, a thing so beautiful in form, so graceful in position, so admirably proportioned, so elegantly neat in finish, that I almost loved it, as if it had been some creature of life, endowed with a soul. But here was one which with her vastness of size, her admeasurement of more than two thousand tons, her three tiers of ports, her hundred and twenty guns, which could rain forth a deluge of destruction and death by three thousand three hundred pounds weight of iron, in tremendous thunder; and lodging within her bowels one thousand men, with the immense thickness and strength of her lower masts, and extended yards and upward towering topmasts, with her tons on tons of cables and cordage, exhibited all the elegance of form, neatness of decoration, nice accuracy of arrangement, the whole compact, fitted utility and beauty, even more perfectly than that wondrous thing of twelve inches length, on which I had looked with so much admiration! A fairy's fingers, working on gossamer and pearl, would not have turned out of hand a thing of more faultless order and delicacy. Chequered—but stainless, the mighty gorgeousness sat—motionless—not a sound stirred within her, not a sound or sign of life, save the voiceless sweeping in the breeze of the stately banner, and the fluttering of the high, sky-dancing pendant—there she sat, gazing and musing on the image of her

majesty, which reflected worship up to her on her throne; receiving proudly as her due, as if she asked it not, the homage of earth, sea, and sky. How invitingly beautiful I thought her then! Reader, she was a hell afloat! After gazing on her with such wonder and rapture, I felt a dread, as a whispered allusion was made to one ship which was lying in the Sound; a dirty looking, unfinished, straggling—*frigate* they denominated her; her dingy yellow sides were streaked with seams of pitch;—and they called her the finest ship of all that were lying there. ‘What taste,’ thought I; they spoke also of the ‘good luck’ of those who might be shipped on board of her, as she was yet unmanned, or short of her complement. I devoutly hoped, happen what might, that would not be the ship to which I should be drafted, though she had, as I found, the reputation of being a flier. These meditations were broken by our now near approach to the rocks and houses, in passing through the Devil’s Bridge; on each side of which people on the firm shore stood to look at us; and sadness sunk deep as I felt they were enjoying privileges and blessings from which I was cut off; they were at liberty to go where they would, to tread the grass and pluck the flowers; I seemed sunk beneath the common lot of humanity; though men were around me, from them I was as much an exile as they were from other men: compelled thoughts of the present blocked up all gaze into the future: and we anchored within two or three hundred yards of an enormous mountain-mass of timber, that I heard spoken of as the Salvador; and another black looking thing, with which I made acquaintance an hour afterwards. Order came on board for the cargo of live lumber to be shifted to the *Razzyloo*, and I soon found myself herded with the miserable mass which the Tender Friendship vomited forth from her foul and pestilent caverns. I—the scoff and derision, now, of that filthy heap of animation. The *Résolu*, or as my companions preferred to name her, the *Razzyloo*, was a human washing-tub, on a grand scale. To her we were carried for the purpose of purification and fumigation—washing, scrubbing and scraping—previous to being driven into the great fold—the Guardo—the reservoir—the receiving-ship—Salvador del Mundo—thence to be sent to the different markets—or rather, as we were already sold, slaughter-houses. And as I mounted the sides of the great wash-tub, I was struck with the dry-heartedness of hopeless misery. Now we were called over by name, and ordered to ‘toe a line’ on the quarter-deck, and such an assemblage as we were! for an hour we stood affording to the different knots of gazers right hearty merriment, and ‘pah’ings’ of disgust. Some of their jests were odd enough, and as new to my ears as they seemed mirthful and witty to them; for they showed their appreciation of them by chorusses of laughter, while the victims stood in sullen silence, neither daring nor caring to reply. I shrank

within myself, as if wishing for annihilation. It was now reported that the washing and scrubbing apparatus was ready, and the lines were struck off in divisions of about twenty, to undergo, in succession, the application of hot water, soap, sand, scrubbing-brushes and canvass towels of No. 1. Just as the first body was in motion, an officer called me out from the ranks, and told me to go aft, I was not to undergo the scouring; and once more my hopes breathed; freer still, when, after the washing, each man was examined, in a state of nudity, by the surgeons, I passed muster on answering a few questions, without stripping; I have never learnt to whom I was indebted for this indulgence: but I assure you, reader, it was a delicious relief to my agonized senses. Then assembled on board a sort of committee of captains, in the cabin; my companions were called in, and, at length, I stood feverishly before the inspectors; they spoke to me with kindness, even with civility, and turned to each other to say what I could not hear; one in particular, I noticed, who smiled at something which his neighbour said, and shook his head, as if repelling it; *he* put to me several questions, as to my habits, friends, &c., and ‘why did I leave home?’ I answered to this freely—‘I wished to see other countries, and people, &c.’ ‘Why do you wish that?’—‘Because I have read so much about them.’ I was then dismissed; when, as I reached the cabin-door, I was called to remain a moment, while the ‘master-at-arms’ was ordered in. I panted again with fear of something; what it was I could not guess; but that ‘master-at-arms’ had an ugly sound. It was to receive from the commanding officer an order to see that I did not get ‘knocked about among the riff-raff, to take me under his charge, and into his mess, while I remained on board the *Résolu*.’ Here, then, was a surety that I was *not* to be plunged into the contamination which, to think of, made me sweat with horror. But, oh, this did not continue long; in a day or two boats came alongside, to carry us to the guard-ship, and I was huddled, with the rest, on board of her. I was no longer separated, I was now one of themselves, to toil as they toiled, washing and *holystoning* decks—to come at a whistle and run at a blow—to scramble, as I best could, through that congregated mass, some of them of the most depraved and abandoned character, thieves and pickpockets too—to wallow in degradation and misery—to watch continually in avoidance of abuse and beating, and to watch in vain—to be scourged with ropes by brutes who were charmed with delight at the sound of the heavy dense blows which they dealt around in sheer wantonness; who rejoiced in their muscular arms, for strength was prized only because it enabled them to strike with greater energy; whose best sport was in watching, and smiling at, and prolonging the suppressed cries and writhings of their victims. I do not exaggerate. There was, at the period of which

I am writing, such wanton devilishness among the boatswain's-mates of a guard-ship, that it is impossible to exaggerate in description, nor would it be believed by my readers, if it were described. These ruffianly monsters in authority luxuriated in their occupation. It was delicious to them to see backs and shoulders instinctively shrinking as they passed a group of men—however these men were occupied, or wherever they were employed, standing, walking, or reposing, the shoulder seemed suddenly endowed with the faculty of sight, whenever a boatswain's-mate was in the vicinity, and it shrank as a snail's-horns shrink if a finger approach them. And how the fellows grinned in the satisfaction of hearing the heavy *thwacks* resound from clavicles, or the knots on the rope sink with a dense *thug* into the flesh! A privileged order were they; beings certainly exhibiting human form; but if anything more ferocious can be found among wild beasts, I have yet to learn it, and when I have learnt it, I will abandon my opinions, and worship the boatswain's-mates of an English guard-ship. And it is for endeavouring to prevent a recurrence of these things, for aiming at suppressing such barbarities, for reining in the evil spirit of those whose authority sanctions, or at least permits, nay, it is too true, did commonly *encourage* these and a thousand other ferocities and tyrannies, that we are to be reviled and vituperated as subverters of the constitution, and unprincipled and mischievously blind levellers! Why, on the will of these boatswain's-mates there was no check; complaint would have been unredressed, or silenced by a fresh '*starting*;'* or, perhaps, *punished* as mutinous. It was necessary to strike awe—to 'take the devil out of the rascals' carcasses!' for in such a heterogeneous mixture there—desperadoes and vagabonds, is the set character assigned to it. Compounded of the sweepings of jails, the picked-up in drunken taverns, or the stolen from home and family, or the returning from foreign lands and kidnapped in free England; first herded in, and then disgorged from those beastly dens which are curiously nicknamed Tenders, it was perhaps considered that the more brutal was the underling in authority, the more effectually and easily would discipline be kept; that nothing but an iron hand and iron heart were capable of teaching such discipline; that iron hands, and iron heads, and iron hearts, were indispensable in mingling and directing the elements of Rule Britannia-ism, and fitting such true-born Britons for their glorious destiny. If this consideration be admitted as an excuse, or in palliation of the wanton ferocity of those boatswain's-mates on board his Majesty's ship *Salvador del Mundo*, let the excusers and palliators make their best of it. I can truly say, *there* most ample and liberal use *was* made of it. I faith the boatswain's-mates did not forego these luxurious privileges: no—they took free scope in their enjoyments. I am

* Thrashing a man's shoulders with a rope.

speaking of what has been ; but is the system yet exploded ? Oh no, indeed : but because, just at present, these things are *not*—to their former extent, perhaps I shall be censured for dwelling on those points which no longer disgrace the British navy : they do not occur—they do not exist *now* :—well ; I, perhaps, should have been silent, and should have done nothing to prevent these matters from dying in forgetfulness, if I did not know that there yet lives a wish—there is a probability that the system of ‘ necessity,’ forsooth, out of which that monstrous ‘ discipline,’ and those remorseless barbarities grew, will be again resorted to ; and if it *be* resorted to, the infernal game will be played over again, though, perhaps, there will be less unblushing boldness, and a little more tact, that shall secure the actors from the exposure and punishment to which the increased facilities and proneness to inquiry and communication will now make them liable. That precious claptrap, loyalty, as it was nicknamed, sealed many a mouth, and blinded many an eye, which true loyalty would have encouraged clearly to see, and promptly to speak. Whoever will not so speak, when he *sees*, is a foe to humanity ; a disloyal traitor to his country’s honour ; *he* is the desecrator of her religion : *he panoplies himself in its dogmas, and commends its truths as fetters to his ‘ inferiors :’* he is the destructive of her constitution ; *he appeals to its freedom on his own account, and contorts its laws into coercions for the ‘ lower classes.’*

Yet these bull-headed fellows had a perceptive tact about them, and were quick in discovering the best means by which a blow could be laid well on, and made to tell ; for instance, on occasions of all hands being piped on deck, one fellow would place himself at the foot of the hatchway ladder, with his ‘ *colt*’ twisted round his fist, and dangling in expectation and readiness from his fingers ; another, in like preparation, stationed himself on deck, to receive the herd as they rushed up from below : here was fine opportunity for exercise and enjoyment of their craft : as the bodies of the ascendants bowed in taking the first step of the ladder, the rounded and well-spread shoulders presented full and fair space for the ready weapon, which fell *crack—thwack*—in all its energy of play and vigour of weight. They commenced with the first venturer, and continued the blows on back after back, with bewitching rapidity, till the last ; then, woe betide that unfortunate ! he took the residue of the sweating devil’s strength, till he reached the deck, where a similar order of scourging had welcomed each as he stepped over the coamings. The two fellows had their turns on each, and beat the finale to the music on the back of the unfortunate last. Some had the good luck to escape in the crush and bustle ; the last was sure of triple allowance. It was a common rule in some of the ‘ well-regulated ships’ to ‘ lay it on well’ on him who was last up the hatchway : somebody must, of necessity, be last ; no matter : no matter either what compelled

him to be so, it was not less criminal; the rule was to 'start' the last; his being last was a sufficient warrant for punishing him; nothing else was inquired into, or thought of. It was on one occasion of these beloved and beprized amusements of the boatswain's-mates, that I, as with the rushing herd I mounted the deck, received one of the blows across my shoulders, which sent the blood at once whizzing and boiling back upon my heart; for the blow seemed to fall through my bones, into my breast, so ponderous was the stroke. I reeled, and became sick and faint; this gave him opportunity for repeating the blow, and it was too delicious a pleasure to be lost; my limbs bowed under me as if they were rushes, and I sank down on the deck, senseless; and I felt, then, nothing of the kick with which he sent my body out of the way of those who were following, and I know not who, or how many, trampled on me. But I *do* remember, that an hour after I recovered, there was a dismal drumming in my ears, my brain seemed compressed within hard bandages, and a hoop of iron was welded round my brow, and I stood in stupor gazing down towards the deck, *trying to look at something which was not there*. Thank God! thank God! I have exclaimed in thought a hundred times since, that there was no knife within my reach, or I am quite sure I should have driven it, blade, handle and all, into his heart! I was too valuable a subject to be forgotten by him,—that boatswain's-mate. I subdued my bitterness by reflecting, that in a day or two, I should be out of his reach at least; and I went industriously to work, at platting *sinnet*. This was new to me, something to be learnt, and it was easy employment. Here the fellow singled me out next day, and, without the least cause or provocation, for mere sport, he struck me another, though not so heavy a blow as the former, while my back was turned to him, and I unaware of his approach; I sprung round in the biting suddenness of my anguish, and there he stood, with his hand and rope elevated, *in terrorem*. I spat out the word 'devil!' 'Ha! devil, am I?' said he; 'I'll show you a bit of my devil.' His face had on it the cold, calm, dead grin of the concentrated essence of spite, gratifying itself with a luxury; while the cable veins of his thick bull neck were strained almost to bursting. 'I'll not hurt you, as you are so delicate; I'll lay it on ladylike, to accommodate you,' and he repeated the blows, till I fell down as yesterday. Of all the faces I have ever looked on, none dwelt so long, and so distinctly in my memory as his. I can safely assert, that I never remembered any man with feelings of hate, or a desire for revenge, for the duration of a month, save and except that fiend of a man; and, for years afterwards, in reflecting on my life on board that ship, I have snatched up a knife, if it were near me, and driven it with all my force into the table or board before me. They would have hanged me for murder if I had remained a week longer on board the *Salvador del Mundo*. Now, how

changed am I ! that man is the object of my sincere pity ; I have long since forgiven him ; I have long since, in my heart, acquitted him of ferocity, tyranny, or cruelty ; I have learned how to direct my abhorrence more justly ; that was his *education* ; I have transferred all my hate to the system, and ‘with all my soul I hate it.’ He had been taught by it,—such a man was useful, necessary, in such a place, among such people, and in attainment of such objects. He was a capital disciplinarian of ‘old England’s jolly tars.’ But the feelings of hate, and the imaginings of revenge with which I regarded that man, are not coexistent with my present notices of the proper objects and causes of my abhorrence. I would neither stab, shoot, strike, no, nor aid a corporeal scourge of any one of them. I have no wish, no impulse of that character, whenever my thoughts turn to those objects : but I sicken with disgust, just as I should do in approaching and passing a mass of putrescence ; or, if I pause within the spread of its gases, it is with a courageous resolution to do violence to every sense, in the hope, and with an effort to remove it, and purify the spot and its vicinity. If I could, I *would utterly crush* the system from which these mischiefs and these horrors spring. I *will show* the mischiefs and the horrors, come what may of it. It is only my own tale that I am here relating—true ; but, reader, it is also the tale of thousands who have had no historian ; whose advocates have been too feeble, or too circumspect, too cautious ; they whispered when they should have thundered ; they should boldly have declared the facts, commanded attention, and clamoured for redress, if they really and truly felt the wrongs which were done to their fellow-countrymen ; but they complained, and lamented, and pitied, and were laughed at, despised, and forgotten. Narrated facts of palpable cruelty, and headlong ferocity, make no impression if they are gently breathed ; the voice must paint, words must be strong, or the picture will not be seen, and the facts will dwindle into doubts, and expire in indifference. You may be wise, perhaps, in calming your tones, and softening your phrases, when you have a proselytism of opinion or principle to make ; but in stating facts of cruelty, let your words be as apt, strong, biting, and your tones as intense, as your feelings of indignation can make them : whether this be a correct rule, or a prudent rule to follow, or not, I can assure you, reader, it shall be my guide.

Yes, I should have been tried and hanged for murder had I remained a week longer on board that ship. I am quite sure that would have been my fate,—if that fellow had not killed me ; and at this moment, as my pen courses along the paper, I palpitate, while the cold perspiration stands on my forehead, in thinking on the narrowness of my escape. My foot was then on the verge of a fathomless abyss. I glare into the impenetrable murkiness, chilled and motionless, chained by horror !—I totter,

and—fall back!—still gasping, and unassured of my safety: so completely does the awakened and aroused horror grasp at my frame, and cling to my moral faculties. In the long and oftentimes dismal retrospection of the scenes to which I have been witness, the insolent mockeries of justice, the despotic and capricious infliction of scourges and suffering (some of which caprices would be ludicrous, if they did not indulge themselves in the agonies they occasioned) which I know to be true, and which did habitually occur in other ships of war, though so very little evidence appeared of them under the authority of that generously brave and considerately humane man with whom it was my better fortune to be cast, (though even there—but his eye did not witness it—there was sufficient to cause a groaning,)—in this retrospection I at times have been astonished that instances of sudden revenge, even to death, by the knife, handspike, or crow-bar, or throat grappling, are of such rare occurrence. ‘An Englishman scorns to use a knife, he leaves that to more dastardly foreigners; and he does not resort to the cat and monkey work of scratching and throttling.’ I have heard this a thousand times. But ‘will an Englishman submit to a blow?’ Ay, will he; I have seen him do so a thousand times. ‘Take a blow submissively?’ Ay, though his fist were hard and heavy enough to fell an ox. I have seen athletic men beaten and bruised at their work, by persons whose life they could have squeezed out as easily as you would crush the pulp from an orange; though the blows and bruises were accompanied by a shower of abusive epithets and vituperative curses, they were ductile and submissive. This is the effect of discipline; yet were these same men as reckless of danger, as bold and unfearing in battle as the free lion of the desert: and they looked on peril with as steady an eye as the eagle on the mountain cliff gazes on the sun. But education had obliterated their true manliness; it had bowed their souls to abject servility; it had bowed down their more beautiful and lofty nature to the degradation of mere hounds of the game. Ay, ay, these bold and boasted British bull-dogs were so bowed down. Staunch, staunch, indeed, when ‘the slips were taken off, and they started for the prey.’ They had heard, as we all have heard, they had been told, as we all have been told, (and, luckily, the truth is beginning to be taught as well as told, and felt as well as taught—felt, too, where it causes not a little wincing,) ay, as often as he had seen days in the year, the English sailor had been told that he was ‘a true born Briton’—that each, and every man, of whatever birth or purse, or no purse at all, had equal laws to guide, and equal justice to protect him; he was told that, peer or peasant, his rights were the same: he was told that glorious independence and freedom from scathe of tyranny were his inalienable heritage: he was told,—he *was told* that an unflinching spirit in resisting oppression, and driving back

chneroachment, and in insisting on and maintaining all these privileges and blessings, were the characteristics which distinguished a manly Englishman—a bold Briton, from all other men in the universe. Oh yes, he *was told all this*. There are many now, whose purposes such telling served at the time, would rather bite off their tongues than give utterance to such words, for they are no longer useful words to them; the words begin to have a meaning, to be understood. God keep us in peace, to prosper the understanding! But let us see what he was *taught* with all this telling: what was his education by practice and example? That the high-born and wealthy were beings to whom he owed reverential submission without question; he was made to regard riches, a coach and equipage, or a better coat, as the tokens and signs of superior grace and especial favour from heaven! nothing less in effect, though words certainly never went to such a length; to feel that they, the owners and wearers, were of a brighter mould, and purer flesh and blood; and *there* was his station, at their footstool, or on the hem of their garments: his conduct was to be regulated by them; his body's strength was something for their use: that it was disobedience to think or inquire, and disloyalty to question their decisions; their will was his absolute master. Manhood, true manhood, the sources of reason, had been educated out of him, and dried up in 'respect for his superiors.' His labour was constrained to their purposes; every scanty indulgence, his recreations, his rest, his enjoyments, were only permissive, and, like his hard and peril-earned food, were mere *allowances*;—'Rights' was a word scratched out of the jolly British tar's vocabulary; or, in short, *and at best*, his creed of faith, duty, and moralities, was the Russian catechism, with an appendix, viz. 'the divinity that doth hedge a king,' did likewise enmantle all his officers, down to the boatswain's-mates of his Majesty's ship *Salvador del Mundo*.

Perhaps, nay it is this education that produces a feature in the English naval and military services which you will have some difficulty in finding parallels to, in other countries. Men who have been promoted from the ranks, or from before the mast, are generally the most harsh disciplinarians and industrious of tyrants. It is an application of their own training in training others: *it is their turn now*. The principle extends broadly and deeply in political or social life also. We generally find those who have ascended from humble poverty and obscurity, to titles, rank, or wealth, are the greatest scorers, the heartiest haters of the class from which they sprung; they are the most diligent and earnest advocates of measures which shall secure and advance the 'upper,' and 'crib, cabin, and confine' the 'lower orders;' they make the staunchest of Tories, the most zealous of conservatives. In their social life they are the haughtiest, and most supercilious, most reserved of masters, and rigidly exact that deference and servility,

that creeping, cringing abjectness which they well remember to have practised themselves; and they well remember how enviable, in their eyes, was the honour and happiness of the individuals to whom such bowing and cringing were devoted: it is now *their* summum bonum. It is all pure Englishism this; doing things in order, according to custom. The best value of wealth to them is the power and command over others which it gives; the privilege to order imperiously, instead of requesting kindly; to be authoritative, instead of complying.

Again, I say, the whole tendency of our systems of education, is an inculcation of respect for the great and wealthy, be the individual objects of that respect the most senseless or base of the community, or otherwise; and to desire and to obtain riches. There are precepts enough to the contrary, I know, but who is affected by them? 'One man picked out of ten thousand;' and that one is put under quarantine by all the rest;—he is in the 'world's' Lazaretto.

It may be a question whether tyranny and harshness excite that which makes their exercise dangerous to the tyrant, more frequently in a blind and degraded man, or in him who thinks, reasons, and decides. One thing is pretty certain, that if retribution be sought at all, the reasoning man will select the proper object; the other will strike randomly, and often revenge himself on the innocent, on the fancied cause; he will make the instrument of an act of tyranny his victim oftener than he will take the master who sets the instrument at work. As, not long since, a soldier, for whom the happy and skilful invention of his commanding officer had contrived a mode of punishment which should not subject himself to the lash of those cursed newspapers that have got a vile knack of showing up a flogger, driven to despair or madness, shot the corporal who superintended the torture devised by this honourable subterfuge. It was wrong, wickedly, as well as foolishly wrong, to shoot any one; but it was a greater wrong to take a wrong aim. This fact is good, strong argument for keeping men from exercising their reason, for drying up their powers of thinking: why tyranny would languish unto death for lack of stimulus, if it discovered it had none but reasoning creatures on whom to exercise itself.

Another digression, reader—wandering and irregular—it is a trick which I cannot leave off. I saw, as I was gliding down on my life's stream, something on the banks, and jumped out of my boat to examine it more closely: further on, a rock, flower, *serpent*, or tree, invited my attention, and I must look at them. Then I ascended the tree, and perhaps you lost me among the branches and foliage: still I had my eye on the boat the whole time. I will leap down, re-embark, up grapnel, and away again.

Thank Heaven, my stay on board the *Salvador* was of short duration. I little cared whither, or to what ship I was sent, when

the order for about fifty or sixty of my companions with me, was given to get into an ugly, clumsy tub of a thing which they called the Launch. She and her motley living cargo were taken in tow by another boat, manned by some dozen of striped Guernsey-frocked, tarpaulin-hatted, kinky-faced, red-throated, long-swinging-pigtail fellows. And, eh ! my stars ! what a beautiful sight it was ! The free grace, and unconstrained swing of their arms, shoulders, chests, heads, working so exactly together. Wrists curving with such an air of a sense that they were doing it well ; and two rows of elbows throwing a double range of horizontal circles from stroke-oar to bow, all at once, with such a seeming of conceit, of self-approbation of its skill, as each elbow rode the periphery : while the oars on either side dipped their trimly-shaped and glistening blades into the water, as smoothly as if they were slipping into oil : without splash or spray they fell and rose, and struck a beautiful level line of arcs from stern to stem at once—and at once from stem to stern again ; all exactly to a parallel with the horizon the oars rose and fell, and rose again ; while in the dull lumbering thing which they lugged after, two clumsy oars lazily swung a parabolic curve—up high—and fell with an ugly sound of *splotch* into the water, scattering its splinters over the huddled heap of bodies. Thus we advanced towards the Sound. Where we were going was to be no affair of ours. It was an official secret confided alone to him who had us in charge : it was his business only ; and for him to condescend to hint the where-bound to us, *that would be* a little too much of the familiar. An English officer will respect his station though he be locked up in a cupboard, six feet by four, for a month with a private ; he is cautious against the levelling of distinctions at all times and in all places. He would be irremediably contaminated if he kneeled on the same hassock, at prayer, in a church, with a man in the ranks. Launch him in a jolly boat with a pair of mizentopmen, on the wide waste of the Atlantic, discipline, decorum, and distance will be uppermost in his thoughts, the rules and guides of his steering and sail-trimming, and biscuit cracking. Now, here, in this instance, the design, though it had been to carry us out, and sink the boat and cargo in the sea, was not to be questioned. At all events, the chances of being consigned to some well-authenticated and confirmed hell-afloat were ninety-nine to one against us. No matter, that was no affair of ours,—all we had to do was to take off our hats at ‘ God save the King,’ and strike up chorus in ‘ Rule Britannia,’

‘ Britannia rules the waves,

The Britons never, never, never will be slaves !—Hurra !

But by the direction which we were going, I soon discovered that the horrible, dingy, yellow, pitchy-streaked-sided ship, to which I alluded when entering the Sound in the Tender, was to be our place of deposit, and I sickened again. We arrived alongside,

and as the motley group gained the deck, the suppressed jeers of the men on board were scarcely checked by the presence and regard of the officers on the quarter-deck; the boards of which quarter-deck were, to my surprise, as white as if they had just been scrubbed with hot water and towels; and all was admirably clean and orderly. As I joined the men who had preceded me in the ascent, I slunk from the observing eyes of the gentlemen and officers, when a youth, a boy with very fair and pale face, came towards me, his hands in his trowsers' pockets. How well do I remember him in that moment! He has forgotten all this, I dare say. He is now Captain C——. I felt that he was sorry to see me among those people, but he did not like to appear otherwise than cold. 'Why, what do you do here? you shouldn't have left your mammy's apron-string.' He asked me several questions, and spoke still as if he was afraid of being kind or too familiar. He endeavoured to be harsh, but it was against his true feelings—against his nature. He thought and looked as though he wished I was not there. 'Ha! you'll have nobody here to curl your hair for you;—you will soon have the gloss taken out of your locks.' At this moment, 'the Captain's coming,' was said by a sentinél on the 'gangway.' We were ordered to stand away forward; boatswain and sidesmen were called to attend the side; guard with fixed bayonets paraded on that clean quarter-deck; officers and gentlemen, at least a score, came up the hatchways and stood all in waiting to receive the great man. The boatswain sprung his call; sideboys ran down with their baize-covered ropes, and the moment *his* foot touched the gangway, every head was uncovered. He lifted his hat; soldiers 'presented arms,' and he turned round towards the forepart of the quarter-deck. It was the gentleman who had spoken to me so kindly in the cabin of the *Résolu*. I was on board the A——; my home, and really a happy home she was to me for several years. But, yes, reader, there was some bitterness to be got over yet: why cannot we get through a life without these buts?—With this *but* I bid you good bye—for the present.

SAINT MONDAY.*

ANOTHER mechanic, and more 'Poetry of the Poor!' Well done, lower orders! We shall soon have a living list that will make Walpole's catalogue of royal and noble authors, through all generations, look very foolish. What do the aristocracy think of it? or has no rumour of it yet reached their ears? Can nobody be found to give information of the fact to his Majesty's government? They would surely appoint a commission of inquiry. A few

* Saint Monday, a Poem, by the Author of 'The Mechanic's Saturday Night,'—London: Steill, 1833.

volumes of evidence published by the Diffusion Society at a cheap rate, would be very interesting, and contain much Useful Knowledge for all who are out of the way of seeing for themselves what is doing amongst the most formidable part of our population. The present mental condition of a large body of the mechanics of England is no joke. Their intelligence, their principles, their growing moral power, are indications of approaching change, not merely in political forms, but in the structure of society, which it is high time to study, and on which a philosophical and courageous statesman, if such an one the country were but blessed withal, would already begin to act, and that on no petty scale. Happily this growing power is not one of brute force; it is a developement of intelligence. To us, therefore, there is in it nothing fearful. The only evil which we apprehend is in the kind of resistance which may be opposed to it. It may be guided, but it cannot be coerced: and the attempt to mislead it, for the private benefit of other classes, will not fail less signally, nor recoil less destructively, than even coercion itself. We have long been impressed by the conviction that the intellect of poverty must be self-instructed; that it will not feed on the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table; that the real teachers of the poorer class must themselves be men of that class, imbued with its peculiar feelings, alive to its peculiar interests, influenced even by its peculiar prejudices; but by their native power of mind, strongly conscious of its peculiar wants, and of capacity to minister to the supply of those wants. Such are the teachers who will be attended to without suspicion; whose words will have many echoes from the multitudes of their brethren, while the voice of condescending instruction dies without response on the empty air. Laughable as it might lately have been deemed, the 'producing men' are actually producing their own politicians and poets; and such too as feel it to be a grander and a nobler part, to make common cause with their brethren, raising their minds and refining their tastes, than to become, as was the old practice, the flattered appendages of superior station, tame monsters, with the range of the kitchen, rising into the livery dignity of patronage, hot-pressed paper, and a subscription list.

We know not by what pope *Saint Monday* was put into the calendar. We have often heard of his existence, and of a heathen sort of worship performed to his honour and glory. He used to be a kind of hebdomadal St. Swithin; only the showers were of stronger stuff and of shorter continuance. But this is the first hymn in his praise that we have ever seen. If all it says of him be true, he is not less a martyr than a saint. The poem describes as much of suffering and privation, as it does of that recklessness and jollity on account of which St. Monday was canonized. Indeed, this is, to our taste, by far the least pleasing portion of the composition. We could very well have spared the factory break-

fast and the brawl which follows; and so, we have no doubt, would most of our readers. The author scarcely does credit to his class by this description; he does not stand by his order; and yet we will not be very positive on this matter; he knows his men better than we do. The passages to which we except may be not at all unpalatable to many of his readers, some of whom may perhaps become his readers on account of those very passages, and thus imbibe the gentler and purer feelings which breathe through the rest of his poetry. If so it is clear that he is right: for all what may be said about civet. He is not himself a papistical or heathenish worshipper of St. Monday. In fact, his heart seems to be with Sunday. He hails the day to which his ditty is dedicated, with a longing lingering look after that which had departed to make way for it. He bids good morrow to the rising sun, with an imagination yet sojourning amid the fading loveliness of the setting sun.

‘ O holy, holy, holy Sabbath day,
 Beneath thy calm rule slumb’ring lies turmoil!—
 O, holy, sabbath, is thy sweet delay,
 For then, the poor mechanic rests from toil.
 How pale he looks! as bending he walks by
 To taste the quiet of the sabbath morn;
 Poor worried thing! he seems abash’d and shy,
 For the smart well dressed, passes him with scorn,
 As if he were not of the same great parent born.

‘ But swiftly on the sabbath moments flee :
 The holy hours of rest the green earth shun,
 The lab’rer—the yet weary lab’rer,—he,
 Regretting, views the sabbath’s setting sun ;
 He grieves to think it was the Godhead’s will,
 His own fair image should be banished
 To caves and dungeons, there to labour still
 Beneath the everlasting mandate dread,—
 “ Thy brow’s incessant sweat shall gain thy daily bread.”

‘ Deluded brother workman! dost thou turn
 Thy *fair* looks *pale* with sick’ning gloomy whims ?
 The Almighty hath but said that thou shalt earn
 Thy bread by the proud vigour of thy limbs.
 But profitless thy labour, ’tis thy need
 To dig for others ; and thou liv’st a slave
 Without wherewith thy little ones to feed,
 And diest without wherewith to buy thy grave,
 And sin ’tis deem’d in thee, earth’s goodly things to crave.

‘ The Sabbath’s past, the bells around are chiming
 St. Monday morning’s welcome far and wide ;
 The sun the azure arch of heav’n is climbing,
 The *dim* mechanics to their labour glide.

All nature smiles, but the poor artisan,
 Alas! he smiles not, but looks pale and blank,
 Subdu'd, and spiritless, and less than man,
 For poverty, and labour's dungeon dank,
 Have vanquish'd in his soul all sense of manhood's rank.'

Passing over the factory frolics, and Tom Trundle in the sack, travelling fifty furlongs for 'four half gallons, tatoes, steaks, and onions,' we come to amusements somewhat less boisterous and more poetical. In the following *morceau* of humble innocence, there is one expression in which the eye of the critic will immediately detect the poetical spirit:—

'He was a 'prentice youth of lowly home,
 And she a humble tradesman's child, and they
 Had made appointment here to meet and roam,
 And taste the sweetness of a holiday.
 To see St. Paul's Cathedral, and the tomb
Where NELSON in his Marble cabin dwells,
 To mount the airy summit of the dome,
 And see the play at night at *Sadler's Wells,*
 And all the wonders there, the wond'rous hand-bill tells.'

The next stanza, which we quote together with the author's note, has given us, as we think it must our readers, a more heart-felt thrill of delight than any thing we have read lately. It explains a combination of words, which unless we had given it up as a puzzle too dark for us, we should, in all probability, have mistaken very grossly, and very unjustly. The terms '*picture fuddle*' are, indeed, a strange union. We trust we may take that union as evidence of a transition state from the lower to the higher regions of taste, from the gratifications of the swine to those of the artist:—

'And now advancing, see! a chosen band,
 In thoughtful and congenial knot they huddle,
 And wander through the City and the Strand,
 'T' enjoy the pleasure of a "*picture fuddle*,"*
 A picture-shop they gain,—now closely note
 How each unto the glass his visage brings,
 O'er *Wilkie's* graceful household stuff they gloat,
 And mighty *Martin's* high imaginings,
 And admiration then goes round in whisprings.'

The author has not here availed himself of any poetical license. To those who observe, the streets of London have for some time

* 'Those who can enjoy a "*picture fuddle*" will soon have an opportunity of gratifying their propensity more largely than they have hitherto been accustomed, thanks to those patriotic individuals to whom we are indebted for the "*National Gallery*," where all classes, I understand, are to be admitted free of expense to inspect the works of the best masters. This in my opinion will do much to generate among the people a taste for what is correct, generous, and noble. Let us hope that no evil aristocratic spirit will rise to turn this institution from the purposes for which it was established.'

afforded evidence of the increasing attractiveness of works of art on those who are too poor to enjoy them in a more convenient mode. Crowds, gentle and simple, at the windows of caricature shops there have always been. That is quite a different matter; and is to be accounted for on no principle that affects the poor particularly, but on that which makes the clergy support the 'John Bull' newspaper, and the 'Age,' and the fancy folks, high and low, take in 'Life in London.' These are the vulgar, whatever their rank or station. Not those who gaze on Wilkie or Martin through a shop window, whispering that admiration of pictorial truth and sublimity, which is the germ of gentle and of noble feeling. Wicked, indeed, were it, for this good seed not to be cherished. We heartily hope that the National Gallery will not disappoint our author's wishes. There ought to be far more ample provision for the desire which he describes, than can be furnished by that institution. A glorious 'picture fuddle' ought to be within reach of every man, woman and child, who can enjoy it, every Saint Monday, all the year round; or as parliaments were held of old, 'oftener if need be.' Some effort would be worth while, if merely to keep under, and eventually to destroy, the mischievous English propensity to deface all accessible works of art. This would be best checked by an extending appreciation of their beauty amongst the poorer classes. But much more might be done than this incidental and negative good. A common enjoyment of the productions of the painter, the engraver, the statuary, and the architect, would be a mighty blessing to the nation. It would be a creation of sense and soul, under the ribs, not of death, but of animality. It would do far more towards purifying the habits and manners, than a bill against beer shops, or a tax upon gin. A club of 'picture fuddlers' is the best of all 'Temperance Societies.'

Other innocent modes of honouring Saint Monday are then glanced at, the solitary fisher, and the solitary student, and the 'bending artisan of aspect pale,' strolling to the suburbs,

'While his wan wife her little toddlers leading,
In loud array comes straggling on behind,
And the whole seem to *drink with parchy gust the wind!*'

Who would not wish a fine day for them? A fine day, that common bounty of the common parent, such a day as this:—

'Above the highest hill of heav'n, now
The sun has risen, and his rays are streaming
In summer's splendid and triumphant show,
And all around with bounding life is beaming.
Oh, glorious sun! while lofty man, indignant
And proudly from his brother turns his head,
Thou visitest with smiles and love benignant,
The humblest hovel, and the lowliest shed,
And all of earthly life is by thy bounty fed.

' Then who can blame the cramp'd up being, pent
 In airless cage, who, when he feels thy ray
 Warming his soul, breaks his imprisonment,
 And breathes the lux'ry of a sunny day.
 O, ye bright race! who can at will enjoy
 The healthful freshness of the earth and sky,
 Strive not the poor's enjoyments to destroy:—
 They are the gifts of heav'n: and He on high
 Rains blessings for the whole, on down or straw that lie.'

The concluding stanzas of the poem alike deserve the attention of the poet and of the politician. They are strong breathings of the spirit which is abroad amongst the operatives, a spirit which will speak with many tongues, and by the mouths of apostles not easily silenced:—

' Thus, thus, *St. Monday* wears away; but, hush!
 Methinks I hear the lords of many tomes
 Condemn as vulgar, this my song, and push
 It from them, as if fill'd with poisoning fumes.
 'Tis true I prattle not of "drooping lilies,"
 And "green fields," in sweet sugar-candy odes:—
 Of "lowing herds," or "milk maids" rural billies,
 Of "Naiads," "driads," "fawns," and their ahodes;
 Nor sworded knight, nor steed bearing such cut-throat loads.
 ' But if those gentlemen who versify
 The *plough*, are honour'd with the laurel bough;
 Apollo surely will not frown when I
 Warble of those who *made* the self-same plough.
 And if it is meet to sing of braggart beaus,
 Who swear and swagger in the tented fields,
 Surely I may have leave to sing of those
 Who *made* their tinsel, helmets, swords, and shields:
 The artisan—who, fire, earth, air, and water wields.
 ' What could we do without the artisan?
 Surely but little, and that little weakly,
 And on a wishy-washy baby plan,
 And all would go on awkwardly and sickly.
 Without them, heroes could not rush to war,
 Or lovers woo: and those with pride full blown,
 Would be but simple things; the "bench" and "bar"
 Would want their solemn wig and silken gown,
 E'en WILLIAM, our good King, would be without a throne.
 ' Whence springs old England's pow'r the world to lead?
 Her palaces? her splendid argosies?
 The golden lading of her ships that speed
 Like mighty spirits wing'd, on ev'ry breeze?
 The artisan, alas! he is the soul,
 The source of all her wealth, tho' little priz'd,
 From his incessant toil her treasures roll,
 And in that toil his life is sacrific'd,
 And he too is condemn'd, neglected, and despis'd.

'The swift machine, what cunning master framed it?
 Who gave the mighty monster* "steam," its birth?
 Who to the mighty engine yok'd and tam'd it,
 And gave it pow'r o'er ocean and all earth?
 The artisan, 'twas he! then why condemn him?
 Why break his spirit, and his mind debase?
 Why in cold blood to ignorance condemn him,
 And of the gifts of heav'n rob his race?
 And for his "sweat of brow," give hunger and disgrace.
 'O, if the "sweat of brow" its wages had,
 Then competence the artisan would bless,
 His home would pleasant be, his children glad,
 His mourning chang'd to joy and happiness:
 His age of strength would be untorn with care,
 Untroubled too his life's last dark'ning hour,
 With helpless crying offspring and despair.
 For this fore'er would be his children's dow'r,
 The sweetness of each fruit, the fragrance of each flow'r.'

We must have a word or two, before parting, with our learned Theban, touching the Steam Engine. He calls it hard names, and accuses it of ruining many to enrich one. This is one of the fallacies of which it behoves the operatives speedily to disabuse themselves. Wherever there is competition (and where is there not?) the Steam Engine cannot increase the rate of profit upon capital. It enriches the master manufacturer by increasing consumption, and as the consumption is increased by the reduction of price, that is a good to the public, the artisan included. As to ruining any body's 'wife's father's trade,' that does not much signify, so long as his wife's father is not ruined also. Let the trade go to the dogs, so that the men employed in it find employment elsewhere. But they cannot. And why? not because machinery has reduced the demand for human labour. Machinery has done no such thing. Its effect is 'quite the reverse.' It almost invariably increases the demand. Less human labour is required to produce the *same quantity* of goods; but a greater quantity of the same goods is called for. In the third edition of Mr. Babbage's 'Economy of Machinery and Manufactures,' there is an apt illustration of this position. At Stockport, in the year 1822, there were 2800 hand-loom weavers. In 1832, their number had decreased to 800; a diminution of 2000, in consequence of the increase of power-looms. But then, how stood the account with the persons employed in the use of the power-

* 'I call it Monster, because it has ruined my father's and my wife's father's trade. But, reader, do not misunderstand me:—I believe the Steam Engine has the power of giving plenty to the sons of men. When it does so, I will call it angel, archangel, prince of archangels, or any other proud and sounding name, which grateful men may be pleased to bestow on it.—Until it does so, I shall be content to characterise it as a Monster. What other power would ruin a hundred families, for the solitary purpose of enriching one?'

looms? They had increased in the same period from 657 to 3059; and the number of persons employed in dressing the warp had also increased from 98 to 388; making a total increase, in ten years, of 692 persons employed in that particular manufacture into which steam machinery had been introduced. Besides this, employment had also been created for engineers, architects, clerks and overseers, masons, carpenters, &c. &c. The 'Monster' really had not been so very hard-hearted towards the mechanics. Probably, however, the hand-loom weavers who were thrown out of work might, many of them, not be employed on the power-looms. The old set of workmen might remain in a state of extreme distress, while a new set of hands was taken into employ. And in some such situation as this, we imagine, did the poet's father, and his wife's father, find themselves, when the 'Monster' invaded their abodes and occupations. A temporary evil of this kind, to some extent, often, no doubt, to a very distressing extent, may attend the introduction of machinery. The remedy consists of two parts; the one to be provided by the Government, and the other by the operatives themselves. The laws of apprenticeship, the absurdity of which is so admirably exposed in Miss Martineau's 'Tale of the Tyne,' should be swept away, root and branch; and secondly, the freedom of labour, thus legalized, should be facilitated in its exercise by the workmen themselves, who are unhappily in determined, but mistaken hostility to it, and keep it within much narrower limits than those affixed by the law. An apprenticeship of seven years to learn a business is as big a farce as a Grammar School education; any boy, of average intellect, may learn three or four trades in the time; but if he did, it would be of no use, so long as all the workmen would strike on his entering a new workshop. The free transfer of labour is a right which the mechanics have grossly invaded in one another, to the common detriment of their body. They should have outgrown by this time, so stupid a blunder, and so foul an injustice. They should leave the unprincipled principle of monopoly to the aristocracy. Their common interest, and *the* common interest, require that the utmost facilities should be afforded, for the transition from one department of labour to any other department for which the individual is qualified. And if such facilities were allowed, the gentle 'Monster' would behave himself to their satisfaction, would not sully the permanent good which he does by even temporary evil, and while he 'destroyed my father's and my wife's father's trade,' would take care not to injure my father and my wife's father themselves; but raising them in his iron hands from the spot on which they stood, would set them softly down elsewhere in a not less pleasant place, as carefully as Gulliver did the Lilliputians.

Such mechanics, we mean such *men* as our author, should be

heedful on these points, for they must become the guides of their fellows, and it is of the first importance that they should guide them wisely. With minds clear enough to pierce through the mystifications of the class above them, they ought not to lose themselves in any fog of prejudice which may float around them: nor will they for any length of time. We have great faith in their vigour of intellect and honesty of purpose. We rejoice in the indications of these qualities in the writer before us, as much as we rejoice in his poetical spirit. We say to him, and to his fellow-labourers, Go on and prosper; and so saying, we include ourselves in our own benediction, for we have a common purpose with him and them. We adhere to the St. Simonian maxim, even though the 'Times' should recommend our being pelted for the same. We contend that the legitimate object of all political institutions, is the 'improvement of the condition, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the poorest and most numerous class.' We hold that this object is paramount in social arrangements. We believe in no real discrepancy; but if there were, *coûte qui coûte*, the progression of humanity must be exhibited in those who toil. Their rights and interests should be pursued by all honourable means and at all real risk; by unions, by meetings, by cheap publications, by petitions and remonstrances, and by whatever else circumstances may require; and that, whatever becomes of churches, corporations, or monopolies, of peers or princes. The Physical Comfort, the Mental Cultivation, the Political Rights, of the Working People of England, that is the motto on our banner. *We nail that flag to the mast, and will sink or swim with it flying, so HELP US GOD!*

Since the above was written we have procured 'The Mechanic's Saturday Night,' which is, as its title announces, 'a poem in the vulgar tongue.' It is chiefly occupied with the description of a scene which excites similar feelings to those with which we read the factory row in St. Monday; and many fastidious readers will turn away from both in disgust. And yet Hogarth is become a classic now. And such paintings as these were they, only done with pencil instead of pen, that made Hogarth immortal; and that have also made him more moral than most classics. Graphic, we know, and faithful, we believe, is this sketch of a crowded alehouse on a Saturday night. It is throughout powerful; and many touches of feeling and of sarcasm direct that power towards the purposes of rebuke and correction. We extract a specimen from the middle of the poem, and append to it the concluding verse.

'But see! a shoeless urchin opes the door,
 Staring with eyes inquisitive and sad,
 He stalks dejectedly across the floor,
 He seeks, and soon he finds his drunken dad:

He tells him how his little brother rattles,
 Over his little sister that lies dead,
 He tells how Henry of his father prattles,
 And cries and asks his mam in vain for bread,
 Then mark how the sot yawns, and how he lolls his head.

‘ And then came in a gentle looking creature,
 Seeking her husband, modestly she stept,
 Grief and dismay seem’d busy in each feature,
 And in her arms a half-clad baby slept,
 Handsome she had been, but a train of sorrows
 Had chas’d the roses from her cheeks away,
 And in their stead pale want had laid her furrows,
 And dimm’d the lustre of her dark eye’s ray,
 And in their half-raised lids a tear did ling’ring stay.

‘ She spoke not harshly, but assay’d to lure him
 Unto his home with accents kindly mild,
 Then angel-like she bent her knee before him,
 And show’d him his sweet sleeping lovely child ;
 Pleading for home and child in vain she stood,
 Her kind looks he return’d with angry frown,
 And rais’d himself in shameful attitude,
 Prepar’d to strike her and her infant down,
 Poor thing ! she then retir’d, for she’d submissive grown.

* * * * *

‘ Close by themselves, wedg’d in a little settle,
 A quiet group of five did prattle wage,
 Four were mere boys, though full of youthful metal,
 The fifth a *swell*, and forty seem’d his age ;
 Drink did not seem his object, for his aim
 Went higher and more certain to its mark,
 Than all that boisterous revelry could claim,
 From those twin brothers *Lushington* and *Lark*.
 He was at all points flash, a cunning-looking spark.

‘ With ribbon broad, cock’d sideways stood his beaver,
 His side curls droop’d so tastefully, and what
 Was more, his kerchief hung so loose and clever,
 Pinn’d on his breast with *slap-up* twisted knot :
 So close he whisper’d and sincere he smil’d,
 He press’d their hands so *ardent* and so *kind*,
 Soon his manœuvres their young hearts beguil’d,
 Soon did his syren tongue their senses bind,
 His exploits then he told, and prov’d Dame Justice blind.

‘ The praise of gold and girls he broadly sounded,
 And the high deeds that by the *cross* were done,
 Its special art and myst’ry he expounded,
 In a rich, fluent, eager, under-tone :
 And while these youths *did* list to his haranguing,
 His sharp small eyes incessantly he rolls,
 Their steady eyes and mouths half open hanging,
 And the wild stillness which their frames controls,
 Show’d the dark passion quick’ning in their souls.

* * * * *

'To scenes like these *some* poor men owe a home
 Of scantiness, of wretchedness, and woe,
 Such scenes compel the ill-us'd child to roam,
 And on some mother's cheeks the tear to flow;
 From scenes like these with deadly freshness spring,
Some of each fault which human kind disgraces,
 Amid such darken'd scenes with fervour cling
 Want and her patron Vice in close embraces,
 While Crime with paly smile points at the *Useful Classes*.'

One remark we must add, by way of caution to our readers. Let us not be supposed to set up pretensions for the author, which he does not make for himself. It is his want of pretension, his independence of patronage, his writing more for his own than for any other class, which excites our interest, and, we think, must interest our readers, when viewed in conjunction with his sturdy intellect and poetical spirit. We shall gladly hail the breaking forth of more such lights, and rejoice to see them scattering the darkness. *Saint Monday* is dedicated 'to the mechanic's best friend, Dr. Birkbeck.'

PESTALOZZI.

Thou master of the infant mind—thou tutor of the heart!
 How bland—how beautiful thy skill, for love was all thy art.
 'Twas thine to touch the thrilling chord in every little breast,
 And prove that if we master *that* with ease we tone the rest.
 The proud, the spoil'd, and the deprav'd, alike around thee came
 For aid, when thou wert poor thyself, and all unknown to fame:
 Devoid of friends, devoid of funds, no other wealth was thine,
 Than that of thy seraphic heart—an all exhaustless mine!
There deep and pure the glowing ore of real riches lay—
There burn'd a spark of that bright beam that gave creation day.
 For when the golden glow of light came beaming from above,
 And woke and warm'd the world to life, it was the smile of love.
 Beneath its melting influence the sparkling fountains sprung,
 The flowers gave forth their balmy sweets, the birds rejoicing sung;
 And thus in bosoms cold and dark did Pestalozzi move
 The slumb'ring or perverted spark by tenderness and love.
 Mothers! when in your gentle arms your new-born babes are prest,
 And all the deep, deep pulse of love is present and confest,
 Think, Pestalozzi's power reform'd the beggar's injur'd child—
 The proud man's ill-taught offspring warm'd to feelings soft and mild—
 E'en the young culprit, who had learn'd the world's depraving part,
 He made a creature kind and good—and love was all his art.
 A sweeter, surer, easier task than his, 'tis yours to do,
 Ye have your uncorrupted babes in life and feeling new.
 No weeds have ye to pull away ere ye can plant the flower,
 The passive, plastic creatures lie devoted to your power.

O consecrate ye to the task—the holiest on earth—
 And mould bright beings who shall make all others bless their birth.
 Till over all the alter'd earth rejoicing man shall own
 He owes not only birth, but bliss, to ye and ye alone.

M. L. G.

A NATIONAL GALLERY.

‘WRITE a chapter on the pictures,’ says one; ‘call it a lounge in the Louvre,’ says another; the alliteration is good, no doubt, but he who could *lounge* in the *Louvre*, assuredly deserves to be kicked out of it. We prefer infinitely the sort of person who came to Paris within a week of the Cowes’ Regatta, determined to see all the one, and return in time for the other. He entered the National Gallery, and while his party were lost ‘in wonder love, and praise’ at one end, he was found returning from the other, exclaiming, ‘I have seen it!’ Oh, wonderful feat!—*foot*, rather, for he had a wooden leg—oh, harmonious combination of nature and art, to create such sympathy for a man in his *extremities*! but he was better than your lounge; as a brisk insect is better than a lazy slug. Lounge in the Louvre? No; the first sight of it is a sensation which you take, at least, that day and the next to recover—that is, if you have any consciousness of a nervous system about you. You do not attempt to look at a picture—you stand in a bewilderment of admiration, gazing down that arched street of paintings, letting your eyes wander in slow measurement along the walls, which seem elastic, and then walk gently forward in faith, that at some period of your life you will arrive at the other end. Do you want a moment’s relief from all this? Turn to one of the many windows:—there is the Palace of the Thuilleries and the Place du Carrousel, with the triumphal arch in the centre, looking like a truant from Rome—surprised to find itself alone. Look at the people, carriages, soldiers, moving hither and thither, all brisk, busy, stirring, as bees in the sunshine; and they are even more like those happy creatures could you step beneath yonder entrance and see and hear them, humming and buzzing amongst the flowers, and fountains, and orange trees, and groves, of the Thuilleries’ Gardens—and where do they come from? And you turn to an opposite window for answer—and there is the Seine, with its bridges covered with statues, or people, or shops, just as the Genius of the bridges may choose—and there are the quays, all living with happy humanity—and there are the buildings beyond, old, and stately, and colourful—the Institute; (why have not we an Institute?) and the Mint; (why have we a Mint? so it must be till better days come;)—and that tri-colour flag—(look at it—say, do we know any thing about colours in England?) above the

statue of Henri Quatre, on the Pont Neuf. What would he say, could he rise from his grave and see it floating so proudly and gallantly in the sunshine? Peace to his manes, and that of his horse! for we question if he would be so good an instrument in the hands of Freedom, as he is now with her banner in his own. The houses opposite seem like a deputation, advancing from the isle Saint Louis, deprecating the mischief worked under the impolicy of its namesake, and about to do homage to the bravely-earned standard, floating on the breezy bridge. Behind them, is old Notre Dame, black and stately, like a cathedral in mourning, and the lofty light dome of the Pantheon, like a bride—(men of France become great and die, for the gratitude of the nation is waiting to bury you there;*)—and the towers of St. Sulpice, and innumerable domes and towers in all directions, that keep the eye in a continued maze; and again you return to the Gallery with a sort of ‘ah! whither shall I fly?’ and you ask support for your limbs from one of the crimson benches, and shade for your eyes from one of your hands, and you shut it all out for a while, and wait till you are fitted for a fresh encounter. If you are wise you will consider all this sufficient, and leave the poetry on the walls, and the exquisite forms and bright colours it chooses for its script, to be read, or be begun to be read, another day; and another day you come—and ‘another, and another still succeeds;’ and there is no one to stay your entrance, no money to give, no check to take and return, no written order from some man in office—not even your passport, which is equal to an order almost every where. Open all days except one—Monday, and that not one of aristocratic difference, but devoted to artists. No staring at a shabby hat, no rejection of a homely gown—free to be enjoyed by all as the light of heaven (that is to say, where there is no window-tax.) It is all that a National Gallery ought to be. Watch the people clustered round and being educated by their favourite pictures; look at their eager intelligent faces; listen to their doubly happy remarks, reading all they can from a picture, too poor to purchase a catalogue, and courteously asking the more fortunate to help them to its subject. Soldiers, too—but they are of the National Guard, not your mere legalized cut-throats; generals, colonels, and captains, would do well, if true to their profession, to keep all such from picture galleries. The arts are meant to refine—their system to brutalize. One fancies that soldiers would choose battle pieces, (of which be it said there are vastly too many taken as subjects by the French artists—more of that anon.) Not so; there is one with his eyes fixed on a picture of Annibal Carracci—the quietest, gentlest, most exquisitely touched! It is called ‘*Le Silence*,’ and you

* The inscription on the Pantheon is ‘*Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*’ As yet it is empty of either monument or record, save four tablets, bearing the names of the heroes who fell in July, 1830,—a noble exception.

hold your breath and do not speak as you look at it. The catalogue says, 'La Vierge recommande le silence à Saint Jean pour ne pas troubler le repos de Jésus.' That 'recommande' sounds strangely; but what other word could be found? The sweet earnest face of the mother, whose arm tenderly cradles the sleeping child—sleeping so placidly, that you hear in fancy the gentle breathing through its parted lips; her upraised hushing finger; her slight bending forward, as if to check the little disciple, who is making his whole body minister to one tiny finger, that it may fall like down upon the foot of the sleeper: Oh, it is all so beautiful! The soldier is still gazing, and if you asked him why? he would perhaps answer, because the woman was so 'douce' and the children so 'jolis.' We would make answer for him, that he has a human heart—that he is enjoying, perhaps unconsciously, the expression of brotherly affection and expansive benevolence. The mother's face is alike free from the harshness of rebuke or the weakness of entreaty. She is careful of the feelings of the child of another, as she is watchful over the repose of her own; she is not one to exact obedience through fear, but to change it into pleasure through affection—the face of that mother, the act of that child, are lovely lessons of kindness and gentleness from which all, whether men, women, or children, may learn equally.

Another pleasure peculiar to the Louvre is the sight of so many women artists, who may work in safety without being insulted by the suspicious glances of the mischievous and ignorant, and who, by their judicious selection of subjects, and the truth and spirit with which they master them, show that they need but equal advantages to give them equal ability. They paint freely, easily, and have sufficient command over their pencils, or, rather, devotedness to their subject, to be perfectly indifferent to the looks or remarks of the people around them. They lose all consciousness of self in their love for the art—one of the distinguishing marks of true genius. 'What an intelligent face! What a beautifully organized hand! What is she copying?' The loves of Paris and Helen, by David;—one moment of them, but still sufficient to tell their whole history. Alone, away from all pursuit, secured even against the intrusion of the airs of heaven, by the full, soft, folded drapery that curtains the entrance; all around glowing with bright hues and exquisite forms, they, the centre of all, richly adorned, in the full pride of matchless physical beauty—Perfect, you would say; but look, the lovely head of Helen is slightly drooping;—again, there is abstraction in her eye;—again, there is an unsatisfied, remorseful expression on the crimson lips: and Paris, as he draws her nearer to him, grasps her arm more than presses it, and looks up in her face with eyes of uneasy passion, as if asking why they are not happy now that they have attained the end of their wishes. Did a blessing ever rest on pleasure earned at the price of pain to

others? And yet many turn from this picture because it is 'immoral.' Let them turn back, remembering that nothing tends so much to immorality as ignorance. Endymion, too, by Girodet, would doubtless be treated by these immoral moralists as the Samaritan was treated by the Levite—a glance, and a passing by on the other side. The richly-robed have no dealings with the naked. And yet that picture is more than poetical—it is a poem. Usually we have seen the subject illustrated thus: Endymion sufficiently muscular for a life-guardsmen, (that is, a man whose business it is to take life away whenever his superior (?) chooses to order him,) is fast asleep, with his head tucked under his arm, as a bird goes to roost with its head under its wing; (perhaps they mean to denote his *aerial* nature!) to him descends a sort of dancing damsel, fat, fair, and flourishing, with a star just above her head, as large as a saucer, (inclusive of the beams emitted therefrom,) to show that she means the moon; that is to say, the stars come in the night, so does she, for there is no other earthly or heavenly reason for it; and there ends the matter;—matter indeed, for where is the spirit? Look on *that* picture—now on *this*. A figure scarcely too old, and quite sufficiently beautiful for the full-grown Cupid—we do not mean the little, silly, spoiled, mischievous urchin, but the young god who inspired the love of Psyche—sleeps in a bower. His upturned face, long, clustering, rich, raven locks, and lovely, listless limbs, bathed in a flood of moonlight, which has descended and still pours down from above, flashing through the twisted vine leaves, warm as if it were full summer, glowing as if it would burn a passage through the branches: The very sunshine by night. And the face beneath so beautiful, so happy, smiling in its sleep, as if dreaming of the fulness of love shining upon it. The whole picture is itself like a dream, a bright glimpse by night, caught from the old mythology, and fixed by the wonder-working magic of art. It has that creative power which always waits on genius. Thought chases thought through the mind; image after image is suggested.

‘ But he—if love hath won him,
 Tho’ conceal’d from the day,
 Night’s deepest shade upon him,
 Love will find out the way.’

Love and moonlight make sunshine for the heart. Though the night be dark, though man be weary, there is yet an unseen influence watching over him and working out his happiness,—the light of almighty love. How many pictures might be made from it!—a Jewish outline, a figure somewhat more suited to the Hebrew shepherd, and you have Jacob’s dream. Upon that ladder of rays you have angels descending and ascending, their dazzling glory preventing those who gaze from tracing any distinct form. A bright way of escaping from the ‘strange fowl’ who are flying up and down in Rembrandt’s picture in the Dulwich gallery.

Again, it is the body of man awaiting the descent of Deity to 'breathe into it a living soul;' and the smile on the lips is but the reflection of the Spirit of Good rejoicing in the perfection of his glorious creation. 'In the image of God created he him.'—We thirst for another draught from that delicious picture. There is nothing earthy about it. It is pure water from a crystal fountain. In the 'Scène du déluge,' by the same artist, some of the faults of the French school show themselves. The lives of three generations (and two over, for there are a grandfather, and husband, and wife, and two children) are made to depend on one single branch of a tree. The subject is, nevertheless, powerfully dealt with. Their hope is failing them, though the tree is not splitting suddenly, but like a damp, tough, hardy oak bough, peeling and untwisting, and you know that that group of living beings must inevitably be hurled to death in the gulf below. There is a terrible power in the strong agony in the face of the husband, and the agony of strength in the body. He is pulling at arm's-length his wife, who has two children clinging to her, up a precipice; the other arm grasps for support at the failing branch; meanwhile on his shoulders is seated the old man and his money bags. He hears the shrieks of his wife and the cries of his children on one side, answered by the helpless, yielding, creaking tree on the other. Above and all around are the black remorseless heavens, and below a fathomless abyss of waters. But with all this, terrible as it is, there is a sort of ingenuity about it, a contrivance to make so many beings depend one after the other upon another, bringing them at last to the one oak bough, that *will* remind you, in its continuity of objects tending to a single point, of 'this is the house that Jack built!' Good reader, do not upbraid us with hardness of heart;—look at the picture, and you will find that it is not we who are unfeeling, but that the artist has taken 'the one step.'—You are always stopped in your admiration of the modern French school by the words 'exaggeration, defective colouring, want of proportion,' &c., &c., faults undoubtedly, but not to be compared to the total absence of soul or expression which are found in conjunction with fine colouring and perfect anatomy, and held up to universal admiration. And colouring, after all, what is it? Not all the colours that ever glowed upon canvass, were ever half so bright as the holly-hocks in a cottage garden. Not all the flowers that ever wantoned in the breeze or lifted up their pretty heads in the sunshine, exquisite creatures though they be, ever produced so deep an impression as one strong human emotion vividly depicted by the art of the painter. And form? We hate your people who while you ask them to admire a piece of poetry that comes from the canvass like a sunbeam, coolly answer, 'Yes,—but look at that little toe on the left foot, don't you think the nail is too large!' And then they send you to Rubens to study '*breadth*.' Capital scope, certainly. And yet he was a

wonder. His gift of grace to the cumbersome material he had to deal with, is certainly miraculous; like the wonder-working Watteau, who made hoops, and high heads, and court-cut coats, and wigs, and waistcoats, subservient to the graces. Rubens should have had 'faith' in his own creative powers, and have entirely 'removed' those 'mountains' of muscular men and fat women,—but they are moulded into something like ease, and so grouped, (and you wonder how,) that they do not jostle each other. His judgment is least shown in his favouritism for allegory, rendering his want of spirituality more apparent. His would-be supernaturals are subs. However, compare him with the low Dutch school and he becomes a poet. As long as that has its admirers, with George the Fourth at their head, Rubens may boast of the superiority of his. Give us the exaggeration of the French school rather than the vapid nothingness of your mere coloured anatomy. It proceeds from their love of action; they must have something stirring, something under strong excitement, and they are right; (what is called 'the repose of the soul,' is generally its laziness;) hence their frequent selection of battle subjects; they should show better judgment in choosing a nobler excitement than war.—Go into any gallery, and do you not long to add souls to the lifeless forms that have too long enjoyed a reputation for beauty, and the admiration of picture-hunters. Fair unmeaning Virgins and children, fat Venuses and frivolous Cupids, saints without souls, priests without pride, soldiers without savageness, all sorts of people without any thing but mere form and colour, nothing approaching to a spirit either of good or evil to animate them. Where is the help for this? As yet the arts lack the patronage they deserve. We do not mean the knighting a President, or asking an R. A. now and then to a stray dinner at a lord's, or said lord purchasing a picture of said R. A., but the people's money which goes into other channels should be devoted more frequently to procure pleasures for them which would improve and refine the national character. We lie in wait for the time not only when 'swords shall be beaten into ploughshares,' but when such senseless pageants as coronations, such childish baubles as coronets, and all their accompaniments, shall be changed into works of art; forms that live in marble majesty, faces that breathe from out the canvass a moral, intellectual, and physical beauty. Much might be done with what already exists, if all would combine for the general good. Go then, all of ye who can, and take a lesson from the Louvre! Lords who have influence, and, what is better, private galleries to bequeath; merchants who have money; people who have wills and voices; and artists who have genius; go, and return with a determination, that, as far as in you lies, you will assist to obtain for England,—nay, for every nation in the world,—something which shall truly deserve the name of a National Gallery.

FINCH'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.*

MR. FINCH'S volume contains two wholly distinct publications : A Narrative of Travels in the United States, and an Essay on the Natural Boundaries of Empires.

The press has of late brought forth travels in America, in rapid succession. It is to be hoped that they will continue to multiply, until the condition of the inhabitants of that immense country is generally and thoroughly understood by the people of England. The American institutions have often been called experimental, by the enemies of change in this country, and we have been told to wait, and see what would come of them. It was meant, by this admonition, that Jonathan would, before long, get into such confusion, as willingly to saddle himself again with Church and King, kneeling down penitently to receive the old pair of panniers, and then bearing, like the strong and contented Issachar, his brace of burdens. The prophecy is not yet quite fulfilled. The assertion was nevertheless true, as to the experimental character of American legislation. The whole constitution was one great experiment : and after the lapse of more than half a century, we may surely begin to set some value by the results. They are the more interesting to us, from having been tried upon our own kith and kin. The plant which is growing there, is a slip from our own stock. A French precedent for innovation in a popular direction, is easily disposed of. That which may do in France, and produce much good, might yet, we are told, be very mischievous here. We are so very different ; quite another race. But this will not hold as to America ; what will do for Jonathan, will do for John. At any rate, if we do not copy their transatlantic ways, we may yet profit by fully understanding them. The pains which are often taken to mystify the public on American affairs, show that some good is to be gained by an acquaintance with them. What attempts have been made, for instance, to hoax us about the operation of the ballot there, and the management of elections. There is no pleasure in mere lying, even for a traveller. Some sinister object is contemplated in such misrepresentations : we may presume, then, on some public advantage in getting at the truth. So let the press work away at American travels, however large the number already in the market. Being so numerous as they are, our best mode of reviewing Mr. Finch will be simply to state the peculiarities of his publication.

It may interest some of our readers to know, that Mr. Finch has been more attentive than most travellers to the geology of

* Travels in the United States of America, and Canada, containing some account of their Scientific Institutions, and a few Notices of the Geology and Mineralogy of those Countries. To which is added, an Essay on the Natural Boundaries of Empires. By J. Finch, Esq. Longman, 1833.

the United States. We do not mean that there are any profound disquisitions in his book; he picks no quarrel with Moses; he attempts no history of pre-Adamite ages; we really do not know whether he is a Neptunist or a Vulcanist; he may be either Wernerian or Plutonian; but he attends to facts, and records phenomena. Whenever he found himself in a favourable situation, he seems always to have had his eyes in his head, and his hammer in his pocket; we should rather say, in his hand. His pages are not overloaded with specimens, but what he does mention is to the purpose; he jots down what he saw, in a brief and business-like way.

Another peculiarity, and a source of more general interest in these travels, is, that Mr. Finch had personal and familiar intercourse with several of the ex-presidents, and has preserved various opinions expressed to him in conversation, by Adams, Madison, and Jefferson. Fragments of the conversation of the two last mentioned, fill several pages, which will be read with curiosity and pleasure. These men, and whoever else may follow them in their high office, ought to be studied. They are one of the results of the great experiment. The old theory was, that chaos would come again, whenever the chief magistracy was made elective. It was even piously surmised, that Providence had especial care over the fecundity of royalty, in order to save a nation from the calamity of being called upon to make a choice. And yet the Americans have gone on making kings, and powerful ones, too, each for a shorter period than we choose a member of Parliament, without having yet made a single blunder of any moment. Of different characters, intellectually and morally, they have yet all been men fitted for their work. Not one of them unworthy of the glory of being so chosen; not one of them but would have been a royal phœnix in the longest line of hereditary succession. Only think how Jackson has turned out! of whom, in this country, we expected nothing less than that immediately on his election he would have seized the bank, to bribe the militia, and have crowned himself emperor with a grenadier's cap. The fact was, that we knew nothing about Jackson. A circumstance which we began to suspect, as soon as we found that the quakers of Philadelphia were voting the old soldier into the chair. Nature will wonderfully mend her manners, before she produces a similar succession of able men. It would never have been thus, had they come in the kingly way, and had the history been, of Jackson, which was the son of Quincey Adams, which was the son of Monroe, which was the son of Madison, which was the son of Jefferson, which was the son of John Adams, which was the son of Washington, the father of his country.

It also deserves mentioning, for the sake of many in whose eyes this circumstance will confer value on Mr. Finch's book, that he is the grandson of Dr. Priestley; and that one object of

his visit to America, was to make a pilgrimage to the grave of his ancestor, on the banks of the Susquehanna. The manner in which he accomplished this purpose, is told with much simplicity and truthfulness, and will be read with interest by all who venerate the memory of the 'patriot, saint, and sage.' That the pilgrim was influenced by no very feeble motive in this act, may be inferred from his eagerly undertaking in its accomplishment a walk of 250 miles, in the middle of winter, from the banks of the Delaware to those of the Susquehanna, through a country of which the pithy expression that there was 'no distinct road,' conveys a tolerably distinct notion to the mind. The walk was indeed an adventure; and deserved the record which the author has given of it, as introductory to that gratification of his pious and honourable feelings to which it led him:—

'I went to view his mansion, where the last few years of his life were passed. On the peaceful shore of the gentle Susquehanna he might congratulate himself,

"Di avere finalmente trovato un porto alla sua agitata fortuna."

The garden, orchard, and lawn, extend to the side of the river. A sun-dial, which still retains its station, was presented to Dr. Priestley by an eminent mathematician in London. Two large willow trees grow near the mansion; under their shade he often enjoyed the summer evening breeze.

'His laboratory is now converted into a house for garden tools! the furnaces pulled down! the shelves unoccupied! the floor covered with Indian corn! a stranger might be inclined to say,

"Sic transit gloria philosophiæ."

But, when the chemist, or the historian, or the philosopher, or the divine, examine the records of the various branches of learning in which they are skilled, then will his name be honoured. To this laboratory the children from the school were accustomed to come, once a week, and he would amuse them with experiments.

'The tomb of my grandfather, Dr. Priestley, is in the environs of the town, surrounded by a low wall. I knelt by my ancestor's tomb, and the perils and toils of my pilgrimage were remembered with pleasure.'—pp. 316, 317.

The 'Essay on Boundaries,' appended to the 'Travels,' is an ingenious and original disquisition. We regret that we cannot go into the subject, but must content ourselves with commending it to the attention of the philosophical politician and student of history.

It may be added to our mention of the author's peculiarities, that his style has a singular and quaint brevity, which, though not meant for humour, often looks like it, and which occasionally produces the appearance of hints and memoranda, rather than of finished composition. The latter remark particularly applies to the Essay. We refer to such writing as this:—

'The example of the Portuguese may be noticed. They visited

India as merchants. Invaded as conquerors. Terror of their arms spread from Ganges to Mozambique. Armies brave. Cities strong. Allies appeared faithful. Faithful as Bavarians. Portuguese statesmen considered their Indian empire placed on a strong foundation,' &c. &c.—p. 355.

We really know not whether our author be the inventor of this style, or picked it up in America, or transplanted it from the private memoranda of his grandfather. It should be called the business style. It tells what is meant, and loses no time about the matter. Facts all there. Words enough. None superfluous. Good short stage reading. Take book to counting-house. Snap up chapter with chop. Very useful. Time improved. Mind, ditto.

THE EXCURSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

BONE-WEARY, many-childed, trouble-tryed !

Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul !

Mother of nine that live, and two that died !

This day, drink health from Nature's mountain bowl ;—

Nay, why lament the doom that mocks control ?

The buried are not lost, but gone before :

Then, dry thy tears, and see the river roll

O'er rocks, that crown'd yon time-dark heights of yore,

Now, tyrant-like, dethron'd, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them ;

Oh, thank the Lord for all he gives or takes,—

The wither'd bud, the living flower, or gem ;

And he will bless us, when the world forsakes !

Lo, where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes

With his fix'd eyes, the trout he cannot see !

Lo, starting from his earnest dream, he wakes !

While our glad Fanny, with rais'd foot and knee,

Bears down at Noe's side, the bloom-bow'd hawthorn-tree.

Dear children ! when the flowers are full of bees ;

When sun-touch'd blossoms shed their fragrant snow ;

When song speaks like a spirit from the trees

Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow ;

When, clear as music, rill and river flow,

With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er

By that bright pencil which good spirits know

Alike in earth and heav'n : 'tis sweet, once more,

Above the sky-ting'd hills to see the storm-bird soar ! *

* In cloudy weather, before or after rain, birds of the falcon tribe are more than at other times on the wing for prey.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
 Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,
 Far from the town, where stoop the sons of care
 O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn grey,
 And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they,
 Of all self-buried things the most unblest'd :
 Oh, Morn, to them no blissful tribute pay !
 Oh, Night's long-courted slumbers ! bring no rest
 To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best !

God ! would they handcuff thee ? And, if they could,
 Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
 To every field ; and bid the warbling wood
 Exchange no music with the willing rose
 For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
 And trades with every cloud, and every beam
 Of the rich sky ! Their gods are bonds and blows,
 Rocks, and blind shipwreck ; and they hate the stream
 That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers, that welcome me,
 Thus, glad to meet, by trouble parted long !
 They never saw ye ; never may they see
 Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
 Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong !
 Still, Avarice, starve their souls ! still, lowest Pride,
 Make them the meanest of the basest throng !
 And may they never, on the green hill's side,
 Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride !

Blue Eyebright ! loveliest flower of all that grow
 In flower-lov'd England ! Flower, whose hedgeside gaze
 Is like an infant's ! what heart doth not know
 Thee, cluster'd smiler of the bank ! where plays
 The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
 The dazzling rill, companion of the road
 Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
 When hope and love are young ? Oh, come abroad,
 Blue Eyebright ! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright ! while the singing wave
 Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
 From many a grey rock's foot, and dripping cave ;
 While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops !
 While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops ;
 While black-fac'd ewes and lambs are bleating there ;
 And bursting through the briers the wild ass stops—
 Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
 Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

THE MODERATE WHIG.

THE political world, prolific as it has been of late in strange and eccentric births, seems most to have deviated from its vague and uncertain course of propriety, in the production of the moderate Whig.

Strange and ambiguous title ! yet borne boastingly and ostentatiously, by many who had long been puzzled in the choice of a party, and were ready to join any, the motto of whose standard might flatter their vanity, the tenets of whose creed might not militate inconveniently against their own ease and prejudices. *Now*, these half-and-half disciples of a wavering school are contented. Any suspicions which might, perchance, have attached to the principal term, are repelled by the wholesome qualification of the adjunct. They can now dare to call themselves by a name, which, in times past, has been fancifully connected with the idea of independence and patriotism, since they are not bound to prosecute its adoption by the espousal of opinions, and the advocacy of doctrines, to which their nature and disposition were always foreign. Little heed they the fact, that, in the scale of political thinkers, they rank as a mere *lusus*, less amusing by their eccentricities, than annoying by their deformity. In vain are they reminded, that too much virtue and self-denial would not have been expected from them had they assumed the unqualified title of Whigs. There can be no harm, they think, even in excess of caution, and that name sounds the most euphoniously in their ears, which promises the least to the community. Contumely and ridicule they are contented to bear, because they have not sufficient moral courage to earn honest applause by open and manly conduct. Let us see whether this strange and ill-starred abortion admit of any description. The task is no easy one, for as few have a clear perception of the *Whig's* real character, who can hope to set forth the nature and attributes of the *moderate Whig*?

In some respects he may be styled a bat. Purlblind and lazy, he clings with torpid adhesion to dark and ruinous edifices. When scared from them by the hand of improvement and renovation, he starts reluctantly into the full glare of day, only to remain within its influence, until he can find some new place of refuge, as similar as possible to that which he was compelled to relinquish. Left to himself, he would have remained unseen and unheard, save in the doubtful hours of twilight, when his querulous cries and ill-defined form would barely have sufficed to remind the world of his existence. His most ambitious flights are always the most awkward and self-distressing, the objects of his pursuit trifling and insignificant, and a return to obscurity and sloth, the highest pleasure of which his degraded nature is susceptible. The

only praise which can be accorded to his disposition is that, of itself, it is harmless.

For any good which accrues from his existence to the community, he might well be spared from the list of animal creation. There is yet another hybrid to which the moderate Whig assimilates, and that animal is the mule. In some of its points may be traced a likeness to its more noble sire, and its appearance, at first sight, induces better expectations than are warranted by its action and paces. For while its form resembles more nearly its less worthy dam, its temper and disposition seem to be *wholly* derived from the same original. It inherits a large share of her apathy, and her dislike to brisk and lively motion, though endowed with abilities far superior to hers when roused, at last, by strong stimulants. In that case it is capable of climbing even the steepest acclivities, but it plods on its way with the difficulty and reluctance of obstinacy. Its greatest manifestation of instinct is observable in the skill and facility with which it descends from a proud and eminent position to a more congenial level.

Though creation numbers sundry other animals, whose habits and conformation might well be employed in the illustration of the anomalous creature with whom we have now to do, they may be omitted, in order that we may examine him upon his own merits.

Were he summoned to confession, he would no doubt affirm, in his own behalf, strong feelings of an enlarged and comprehensive philanthropy. He would not be slow to admit, that the aim of all good government should be the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number. But were the examination pushed with searching strictness, he would not evince any great willingness to concur in the plans, which can alone annex real merit to his notions. The great and overwhelming fault of his character is, his utter incapability of promoting practical good. He talks largely and acts insignificantly.

It has been said, that all men are liberally inclined till they have an opportunity of acting illiberally. If the moderate Whig succeed in escaping this imputation, he will, nevertheless, stand convicted of omitting many opportunities of acting liberally, when such a line of conduct might be pursued without disadvantage, and with high credit to himself. But the melancholy truth is, that he is a moral coward, and fears to lay hold of those occasions for the common good, which the bold knave distorts to his own selfish purposes. Like a drone, he should be banished from the confines of active and enterprising society. What can be done with a man who acknowledges evils, and yet hesitates to strive for their abolition? Who sees his neighbours girding themselves for a noble and holy contest, and holds aloof, or else retains his scabbard, when all his comrades have thrown theirs aside.

‘Our houses are falling about our ears,’ says the citizen of sense and activity, ‘the wind whistles through their chinks, and

our children shiver in their beds. Let us pull them down altogether, and build them up anew.'—'Nay! not so!' drawls forth the moderate Whig. 'In that rickety old hovel were born my fathers and my grandfathers; so was I too; how then can I destroy it?'—'And for that mawkish reason must your family be crushed by its ruins?' urges the other.—'Heaven forbid!' ejaculates the driveller. 'Can it not be mended?'—'It were idle to attempt it,' is the reply—'There is no soundness through the whole of it, the new work would but the sooner pull down the old.'

And does the dotard loiter still? Ay, and ever will, unless driven by main force to the working out of his own safety. The moderate Whig condemns precipitate actions, and defends his folly by quoting the delays of Fabius. But he forgets that the Roman general employed the dread enemy, procrastination, only against his enemies. He of whom we treat, idles away time to his own and to his country's ruin.

The moderate Whig is a braggart as well as a coward. He feeds his own self-sufficiency by censures upon the conduct of his opponents, and is weak enough to imagine that, thereby, he assists those whom he speciously calls his friends. Hear how he rates the Tories, only more hurtful than himself because more active! Will he never learn that the apathy of virtue encourages vice, and that the success of pernicious machinations is but the result of his own sluggishness? No theory in the world, merely as such, can compensate, by its intrinsic excellence, the want of practical benefit. And yet the moderate Whig fancies, that his ambiguous intentions are exempted from the laws to which all abstract matters are subject. Grant even that his views are sincerely patriotic, and his plans calculated, as far as they go, to promote the good of the commonwealth. Still, nothing but a prompt application of active measures can bring them to bear successfully and in season. However he may, in his conscience, recognise this principle, the moderate Whig is unable to act upon it. He overlooks the seed-time, and expects a harvest.

Would that it might be reasonably hoped that this hybrid race of politicians might perish without leaving descendants! Nature has wisely ordained, that those of her creatures, whose existence is a deviation from her ordinary scheme, should be incapable of propagating their species. But for this salutary regulation of a wise providence, the fair face of our globe would long, ere this, have been overrun by foul and portentous beings. Though the political world has copied, frequently, and with an unsparing hand, the but occasional freaks of its more exalted prototype, it may be doubted whether any similar check has been imposed upon her reiterated vagaries. Let us trust, that, at length, though late, it may awaken to a sense of its deformed and blemished state, and that, removing that class of its inhabitants

who encumber without adorning its surface, it may substitute for them others, who have both the wish and the ability to correct evil and to promote good.

ALIQUIS.

DAWN.

I BREAK upon the skylark's starry sleep:
 Lo! up to the unclouded vault he springs,
 As a quick thought into the brain doth leap,
 And to the cresting star of morning sings
 A faint and trembling song, again descending,
 And with the interrupted silence blending.
 The pale Dawn dreams amid the broken shadows
 Of sky and air, of ocean, cliffs, and meadows,
 Like love, with eyes half-ope, thro' scatter'd hair:
 The morning star swings high its silver lamp
 O'er the white portal of the ethereal east;
 And beaming upon vesper, dim and damp
 In the pale purple of the western air,
 Lights her to sleep in the o'ercurtain'd night,
 Fast fading from the banner of the morning,
 In the advancing van of its adorning.
 The fixed star-spheres, from their watch released,
 Retire within a veil of blinding light;
 And, riding on Aurora's opening lid,
 Seem but dream-tears within its lashes hid.
 As the morn wakes upon her starlight pillow,
 The moonbeam pales upon the tranquil billow,
 And, like a radiant ghost, slow dies away
 In the grey splendour of the kindling day.
 In a dim vapour, on the horizon's verge,
 Now setteth Hesper faint and weepingly;
 And from the caves of night a murky surge,
 Advancing to the forehead of the sky,
 Enfolds in heaving clouds the day-star clear;
 And the cleft orb of the way-weary moon
 And one far pilgrim planet's failing sphere
 Alone in the dissolving ether swoon.

* W *

NOTE ON JEWISH TITHE.

SOME of our Correspondents impugn the statement, under the signature of Theta, in our number for August, that by the Mosaic Law the payment of Tithe was only triennial. There is room for controversy on this point, but it is of so little importance, as to

the claims of the Church of England, that we can scarcely think it worth while to open the discussion. Michaelis, in his Commentary on the Laws of Moses, is referred to by one of our Correspondents; Josephus by another; and the authority of both is against Theta. By means of a Bible with marginal references, those of our readers who are so disposed can easily possess themselves of the Scriptural evidence, and form their own opinions. The parallel between Jewish and English tithe so totally fails, as to render it utterly worthless as an argument. One discrepancy is thus indicated by a Correspondent, who signs himself ?, and there are several other differences equally bearing upon the subject:—

‘In considering the revenue of the Levitical order, we must, however, take into the account the circumstance, that they were not merely priests, employed in the service of religion alone. They were also “The physicians, the scribes and keepers of the genealogical registers, the mathematicians;” in short, they formed the literary tribe in whom existed all the knowledge which the nation possessed, and to whom the people must look for every improvement which might be expected in literature, science, and the arts. In all countries and in all ages, services of this kind are remunerated at a higher rate than the mere labour of the working man which a wiser head directs; and in the case of the Jews, the remainder of the nation was principally employed in agriculture, the wages of which are universally lower than those of any other employment. The Mosaic tithes then, and other sources of revenue to the Levitical order, though considerable in amount, did not, however, form an unreasonable remuneration for the important services which the nation received from this, its literary tribe.’

The Clergy of the Establishment would be as little disposed, as they are qualified, to claim the remuneration of the Jewish Levites, if the performance of similar services were an essential condition.

ED.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Uncivilized Christians and Savage Indians.—The ‘Times’ of November the first gives extracts from Buenos Ayres papers, showing, that the warfare between uncivilized Christians and savage Indians, in which little quarter is given, still continues as rife as ever. One account coolly tells how ‘Estanislao Lopez, the governor of the province of Santa Fé, at the head of two hundred Gauchos and thirty-four Abipones, or Indians of the missions, surprised the Indian *tolde-rias* (skin tents) killed forty-two warriors and took four prisoners, together with two hundred women and girls of all ages, all their horses and black cattle, and two flocks of sheep.’ All this wholesale work is recorded precisely in the tone of a mercantile price current.

The only excuse for the 'Christian' warriors is, that the Indians would serve them precisely in the same way if they could. It is *lex talionis* by anticipation. But how a change can be brought about involving a different order of things it is difficult to pronounce. Even in Northern America, the humane laws made by the government for the protection of the Indians fail to produce the wished effect of creating harmony between white men and red men. If this be the case amongst people who recognise the principles of justice as their rule of action in all public documents, even though individuals amongst them may be deficient in the practice, what can we expect from people who have inherited nothing from their Spanish rulers but the vices connected with the practice of arbitrary power, and have not yet had time enough to allow virtues of their own, or their own by imitation, to take root amongst them. The name of 'Don Estanislao Lopez, Governor of Santa Fé,' sounds very awful in English ears, but the sight of the man and the knowledge of his actions, would remove the awe and leave only disgust in its place. One anecdote will suffice: Santa Fé, be it premised, is an enormous province, principally consisting of grassy plains and sandy woods, partially intersected with rivers and brackish streams. Its principal produce is horses and some few black cattle, and one of the most profitable employments of the governor and his myrmidons, is *rescuing* stolen cattle from the Indians, just as British men of war used to prefer retaking merchant vessels to the prevention of their capture, as a more profitable speculation. Another profitable matter to Don Estanislao and his people, is the capture of Indian women and children to sell for slaves amongst the whites; a matter which is exceedingly convenient, as the slavery of blacks is by law prohibited. All that can be said in palliation of the disgusting practice is, that in their state of slavery, after the massacre of their male protectors, they are usually treated by their masters and mistresses with humanity and consideration. I remember a mechanic in Buenos Ayres who had three Indian boys from fourteen to seventeen years of age, one of whom was the son of a Cacique. He caused them to undergo the ceremonies of the Romish Church under the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. One he made a blacksmith, another a carpenter, and the third an upholsterer. They were not very skilful, but they seemed content. The Cacique who would, occasionally, earn a real by taking charge of my horse, frequently told me that he had but one cause of disquiet, *viz.* that he wanted to go back to his country to bring away a favourite dog which had been left with his tribe, and then he should be quite happy. I know not whether he was sincere in this, but assuredly I, myself, should have preferred the wild life of privation amongst the red men to the degraded position he held amongst the whites. But to return to Don Estanislao. On one occasion the courier who carried the post-bag between Buenos Ayres and Chile was stopped and murdered within the province of Santa Fé. Don Estanislao was considerably annoyed at this, not that he cared much about a simple murder and robbery considered abstractedly, but the matter in question was an impeachment of his authority, and likely to do injury to his revenues in a commercial point of view. Having made several ineffectual attempts to find out

the real culprits, he gathered together some twenty whom he knew to be the worst amongst his subjects, shot half a dozen of them whom he thought the most likely to have committed the crime, and sent the rest as recruits to the army, from which they gradually deserted and returned to their old haunts. And the country-side critics on the affair pronounced Don Estanislao to be a *Gran Justiciari*, or great 'justice doer,' not meaning thereby that he was a great moral agent, but simply that he was, as Prince Henry said to Falstaff, 'a rare hangman.' 'Justified,' in Spanish, has the same meaning as amongst the ancient Scottish Borderers when they talked of Jeddart Justice, *i. e.* hanged first, and tried afterwards.

There is another paragraph of the same date, stating that Don Felipe Ybarra, Governor of the Province of Santiago del Estero, has published an address calling on all the provinces to join in a sort of crusade against the Indians. This may be a difficult matter to accomplish, for some of the said provinces have a decided advantage in purchasing from the Indians the cattle stolen from their neighbours. Don Felipe is a tall and rather good looking man, of some forty years of age. He corresponds little with an Englishman's notions of a Spanish Governor, being devoid of pomposity, and much preferring poncho and saddle to cloak and cane, usually wandering about the streets of his capital city dressed as a gaucho, and provided with a guitar, visiting all the wine houses, and courting all the prettiest girls. In short, he is a sad rake, but not held the less agreeable on that account, possibly on the principle, that what is generally approved by concurring tastes, must be of good quality. He is considered a good fellow, but he has one defect which, though not very important in his immediate neighbourhood, would not be held exactly orthodox in an English community. He is apt to take deep revenge for light offences, and that not according to law, but after the simplest mode. In England a man may ruin his enemy according to law, and enjoy a vast quantity of *respectable* revenge, but customs differ in different places, and in some parts the knife is preferred. It certainly saves much loss of valuable time, but there is no poignant relish in it compared with that of seeing your enemy die by inches in poverty. Don Felipe Ybarra is, however, a man of considerable genius, and the mode he has hit upon for supplying his exchequer, betokens a far-sightedness and power of ready adaptation to the wants of the age. The province of Santiago del Estero is not very fruitful save in people, and the surplus males commonly betake themselves to the employment of muleteers and cart-drivers. Don Felipe cast about how to turn to his own account the principal production of his territory, and having found, subsequent to the great revolution against the Spanish tyranny, that small revolutions were in constant demand in the neighbouring provinces, for the purpose of turning one great man out of the governorship, and turning another in, he organized a small body of his subjects as a kind of militia, serving without regular pay, and ready to fight for any one upon a reasonable gratuity being given. Thus, when a neighbour had a few thousand dollars to spare, and was willing to barter them for a short-lived authority, Don Felipe could furnish him with an army for the service. Tucuman has been the theatre of much of this kind of business, and the Santiagueno

condottieri have sometimes fought for and against the same person within the year. It is but justice, however, to Don Felipe to admit, that he as regularly performs his contracts as though he were a Dutch merchant. He has considerable insight into the principles of commerce, though his political economy all centres in his own personal gains, like the Pacha of Egypt. He will probably retain his patriarchal authority till his death, as he never ill-uses the poor, or squeezes the rich, of his own domains, unless he catches them plotting; and frequent mishaps have caused their spirit of enterprise to slacken; *au reste*, he is an undoubted brave man, and 'hail fellow well met' with all those who do not oppose him. When he has leisure to attend to the Indians, it is a sign that the revolution line of business is slack, which marks an improvement in men's notions.

Calais Bread.—A correspondent of the 'Times' states that 'manufactured bread can be imported from Calais at twenty per cent. *ad valorem* duty, whereas wheat is sixty to sixty-five.' It would not be a bad mode of annoyance to the corn monopolists if French bread were sold in the streets of Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield. All the bakers and millers would then complain of great distress, and petition the honourable house to permit the free entry of the raw material of bread, in order to employ the productive labourers of our native land, like good patriots. The loaves should be stamped with the words 'cheap bread given in exchange for hard ware and fabrics of wool and cotton,' and every working man would soon be taught to have free trade at his tongue's end. They make beautiful loaves in France in the shape of a small cart-wheel rim. Elliot of Sheffield might rhyme on them with much effect:

Calais bread is very good
 Just across the water;
 Bring it here at ebb and flood,
 And take our wares in barter.
 And loud the corn-lords' voice will ring,
 And louder hard-hand answer,
 In spite of Tory, Whig, or King,
 Our teeth shall have a chance, sir.
 And if new laws should say us nay,
 Our starving children's cries, sir,
 Shall bid the steel which bread might buy
 Assume another guise, sir.

Colonization of Algiers.—All true-born Englishmen of the narrow school of patriotism so strongly advocated by sundry writers whose brains can admit but one idea at one time, and only take in a new one by the process of forgetting the old one, whenever they hear of the name of Algiers should congratulate themselves that it is a colony of France, unless indeed they grieve over the supposed diminution of the carrying trade, that *honest* motive for so long countenancing the enormity of the pirates. Poor France! she has got all the honour, and all the expense. Bourmont and his people pocketed all the treasure, and left Johnny Crapeau to settle the bill. What an ad-

mirable piece of jobbing the whole matter seems to have been—and to be. English Toryism could not outshine it; and the French seem to have caught a Tartar who will not let them go. Jonathan, when the Dey affronted him, took ample vengeance, though he had to come three thousand miles for it; and what was more, made the barbarian pay the expenses of his own whipping, the same year that the fourth Guelph, then Prince Regent, gave the pirate a frigate, all ready to take the sea. I guess, Jonathan took the frigate from him, and only let him have it back on his promising to be a good boy. What will the French do with Algiers? If any thing of good, they must colonize with some score thousand families on a systematic plan. Military occupation it unfortunately must be for some time to come, for there is something in the very air of a Mediterranean coast to induce people to gather riches by the strong hand; and there are doubtless abundance of the children of La Belle France, as well as of other countries, who would follow the trade of piracy with considerable gusto if left to themselves. Only fancy a million or so, made up from Irish Orangemen and Whitefeet, London thieves, Bristol ignorance, a seasoning of Kent and Sussex smugglers, and a due proportion of the want-goaded rick-burners and poachers. Imagine them landed on the coast of Algiers, and taking a fancy to hoist the turban, and sail under the black flag. I suspect the Christians would be found far more mischievous than the Mahometans, unless they should resolve on pushing conquests in the interior. But if the coast of Barbary were taken possession of with a determination to turn it to the best account under the direction of philosophic rulers, it might form an admirable drain for our surplus population. Enterprising men who lead constantly restless lives in a country like England, such men for example as Achille Murat, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and Colonel Macerone, would find a useful vent for their surplus energy as subordinate agents in so great and important a work. Steam-vessels would scarcely be idle if such a plan were put in execution, and the expense of export would be reduced very considerably on account of the short distance.

Colonel Macerone and his wooden Ways.—Colonel Macerone seems to be a man full of schemes, sometimes flourishing a long-jointed pole with a spike in the end of it, called the ‘lance of liberty,’ wherewith universal freedom was to be achieved, and a series of republics to be wrought all over the world, whereat the ‘gentlemen’ of the ‘United Service Journal’ were suddenly afflicted with inexpressible indignation and a dreadful access of humane horror at the shedding of human blood with any weapon not recognised amongst red or blue coated livery men. For a long time, however, the Colonel has abandoned such warlike engineering, and has taken to the more civil employment of scheming steam-coaches. The old battering propensity was, however, strong within him, and one day his machine carried away part of a house in a style which would have elicited thunders of applause from an old Roman army. But, upon the whole, it goes as well as most other steam-coaches when the road is not too deeply gravelled, and the clinkers do not choke the furnace bars, and the

water does not fail, and the axle does not break, and the coke is not of a bad quality, and the packing of the piston does not wear out, and a few other accidents to which steam-coaches are for the most part liable. But the Colonel has now apparently laid aside steaming for the present, and has taken to mending the ways of steam. Literally, he has put forth a very useful little book on pavements, taking them up where M'Adam left them, and where M'Adam found them, viz. in Derbyshire, in which region M'Adamizing was practised before M'Adam was born, by the farmers and labourers breaking up lumps of stone to fill the hollows worn by the cart wheels in the limestone rock which formed the bed of the road. The Colonel says that, although M'Adamized roads are good out of town, they are not good in town, on account of the dust in summer and the mud in winter. This is true; but his proposition, to replace broken granite by 'blocks of hard wood saturated with pitch,' is scarcely a sound one. However the wood might be prepared, when new it would make the west end smell like Bankside; saying nothing of the expense, it would become rotten beneath, at no very long period, and would form a fruitful source of nuisance, to the endangerment of people's health. And however tight the blocks might be in winter, in summer they would shrink and become loose. Then again, it would be necessary to set on an extra number of policemen to watch the wooden stones, especially on the fifth of November, or the waggish boys would make bonfires from one end of the town to the other. Moreover, the poor people in the winter would be apt to regard the street pavements as glorious fuel quarries. Only think of blocks of hard wood saturated with pitch. It would be worth while to make a riot at one end of the street, in order to draw away the 'raw lobsters' attention while digging up the other to carry home. The phrase amongst the poor *ménagères* would soon be, 'I say, Misses, coals is fell, caus wood's to be got for nothing.' Talk of farmers' hedges, indeed! gipsies would think scorn to touch them, with such extensive quarries to be found in town. In Whittington's time the song was,

' London streets are paved with gold;'

But the shivering poor of St. Giles and Westminster would sing, with far greater glee, during the hard black frosts of winter,

' London streets is paved with vood,
Long live Macerone!
And ve'll blow out vith summut good,
Bought out on our coal money.'

Hard blocks of wood saturated with pitch! only think what precious fuel! How the flame would roar up chimneys long unacquainted with fire! How many grim faces would relax, while grimed hands would stretch forth, and hoarse voices would soften into the accents of content, saying, like the man in scripture, 'Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire!' Poor, poor people! they would be called thieves, and treadmilled for the act. What then shall they be called who rob them, for sinister purposes, of the precious birthright of knowledge, having which, neither meat, nor clothes, nor fuel, would be lacking to any one? Thieves? They are fiends! 'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' Who steals my good name, is welcome to it, if he can make

good use of it. But he who robs me of knowledge, blights the very well-spring of all happiness; he poisons every source from which enjoyment might be extracted. But to return. Colonel Macerone is quite right in his principles of stone pavement. As Count Romford says of the setting of stove-grates, 'first get a clear foundation.' Having a solid bedding beneath, stones should be put on it large enough for each individually to resist the greatest pressure that can come upon it. The Solomons of Fleet Street, those feeding Cræsusès of the good city of London, thought nothing so good as a lime cement bedding; and then, in their sapience, after suffering it to set and get hard, broke it in pieces by ramming. The absurd jolterheads! They thought lime cement was like turtle-soup requiring exercise to make it lie quiet. But seriously, the superabundant energy of Colonel Macerone might be advantageously employed in the founding of colonies, to which the spirit of the age seems tending; and those who have any thing to do with them, would do well to 'use him up' accordingly—as the military phrase goes, speaking of human beings as *matériel*.

Patronage of Art.—Mr. Haydon has written a long letter to the 'Times,' criticising the 'Quarterly Review.' He says that no royal, or any other patronizing academy can do any thing to promote the Fine Arts; and that the present one is, on the contrary, a considerable detriment to them. Mr. Haydon, however, forgets to point out the only available source of efficient patronage—the great body of the public. I wish he and his brethren would open their eyes and brains to this fact. Painters and sculptors ought to be radicals, when they think that, in the palmy state of the arts in the classic world, the professors of them worked for the public. Let them reflect what an educated British public could do for their recompense, with all the 'appliances and means to boot,' of modern skill and wealth. 'Twill come! 'twill come! 'twill come!

Magisterial Biography.—The insolence, coarseness, and ignorance of Mr. Laing, and others of the London magistracy, have grown into something like a proverb: 'as coarse as Laing,' is simply an intimation that a man is thought to have topped perfection in the science of coarse cruelty and ignorant injustice. The thing which astonishes people is, not that Mr. Laing should continue to act after his nature, but that his masters should continue him in his employment. There is but one answer to it. His masters are Whigs. So long as Mr. Laing will do their work after their fashion, he may work his own will in all else. Is not Colonel Rowan still in employment after the Calthorpe brutality? why then should Mr. Laing be molested? The people must have more power, ere this evil will be remedied. In the mean time, some good might be done by the penny press, by publishing the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, *seriatim*, of all the London magistrates, after the style of Fielding's 'Jonathan Wild.' Let it be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 'Tell truth, and shame the devil,' and Mr. Laing to boot. His father could furnish many particulars of his

son's accomplishments. I am no advocate for private scandal ; but the private character of a public magistrate is public property. His bringing up should be strictly inquired into, in order to judge of his fittingness for his office, just as a man inquires into the characters of his domestic servants ere he engages them. The rulers who appoint the magistrates, and whose business it is to inquire into their characters, evidently neglect it, or such improper persons would not be appointed ; therefore the public, or the writers who represent the public, must do it on their own account. It would scarcely be a bad speculation for the penny press to commence a set of articles entitled ' Lives of the London Magistrates.'

Trade Unions.—In the 'Times' of Nov. 6th, there is an editorial article, fulminating against trade combinations, upon the strength of some ill-understood quotations from Mr. Wade (not the Doctor) in a previous number. The following paragraph will clearly show what a strange jumble of notions—I had almost said ideas—there must be in the editor's brain.

'This combination amongst journeymen hatters, tends to make every poor man's hat dearer to him ; and what is the consequence ? That we see so many boys and men without hats ; but, instead thereof, wearing caps, and casques, and all kinds of scaramouch coverings for the head ; whereas, if every man wore a hat, as the cheapest and best covering for the head, the supply would be so much the greater, and the wages of the journeymen *would rise of themselves.*'

Had Domine Sampson read this he would have exclaimed, 'Pro-digious!!!' There is a paragraph, reader ! Every thing but a hat is a 'scaramouch covering.' Does the learned editor, who sometimes describes himself as so profoundly versed in the English language, know the meaning of the word scaramouch ? It would be a good designation for his mock thunder which serves as an admirable fly-flapper to small people. Doubtless the editor wears an undeniable felt with a very portly brim, by way of patronizing the hat trade and distinctly marking his own 'respectability.' Could he not give his readers a wood-cut of it in 'the leading journal,' just as the Yankies and Liverpool people advertise their ships ? Does he wear his hat in the form especially approved of by Mr. Borrodaile the great hatter and M. P., 'as was ?' Why, too, has the editor suffered women to escape ? What right have they to wear 'scaramouch' bonnets of chip, and straw, and leghorn, and silk, and satin, and gauze, when they can get such beautiful long-napped black beaver hats ? The acuteness displayed by the learned editor is really surprising, and the idea is most brilliant as to the wages 'rising of themselves.' Pity it is, it is not quite new. Abel Handy's burning house was to 'go out of itself.' The learned editor must excuse me if I hint at one difficulty in the matter. What is to become of the 'scaramouch' makers, when the hatters, enlightened by his lectures, shall have taken all their trade from them by superior cheapness in the 'best coverings for heads ?' But I suppose they are to die off 'of themselves.' It is important that the interests of hatters should be attended to, but as to 'scaramouches' they assuredly cannot form a part of the British nation. As the common people are accustomed to say, when expressing their astonishment at learning, 'I wonder how the

editor's head can hold so much.' How *au fait* he is at all things—now the formation of a cabinet, anon the balance of power, then the capacity of people's heads, and then again on the coverings thereof. *Ergo*, derives he the inference, a piece of hard felt is better and more convenient than a piece of soft cloth. The Turks and Greeks, it is true, think otherwise, like most of their Eastern neighbours, but then they are all—scaramouches.

And now a word to ye, good friends, ye of the trades' unions and combinations. It is quite true what the editor of the 'leading journal' has told you out of Mr. Wade's book, *viz.* that no combination can by any direct process raise the standard of wages, but, nevertheless, heed him not; you know as well as I do that his mock thunder breaks no bones, and it would be a most useless thing to bandy coarse words with him. He would beat you at that, notwithstanding he belongs to Brookes's club in St. James's Street, and you meet at indifferent public-houses. When he next abuses your combinations by way of a sop to the *middling* classes, just as Edward Gibbon Wakefield tried to set the householders on the poor, quote to him the maxim of your fast friend, Jeremy Bentham, 'Only by making the ruling few uneasy can the oppressed many hope for a particle of redress.'

At the name of Jeremy Bentham, he will look at you as the devil is said to look o'er Lincoln. If he inquire what redress you need, tell him, 'the removal of the taxes on knowledge, which serve to keep you in ignorance of many causes of your misery; the removal of the taxes on food, which tend to prevent people from giving you employment; the removal of the taxes on industry, which tend to impede production; the removal of the restrictions on representation, which tend to keep power in the hands of the ruling few for their own sinister benefit; and sundry other things which you will detail more at leisure. Tell him, moreover, that the agricultural people burned corn-stacks, because they had no better means of calling attention to their wants, as the Luddites before them broke up cotton machinery. Tell him, that that very burning of corn-stacks gave rise to the commission to inquire into the state of the poor, which has done more good than the increase of bayonets by the Whigs did evil. Tell him, that if ye remain in quietude, no government will pay any attention to your evils, and therefore that ye will go on agitating, without caring very deeply, whether ye be right or wrong in your notions, as truth is sure ultimately to spring up from the discussion. Tell him, that he reckons without his host, if he thinks to bully ye into quietude, as though ye were bond slaves at the beck of his masters. Tell him, that ye have made common cause with your fellows throughout Europe; and that your voices will be responded to by their echoes. If he threatens force and whips, and chains and prisons, and soldier dragooning, show him your hard hands, and tell him that the handle of a saw or plane feels very like the small of a musket-stock, that the eye which can look straight along a board edge for a glued joint, can also take accurately the sights on a musket-barrel. Tell him, that whoever can handle a pitchfork will not be very awkward at the use of the pike or bayonet if need be; and that the sweep of a scythe is not very dissimilar to the sweep of a broadsword. Tell him that printers' types make exceeding good langrage for artillery, and will make holes in

soldiers' coats as easily as the impressions from them make holes in people's heads. And tell him, that notwithstanding all this, ye are peaceable men, seeking only to better your condition by all fair and peaceable means ; and if any thing has been done unfairly, ye have Henry Brougham to keep ye in countenance, who breaks the law with impunity with his 'Penny Magazine,' and punishes others by law for doing the same thing. And so speed ye, my merrie men, in the somewhat uncertain navigation by which ye must work out your own ultimate salvation. We will talk more on this subject at a future opportunity.

Military Mercenaries.—There has been some controversy in the 'Times' on the subject of acquiring commissions in the army by purchase. The writer who advocates purchase, quotes the Duke of Wellington as an authority.

'It is the promotion by purchase which brings into the service men of fortune and education, men who have some connexion with the interests and fortunes of the country, besides the commissions which they hold from his Majesty. It is this circumstance which exempts the British army from the character of being a 'mercenary army;' and has rendered its employment not only not inconsistent with the constitutional privileges of the country, but safe and beneficial. An officer must be in turn a gaoler, police-officer, magistrate, judge and jury. * * * *. He must never make a mistake either against the internal rebel or foreign enemy ; he must be the governor of a province, must manage a legislature, perform the duties of a lord-lieutenant, &c. &c. and all the most difficult and arduous practices of government.'

What a curious confusion of logic seems to prevail in this Irish duke's brain ! The army is not mercenary, because purchase is the only mode of getting into it. If it be a buying army, surely it must be a selling army, or there are no such things as commercial principles. It would be a curious trade, where all buyers and no sellers occurred. Verily, verily, the 'Great Captain of the age' does not excel in reasoning, cold-blooded though he be. And then he lets out his purpose so naively, while specifying the different offices military men should fill. The army is to rule the country ; and the aristocracy,—the 'men of fortune and education'—are to be the exclusive rulers of the army. Amongst his long list of qualifications he has forgotten that of *executioner* ; had he filled that in, the producing classes of the community might have made an apt quotation from wonderful William Shakspeare :

'What ! shall we be tender !
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us ;
Play judge and executioner all himself ?'

The Duke says, 'An officer must never make a mistake, either against the internal rebel or foreign enemy.' By this it would seem that he holds it no 'mistake' to have *driven five thousand men into a river*, and written such a jocose account of the affair as that contained in the famous despatch to Sir T. Munro, from the camp at Snoodnetty. You err, Lord Duke ! It was a mistake. I do not speak to

you of the humanity ; that is a thing I know you scoff at, but it was bad policy. Those who know it, and have taken some pains to extend the knowledge of it, will take yet more pains to frustrate your hope of one day ruling Merrie England in conjunction with Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, once the pretended friend of the people, but now known far and wide as an apostate. Take yourself away from the public gaze, and occupy yourself with things they care not for. Register the amount of fruit and wine not consumed at the dessert, write autograph orders to your small tradesmen for your household supplies, and make your evening visits, which are paid for by the nation. The people are too much occupied to notice you, unless you are thrust upon them.

The Editor of the 'Times' seems to think that the concerns of the army are of much importance to the public ; he is deceived, they care nothing about the army, except to see it got rid of with as little trouble and as little suffering as possible to the individuals at present composing it. It is a nuisance, and, what is worse, it is an useless and expensive nuisance. Much talk has been made about the *honour* of the officers in the army. Now what is the fact ? Whenever they pledge their honour, the phrase is 'as an officer and a gentleman.' This distinctly marks the fact, that being an officer is a distinct thing from being a gentleman. A few days back a Captain Battersby was held to bail for an assault on a child ; he pleaded drunkenness in his defence. The next day there appeared in the 'Times' a letter from his solicitors defending him from the imputation cast upon his character 'as an officer and a gentleman.' The rationale of the matter with regard to standing armies is, that the time for them is gone by. Officers are, it is true, useful upon an occasion of emergency, though even that fact has been much exaggerated, for Buonaparte's best officers were taken from the ranks of the people, with little previous training, and even upon the Wellington showing, it would seem, that the simple fact of purchasing into the army makes a man an officer without more ado. The United States, to whose institutions we are so much accustomed to refer when in want of political examples, has already given us a rule for this matter. Their cadets, from all the States, are sent at the expense of the nation to the military college at West Point, on the Hudson River. They receive there a military education, and when they have passed the regular period, they retire to make room for others, and go into the ranks of private life as merchants, tradesmen, lawyers, or any thing else which may happen to suit them. Some few join the army, and but few, for 6000 men along the enormous frontier, offer but little hope to ambition of the warlike kind. One remarkable feature in this college is, that all the cadets being trained alike, they are officers and privates in rotation. When one has got to the top of the class, he is an officer for a few days, and then again goes to the bottom. These men are spread all over the Union, and in case of a war, they can readily be brought forth, either at the call of patriotism, or in the hope of advancement ; and they are found efficient. Let New Orleans and Niagara speak to it.

Thunderers, Scaramouches, and St. Simonians.—Whenever the

Editor of the 'Times' is dubious about the tack he is to make in a public question, whenever he wants to know which way the wind sets, he inserts his article 'from a correspondent.' If it takes, he lauds his correspondent, and proceeds in *propria persona*; if it fails, he abuses his 'man of straw' who has been put forth for the nonce. This conduct was remarkable in the case of the St. Simonian lecturers. First came the 'correspondent' feeling his way, and then thinking it all right, the Editor launched what he called a 'thunderer.' He certainly did his best to get the poor harmless people massacred by the mob, but the rhetoric, which neither the city fish-market nor the Irish colony could match, was utterly harmless; the intended victims were neither 'spat upon, nor pumped on, nor dragged through the kennel, nor hunted home to their garrets.' The insertion of the word 'scaramouch' marks this article as being by the same hand as the lecture on 'hats,' and surely there is but one man can write thus. Did the writer live so long in 'garrets' ere he became the in-dweller of a *rus in urbe*, that they always strike him as the very acme of degradation. What makes the writer so peculiarly sensitive on that subject? Is it so sure a fact that the greatest philosophers have always been the richest men, that it may be taken as a general rule, that the in-dweller of a garret must necessarily be a rogue or fool? Had the writer no knowledge on the subject of 'hats' till he removed to * * * * *? Mark, too, reader, how angry he is with the St. Simonians, because they advocate greater freedom of divorce. I once heard a 'respectable' old gentleman use the following *argumentum ad hominem* in opposition to the legality of divorce. 'My good Sir, elderly gentlemen, like myself, prefer young wives, now what chance should we have had they the power of leaving us at their own discretion?' The acuteness of the remark, I confess, staggered me; it at once showed that there was a strong vested interest to overcome, which is the strongest amongst the usual depositaries of power. It is owing to such modes of ratiocination that we have so many sticklers for the 'basis of all social happiness,' the privilege of making women a 'property.'

Irish Exports.—The 'Hampshire Telegraph' has done a most useful thing—given a statement of the exports from Ireland to England in the years 1790 and 1830. The increase is enormous, and this clearly marks a corresponding increase in Irish civilization, whatever may be alleged to the contrary; it marks increasing power, and power is never increased where the condition of the people is deteriorating. The total amount of exports to England in 1830 is 13,571,500*l.*; of this 5,200,000*l.* is in linen, cotton, and horses; the rest, viz. 8,371,500*l.* is provisions. This, say such folks as edit the 'Morning Herald' is the amount of the robbery perpetrated upon Ireland, for the benefit of the absentees, for it is clear that their rents must be paid out of the exports. But stop awhile good people. Let us first ascertain the amount of the exports from England to Ireland, and then the amount of all the Irish emigrants maintained here, and the amount of provisions they consume, together with the cash carried back by the reapers and others. Let some M.P. move for the papers necessary for this purpose, in order to set off against the statement of the

'Hampshire Telegraph,' and then we will draw the balance. That process would, to any reasoning mind, settle the question finally, whether Ireland is commercially a gainer by England, or England by Ireland. Whether the Irish labour used here might not be more advantageously used in Ireland is another question, which might probably be answered in the affirmative; but wiser men must be in the seat of Government ere it be brought about. English labourers would rejoice to see that day.

Specimens of German Genius.—According to the "German Pedagogic Magazine," there died lately in Suabia, a schoolmaster, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended an institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertions he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,708 hold the rod.' There's a glut-ton for you, reader; ninety average punishments per working diem. In quantity England is decidedly shamed, but this quotation gives evidence what a decided advantage there is in the international exchange of knowledge. Kneeling on the sharp edge, and standing on peas, are decidedly novel in England. Would they not be worth a patent? But, thank the stars, England has still a chance of teaching Germany something in the science of education. They evidently know nothing of 'horsings,' and nothing of the ferula, or the split cane, or the piece of perforated trace to 'suck up blisters.' That is the most exquisite piece of all. 'Hold out your hand, sir. Flinch, and I'll give you ten.' Oh the joy too, when the hand is held out timorously, to inflict an upward stroke on the knuckles from beneath. A skilful tormentor can thus contrive to give a treble number, and make the hand unfit to hold a pen for a whole day afterwards. Good old times!

The True Sun and the New Police.—It is a painful thing to have to make strictures on a paper which has shown itself so fast a friend of the people as the 'True Sun,' but it were unwise policy to spare the faults of our friends, even though they were to quarrel with us for our pains. For a long time the 'True Sun' has been an opponent of the New Police. The exposition of the knaves and ruffians amongst them is all quite right, as the duty of all honest men; but the 'True Sun' objects to the whole *principle* of the establishment. This seems a mistake. It is not my intention in any way to uphold the atrocious doings of which they have been made the instruments; my voice, feeble though it be, has ever been upraised against such things; but surely the possibility of a musket being used by soldiers against the freedom of a people is not an argument against the manufacture of guns. Were we to divest ourselves of all useful things which are capable of being abused, we should have little left. The question simply is, does the New Police keep down thieves better than the Old Police and Watchmen? No unprejudiced man can say that it does not.

But the 'True Sun' objects to them that they are spies in the hands of Government, and instances Popay and others. What of all this? It is a proof of the absence of morality in a Government, whose members deign to use such tools, but would Popay have been less a spy if he had not belonged to the Police Force? In what is he worse or better than Oliver or Castles, or any other of the gang of miscreants who are ever ready to sell the blood of their neighbours for hire? 'But,' says the 'True Sun,' 'the New Police is neither more nor less than an army in disguise.' Still I answer, What if it be, provided it does not act as an army? I shall be referred to the Calthorpe brutality. Then the remedy is not to attack the tools, but the rulers of the tools. Get proper foremen—good men—make them *responsible*, and the evil will cease. The ruffians will scarcely meddle with the people again, and good men would weed them out. As to the number of the police when talked of as a means for keeping down the people—not the thieves—they are contemptible. I grant that in the days of the cold-blooded ruffian Castlereagh they would have been a serious evil in addition to brutal yeomanry and service-trained soldiers, but those days are passed never to return, and public opinion is predominant. One of the strongest charges made against the new police is the fact of their being occasionally in plain clothes as spies, yet now a correspondent of the 'Weekly True Sun' gravely finds fault with their uniform as tending to make them 'dandies,' and proposes to put them in plain clothes 'with the distinctive mark of a red waistcoat,' easy of concealment, and better adapted to facilitate spying. Really there is something poor in all this. If the uniform makes the men dandies, they are not likely long to be very formidable, save to the inmates of the 'area rails.'

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY FOR THE
YEAR 1833.

IN completing another volume of the 'Monthly Repository,' I cannot but refer to the disinterested and public-spirited, as well as able co-operation, which has imparted to its pages the chief portion of whatever worth, interest, or utility, they may possess. If I thank my coadjutors, it is on behalf of the public, to whose service they have devoted time and talent which might by most, probably by all of them, have been rendered largely available for their individual advantage. And I invite their continued aid in the confidence that, by the circulation of this work in many new directions, we have the opportunity of advocating more efficiently the principles which we deem essential to the well-being and progress of the community.

With a satisfaction, in which I trust my readers will join, do I look back, not only on the accession of so many enlightened and philosophical minds, attracted by congeniality with the spirit of the 'Monthly Repository,' to labour for the extension of its influence, but also on the topics which have exercised their powers.

The experiment has, unless I am much deceived in the result, been made successfully, of rendering a periodical interesting without sacrificing to mere amusement, to personal calumny, or to party or private objects. On every great question, however brief the space allowed for its discussion, it has been attempted to penetrate to the true and ultimate principles of solution. Caring comparatively little about particular men or temporary measures, constant regard has been had to those pervading evils of the social condition, and those redeeming and progressive tendencies of the human constitution, which must be understood before the one can be effectually redressed, or the other can have their free and full operation in the production of the happiness which man was created to enjoy. Using words which have been egregiously misapplied, it may be justly said, that on whatever point reform or change has been advocated, we were destructive only that we might be conservative. And *that*, for the conservation of which, free from all impediment, we are most solicitous, is the principle of progression in humanity; a principle which is ever growing in strength with the growth of knowledge; which must and will burst all the bonds, and demolish all the barriers of antiquated institutions; and on which Governments must learn to act, unless they are content to be regarded as the present enemies of nations and the speedy victims of revolutions.

The great imperfection of the Reform Act, and which, in our view, demands instant rectification, is, that it rather provides for a retrograde movement towards aristocratic domination in the legislature, than for a continued advance towards free and universal representation. The Ballot, an extension of the franchise, and the shortening of the duration of Parliaments, embody the progressive principle as applied to the machinery of government. Why will the Whigs, by opposition to these improvements, occupy the very position from which they drove the Tories, and which no party now can long occupy without disgraceful discomfiture? Their popular orator and oracle (if authorship be rightly guessed) has said in the 'Edinburgh Review,' that 'a public life, to be useful, must be a life of compromises.' This is the fatal error of the best men of the party. It ruined that noble creature, Charles Fox, both in character and influence. It has ruined one who might have been the foremost man of this age; whose uncoroneted brow might have been the frontispiece to a volume of the world's history; but who, compromising with the tactics of a laggard faction; compromising with the enemies of popular education; compromising with the weak-eyed dreaders of too much light, and of really useful knowledge; compromising with the ignorant insolence that can still dream of ruling by coercion; compromising with those who prey on the perversion of justice, and on the desecration of religion, has compromised his own glory to all futurity. We had hoped something from the *enlightened* ambition of that

man. We stand rebuked. There can be no great good but from those who know not how to compromise. In the legal and peaceful struggle for right, compromise is worse than defeat. Measures are eventually of infinitely less moment than the principles from which they emanate, and by which the entire system and spirit of a government must be characterised. The first point, with all true reformers, is to obtain permanent security for popular ascendancy. We should rather wait for any and every thing else, than let that be postponed or compromised.

Political advance can only yield its best fruits to a people whose opinions, manners, and tastes, are progressing also. Impressed with this truth, questions have been mooted, which, by their discussion, tend to throw light on the best modes of diminishing social evil and increasing social enjoyment. The condition of woman, better as it may be here than in Eastern countries, or in ancient times, requires and demands a prompt amelioration in the imperfections of her education, the restrictions on her independent occupation, and the perversion of those influences on which man is dependent for the source of his purest enjoyments, the stimulus of his noblest exertions, and the full developement of his highest capabilities. The conviction must one day come, that in making woman little more than a mere property, as formerly in making fellow-man a property, 'one ruleth over another to his own hurt.' Woman must ever have the power of early education, and how much is yet to be done to render early education (indeed all education) rational and really moral! Injustice is never a true interest.

May next year bring under notice more of a class of publications to which it is a pleasure and a hope to advert; writings of mechanics, which are not mechanical; more 'Independents in Church and State;' works of men, who working with strong brains as well as brawny arms, shall at length earn for their class, not a drunken 'Saint Monday,' but the sanctification of some portion of every day, for bodily rest, and intellectual activity and enjoyment. No good man should relax his efforts till this great portion of society is raised to its proper position. Its recompense, enlightenment, and refinement, are bound up with the rights of humanity and the progress of society. If in this work I can do any thing, as by the aid of my contributors I hope something may be done, towards making other classes understand them better, and towards making them better understand some particulars of the mode in which their own desires and rights can be most safely and speedily realized, I shall indeed esteem it a holy and a blessed work.

The proportion of space which has been, and will be devoted to topics of Art, is only the index of a feeling of the purifying influence of the enjoyment to be derived from pictorial, or marble, as well as written poetry; which is akin also to that derived from the all-pervading poetry of nature itself; and of the importance of

diffusing this species of pleasure to the widest possible extent. Civilization cannot exist without appropriate enjoyments; and refined and imaginative enjoyments advance the progress of civilization. To educate a people to a keen relish of the noblest works of Art, is one of the first duties of Intelligence and Power. There should be public provision for such training.

So should there also for all kinds of mental and moral training. No soul perishes for lack of spiritual nutriment without disgracing the community into which it is born. National education is the most imperative national duty. The first Article in this Number indicates the resources which render that duty a comparatively easy obligation. In church reform, as in all other reforms, the inquiry should ever be, not with how little alleviation of existing wrong, public complaint may be satisfied or silenced, not what compromising bargain can be made with unjustly privileged or endowed classes, but how the universal good can be most efficiently promoted.

So long as public encouragement shall enable me to continue the 'Monthly Repository' without pecuniary sacrifice, which I confess myself unable to make; and so long as help like that which I have received shall enable me to render it deserving of attention and conducive to utility, I shall cheerfully persevere in my undertaking. And now, my friendly readers and contributors, farewell, till the first of January, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, when, I trust, a new year will open smilingly on our renewed intercourse; preserving it one of sympathy, instruction, and enjoyment, and making this publication one of the many extended yet tightening bonds which hold together the friends of their country and of mankind, in the attempt to better the condition of their species.

December, 1833.

W. J. F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pindar; in English Verse. By the Rev. F. H. Cary. London, Moxon.

Mental Culture; or the Means of developing the Human Faculties. By J. L. Levison. Jackson and Walford.

Examination of the Difficulties which Occur in the Book of Job. London, Clarke.

Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems. Second Series. By N. L. Torre. Longman.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and its Consequences. Darton and Harvey.

The Terms of Communion in the Church of Christ. By R. M. Montgomery. 1s.

The Future Accession of Good Men of all Climes to Christianity, and their Final Congregation in Heaven. A Sermon on occasion of the lamented Death of the Rajah Rammohun Roy. By Robert Aspland.

A Discourse on occasion of the Death of Rajah Rammohun Roy, with Extracts from his Writings, illustrative of his Opinions and Character. By W. J. Fox.

A Review of the Labours, Opinions, and Character of Rajah Rammohun Roy. By L. Carpenter, LL.D.

A Letter to the Duke of Gloucester, on the present Corrupt State of the University of Cambridge. By R. M. Beverley, Esq. London, Dinnis.

The Immortality of the Soul, with other Poems. By David Mallock, A.M. Holdsworth.

Thoughts on Materialism; and on Religious Festivals and Sabbaths. By H. B. Fearon. Longman.

Hampden in the Nineteenth Century; or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society. 2 Vols. Moxon.

Hints to Paviors. By Francis Macerone. With an Introductory Review, by J. C. Robertson, Editor of the 'Mechanics' Magazine.' Wilson.

Memoirs of Marshal Ney. Published by his Family. 2 Vols.

England and America; a Comparison of the Social and Political State of the Two Nations. 2 Vols.

Annuals for 1834.

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The Biblical Annual. 21s.

The Landscape Annual. 21s.

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book. 21s.

The Landscape Album. 15s.

The Sacred Offering. 4s. 6d.

Friendship's Offering. 12s.

Comic Offering. 12s.

Forget Me Not. 12s.

Amulet. 12s.

Hood's Comic Annual. 12s.

Juvenile Forget Me Not. 8s.



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